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# HOURS AT HOME:

11

Popular Monthly,

OF

INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

VOLUME IX.

*May, 1869, to October, 1869.*

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# HOURS AT HOME;

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VOL. IX.

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No. 1.

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## SYRIAN RAMBLES. NO. III.

### THE SOURCES OF THE JORDAN.

*April 17th.*—We left Deir Mimas at 8 o'clock, and in an hour reached the falls of the stream called Deodarah, near the Druse village of El Mutulleh. An hour and three-quarters further to the left, on the road to Baniass, we saw the Ansairich village of El Gudjr, and passed a great gorge worn 150 feet through the lava rock of this volcanic region, by the powerful stream Hasbany, which takes its rise at the fountain below Hasbeyia, and is the northern and most distant source of the Jordan. Now the magnificent plain of Huleh is in full view.

Three hours east from Deir Mimas we reached Tell el Kady—the *Dan* of the Bible, the site of the great border city of the Holy Land—once called Laish. The signification of the Arabic name, the hill of Judge, corresponds with that of the scriptural name, Dan or Judge. The great wady sloping down from Hermon debouching on the plain between Tell el Kady and Baniass, known as Wady El As-sal, (honey) is one of the wildest, woodiest gorges of the land, and is full of bees. This tell or hill, of the Judge, is unlike any other, in that the outer rim is the highest. We found it to be about 1,600 paces in circumference. The fountains flowing from the jungle in the centre of this hill, or crater's mouth, as some have

supposed, furnish to the Jordan more water than either of its other sources. We saw trap-rock everywhere, the globular basaltic peering up from the ground like peeled onions in every direction. We met a party of English travelers crossing the Ludan source, with whom we interchanged salutations, and found that they had letters of introduction for us, and that there was a connection by marriage between the two parties. The Englishmen passed on to reach their tents, and we remained to study the volcanic character of the hill. We lunched in a beautiful arbor, formed by the hand of nature, under the interlacing branches of a giant oak and terebinth, by the side of this pretty little stream. The terebinth measured 20 feet in circumference, and seemed a fit guardian to watch over the Jordan in its infancy. Outside of our pleasant retreat the flying locusts were everywhere. The lower hills of Hermon above us were red and bare, for every vestige of vegetation had been devoured by the young locusts some weeks before our arrival.

We reached Baniass, a Roman, not a Canaanitish ruin, in fifty minutes after leaving Dan, passing through a country wooded like the park of a country-seat, with oak and terebinth. Ruins met our

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eyes on every side, and here and there remains of ancient walls with Phenician bevel, débris of castles, temples, palaces, scattered fragments of columns, some fallen, some standing perhaps upon their pedestals, marked spots of interest in the days of idolatry. I picked up the finger of an idol which I preserved as a souvenir of the place. Large arches and doorways are still standing at the corners of the fortified walls. These immense stones, and the strength of the masonry, the deep artificial and natural fosses, long lines of old arches, on which modern houses are built, with fragments of inner and outer city walls, all serve to impress the mind with a sense of being in the presence of a former age. Running streams, which cut their way through and around the city limits, aided the efforts of the people in making fosses around their walls. The ruins of the city extend from the base of the cliff on the north to the banks of a picturesque ravine 300 or 400 yards southward. The stream from the great fountain bounds the site on the northwest and west and then falls into this ravine, so that the city stood within the angle formed by the junction of two ravines. The northern and western walls are washed by the stream from the fountain; along the eastern wall is a deep moat, and the southern wall stands on the brow of a chasm. This chasm is spanned by a bridge from which a gateway opens into the citadel.

The modern village contains a score of mean houses of one room each. Fleas and scorpions abound in great numbers, and the habitations of the villagers are raised as far as practicable above the level of the ground to escape them. The ancients, it is supposed, dedicated this locality to the worship of Pan, which in Greece was always associated with caves and grottoes, for there is an inscription in Greek on the face of the mountain, near the great cave, in which the name of Pan occurs more than once. In the days of our Saviour, the place was known as Cæsarea Philippi. Dr. Robinson suggests that this was the site of Baal-gad, in the valley of Lebanon, under Mount Hermon, which

formed the northern limit of Joshua's conquests. A beautiful temple made of white marble was erected here by Herod in honor of Augustus Cæsar, and we learn from Josephus that the town was called Cæsarea from Tiberias Cæsar, and that Philippi was added to distinguish it from Cæsarea on the sea-coast. Following the names of the deities, Baal of the Syrians, Pan of the Greeks, Cæsar of the Romans, the Greek name, in its Arabic form, has clung to it through all the changes that have swept over the plain which it commands, and it is still known as *Banias*.

The visit of our Saviour to the coasts of Cæsarea Philippi, gives the place its principal interest to the Christian traveler. Here he asked his disciples, "Whom do men say that I the Son of man am?" and "Whom say ye that I am?" "Thou art Peter, and upon *this rock* will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." This form of expression may have been suggested by the great cliff that hangs over the fountain of the Jordan. This was the northern limit of Christ's wanderings, and one standing amid the ruins of Cæsarea does not need to ask where the high mountain is, upon which, six days afterwards, he took three of his disciples and was transfigured before them. After the capture of Jerusalem by Titus, the captive Jews were compelled to fight with each other and with wild beasts at this place. The Banias once flowed from this great cave, but the mouth of it is now filled up by the ruins of a fallen temple, and the water has forced its way under ground. We have the authority of Josephus and Eusebius for this. Beautiful cascades and little waterfalls are seen at every turn of the stream, which displays all that is beautiful in water scenery, especially when bounding down fifty feet through thick jungle, where only the foaming sparkle and froth of the torrent can be seen through the bushes from the pathway on the left bank above. The fountain itself is not so imposing in appearance as the other spring at Tell el Kady, but its waters soon gather strength, and dash over the ruins of temples and over oleander

bushes, and have a much more lively and spirited character than the more quiet waters at Dan.

Every Bible reader should see these places for himself. The most graphic description would give no more idea of the exquisite beauty of the landscape, as one looks from Banias over the plain of Huleh, than a mummy or the merest skeleton would give of a lovely woman in all the glory of her youth. After exploring and measuring the remains of antiquity, and gazing upon nature in her holiday attire, we pushed on up the hill by a winding road, through oak groves and swarms of locusts, for one hour and a half, to the Castle of Banias, called *Kultales Subeibeh*, one of the finest ruins in Syria, fifteen hundred feet above the town. We reached the castle, which is otherwise inaccessible, by climbing up a most difficult ascent. We walked in and through and under and over this wonderful piece of man's workmanship. The Crusaders, who occupied this castle, built their walls upon Phenician foundations and with a smaller stone. In clambering around angles and projecting walls, I confessed to some slight dizziness, when suspended 1,500 feet in the air, with nothing but weeds in the wall to hold by in case my feet should slip from the narrow stepping-places; but my venerable companion, whose summer vacations had for a score of years been passed in visiting old ruins, showed no more uncertainty in his rapid tread than an old tar would have manifested at the masthead. I dared not look down till I had become somewhat accustomed to such an altitude. We found a defaced Arabic inscription, but had not time to translate it, and leaving it for another visit, began to examine the castle in detail. It is said to be one of the most perfect and imposing specimens of the military architecture of the Phenicians, or possibly of the Syro-Grecians, extant. This castle occupies a rocky crest which forms the culminating point of the ridge; it covers an area about 1,000 thousand feet long by 200 in its greatest breadth, and is shaped something like the figure 8. Porter, in his careful description of the castle, says that many of the stones are 8, 10, and

12 feet long, carefully dressed and bevelled, and are as old as the age of the Herods, and probably older. It may have been intended to serve the double object of guarding the city and shrine of Paneas, and defending the Phenician possessions in the plain of Huleh against incursions of the Damascenes. We have no notice of the fortress in history earlier than the time of the Crusades. It passed through all the changes peculiar to Syrian fortresses, and was finally abandoned in the 17th century.\*

*April 18th.*—We left Banias before mid-day, after riding around its walls, looking at its ancient artificial pool, which is fed by the Lake Phiala, three hours above on the table-land. The Arabic name of this lake is Birket Er Ram, which was long supposed to be the highest source of the Jordan. Josephus and the tradition of the Arabs say that chaff thrown into the lake came out at the fountain below. Its name, Phiala, is derived from its bowl-like form. It is undoubtedly an old crater, and is about one mile in circumference; the water is stagnant and slimy, and volcanic stones are found near it on all sides. McGreggor in his canoe will find this an interesting field of labor. We reached Dan or Tell el Kady in an hour, and again examined its volcanic character. Within the *tell*, beneath the branches of a great oak, bubbles up a fountain, smaller than that which forms a little lake at its western base, and its little stream, joining its sister outside the circling rim, *forms the principal source of the Jordan*, unless the Hasbeyia, which rushes down from the Anti-Lebanon may be called the parent stream. Another great fountain sends its quota from the cave at Banias, which we visited yesterday; and now with the stream under good headway, we will follow it in its various windings as far towards the Dead Sea as the condition of the country will permit. We crossed the head of the

\* Stanly thinks it was built in part by the Herodian princes and in part by Saracenic chiefs; but Captain Wilson says of this castle: "It has no signs of the extreme antiquity which has been ascribed to it, and I should not place it earlier than the 8th or 9th century."



Huleh, and passed a tell called Zuk, and the stream *Rhuheeny* at half-past twelve, where we lunched. Many Arabs and their tents were visible in the distance. In all this trap region the basaltic rock shows itself in abundance. We passed under Hunin at half-past one, and crossed the Ain el Dab, or "the golden fountain,"—the name of which suggested the fountain near Jerusalem, around which Sir Walter Scott throws so much of romance and sentiment,—the Diamond of the desert, in his "Talisman," a tale of the Crusades.

An interesting feature of this day's journey was the large Bedouin camp through which we passed. The tents were black and spread on poles; they were closed on the windward side by matting made of the papyrus cane, which grows in abundance along the "Waters of Merom." The goat-hair covering of the tents, the black sackcloth, was thrown back on the eastern or sunny side, and the chiefs and their followers lay basking in the sun, while the women went backwards and forwards among the tents engaged in their domestic concerns. The site of the tents commanded a fine view of the Huleh, which covers at least 150,000 acres. Passing in front of the tents, we saw men and women sitting and reclining in various postures, looking out on the children and young cattle scattered upon the lawn-like slope of ground that ran down to the water-courses below. In the centre of one group of reclining Arabs, was a woman, clad in a red robe, the garment of distinction. She was no doubt the queen of the camp. A large flock of camels feeding upon these green pastures and beside these still waters, added another element to the scene. The little camels were most ludicrous in their appearance, and made us laugh in spite of ourselves, for a baby camel is the oddest, funniest thing that walks. One little camel, just able to stagger about, and too young to handle itself, seemed to regard its long legs as stilts, and not as a part of itself. The blankets that were thrown over their backs had holes in the centre, through which the growing hump protruded. We noticed that the hump on the

back of the maternal camels was of very diminutive size, and learned that in giving suck the hump of the female camel becomes absorbed. Another juvenile camel, who succeeded after many trials in doubling himself up and lying down, seemed to be all neck, and looked like an ostrich in repose. The day previous we saw a younger camel carried in a blanket, suspended from its mother's back; it was tied up in the position assumed by a camel when lying down; in this way, the bones become adapted, while soft and pliable, to the various gymnastics required of this ungainly creature in after years by its altitude and length of bone.

The picture of the Huleh, as it lay smiling in the sunlight on that April morning, was one to be remembered. Groups of Arabs ploughing with buffaloes were busy at intervals all over the plain. Every man carried an ox-goad, seven feet long, with a knife-like termination with which to clean the plough-share, and to stimulate the activity of the quadrupeds. Some of the goads were ornamented at the upper end with a rattling chain, the noise of which had much the effect of bells upon the necks of horses and mules. The thickly-wooded hill-sides of Naphtali, hung over us on the right, while the Huleh stretched away to the left, an immense grazing region of clover, wild oats, etc. We passed another Arab camp, with thirty tents in the foreground, and a hundred more in the distance. One tent, probably the sheik's, was large enough for fifty people. One stately woman attracted our attention. She was of middle age, and clad in a loose, flowing robe, and as she passed in front of our cavalcade, in going from one tent to another, she carried her head in a grand style, and gave many other signs of being the Sitt, or the first lady of the camp. On the other side of our path, were three Arab maidens, who seemed curious, but modest, and had no beauty to speak of. One bedawy, fat, not fair, but forty, stood at her tent-door by her husband and children, all smiling, and showing their white teeth, which gave their dusky faces a cheerful appearance.

We lost our road to Kades, (Kadesh-Naphtali) and resolved to go on to Melhaha, a fountain on the border of a papyrus marsh in the lake, which is seven miles long, and, in its greatest width, six miles broad. Herds of buffalo were bathing in the pools, and several encampments of the Ghawary Arabs, who cultivate this plain, were seen to the left of our road. The women were engaged in cutting, drying, binding, and stacking the papyrus reed, for the manufacture of matting and huts, while the young men were riding at full gallop through rich fields of wheat playing their national game—the jereed, or throwing the lance. Towards sunset we passed the tomb of Joshua, which was visible a hundred feet above us on the hill. I noticed that the point of the hill that runs down to the marsh had been fortified in former times, for large stones were still standing on wall foundations. We camped by a flour-mill, which was worked by the Arabs with the water-power of the Melhaha, and had fresh fish for our dinner from the “waters of Merom.” The miller told us that they paid the government for the use of the water-privilege twelve caravans of wheat per annum.

*April 19th.*—We spent the night battling with mosquitoes, where Joshua fought his third and last battle with the Canaanites; the servants were occupied in watching our horses, and in keeping off the thieving Arabs by loud singing and an occasional gun. One hour and a half brought us to the point at which lake Huleh gathers itself into a narrower and deeper channel and forms the Jordan. The banks were lined with the papyrus, good specimens of which I selected for my cabinet. We had passed through rich fields of wheat, which covered thousands of acres of fat land. Wild oats, mustard, and thistle grew in great profusion, the bushes reaching higher than our shoulders while mounted, and concealing game in abundance. The traces of wild boar were frequently seen, but we could not get near enough for a shot, the jungle being too thick for rapid following. At 9 o'clock the Jordan cut loose from the leading-strings of the lake, and began to run alone.

Both banks were heavily lined with papyrus, while the river ran on deep and still till it reached the bridge of Biniat el Yacoub, (the bridge of the daughters of Jacob) where it sprawls and rolls itself in the grass like a boy just out of school.

Before crossing over to the other side of Jordan, let us stop here and look at this remarkable river. We have seen something of the Orontes at its source, before it reaches the plain of Antioch, where in ancient times it watered the kingdom of Seleucia, and something of the Abana, that makes the plain of Damascus a fertile garden. We encountered the Litany or Leentes, which takes its rise, like the Orontes, near the ruins of Baalbec, as it broke through the Lebanon range to reach the Phenician plain at Deir Mimas, flowing beneath the castle-crowned cliff of Belfort or Kula es Shukif. These rivers may be considered as the principal rivers of the ancient kingdoms of Syria, Damascus, and Phenicia respectively, but the river before us is pre-eminently *the river of Palestine*.

More than 100 miles in length, it descends rapidly through its whole course, and empties into the Dead Sea, whose surface has a depression of more than 1,300 feet below the ocean level. The whole valley through which the Jordan flows is one huge rupture in the earth's surface, varying from 100 to 1,300 feet in depth. From the source of the river at the base of Hermon to the borders of Edom, this valley is a right line, and remarkable physical phenomena are visible throughout its entire length; it is a vast longitudinal crevasse in calcareous and volcanic rocks, and appears to have been caused by the forcible rending and falling in of the aqueous strata, resulting from the eruption and elevation of the basalt, which bases it almost from its commencement to the Dead Sea. Watery corrosion or abrasion can have had little influence in its formation. The great alterations in its surface commenced probably, though this is a disputed point, anterior to the historic period, and terminated, in the opinion of some respectable writers, in the catastrophe of So-

dom.\* The asphalt thrown up from the bed of the valley, the sulphurous vapors, and the hot baths at Tiberias and elsewhere, all claim the attention of the geologist. The mountains are shaken at intervals on both sides of the river by volcanic action, and earthquakes have visited every generation of people who have lived near its course. Safed particularly has suffered much and often, and seems to be one of the principal centres of the disturbing agency which in all past ages has been at work in tumbling these mountains from their base, overturning cities, and causing the heart of man to quake for fear. The hot springs of Gudara and Callirrhos, like those of Tiberias, reveal something of the internal convulsions which occasionally burst forth in the overwhelming of an entire population. Much of the awful imagery of the Bible was doubtless taken by sacred writers from these physical phenomena, which constituted probably the occasion of some of the solemn occurrences mentioned in it.

The Jordan at its source springs from a region of perpetual snow, and disappears into a mysterious lake, a hundred miles away, in the climate and amid the products of the tropics. It lies beneath the level of the ocean and is absorbed by a sea that has no outlet,—it is a marvel and a mystery, and is without a parallel among all the rivers of the world. Until its streams are gathered together in the waters of Merom, it can hardly be called a river. Unlike the Barada, which is lost in a lake on the plain of Damascus, it does not lose its distinct existence, but, supplied by its own stream, and by the

springs in the adjacent limestone cliffs of the Lebanon, it avails of the depression in the valley, which begins here, and descends in its collected volume and with great rapidity for 300 feet into the Sea of Galilee, ten miles away. Nor is it lost in this larger lake, which seemed destined to absorb its waters. It gathers itself once more, and plunging through 27 rapids, through a descent of 1,000 feet, through the last stage of its tortuous existence. Though only 60 miles to the Dead Sea in a straight line, by the infinite multiplication of its windings\* the river extends 200 miles, in its seeming efforts to break through the double wall of mountains which hem it into its narrow bed, until it gives up the effort in despair, and dying, is buried in the Dead Sea.

The sacred features of the Jordan are more familiar to the young people, who in some of their hours at home read in their Bibles and Sunday-school books of the events that transpired along the banks of the river, on the borders of the lake, and the Sea of Death into which are poured its tepid waters. From the patriarchs to the apostles, miracles have been performed in its stream and by its side, which give to it a hallowed character and a place in the affections of Christian people to which no other river can lay claim. Three times its torrent was stayed to let God's people and prophets pass over to the other side; Naaman was cured of his leprosy by its healing virtues, and on its surface floated the iron axe which was made to rise miraculously from its bed. Its central lake was the scene of many of Christ's labors and supernatural achievements. He walked upon its waters, and subdued the raging billows. He slept in one of its boats, and filled the net of his incredulous disciples with fish from its bosom; while upon its shores the sick were restored to health, the lame made to walk, the ears of the deaf unstopped, the eyes of the blind were opened, and the dead raised to life. Christ himself was

\* Igneous irruptions may explain the actual growth of hills and platforms of lava, and earthquakes may rend a rock, divert a water-course, or turn a level into an uneven tract, but we have no historical evidence, or authoritative testimony that the Holy Land was ever visited by volcanic action properly so called since the first history of man; and the earthquakes, though numerous and destructive, have perhaps never left traces capable of being identified with any certainty a century after their occurrence.—*U. S. Exploring Expedition.*

\* The Jordan is quaintly characterized by the chronicles of the English Expedition as "*The crookedest river what is.*"

baptized in the Jordan, and the Holy Spirit descended in the form of a dove, while the voice of the Father was heard, saying, "This is my beloved Son."

We crossed over the "bridge of the daughters of Jacob," (a name for which it is difficult to account) and I stood for the first time in my life on the other side of Jordan. The bridge is built of black volcanic stones, has three arches, is fifty paces long and ten wide, and is a very substantial structure. Robinson says, "It appears to be later than the time of the Crusades, and was probably erected in connection with the great caravan road from Egypt to Damascus, with its numerous khans. The writers of that period speak only of a ford of Jacob; according to a legendary tradition or supposition, that the patriarch here crossed the Jordan on his return from Mesopotamia."\* The natives told us that this bridge was built about 200 years ago by Isnan Pasha. Haj Talib, the toll-keeper, assesses three piasters or twelve cents on every camel load, and one and a half piaster on every donkey load, half camel load, and on every six to eight mids of wheat; the wheat being worth about fifty cents per mid. Five thousand camels, he told us, pass this bridge every month, and the annual income of the bridge is not less than \$4,000 per annum. Safed, he said, had a special privilege at the bridge, and her people paid no toll, although they are obliged to pay a tax of five piasters for every sheep killed for food. The bridge is within the jurisdiction of the governor of Acre. This passage of the Jordan was of great importance in the era of the Crusades. The charge of their castle was committed to the Templars, but Saladin stormed it, and put the garrison to the sword.

\* Robinson, vol. ii. 441-2. Abulfeda, about A. D. 1300, calls the spot Beir Yacob, (House of Jacob) and the ford, El Ajran. Robinson says the bridge has four pointed arches, and is 60 paces long by 16 feet in breadth, and refers to Burchard and Cotoireus, but I feel sure that my description is correct, and I find that my journal is confirmed by Dr. Thomson's Land and Book, p. 402, vol. i.

On the eastern side of the bridge stand the ruins of an immense khan, erected probably before the middle of the 15th century, and is the fifth on this great public road after it enters the plain of Esdraelon at Lejjun. There is a paved walk 15 feet wide from the bridge to the entrance of the khan; this edifice might be rebuilt at little cost, for the stones are there, lime is cheap, and masons may be found at Safed, three hours distant. This series of khans afforded the only accommodation for man and beast found in this deserted and sometimes dangerous country for many years, and their ruin must always be a source of regret to the traveling public, who do not choose to avail of the steamer route via Alexandria and Beirut.

A Syrian khan, or caravanserai, has no resemblance to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, or any other inn or tavern in America. It has no parlor, dining or reading room; no kitchen, laundry, or bar-room. Imagine a hotel shorn of all these accidental appendages, and generally of one or two stories, cut in half, from the roof-tree to the ground. Supposing that the hotel is built around a great central open court; you now have in each of these divided halves a pretty good idea of an oriental khan, where man and beast may lodge, a trader sell his wares, and a tired traveler find repose. And yet there is no *maitre-d'hôtel*, no cook, no chamber-maid, no "boots," no hacks at the door, no barber-shop on the corner, no news-venders' stalls. The rooms are entirely unfurnished, and every inmate is supposed to bring his bed, his provisions, and even his fuel, to cook his own dinner, to set his own table, and to litter his horse or camel. He is not even supplied with cooking utensils or a stove. The word khan is from the Persian, and means a lodging for the night; but in Syria it became a fortress and a market-place, a refuge from robbers, and a shelter from everything but *fleas*.

With these stones, on the other side of Jordan, I think we may rebuild this khan. Let us see. It should have a high wall, for this is of the first necessity; and this,

I believe, was the first stage in the progress of khan-making. The increase of travel and merchandise found the open fields too exposed for a night's lodging, and so when the traders among the Ishmaelites grew strong, they fenced in convenient spots, near some spring or stream, or under the shade of trees, for their protection at night. And next, we must have a range of arches, an open gallery, and an inner court, and possibly a watch-tower. Outside the wall, we must have some sheds for the shelter of animals. In the centre of the court should be a fountain, in which men and animals may drink, dishes be washed, clothes cleaned, and feet bathed. And if we wish to give our khan a modern appearance, we might throw a roof across, and build the walls higher. It will not then be anything but a country khan, like that in which the brethren of Joseph slept when the money was found in their sacks. The khan of the towns is far more pretentious, and those at Cairo, Damascus, and Beirût are in reality a compromise between a great tenement-house and a bazaar. These last are raised for money, and as a speculation; but the fine old khans, el Lejjun, el Tujjar, el Minyeh, Jubb Yusef, el Jizr, and others which once adorned the great caravan routes between Egypt and Damascus, were monuments of piety and pity, built by generous men, like Girard of Philadelphia, and Cooper of New York, without thought of gain, and were almost as sacred in character and as durable in material as our own Cooper Institute, insane asylums, and other benevolent institutions. Even when the wars of races and religions swept the towns from these routes, the khans were permitted, by common consent, to remain, just as an hospital is allowed to stand in our land, as a secular building sanctified by its noble use. An oriental khan was usually built by a prince or sheik, and always by men of wealth. The famous Haroun and Saladin are remembered and blessed as the greatest builders of khans, just as Jacob is remembered for his well, and Fakireddin, the great Druse chief, for the planting of a grove. But when the khans

were left to the traders and the common Arabs, they became dilapidated, and since the opening of Greek and Latin convents, they have become less numerous and important. Sometimes a ruined khan is the only vestige of man's workmanship to be found in a morning's ride, and like this at "Jisr Binat el Yacoub," it serves to keep alive, even among the roving Bedouins, some knowledge of ancient and famous localities. Hotels were a thing unknown among the Arabs, whose hospitality has always been proverbial and patriarchal; but when lodging could not be furnished by the sheik in a house or tent, on account of distance, the erection of a khan would satisfy all demands, and met the necessities of the age. In the present day, when a great host of Europeans and Americans pass through Syria every year, the khan gives way to the canvas tent, and the village sheik, if he takes any notice of the Frangees, contents himself with sending them a sheep for their dinner. Tiberias was six hours to the south of us, but that town did not constitute the objective point of this day's ride. Good pictures were taken of the bridge while we stood upon it, and after presenting our compliments to the obliging toll-collector, we went on our way to Safed, that city set upon a hill which cannot be hid. This section of the Jordan valley is not always secure from prowling Bedouins, but since the flight of 'Akil Agha and his horde of hungry Arabs, security is successfully maintained by the Turkish troops, posted at intervals along the river. Leaving the bridge to "the daughters of Jacob," (whoever they may be) whose shades were no doubt greatly disturbed at the sight of our photographer at work, we began, an hour before midday, to rise by an easy ascent to a fine table land, which we found carpeted with bright crimson flowers, the anemone and poppy. The picture that met our eyes, as we reached this rich plateau, was one of no little agricultural interest. Scores of teams were ploughing the fertile soil in every direction, and here I saw, for the first time, twelve yoke of oxen ploughing together,

as in the case of Elisha, when the mantle of Elijah fell upon him. Women were sowing wheat, and Arab trains were passing us on either side; some of the men were carrying young donkeys, too small to walk, in their arms, and their women carried saucepans and other cooking utensils on their heads. These were probably Arab gypsies, or vagrant families, sloughed off from wandering tribes who gained their livelihood by pillage. More activity prevailed here than I had seen for many days, and flocks of black goats and fat-tailed sheep added variety to the scene; while peasants in the distance with their cattle, standing out against the sky on the horizon, gave the background of the picture an unusual effect.

Twenty-five minutes from the bridge, the Safed road turns off west, from the Tiberias road, and runs for some time almost parallel with it, and then inclines to the right. After passing the villages of Mogara (caves) and Djounoon, upon the slopes of Jebel Canaan, we found the wherewithal to lunch in a beautiful wady; and my friend strolled with me to a point where we could take a view of the country around us. Gamala, on the other side of the Sea of Galilee, the broad, generous slopes of the Jaulan, the Golan of the Bible, and the mountains of Hauran away off to the east, were all spread out before us, as we stood upon the hills of Naphtali, the border land of Israel. This "Galilee of the Gentiles" was ever the Garden of Syria, and might become that of the world. It has more variety of scenery and climate than any of the other tribes. Everything grows here, and while the hills at the north are bleak and wild, and the plains at the south are crisp and parched, the Galilean tells and wadies are all aglow with freshness and beauty. The odor of the orange blossom fills the air, parks of oak and clumps of cedar are found on the hill-sides, vineyards and cornfields are visible at every turn, and there is no sign of desolation or sterility, from the base of Hermon, where the Jordan rises, to the blue sea, into which the green hills pour their generous streams. We left

the olive trees and the purling stream of the wady with a sigh; but as we rose a thousand feet or more, we saw Tabor in the distance, and the interest of the scene was enhanced by the addition of Lake Huleh and the Sea of Tiberias, as we reached the highest point of Upper Galilee. From this point we descended 150 feet or more, through sequestered rocks, groves vocal with the music of birds, gardens redolent of the rich flora of these fragrant hills, and by numerous fountains that made the soil rejoice in the blossoming of spring-tide. And now, through an opening in the hills, we saw Safed north of us, with its scattered clusters of houses, strung like beads around the neck of the mountain, the summit of which was left bare by the terrible earthquake of 1837.

The story of this sad event was told me by the Doctor, who visited Safed as a member of the Beirut Relief Committee, and labored among the dead and dying in administering to the wounded and terror-stricken survivors. The ruin of the town was complete. Built upon the side of the mountain, which is so steep that the roofs of the houses below formed the street for those above, the shock dashed all to the ground, and the highest fell on the next below, that upon the third, and so on to the bottom, burying each successive row of houses deeper and deeper under accumulated masses of rubbish. Four-fifths of the population lay under the ruins, dead or dying, on the night of that fearful New-Year's day. Tiberias was also visited, and it was found that 600 persons had perished under the ruins. Other smaller towns were entirely destroyed, and, singular as it may seem, villages in their immediate neighborhood were left untouched. My friend mentioned also a church in one of the villages that fell in upon and crushed the entire congregation during the hour of service. My own experience in earthquakes has been slight, having been shaken out of bed early one morning in 1858, but without any other damage than the shock to my feelings in finding the other occupants out of the

hotel at Ras Beirût, standing out in the corridor in a similar state of alarm. This trembling of the earth makes one shudder in spite of all philosophical stoicism. The recent shakings in the Island of St. Thomas and in South America, and the eruptions of Mount Vesuvius, indicate that this fearful foe of man is still at work. The lesson of warning is lost, it seems, upon the living witnesses of these catastrophes, for the Doctor assured me that in 1837 it was frightful to witness the intense selfishness and the hideous rascality developed. The survivors in the surrounding villages left their friends to die amid their own crumbling houses, and hurried to Safed to strip the dead and plunder the living. Ibrahim Pasha sent a detachment of troops from Acre to protect the poor Jews from robbery and

murder; but they themselves were utterly callous in regard to their fellow-sufferers. After the Relief Committee had labored day and night to build an hospital, they were obliged to pick up the wounded and carry them with their own hands, or to pay their surviving friends exorbitant prices to do it! Gibbon tells of earthquakes that visited Syria during the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. One of these ruined Beirût, when the famous law-school of Justinian was in its prime. These historical facts are of practical interest, and they have had a palpable effect in Beirût upon the Church-building Committee, who have altered the proportions of the new church tower, with reference to the possibility of an earthquake in our day.

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### THE RUSSIAN PEASANT.

At this season of the year, as the traveler meets in the streets of St. Petersburg or Moscow the Russian peasants, in their coats of coarse brown cloth or of sheepskin, with their legs swathed in cloths, bound round and round by the cords which fasten on their bast sandals, men and women looking alike, he at once recalls the wild-looking figures of Dacians and Sarmatians, which he has seen in the bas-reliefs on Trajan's column. Nor is this resemblance, which was first noticed by the elder De Ségur, merely accidental, for a careful comparison will show him that those figures must be portraits of ancient Slavonians, the ancestors of the modern Russian. Conservatism—adherence to traditions—is pictured on their faces and in their dress. But it would be rash to condemn them on this account as incapable of progress, before inquiring if they do not possess some original germs of progress, some ideas, more or less developed, which are part of modern civilization.

The Russian peasant is usually fair, with light or brown hair, parted in the middle and rather long, blue or gray eyes, a full round face, with a thick short nose, large lips and good teeth, and is

short and thick-set. He is, however, sometimes tall, and in the south of Russia has a darker complexion, and black hair and eyes. Red hair is very unusual. His beard grows slowly, and often, when he is thirty, he has only a few straggling tufts of hair; after that it seems to take a sudden development, and the old men have long and shaggy beards, which serve as a protection against the cold. The men, especially the young men, are often very handsome; the women rarely so, though occasionally in certain villages one may find a real beauty. The man wears a pair of loose baggy breeches, tucked into his boots, if he has any, and over it a shirt, with loose sleeves, girt about the waist with a cord. The habit of wearing the shirt outside of the breeches is a peculiarity of all Slavonic people, even the Poles. The Russian proper always has the shirt fastened on the left side of the neck, with three small buttons. The Little Russian fastens it in front in the middle. The shirts and breeches are usually of some coarse home-made cotton stuff, or of cheap calico, generally pink or red. If the weather is cold he puts on a long castan of coarse cloth. This is usually without a

collar, and cut very sloping in front, like a dressing-gown. It is apparently the same as the Tartar and Asiatic *Khalat*. In winter he wears, beside, a coat of sheepskin, with the wool inside. When new this is very handsome, as it is always embroidered round the neck and down the front. But, however clean it may be inside, and it does not always contain fleas, the outside is soon dirty and greasy-looking. His feet in summer are bare; in winter he wears high boots of felt or leather, or winds cloth round his legs, and wears a sort of sandal made of basket-work, of the inner bark of the linden. His head is covered with a sheepskin cap, sometimes with the wool very long and shaggy, or with a tall felt hat almost brimless. On a holiday or Sunday the peasant is very gay; his breeches are of black velveteen, his boots polished and crinkled, his shirt red cotton or silk, and he wears a waistcoat, and a short sleeveless coat of dark blue cloth, or of black velveteen, and has on his head a janty little cap edged with the ends of peacock feathers.

The costume of the women varies more than that of the men in the different provinces; but there is always a *saraphan* or petticoat, usually striped in red, blue, and white, which is girt over the white shirt just beneath the breasts, or above them. Over this there is usually worn a white apron as long or even longer than the petticoat. If the *saraphan* is tied above the breasts, the apron is tied below, and the form looks like a series of bags. The head is covered with simply a kerchief, usually rather large; but on all grand occasions the kerchief is small and of silk, and only conceals the back hair; in front is a diadem or *kokoshnit*, embroidered with silver or gilt. In the governments of Novgorod and Yaroslavl it is always covered with real pearls, and is often of very great value. The best *saraphans* too are trimmed with gold or silver galloon, or with a kind of home-made lace. Every girl has around her neck numerous strings of beads, each string of a different color. She wears, too, very large ear-rings. The men also, sometimes wear ear-rings, often

only in one ear. The dress of the peasant woman is the court costume, and is always worn by the ladies on state occasions. In winter the women wear sheepskins and boots, and are only distinguished from the men by the handkerchief over their heads. Before the weather gets quite so cold they wear a little cloth jacket lined with fur, the skirt of which is very short, and is so plaited as to make a ruff standing straight out around their waists, presenting a very funny appearance.

The peasants like society, and are always collected in villages; since the emancipation they flock to the cities, especially in winter. It is exceedingly rare to find a peasant living in a solitary cottage in a spot remote from neighbors, except sometimes in the case of foresters, who are obliged by their occupation to live in that way. These villages, especially in the northern and central parts of Russia, have an almost uniform appearance. At a little distance you see a collection of low brown huts, placed apparently very close to each other, but stretching irregularly over a large space. The ragged thatch of the roofs, and the rude sheds and palisades, give a look of carelessness or unwonted destitution. But in their midst, high over all, rises a white church, with green roof and silvered dome, with a tall and often graceful belfry standing close by. The church is as neat-looking as the huts are unkempt, and the onion-shaped domes and the large frescoes of saints on the outside walls show you that the village, whatever similarity there may be in other respects, is neither in Eastern Germany nor in Poland. As you approach you pass the last trees and clumps of bushes; the fields of rye and wheat are much smaller, and divided into regular oblong patches, with other grains, and you come to some small plantations of potatoes and cabbages, or diminutive orchards of little cherry or apple trees. The country road widens into a broad street, which in wet weather is a slough of mud or a pond of water, in which the half-naked children are wading, holding up their shirts almost



above their heads. The houses are sometimes of brick, but usually of wood—huge logs put together with the utmost neatness, and with the joints carefully packed with oakum and clay. The lintels of the doors and windows, and the gables, are nearly always carved, sometimes very handsomely. The houses are always thatched with straw or reeds. The house is built in the corner of a court, with thatched sheds for the horses and cattle, the whole surrounded by a palisade of interlaced twigs. The outside door leads into a portico in the court, from which the house is entered through another door. There are usually two rooms, open to the roof, in which live a family of a dozen persons. In one corner is a huge brick stove and oven, the top of which is the most grateful bed. There is, however, usually one rude bed for the master of the house. The rest of the family sleep on the floor, or on the benches which go round the room close to the wall. There is a large square wooden table, and sometimes one or two rude chairs. In the corner nearest the door is a triangular cupboard, often richly carved, for the holy pictures, and there is in the better houses another for such few articles of glass and earthenware as the family possess. There are nearly always some coarse lithographs of saints and heroes on the walls, and among the latter always one of the Emperor, and now of Komnaissarof too, the peasant who saved the Emperor from the assassin. Other furniture there is none, except the loom and spinning-wheel, the cooking utensils, and the inevitable cradle, composed of a square board hung from a beam by strings at the corners, like the pan of a balance. There are two or at most three windows, very small, and with double sashes in winter. The floor is sometimes of hard clay, but usually of boards. Where wood is very abundant, as on the upper Volga, the houses are much better and larger, being often two stories high. It is very rare, except in Little Russia, to see a tree in the village, or any plant or vine about the houses. All the fruit and vegetables are cultivated like the grain, in

fields at some little distance from the village.

The food of the peasant is very simple, being composed chiefly of black rye bread, buckwheat grits, cabbage, and *kvas*, a drink made of fermented rye. Fish is eaten at all times except the severer fasts, meat but rarely. Potatoes are now a standard article of food in some provinces. On this almost wholly vegetable diet the peasant thrives, and is almost always very strong and stout. His round face shows that he does not starve himself. The meagre food of Lent, however, and the subsequent repletion during Easter-week, produce much sickness. It is not poverty which causes this diet, for it is something demanded by the climate. No Russian, however high his rank, is able to get through a dinner comfortably without the black bread, and will generally take also the buckwheat, the cabbage, and the *kvas*, if he can get them. The acidity of the bread is thought to preserve the people from disease. The usual dish for dinner is *stchi*, or cabbage soup—in Little Russia beets are substituted—which is placed in a large wooden bowl, around which the family gather, each dipping in his round wooden spoon or his piece of bread. Tea is drunk more universally in Russia than in any country out of China. The peasants use a coarse tea, pressed into the shape of bricks, which is brought overland and sold very cheaply.

During the summer the peasant rises and goes to bed with the sun. Both men and women are at work all day in the fields. About the middle of September, when the harvesting is over, they begin to use lights in the evening. They think candles too costly, and use them only in their lanterns outside. In the house they burn a thin strip of birch wood, called a *lutchina*, which is held between three nails on a tall support, the cinders falling in a dish set beneath. It burns with a bright flickering blaze, but requires constant renewal. The loss of time occasioned by this costs more than the candle. During the long winter evenings the women spin or weave, and the men carve wooden objects, if they have no trade,

or make their linden sandals. The wool-beater pursues his trade from house to house. He has a large wooden bow with a very thick string, which he rests against the wall and keeps the string in constant vibration by striking it with a heavy notched block of wood. The wool, which is placed immediately beneath, is caught up at each vibration and torn apart, and falls into the basket in foaming flakes, as well carded as if by a machine. This bow keeps up a constant music, and as the wool-beater is usually a jolly fellow and sings at his work, he is in great repute, and his coming is a sort of festival. He gets well paid, too, for his labor. With the Russian peasant, as with the rest of us, the winter evenings are the chief time of intellectual enjoyment. While the family are working, some old woman usually tells fairy tales and legends of the early heroes, such as Ernsclau Lazarevitch, Robber Nightingale, and Hero Ivan. The young girls sing. They usually collect on stated evenings in one house, beginning at one end of the village and making the round.

There is something very peculiar in these Russian songs. They are always plaintive, and usually in a minor key, and end in a peculiar cadence. Many of them are set in the old Greek modes, rather than in any modern key; and, what seems very strange, it has been found that one of the few fragments of Greek music which remain—a chorus in an ode of Pindar—is note for note the same as a popular Russian song, “In the field a birch-tree stood.” The burden of these songs is usually love, and often unhappy love. They seldom rhyme, and the words are often repeated over and over again with slight variations. Here is one:

“Lutchina, little birchen lutchina,  
 Why dost thou not burn clearly, O little lutchina?  
 Why dost not burn clearly, not burn clearly,  
 Dost not light? why dost not light?  
 Hast thou, O little lutchina, not been in the oven?  
 Not been in the oven, or hast thou not been dried, O little lutchina?”

On every holiday and Sunday evening during the summer, the girls and young

men form into a ring and walk slowly around, joining hands, and sing the *khoro-ovod*, a sort of choral dance. The song turns always on love, and is exceedingly plaintive and beautiful. The music of the *khoro-ovod* and the song of the nightingale rest always in the memory of the traveler as two great elements in the charm of a summer evening in the country in Russia.

The Russian peasant is a singular compound of laziness, activity, carelessness, and good-nature. When he chooses to work he works well and with a will, but he must be allowed his own ways, and frequent breathing-spells. He seems to have no sense whatever of the value of time, and finds it difficult to comprehend how new methods can be better than the old, or machines than hand labor. At first he will break and put out of order all the agricultural machines, not from ill will, nor entirely from stupidity, but from his natural carelessness and his dislike to new-fangled notions. When he is once accustomed to them he will treat them carefully and even invent methods of repairing them. I have seen a peasant near Voronezh who was as proud of the new patent plough which he was using as he was of his horses. The climate demands more work to satisfy his necessary wants than elsewhere. But for luxuries he has little desire, and when he has worked enough to supply himself with fuel and food for the winter he stops. The innumerable festivals allowed by the church are a great temptation and obstacle to him. Beside Sundays there are forty-three fasts and festivals—non-working days, when even the manufactories and government offices are closed. Then there are fifty-six lesser holidays, on which the people are apt to be idle; and ten to one the peasant is good for nothing on the day after a holiday, as he has probably been royally drunk the day before. I remember once asking a boy how many holidays there were in the year: “They do say,” he replied, “that there are only two days that are not holidays.” The peasant is shrewd, makes a good bargain, loses few opportunities to make or save mon-

ey; yet at the same time he is singularly improvident. He allows his house and barns to go unrepaired, he neglects to keep up the stores of grain for a bad harvest, he will spend his last kopek in the drinking-house. Serfdom is probably more to blame than he himself for this. With his equals he is generally honest. He will always steal from his master, and will lie on the slightest provocation. These two traits mark also the negroes at the South. His greatest fault is drunkenness. At about the same time with the emancipation, the duties on liquors were unwisely lowered. Drinking-houses were started everywhere, and drunkenness assumed alarming proportions among the rural population. The *vodka*, the usual liquor, is the same as our rye whisky, though not usually so good, and is very strong. The love of liquor is a national failing, and nowhere, unless in England and America, is the practice and habit of drunkenness so widespread. The government have at last taken the alarm, and measures are now being taken to reduce the number of places where liquor may be sold, and to raise its price. There are some other points in which not much can be said for the morality of the peasant. Chastity is a virtue which is much more esteemed than observed. In many parts of Russia there exists a practice similar to that known to English law as *usus primæ noctis*; but in this case it is the father of the bridegroom and not the master who enjoys the privilege. In the villages along the high-roads and the great rivers, syphilitic diseases are very common. In Little Russia, however, in respect to chastity, no fault can be found.

Perhaps the most striking and agreeable trait of the Russian peasant is his abiding good-nature. He is almost always smiling, is ready to oblige you, and is at once good friends and on almost terms of equality with you. He will get angry and pour out a torrent of verbal abuse, but he rarely turns to blows, and in the middle of his tirade will perhaps break out into a laugh and use entreaty or persuasion. When he is drunk he is never furious, but is always mild, tracta-

ble, and good-natured—even affectionate. It is impossible to be among these simple-hearted people without becoming much attached to them; and nowhere does one treat his servants so much as his equals as in Russia. They are always ready to talk, and you are amused with them; you may be angry and vexed at their slowness or seeming stupidity, but you don't doubt their willingness to assist you, and their good-nature disarms you. Their sympathy in all the accidents that befall you is equally pleasing; and if you go on a journey, the very manner in which they kiss your hand and wish you a fervent "Go with God!" shows that there is something more than the mere relation of master and servant. Uncivilized as the Russian peasant may be, he is seldom brutal. The statistics of crime show a very small proportion of brutal crimes, and even cruelty to animals is not common. Indeed there is little malice in the Russian nature. He is always ready to pardon and forgive, no matter how deeply he may have been injured. Patience is one of his great characteristics. He can endure ill-usage, ill-fortune, and hunger with a sort of religious stoicism, always expressing his trust in God, and saying of every accident, "*Nitchevo*, that is nothing." This same disregard of evil, indifference to chance, can also be seen in the young noble who stakes all his fortune on the turn of a card, or resolutely leads a forlorn hope, and to the entreaties of his friends exclaims, "*Nitchevo, nitchevo*." In fact the word itself is a sort of index to the Russian character.

Yet in spite of his stoicism even the Russian peasant has strong passions. If he is happy, he is very happy; if he is unhappy, he is wretched. Suicides for love are by no means uncommon in the villages. It is perhaps the strength of passion which makes holidays so necessary to him. He is willing to be kept down ever so strictly to hard work, provided only when his festival comes he can "breathe out," as his phrase goes, to the utmost, and give himself wholly up to pleasure. The Russian nobles are noted for their politeness of manner, but cour-

teousness is no less common among the peasantry. That they rise and uncover when a superior approaches, is perhaps a relic of servitude; but when one peasant lad meets another on a country road, or when a porter in Moscow meets an acquaintance, he always takes off his cap, and in case of a good friend kisses him. There is, too, a certain amount of deference shown to women. The salutation is always "Brother" or "Sister." All this is so contrary to the careless nod or gruff greeting seen among the common people in most countries that it is one of the first things the traveler remarks in the streets.

There are yet two traits which deserve mention—one because it is not without a parallel at home, and the other because it has recently been denied. These are inquisitiveness and restlessness. The peasant has still a nomad nature, which is by no means opposed to a social instinct. His attachment is more to his family than to his village or immediate surroundings. He is ready at any time to move, himself, his house, or the whole village. This may be an inherited disposition, or it may be that with a landscape so flat and uniform as in Russia, and with the surroundings of one village repeating themselves about another, he does not feel the same attachment to locality as in most countries.

Under serfdom it was difficult for the peasants to move about, though the villages were often changed from one part of an estate to another, and the masters often found it more advantageous to provide their serfs with passports, and let them go, on condition of their annual payments. Since the emancipation they are constantly moving around. There is every summer a great change of population up and down the great rivers. They build a bark and load it at one place, go as seamen to the destination, whether Saratof or St. Petersburg, and then by means of their co-operative societies find employment and a livelihood. The chief revenue of the railways from passengers comes from the third-class tickets, the most of which are sold to peasants. This

last summer there was a vast emigration movement on foot toward the rich lands of the south-east. This was agitated in nearly all parts of Russia, poor and rich provinces alike, and was only prevented by quick action of the government, who feared an entire depopulation of some of the northern and central provinces.

The inquisitiveness of the Yankee, and of the Scotchman, is proverbial, but it is nothing to that of the Russian. It pervades all classes, from the noble to the peasant. The stranger, whom you meet on the road, will always begin the acquaintance with, "Where from and where to?" and will then ask all the details of your life, your family, and your business. But he himself is by no means reticent: without the slightest provocation he will tell you what his sister died of, or why his brother's wife ran away, or about the curious adventure of his uncle, to say nothing of his own most intimate history. This makes traveling in Russia very amusing, and one can pick up a great quantity of valuable information on every topic without the trouble of asking. The Russian is essentially talkative, *bavard*, and speechmaking.

The Russian peasant is by no means so stupid as he is often called. The children learn well and are bright and intelligent. One often meets with old men whose talk is entertaining and instructive. An intellectual business capacity often enables them to rise in the world. Bakúnin, one of the richest manufacturers at Moscow, began life as a weaver. Gubónin, a wealthy and successful railway contractor, was a serf. Even in the higher intellectual walks the Russian peasantry can show their fair share of self-made men. They produced Pososhkóv, the political economist of Peter the Great's reign, who anticipated the leading ideas of Adam Smith; Lomonósov, the *savant* and poet; Radistchev, an eminent writer of Catherine's time. Koltsóf and Nikitin, both remarkable poets, were peasants of Vorónezh. Shevtchéenko, distinguished both as a poet and painter, was a serf and even a lackey. The women, however, are densely stupid—a bad thing for the advocates of

woman's equality, as they are here subject to the same conditions as the men. They share his labor, and have no discriminations made against them.

With small rude means the peasant can effect great results. Give him his time and his own way, and he will work wonders. This was what astonished Harriet Martineau in Egypt, and what she called "savage energy." Give a Russian peasant an axe, and he can build you a strong, warm, nicely-finished house, with a process astonishingly rude. The Russians make the largest and best-toned bells in the world. I saw one day a beautiful large bell, the sides covered with reliefs and inscriptions, which weighed enormously, and was with difficulty drawn on a sledge by forty horses, who had to stop every moment to rest and take a new start. When the bell arrived at the church, there was a simple apparatus of beams and ropes, which an old *muzhik* arranged; the leader began to sing a song, when they came to the chorus the crowd of men pulled, and in a moment the bell was safely landed and slid nicely into its place in the belfry. When the Luxor obelisk, which is 72 feet high and weighs about 120 tons, was brought to Paris, on a vessel especially prepared for it, the best French engineers devised a complicated arrangement to raise it on a pedestal 13 feet high, and thought it such a triumph of mechanics that they engraved the whole process on the pedestal. The column of Alexander at St. Petersburg—a granite monolith 84 feet high, 14 feet in diameter, and weighing 400 tons—was floated down from Finland on a raft, and was raised on a pedestal 25 feet high by the simplest means, under the direction of a common peasant.

The handicraft of the peasants is astonishing. To say nothing of wood-carving, and fabrics in silk, wool, and cloth of gold, you can buy at Tula pistols equal in workmanship to fine English ones, and the gold and silver filagree work is equal to that of Genoa. The *muzhik* can in twelve hours learn to manage the most complicated machines of a cotton factory without further assistance. This quick-

ness of comprehension, combined with his restlessness causes him to change often his trade, a thing which injures the quality of Russian work.

A paragraph has recently been going the rounds of the newspapers, which, like many others, has excited a good deal of amusement in Russia. It was to the effect that "such was the stupidity of the brutalized Russian soldiers," that they were incapable of learning the use of the new breech-loading arms, etc. The general capability of the peasant can hardly be injured by his becoming a soldier. Bad as it may be to take so many men from agricultural work, their new trade by no means "brutalizes" them. In every barracks there are schools, in which the recruit learns to read and write, and the improvement in appearance and intelligence is manifest to even the most careless observer, after the recruits have been six months in service. Discharged soldiers are in great demand for every kind of work. The magnificent shots which were made before the Emperor at Warsaw last fall, are a practical answer to the libel on the soldier's intelligence.

The Russian is almost the only language in which there is no *patois*. In Little Russia and in White Russia there is a different dialect, the language of the people there having been influenced somewhat by the Polish. Even these can be understood with little trouble by any Russian. But throughout the rest of Russia the peasants speak with perfect grammatical correctness their complicated and racy language, with slight variations in idiom and pronunciation in different provinces. A foreigner could learn Russian in a peasant village, and yet talk the language of society. The genius of the language, and the shrewdness and worldly wisdom of the peasant, have given rise to a multitude of proverbs. Dahl has collected more than thirty thousand. But so pithy is the ordinary talk of a peasant, that thousands of other phrases are worthy of being classed as proverbs. Among these are great numbers of sayings about the weather, and the crops, such as are current among

American and English farmers, and there is hardly a day in the year that has not a half-dozen sayings or prophecies. "If it snows on Epiphany, there will be a good harvest: if it is clear, a bad one." "As the weather at Candlemas, so the weather in spring." "On Elijah's day (July 20—August 1) there is thunder and rain." "If there is a good road on Christmas, there will be a good harvest of buckwheat." Many days are appointed by custom for certain things. The peasant never bathes in the rivers before the day of St. Agraena the bather, (June 23—July 5) nor after Elijah's day. He commences the hay-harvest on St. John's day (June 24—July 6). On Elijah's day he begins to gather peas; on St. John the Faster, to gather turnips. There are also some of the same superstitious sayings that are found among Western nations: "On St. John's night the fern flowers;" "On St. Peter's day the sun dances," and many others.

How far it is fair to call the peasant superstitious is hard to say. Some who know him well say that he is not nearly so superstitious as the ignorant class in Ireland or Germany, or as the lower class of proprietors in Russia. Among the 30,000 proverbs collected by Dahl there are not more than 600 which relate to superstitions, and the majority of these belong rather to what is called folk lore, signs of good or bad luck, or cures for slight ills. As examples of the latter are: "To rid your house of beetles, put as many as there are dwellers in your shoes, and grind them to powder on the road." "In autumn bury the worst fly in the ground, and the rest won't bite." The peasant is deeply and profoundly religious. He carries his religion into daily life more than the rest of us; he often crosses himself and repeats prayers. This is by some called superstition—not quite truly. However, many of the saints have merely taken the place of the old pagan gods, and there are some relics of old pagan rites. Such are the jumping over bonfires on St. John's eve, and the ceremony for defending a village against the cattle plague. This is very

curious. At midnight a widow is harnessed naked to a plough, and with a procession of women armed with rakes, spades, etc., draws a furrow about the village. They carry a cock, a cat, and a dog, and among the songs—some of them obscene—which they sing, is this, "Pest, cattle-pest, do not hurt our cattle; we bury thee in the ground with cat, dog, and cock." No man must be present; any who meet them have to run for dear life. The peasants do not believe at all in ghosts, though they do in evil spirits, in charms, and in witches. Even lately witches have been brought before the courts; and they were sentenced to short imprisonments as for a breach of the peace. These witches are generally women who delight in displaying their possession by the evil spirit by screaming and fainting at the "*Cheruvimi*," a certain part of the Mass. A witch or sorcerer will not rest in the grave, the earth will not hold him, until a piece of aspen-wood is laid over him. Among evil spirits are the *lyeshii*, or spirit of the woods, who attracts and misleads; the *rusalka*, or water-sprite—both symbolizing the attractiveness of the woods and waters—and the *domovoi* or house-spirit, on whose head are laid all those misdeeds which we ascribe to the cat. It is to protect houses from the *domovoi* that holy pictures with a lamp before them are in every room. This is a custom to which foreigners always conform for the sake of the servants. The *domovoi*, like the German house-spirit, is not always evil. The only trace of a belief in ghosts is that the spirit of the dead is thought to remain about the house for forty days, till the forty-day mass is said, and a small piece of bread is placed for it each night before the holy picture. Drivers and sailors are the most superstitious; among other things the former have a horror of cross-roads and graveyards—the favorite haunts of evil spirits—and the latter are very much frightened if any one whistles on the water. Many of these beliefs are dying out, and one or two boys whom I questioned one day said: "Only old women believe in such things."

Religious earnestness often goes so far with the Russian peasant as to lead him to dissent—though any deviation from the Church is strictly forbidden—and he then gives way to the wildest vagaries and fanaticism. The number of dissenters is comparatively small, about 2,000,000, but there are more than forty sects, some exceedingly curious, and every year or so a new one springs up.

The peasant is born with a certain capacity of organization, and a tendency toward association, which render his future full of hope. The village is a communal society, and all the land is held in common and redistributed from time to time among the members, when need arises. It is governed by a *stárostá*, who is elected by the peasants, and is clothed by law with judicial powers. Whenever a peasant is an artisan he belongs to an *artél*, or co-operative association, which instructs him, finds him work, and provides him with lodging and a common table.

The peasant is now free, but it is difficult to judge accurately about his condition. Doubtless he is on the whole better off since the emancipation, but there are many places where he is not so well off. In some of the northern and northwestern governments there have been bad harvests for several successive years. The communal stores of grain, which the masters were formerly obliged to keep full, were soon exhausted, and the peasants had not foresight enough to replenish them. During the last winter there was, therefore, much suffering from famine. The peasant has not yet become fully habituated to depend entirely on himself, and in some cases he regrets the loss of that second god—his master. But in the manufacturing, and in the richer agricultural provinces, his condition is certainly much improved.

He has to pay no rent to his master, and in the last autumn has been able to receive as high wages as three rubles a day. This was, however, owing to exceptional circumstances. He has received from eight to thirty-four acres of land, according to the province, either on a perpetual lease with the privilege of buying, or sold outright. This land is however held in common by the village, and there are no or very few instances of a peasant buying the land personally, though he has this privilege. As the emancipation weighed very heavily on the proprietors, a large share of the taxes was taken from them and laid on the peasants. The affairs of the proprietors are now in better trim, and these taxes are far too heavy for the peasants, and it is to be hoped that some change will soon be made. The peasants are as a mass still uneducated, though progress is being made in this direction. The schools in the cities are open to the peasants, and in many villages infant-schools have been started. There are villages in which, owing to the energy and good-will of the master, nearly all the children can read and write. But such cases are, unfortunately, too rare. By a recent decree of the Holy Synod, Sunday-schools are allowed and recommended. Many have been started in the Government of Lamara, and though the education there is too exclusively religious, they will, doubtless, be productive of much good. Schools for the instruction of the soldiers now exist in all the barracks and permanent stations. The peasants in the cities are either servants (*izoostchiks*) or artisans, and their education is generally much better than that of their country brethren. The rudiments of an education are by no means uncommon among them.

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### THE CLOISTERED ROOF.

No—not the shades of cloistered roof  
Shall my poor soul ensnare.

Such veils the grief, the pain, reproof,  
But cancels not the care:

Our clinging earth-born heritage we carry everywhere.

To hide my face within its wall,  
To guard my heart with stone,  
Seems almost like an angel call—  
So soothing falls its tone,  
On ear of weary wanderer, bewildered and alone.

But He who stood upon the mount  
With Satan, face to face,  
Ne'er slaked His thirst at such a fount,  
Nor sought a hermit's place,  
To shield Him from the weariness of mingling with His race.

The feast with loving heart He graced,  
Though sorrow chained His breast;  
His cup too bitter with the taste  
Of human life for rest—  
Still pouring love and joy as wine for every thirsting guest.

Then, soul, be thou more like to Him,  
And loving light dispense—  
For, though so unlike Him through sin,  
His cross is thy defense;  
His breast, thy cloistered roof; his poor, thy life's inheritance.

And who are all His poor, ye ask?  
Not those in rags alone:  
To count them were no easy task,  
While each lone heart is one,  
Though filling richest spot of earth, the temple or the throne.

Go forth then in thy daily walk,  
And His disciple be:  
Go teach of Him in gentle talk  
With love and charity—  
Not sad-faced as the hypocrite, but bright and cheerfully.

And so thy blessing shall be blest,  
Increased return thy share;  
Thy griefs shall find a calming rest,  
Thy thoughts a thankful prayer,  
Through Love which links the lower earth unto the upper air.

Yet never, e'en by thought, reproach  
Those works of holy art,  
Dispensed by saints of any church—  
*Christ's church is in the heart—*  
Of His unbreathed divinity, the saint, where'er his part.

And Love has streams all-bountiful,  
In number multiplied,  
Fed at the cross all-merciful  
Of Love, self-crucified!  
Belief wherein alone can cleanse the spirit earth-defiled.

Henceforth, my soul! thy hermitage  
Claims universal air.  
No convent roof will add the grace  
Which only comes through prayer  
Elected but by selfless will, the heaven of God to share.



## MOTHERLESS GIRLS.

A STORY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY POWELL."

## CHAPTER XXI.

## INDIGNATION.

"Mary, I believed thee true,  
And I was blest in so believing;  
But now, I mourn that e'er I knew  
A girl so fair and so deceiving."

IN pursuance of this resolution, Mary absented herself from Lord Harry for three whole days, and contented herself with messages. She earned no credit for this from Colonel Dalmaine, who had been summoned from town on professional business; while Lord Harry was consternated at his isolation. "You must really go to the poor old fellow, Mary," said her father. "You have accustomed him to your visits, and he is ready to lie down and die at this falling off. He is *abimé*, *consterné*."

"But, papa, you have been to him."

"But, my dear, vain as I may be, I'm not a wit and a beauty. You amuse, you soothe him."

"But Laura may go, papa." Laura went; but Laura did not do as well. "I believe, Mary, nothing but the sight of you will satisfy him. He says he is but half comforted unless he has his two princesses."

"Oh, well, I'll go to-morrow. It is rather a troublesome thing sometimes, to be a favorite. Sir Thomas More found it so in his palmy days, and ingeniously feigned to grow more and more stupid, and less and less diverting, till—"

"Till at length he succeeded so well that he got his head cut off," said Laura. "I think you may choose a better example."

"You are as amusing, to the full, as I am."

"No, I'm not, or at all events he does not think me so, which comes to the same thing. How do you think I amused him? By talking of you."

"No wonder he found you dull."

"But it was because I saw by his face, his whole mien, that he found me dull, that I began talking of you, and imme-

diately he brightened. If he had known you when he was young—"

"But I was not born till half a century afterwards."

"More than that, if you please, since I am but two years younger."

When Mary went to him at last, Lord Harry had actually worked himself into a nervous fever; and Sorel had a wretched time of it. She was shocked at his altered appearance, his painful voice, his trembling frame; and yet directly he saw her, a change for the better came over him, and he kissed her hand, almost with tears of gratitude, for coming. "My dearest child, how could you be so cruel?" said he, reproachfully. "I have been absolutely miserable in your absence. Had it been caused by any unavoidable necessity—the illness of Dalmaine, for example—I trust I could have been manly enough to support it. But to be forgotten—"

"But, dear Lord Harry, I wrote."

"My idol, you did; and time was, when a note would have sufficed me. But that was in the happy days, not so long gone neither, when I could answer your notes, when gay and cheerful images came 'fast as the periods from my flowing quill.' My quill won't flow now, even when Sorel dips it, for my poor hand won't guide it. You pity me, Mary! I see it in your dear face; and it is not a pleasant thing certainly to be such an automaton, even in the daily little routines of life; but to be obliged to let that sharp fellow break the seal of every letter for me, and, while I answer it, to hold the ink so close to me that he can read every word I write over my shoulder. . . . Ah!" and he gave a little shudder.

Mary quite entered into his feelings; and to efface such unpleasant recollections laid herself out to please and entertain him from real kindness of heart. The result was that she left him really better; and he gratefully said at parting, "My

divinity, if I had you always near me, you would cure me more effectually than a legion of doctors."

She returned home cheerful, in the consciousness of having made another person so, to find Colonel Dalmayne pacing the drawing-room like a tiger in its cage.

"Mary!" he exclaimed, "I thought you never would return; and I have such important affairs to communicate to you!"

"Dear Dalmayne, how glad I am to see you," said she, with such unaffected joy in her face that his impatience ceased to exist.

"What is it all about?" said she, throwing aside her hat and gloves, and sitting down.

"I have been offered a governorship in the West Indies," said he. "It is a good appointment—too good to be refused, and the question is, will you go out there with me?"

"You almost take away my breath," said Mary. "I suppose I must say, 'Where thou goest, I will go.'"

"If you *will* but say that!" cried he.

"Well, I don't know what to think. I suppose it will end in that. I should like to know a little more about it first."

"The salary is considerable—four thousand a year. I suppose you would consider that enough?"

"Oh, of course I should! Only the place itself, the climate, the society."

"Society there's little or none, I believe. We must be society for one another. The climate—oh, it's one of the healthiest of the islands, I believe. Of course it's hot."

"Of course. I wonder what papa will think."

"Think for yourself, without reference to papa. Your own judgment is best worth having."

"But, dear Dalmayne, I can't act without the advice of my natural guardian."

"You are of age, I think."

"Yes, but you must not be so quick on me. I cannot run away at the first word from those that have been dear to me all my life."

"I thought it was a Scriptural injunction," said Dalmayne, "that a woman should leave father and mother and cleave to her husband, and that her desire should be to him—him only."

"Therefore shall a *man* leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife."

"At any rate, I've neither father nor mother to leave," said Dalmayne, hastily, "and you have only a father who does not profess the least sentimentality about parting with his daughters by marriage."

Mary bit her lip, and said, "There is Laura."

"Laura will marry too, I've no doubt. Or she might come out with us."

"And leave papa? O, Dalmayne!"

"He and Lord Harry would take care of one another," said Dalmayne hastily.

"A very unfeeling speech, I think," said Mary, coloring deeply.

"I see how it is, Mary," said he, rapidly losing temper. "You wont go. You choose to remain, and rock the cradle of declining age; rock Lord Harry's cradle, I mean; your father does not want one."

"No indeed," said Mary, with indignation. "You have settled the matter now, yourself, Colonel Dalmayne. Am I to go at a word, at a moment, to the confines of civilization, to a deathful climate, to have for my sole companion a man who can speak thus of my objects of affection?"

"In the heat of the moment," began Dalmayne.

"Pray, say no more," said Mary, raising her hand in deprecation. "You have precipitated my refusal; you have given me no time for deliberation, for consultation, for endeavoring to overcome natural repugnance."

"Objections quite in the spirit of Bath!"

"You may be sarcastic if you will; you have aggrieved me nevertheless."

"How aggrieved?"

"Surely there is no need to ask. You began by proposing a momentous step to me, and directly I begin to consider it, you take umbrage at my consideration."

"If you will only consider it," said

Dalmayne. "But remember there is not much time for consideration."

"You bid me do and not do a thing in the same breath. This is a very astounding matter to me, Dalmayne. I really cannot see its bearings all at once."

"What is there to alarm you? You know me to be a soldier; were ready, I thought, to accompany me to a foreign station; here is a splendid appointment, such as most persons would jump at; and yet, to enhance the value of your acceptance, you ungracefully, unkindly hang back."

"But supposing papa disapproves."

"I'm quite clear there's no need for such a supposition."

"Or that I preferred your declining the appointment."

"That is indeed too monstrous a thing to suppose. No, Mary, you must know very well that in declining that you decline me, for I should have no hope of an equivalent; and I cannot afford such a home as I should choose my wife to have without it."

"Not if your wife preferred a simpler home?"

"Why no. I think she would have no right to ask it. To refuse this governorship would be to cut short my military career at once. I should never get another step; and I own I have ambition."

"You offer me no alternative, then," said Mary.

"Pardon me; I am obliged to go, but you are not."

She was meaning to go all the while, but did not like saying so at once. He misconstrued her delay, and writhed under it. "I see you like to behold the wriggles of the fish on the hook," said he. "The torments of the hart caught in the thicket are pastime to you. Mary! if you had any generosity, you would act very differently in this matter. It is well for me, perhaps, that I learn your true character before things have gone further; but it is a bitter lesson."

Visitors were announced: in great agitation he left the room and the house. Mary was much fluttered, even agitated;

but yet she knew not how completely she had let the tide in her affairs escape her. She thought they had had one of their usual little misunderstandings, and that Dalmayne would cool as soon as he was by himself, and fly to her and declare he had been in the wrong, and she must forgive him like an angel.

"News! glorious news, *girl*!" exclaimed Captain Beaufort, "Dalmayne is gazetted general."

"Indeed? that is news to me," said Mary, flushing.

"What, did he tell you nothing about it?"

"Not a word. Of course I knew he expected it soon or late."

"And he is to be governor of Santa Lucia."

"He has been offered the appointment, you mean."

"Oh, he can't be such a fool as to refuse it. Why the place is worth four thousand a year."

"Why, then I suppose you will have to go out there with him!" cried Laura, dropping her work and looking full at Mary.

"That depends," said Mary.

"Dear me," cried Laura, rising and putting her arms round Mary, "this is very sudden. I can't think how I can spare you."

"Nor I, how I can leave you," said Mary, dropping a few tears. Laura cried a little too.

"Pon my soul, I feel for you, girls," said the captain. "It will be a dreadful blow to you to part. But it will be a splendid thing for you, you know, Mary. You will be the queen of a vice-royal court."

"A very little court, I believe," said Mary. "Dalmayne says there will be scarcely any society. We must be society for one another."

"Why, that is just what lovers like," said Laura. "You will have romance and position too. You will have nothing to regret but papa and me; and though we shall miss you dreadfully, the knowledge of your happiness and brilliant position will console us; and I suppose it will only be for three years."

Mary looked at her wistfully. Was not Laura making too sure? And was not she treating the separation too lightly? Three years? How much might happen in three years! But visions of gayety and dignity were gaining the ascendancy over fears and regrets. She could not help thinking her father rather unfeeling to glory so openly in her prospects without even a decent shadow of reluctance to lose her. Laura's conduct was more consoling: she was unaffectedly attached to Mary, and would certainly miss her terribly; but with her usual lightness, she put everything painful in the background, and ran on amazingly about the brilliant life of the governor's lady, till she cast a kind of glamour over Mary.

"He has accepted it!" cried Captain Beaufort exultingly, at breakfast, as he eagerly looked at the gazette.

"I wish he had seen me first," said Mary.

"How calmly you take it," said Laura; "almost coldly."

"Oh, I am neither calm nor cold. Only I feel as if I were about to be swept down the stream."

"Quite natural at such a crisis. I suppose he will come early to-day."

But he did not come; though Mary was awaiting him till quite late. Her head ached violently. She felt the want of a little fresh air to restore her. A note was brought to her. She took it eagerly; but it was from Lord Harry, not Dalmaine.

"I am ill, my dear girl; but you are happy; let that atone to me for being weary of my life. This sort of thing cannot go on much longer. I shall soon cease to burthen you. Forgive me for troubling you now."

"Poor Lord Harry!" said Mary. "He is very far from the fact when he calls me happy. I cannot go to him; he does not even ask it; but I suppose I must write."

When Richard was summoned, he said Mr. Sorel himself had brought the note; and was charged with a message to say that if it would not too much inconve-

nience either of the young ladies, he hoped one of them would take pity on him for a few minutes.

"How unfortunate that Laura is out!" said Mary. "Richard, tell Mr. Sorel I will come round presently, but it can only be for a very short time, on account of pressing affairs." She did not think Lord Harry would have heard of the governorship, and was anxious to know how he would take it. Richard fetched a hackney-coach, helped her into it, and mounted the box. Just as it drove round the corner she caught a glimpse of Dalmaine turning into the street. She eagerly leant forward, but he did not see her; she pulled the check-string; it was too late. "Richard, turn back instantly; I want to see General Dalmaine."

Most haste, worst speed; the hackney-coach wheel became locked in that of a costermonger's cart; much swearing and hallooing ensued; but there was a dead lock.

"Do run after him," cried Mary frantically, "and beg him to wait my return. Say I am coming."

Richard darted off; but soon returned out of breath. The General had called at the house; but finding she was not within, had departed.

"How vexatious!" exclaimed Mary. "Then drive on to the square."

Lord Harry had heard of the appointment and was overwhelmed by it. Not a word of remonstrance, but a torrent of regrets; he wrung her hand in his; called down blessings on her for all her goodness and sweetness to him; wished it had pleased Heaven to spare her to him a very, very little longer—it would have been quite long enough. She must think of her old friend sometimes.

Mary had a painful misgiving that her fate was not so settled as everybody assumed. This taking for granted and resignation to necessity so tried her that she shed tears. He, mistaking them for tears of compassionate tenderness at losing sight of him, was quite overwhelmed, bade her go with his blessing, yet detained her; so that it was much longer than she had intended when she was able to leave

him; and her faltering assurance that he was taking alarm too soon, her departure was not at all settled, she had not consented to it yet—were only received by him as kind frauds.

On reaching home, much troubled by this interview, she found that Dalmayne had called a second time; and finding her still with Lord Harry, had left his card for her with *P. P. C.* written and underlined vehemently.

He went down to Portsmouth that night, and embarked immediately. The wind had suddenly changed to a favorable quarter.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### SEPARATION.

Say, is there any point so nice  
As that of offering advice?  
To bid your friend her errors mend  
Is almost certain to offend.

WILKIE.

OF course it was a nine days' wonder—a nine days' scandal too, and in the case of some persons, downright slander. Of course they inferred that the General had given Mary up just at last for some grave cause; some said she had proved utterly heartless, and meant to marry Lord Harry after all, with the well-grounded expectation of soon becoming a widow; others concluded she must be reckoning on a rich legacy; and perhaps her marriage with Dalmayne was only postponed.

Lord Harry heard of Dalmayne's sailing without her with a strange thrill of pleasure and triumph. The young man had not carried off his treasure after all. The dear child was spared to him—she cared for him. Mary herself was not heart-broken, but stunned; her happiness was wrecked. She ran over in a bewildered way all that had been said and done—alternately blamed him and herself—alternately cleared each: gave it up as a hopeless question. She did not feel, even now, that she should have liked being swept off beyond seas in this impetuous way—did not believe she could have done it. Perhaps he had been the victim of circumstances like herself; perhaps he could have explained all had they met. Then why could not he write? Surely he *would* write?

The only way of stilling the dull pain at her heart, and of obtaining rest for her throbbing head, was to tell herself incessantly that he *would* write, by the first opportunity. There would be trying delay; but then she had wanted delay. Perhaps he would even ask her to go out to him; perhaps she would even go.

Laura was in consternation; greatly blaming Mary, and greatly pitying her. Captain Beaufort was confounded by what had happened, and very angry. "You have played your cards very badly, Mary," said he. "I wish you may not have Dalmayne's ruin to answer for. Young men are driven to strange courses sometimes when they are disappointed and reckless. Grant that he was an impatient, hot-headed fellow—why, he required all the more humoring! You won't readily catch such another prize, I fancy. If you do, you had better not let it slip this way through your fingers."

"Papa, pray don't talk so. Consider my head."

"And consider what the world will say, Mary, and the questions I shall be asked, and the difficulty I shall find in answering them."

"People who can be so grossly indelicate as to question you on family matters deserve no answer but a look."

"Ah, but that's not my way. I don't answer people by looks; for it's not the way I like being answered. Truth is truth," said Captain Beaufort with virtuous emphasis.

"Truth is truth? yes, of course," said Mary; "but you don't know the truth, and I don't even know it myself. General Dalmayne called here twice when I was unfortunately out, otherwise he would doubtless have explained things. The wind changing in that sudden way, compelled him to sail at once. I could not possibly have got ready in time had I been so minded."

Captain Beaufort drummed on the table, and then said, "That being the truth, there can be no possible reason why it should not be known."

"None at all; it might be proclaimed at Charing Cross."

"And therefore there is no harm in my telling people. I still think, though, between you and me, that this isn't quite all, and that you have played your cards very badly."

"Let me entreat you, papa, not to use that expression any more about it. It is hardly worthy of the occasion."

"Faith, the occasion itself is not a very worthy one, I think! A lovers' tiff, carried to such length as to break off an advantageous settlement."

"I had no idea, papa, you would be so willing to lose me at a moment's notice."

Without answering this, he said, "In fact, I know the matter of your quarrel by intuition, just as well as if you told me. It's all about Lord Harry; and I don't know that Dalmayne's umbrage is altogether surprising."

"Why now, papa, did not you yourself desire me to go to him?"

"Just that once; but certainly if I were a spirited young fellow, engaged to a pretty girl always running after an invalid old nobleman with as flattering a tongue as any in Christendom—"

"Oh, papa, papa! to turn round on me in this way! after encouraging and urging me to be attentive to him—"

"Attentive? yes; only you see Dalmayne didn't like it, and you wouldn't give up, and he saw you were unyielding, and took fire and bolted. Well, well, Mary, it's no use crying now. I hope he may yet write and make it up; but you have certainly made a pretty mess of it."

To avoid altercations like these, and because she was really ill from distress of mind, Mary kept her room for a few days, and Laura was very kind to her. To do justice to Captain Beaufort, he confined himself as nearly as could be expected of him to the few facts Mary had given him. "Yes, he's off—the thing was too good, you know, to refuse, and he was obliged to obey orders; and Mary had no time to get ready, and we could not have spared her, you know, in that sudden way; so they must wait—they're both young enough. The fair wind set in very unfairly! 'Tis a fair wind that blows nobody

any harm, ha, ha, ha! We must reverse the adage."

Mary felt desolate. She had not a thoroughly religious friend among her acquaintance; she knew nothing of the consolations of religion. She had a dim idea there were such, and wished they could be brought to her, but it was only in a vague, impotent way. She went to no parties; it was not expected of her; all her little world knew there had been an affair of the heart—or at least a projected marriage; and they would have been surprised if she had immediately come among them. Laura remained at home to keep her company, though she found it very dull. Captain Beaufort went to his card-parties as usual. As for Lord Harry, Mary neither went nor wrote to him for a while, feeling him to be in some sort the origin of her troubles, and not quite forgiving him for it. Laura thought his case hard, and went instead, and brought back kind messages. Lord Harry knew her heart was sore, and respected her sorrow. One day he sent her a kinder message than usual; saying it would be a pleasure to see her face, if she did not speak a word. Captain Beaufort had just been telling her that people were beginning to talk strangely of her shutting herself up in this way, and to think that either she must have thought Dalmayne very much to blame, or that he must have thought her so. Stung by this, and rather tired of remaining in-doors, Mary resolved to go forth. She would begin by calling on Mrs. Forsyth, a lady she had only known recently, whose society was rather mixed, comprising some of the gay and some of the religious world. Two other visitors who had preceded her were talking so loudly and eagerly that they did not hear her announced. One of them was saying, "I would not condemn her for going to him if it were for the least spiritual good, but merely to amuse the vacant hours of a poor old man like Lord Harry, with one foot in the grave—" "Miss Beaufort!" repeated the servant in a louder voice. There was an abrupt pause. Mary's heart had for a moment stopped beating, and now it was palpitat-

ing violently. Mrs. Forsyth came forward with outstretched hand and the kindest manner. There was a little confusion and bustle, owing to the other two visitors hastily paying their parting compliments and going out, one of them looking very red, the other darting a searching look at Mary. When they were gone, Mrs. Forsyth took her cold hand in both her own, and drew her to a seat beside her on a couch. "I am so glad to see you," said she, very kindly.

Mary was very pale. She almost feared to trust her voice. Directly she did so, her self-command gave way; large tears coursed her cheeks.

"I'm so sorry for you. Don't speak," said Mrs. Forsyth, kinder still, if possible. "You have had a shock of some sort, I understand, and, with all your strength of mind, have not yet been quite able to get over it. No need for words. I feel for you with great sympathy."

"Those people," gasped Mary.—"Oh, who minds those people? They live on what they fetch and carry. They have no affairs of their own to take interest in, and so they meddle with those of other people. Everybody values them at what they are worth."

"I don't know what they say about me—at least I only heard a half sentence," said Mary, drying her eyes and trying to smile, "only why should they talk of me at all?"

"That is a liberty, unfortunately, that nobody can hinder them of; but, if it be any consolation to you, they really said nothing very bad. Would you like to hear the sum total of it?"

"Yes."

"They said, I knew of course it was all off between you and General Dalmaine. Then one corrected the other, and qualified the assertion by saying that at all events the marriage was postponed."

"Why, of course it is," said Mary, with burning cheeks, "when I am here and he is on his way to the West Indies!"

"She said so, and that he had been ordered off at a moment's notice, and had scarcely time to say good-by, and could

not say it, because when he went to you he found you had gone to Lord Harry."

"All that is true, but—"

"They gave no more facts—the rest was only animadversion."

"But why—"

"They called Lord Harry selfish to monopolize you at such a time, and you very . . . very thoughtless of General Dalmaine to be out of the way at such a time."

"Why, of course, if I had had the least idea—"

"Yes, yes, that is so often the case with us all. We so often commit some fatal imprudence, when, if we had had the least idea of the consequences, we would have avoided it. I pity you, my dear Miss Beaufort, very much indeed; however, it will all come right, rely upon it. You will laugh at it all some of these days."

"Never," said Mary, in a low voice. "And then, what more did they say?"

"Nothing. At least, just as you came in, Lady Kitty was saying she should think nothing of your visits to Lord Harry if you were caring for his spiritual interests; which really was laughably absurd, coming from her, you know, because she has always been a complete worldlyling, and it is only because she would see what one or two of our fashionable devotees could find attractive in a popular Methodist preacher, that she went to hear him and picked up a few of his phrases. But you know a wise person will take counsel even from an enemy. I have not the privilege of knowing Lord Harry myself, but I know him by report to be a man of wit and intellect, a good deal spoiled by the fashionable world, and with very little interest in the world to come. At least, that is what I have heard—is it correct?"

"Yes, in a certain sense it is," said Mary.

"Furthermore, I have been told that he, a man old enough to be your grandfather, with no young people of his own about him, and with the natural yearning we all have for the young and ingenuous,

has long manifested the most fatherly interest in you, and your sister, who, with your father's entire concurrence, have been to him as daughters."

"Yes, that is true, every word of it," said Mary.

"He has always had failing health, I believe," said Mrs. Forsyth, "and this year everybody knows he has had a seizure of a very alarming kind. The public took interest in it—the public prints gave frequent bulletins—he was not expected to live—his recovery caused quite a sensation. As he got better, he naturally was anxious that you and your sister should help to relieve the tedium of convalescence."

"Yes, that is exactly it, dear Mrs. Forsyth!"

"Lady Juliana told me about it, and how kind and daughterly you both were to him. She said you contributed very materially to his recovery. She was very grateful to you."

"And he was very grateful, too, I assure you. More so than there was need. For after all, what did we give up to him? Half an hour or an hour of our time, one or other of us, daily."

"But then you were engaged to be married. And your lover, just like a man, and a young man, wished to engross you entirely—could make no allowances for your old friend—grew jealous of him, in fact."

"If he would ever have been at the pains to understand the footing on which we were," began Mary.

"Why, they do say," observed Mrs. Forsyth, smiling, "that Lord Harry has the most beguiling tongue of any man living—that his power of delicately flattering is such as to outweigh, with any woman, all the advantages of youth, looks, and health."

"His flattery never hurts me," said Mary.

"Flattery is very hurtful, however, in itself," said Mrs. Forsyth; "and I don't wonder that General Dalmayne, knowing its universal effect, should dread its power on you. He might ask himself, how can a poor fellow such as I am ever say things

that will bear comparison with the pretty compliments so gracefully uttered by this dreadful old lord?"

"He is the last man in the world to ask himself such a question," said Mary, laughing a little. "Dalmayne has not a bad opinion of himself."

"Well, I am very absurd to put words in his mouth he is unlikely to utter," said Mrs. Forsyth, glad to see her smile. "We will leave him to make his own speeches; and very telling ones, no doubt, they are. You have a gift for letter-writing, I'm told. 'Tis an immense power intrusted to some women. I am sure that you will not abuse nor neglect it—that your letters will be even more enchanting to him than your conversation—that he will get them by rote, and weary to hasten back to the writer."

A light dawned in Mary's eyes. "But if he does not write to me," she said slowly.

"Might not you write first?"

"Well, no; I think not."

"You must know best," said Mrs. Forsyth, doubtfully, "only beware of letting punctilio mar your happiness."

"Oh, I expect to hear from him. And I shall rejoice to write in return."

"Oh, then, all's well on that score. Absence may be borne very well, if there's no estrangement. Forsyth and I were apart five years; but we never lost heart. He said my letters strengthened and comforted him more than anything else did. So may yours do to General Dalmayne. Their influence will be purifying—they will keep him from seeking or yielding to ignoble pleasures. You will learn more of each other's minds than in any other possible way. And now, if I have not said too much already—"

"Oh, you know not how I value what you say."

"One word, then, about Lord Harry. To act fairly by General Dalmayne, you must conduct yourself in his absence exactly as if in his presence; or with more caution. Lord Harry really has, or may be supposed to have, as Lady Kitty said, one foot in the grave; he cannot live long; he may die soon. If he were to



die to-morrow nobody would be much surprised. You say he is grateful for your kindness; might you not give him something to be still more grateful for, by smoothing the way to hopes and privileges of a higher sort—happiness that this world can neither give nor take away?"

"I wish I could—but how?"

"Your own excellent judgment will

(To be continued.)

tell you that. Look for opportunities; they will be sure to offer. Some other people are coming in to interrupt us—how tiresome! And we leave London en route for Lisbon to-morrow."

"Oh, how sorry I am! —"

"I am sorry too, but I am very glad to have had this talk. Good-bye, (kissing her) my best wishes attend you. I shall often think of you."

### VOICES OF THE SPRING.

To a well-instructed mind there is nothing in the constitution and the course of Nature which is without significance. Scepticism, in its dark bewildered dreams, may empty the universe of God. It may see in it only an aggregation of unintelligent forces, which, for some reason not explained, act in a certain orderly manner; or else, admitting in words the existence of a Creator, it may so merge him in the Creation, as to make him only an impersonal principle of life and power—a principle which has neither consciousness nor will, except as it embodies itself in the forms of finite existence. But a rational faith delights in a personal Deity. It sees in the order, the life, the beauty, and the infinitely varied phenomena of the natural world the expression of his thoughts and the illustration of his attributes.

To one who has such a faith, Nature appears as a rich and instructive volume, which the Self-existent, the Eternal, the Unsearchable has written to disclose himself; written of his own good pleasure, and with intelligent and definite design. The lessons so set forth are regarded as worthy to be profoundly studied. Each object has its own particular truth to tell, if it be questioned; and each new aspect, which is presented by the orderly succession of changes occurring in the established economy of the world, is found to be suggestive of some thoughts which are adapted to afford enlargement to the understanding and profit to the heart.

Most of the sacred writers abound in allusions to the objects, the scenery, and the events of Nature. They refer to

them as affording striking and easily apprehended illustration of spiritual truths which they wished to teach. Or, they take them as suggestive, either on the principle of analogy or of contrast, of trains of reflection, which from a starting-point in the material and the sensible, lead up to the higher realms of thought, and bring out the mind into richer and broader views of God and of the universe, than it had ever obtained before. Such a use of the great facts which Divine Providence is daily causing to pass before our eyes is certainly altogether legitimate and proper.

Is it not true that, in the entire circle of natural events which attract our notice, there is none more full of interest—none that appeals more powerfully to the imagination and the nicer sensibilities—none better fitted to open to the mind wide and delightful fields of thought, than the coming on of spring-time? How beautiful it is! How grateful to all the senses are its peculiar influences! With what a genial power does it affect the finer feelings of all susceptible natures! Who—in the sunny days of childhood, or in those youthful years when quick affections, and longings indefinite but restless, and dreamy fancies, bright and warm in their ideal coloring, had full possession of the mind—has not been conscious, when the sweet spring came breathing in his face, and waking life and beauty all around him, that a more than magic spell was working on his heart? There are few, we are inclined to think, who, even amidst the cares and contests which usually fill the active period of middle

life, or in the indifference which often marks the season of old age, are altogether insensible to the peculiar impressions which the sight of Nature, in the process of renewing all her faded glories, is fitted to produce. There are many who cannot witness this renewing of the face of Nature without feeling each day new thrills of pleasure stirring deep within their hearts. It may well interest one to look a little into the grounds or causes of this pleasure, which the aspect of Nature, in this her reviving season, so generally affords.

It is the result, we believe, in part, of a constitutional sympathy with natural life, embodied as it is in beauty, which is one of the finer endowments of our being. This sympathy we believe to be an essential element of humanity; yet it is felt, by different individuals, in almost infinitely various degrees, according to the peculiar culture or temperament of each. Some writers have endeavored to explain it on the principle of association. We have no faith in any such solution. It were as well to say that it is by the law of association that the harp-string vibrates to the wind. God, the Creator, made man a living soul. Life is the very essence of our being; and while life itself, and all its manifold phenomena, are mysteries, profound and inscrutable mysteries to us, yet certainly it does not strike us as unreasonable to suppose that life in its highest forms has, by a law of its own nature, a direct, immediate, instinctive sympathy with life in every form and in all its manifestations. On the contrary, such a belief we hold to be most truly philosophical, and to be fully sustained by an appeal to consciousness.

The fact, however, that between the human soul and living Nature there is a quick, and often deep and tender sympathy, in whatever light it may be viewed, is a very familiar one. Like other sympathies, it is refined by culture, and is rendered more lively and fervent by indulgence. Its precise nature cannot be expressed in words. The poets, who, because they have felt it exquisitely, have loved to celebrate it, have rather sought

to describe the objects and the scenes which kindled it within their souls, and the intensity of the delight which it afforded, than minutely to analyze or to define the thing itself. Vague as their utterances often are, when treating on the subject, they are yet sufficiently intelligible to the majority of thoughtful persons, because such persons find in their own hearts a commentary on the somewhat shadowy expressions. It required a great poet to express the thought so happily; but there are thousands in every walk of life who can adopt his language when he says:

"Thanks to the human heart, by which we  
live;  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and  
fears;  
To me the meanest flower that blows can  
give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for  
tears!"

With this capacity of having our hearts warmed with affectionate and sympathetic feeling towards the living forms of the material world, it is but natural that, when the God of providence returns the spring-time of the year, it should, in all healthful and well-regulated minds, produce an exuberance of pleasurable emotions. The grass, that changes the leaden dullness of the fields into a life-like hue; the myriads of germs that from their quickened seeds are starting forth; the opening of bud and blossom on every tree and shrub; the waking of the flowers; the gambols of the insect tribes, warmed into new animation and activity; the cheerful melody of birds; in short, the innumerable sights and sounds by which all nature proclaims that all her processes of animal and vegetable life are efficiently and harmoniously advancing; all these, both separately and in their combined effect, address the soul through all the avenues of sense.

Wherever we look, over the whole domain of vital organization, there is not an object but appears to be arraying itself in loveliness, or in some way showing forth its highest charms, as if by way of attracting to itself a share in the affec-

tions of our hearts. To this appeal our hearts, true to their instinctive impulses, readily respond. We not only admire the numberless delightful objects with which Nature, in her affluence, surrounds us, but we love them. Like other beloved objects, they are pleasant to our thoughts, exhilarate and refresh our animal spirits; even when we are not distinctly thinking of them, affect and modify the current of our feelings.

That it has pleased our divine Creator, for the augmentation of our happiness, to make us capable of such a sympathy with the living forms of Nature, and especially with those which are most eminent for grace and beauty, is certainly a deeply interesting fact, and one which most emphatically gives testimony to the goodness of that great and glorious Being.

Another source of the pleasurable influence of the Spring upon us, is found in the obvious analogy there is between this cheerful season and some of the most happy periods of our lives. It is an agreeable occupation of the mind to trace analogies. It is especially interesting to find in outward things, as in a mirror, the reflection of our own experience, our circumstances, our duties, and our interests. When we are able to do this, Nature becomes, as it were, a friendly counsellor. Without articulate language, she seems to talk with us, and to whisper words of wisdom to our hearts.

The Spring is the opening of the year. It is the time of incipient life, and growth, and action. It is the time when everything looks fresh, and fair, and hopeful; the season of preparation for the future; the seed-time in relation to the luxuriance of summer and to the riches of the autumnal harvest; and who, that ever reflects at all, can fail to see that there is a deeply interesting analogy between the spring-time of Nature, and the spring-time of our lives, in these and similar particulars? In early childhood, all our faculties are in the tender bud. In youth, they are unfolding steadily, as if into foliage and bloom, and giving promise for coming years. Then, too, is the seed-time of our being. The heart is

tender and genial, as the soil when warmed and softened by abundant vernal showers. Whatever is then sown will speedily germinate and grow. There is a freshness, too, in all the impulses that stir the heart. Every aspect of the world looks new and fair, and over all there seems to fall the light of a soft and grateful sunshine. Fancy, like the swallow, delights to try her wing, and revels the livelong day amidst the agreeable enchantments which spread themselves around her. The future opens itself in many a delightful vista before the eager eye of hope. Anticipated pleasures smile like summer fields in the distance of the future, and golden harvests of good, to be one day reached and gathered, wave in their richness before the pleased imagination. In short, in all its earlier years, our life is a putting forth, a development of hidden energies, a preparation for other years, and more than in any other portion of our days, a conscious luxury in all its throbbing pulses.

But in the progress of human life, also, as well as in its beginning, there are seasons which find a striking analogical illustration in the peculiar characteristics of the Spring. In the wise providence of God, it is appointed that many of the hopes of early life shall end in bitter disappointments; that many of its bright visions shall fade into thin air; that its pleasant breezes shall give place to howling storms, and that days of darkness, of bereavement, and of tears, should seem, for a time, to have put out all the lights that cheered existence, and to have changed it to a dreary, desolate waste. These are the winter seasons of life's course; appointed for important ends, yet sad and tedious in their passing. Happy are they, beyond the common lot, whose experience has not been marked by something of this sort.

But on these periods of despondency and gloom there ordinarily soon arise the light and cheerfulness of better days. The clouds of trouble pass away; affections that seemed crushed revive and put forth anew; joys that had withered spring up again, as fair and fresh as ever, along the path of life. Again the heavens above

us, and the earth around, seem to put on a kindly smile; and healing influences, like soft, mild winds, come breathing on our hearts, until the winter of adversity is changed into the sweet spring-time of returning prosperity and peace. Then, all the happier in the contrast, are the halcyon days of cheerful comfort that ensue. It seems almost as if existence were commenced afresh.

Just so likewise in the spiritual life, in the experience of those who have been born of God, there come delightful spring-times, in place of the wintry barrenness of cold and dead affections. That is indeed a blessed spring, when in the lifelessness of sinful nature the warmth of a spiritual vitality begins to glow; when the good seed of the kingdom, buried long perhaps, begins under the quickening influence of heavenly grace to germinate; when the graces of the Spirit are coming forth like flowers, where but a little while ago all seemed a rock of ice; when Christian faith and hope, like roses opening to the morning sun, unfold themselves beneath the conscious smile of God.

So when, as unhappily occurs too often, the tide of spiritual life has ebbed in the Christian heart; when duty neglected has gathered lowering clouds, and shut out of sight the Sun of righteousness; when the appropriate signs of life and of growth no more appear to the observer; it is as if the frost of a spiritual winter had stiffened the vital currents of the soul till they could flow no more. If in such a state of spiritual dreariness and gloom, the breath of God revive the cold and cheerless spirit—if the divine Comforter warm it again into vitality—if Christ reveal himself within it as the Light of the World, and pour upon it and around it an atmosphere of love and gladness; then, too, there is the coming of a spring, enlivening, bright, and joyous in its influences; a season in which the healthful activity of the soul returns, and all the beauties of a revealed piety put forth anew, and look once more as fresh and flourishing as ever. Who is there that has trodden long in the

ways of God that is altogether without some experience of this sort?

Now, is it not a fact, to which the consciousness of every one will testify, that it is to this analogy between the spring season of the year and such happy seasons in our lives that we are to trace not a little of the pleasure which we feel when we see nature all around us waking into bloom? There is a communion—almost like the communion of mind with congenial mind—between us and the natural world. We are charmed to see the face of Nature, but lately dark and stern, radiant with smiles again, and to hear her in her joyousness sending forth the voice of mingled melodies, because it calls up to our memories those points in our past existence on which it is most pleasurable to dwell.

We find still another source of pleasure, which the opening of the spring affords us, in the fact that we see in its waking life and fresh-born glories a lively type and illustration of our own essential immortality. The certainty of this great truth we are happily not left to rest on any remote and doubtful inferences. Our own instinctive aspirations, aided by the many significant and suggestive facts which the natural world offers to our notice, would probably have done but little more than to excite the hope of another life, without the great and sure disclosures which the revelation from God has made. But the testimony of God, especially of the Son of God, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, having brought that life to light, we are in a condition to observe with profoundest interest whatever there may be in the course of nature to illustrate or impress the delightful truth. The faintest intimations acquire an emphatic meaning; the slightest analogies become forcibly suggestive; sense acts as the monitor of faith, and aids her to look confidently up to nobler scenes of being beyond the decay and the mortality which confront us everywhere in this sublunary state.

The peculiar scenery of Spring is especially adapted to assist the thoughtful mind in gaining lively apprehensions of

that bright and imperishable existence to which the good shall all awake from the corruption of the grave. But a little while ago the autumnal blight was on the face of nature; all her loveliness was fading; her pale and sickly hues, and her fallen and withered leaves spoke to the heart only of death. Winter came next. Its wailing storms seemed as if chanting melancholy dirges above the sepulchre of all that was lately fair. But now you look abroad upon the world. The signs of death have disappeared. The vital principle, which seemed extinct, survives, and, as if it had acquired new energy from brief repose, is putting on new forms, investing nature with fresh beauties, and exhibiting the wonders of a general resurrection of her organic life, which had, in appearance, expired at winter's chilling touch. The contrast is astonishing; the transition excites the liveliest admiration, and the heart warms with emotions of delight as the stem that was left, in nakedness puts on again its rich adornings of foliage and bloom.

With such a scene before him, and the disclosures pertaining to the future life of his own spirit in his memory, one must be singularly destitute of imagination and reflection who does not recognize, as pictured forth in the liveliest manner, the momentous waking of his own immortal essence from the midst of material decay and death to the perfect life of the celestial world. Ah! here—the thoughtful soul will say within itself—here a . . . actual examples of the conjunction of life and death. Here I have instances before my eyes of life, of activity and loveliness, arising out of dissolution, torpor, and corruption. O joyous day! when even so, from this corruptible shall come forth incorruption, when out of dark cold death there shall spring the vigor of perfect life, the freshness of immortal bloom, the glow of a spotless and never-fading beauty! I dwell with rapture on these symbols of that new existence, the waking into which shall indeed be like the breaking of a bright and glorious spring-time on the wintry desolation of the tomb. I imagine to

myself, with thrilling ecstasy, not only what I then shall feel in the consciousness of my own reanimated powers, and in all the fresh emotions of a new and sweet existence, but also what I shall enjoy in seeing hopes that had withered once and died, and blossoms of affection that, blighted by rude winds, had fallen long ago and perished from my sight, all budding out afresh, more beautiful than ever, into a life whose leaf is never again to wither.

Such, we say, is the course of thought which naturally arises in the mind of a reflecting person, when he opens his heart to the peculiar influence of vernal scenery. To those who never think, or whose sensibilities are buried deep beneath the rubbish which unbroken worldliness accumulates, all this may be unintelligible. But to those who delight in the thoughtful hour, and whose sympathy with nature is elevated and purified by the power of Christian faith, memory will testify that such sentiments have often been awakened by the returning of the Spring; and it will readily be understood that, in its tendency to quicken the instinctive aspirations of the soul, and to lead them onward and upward to the immortal life above, lies very much the charm it has to all susceptible and meditative minds.

We will only refer to one more ground of the pleasurable influence of the coming of the Spring. It aids us to form in our imaginations the most glorious conceptions of the loveliness and the delights of heaven, as the Scriptures reveal it to our faith. Who has not felt, when from some eminence he looked abroad upon a vernal landscape, and feasted the eye with its pleasant fields, its winding streams and placid lakes, its clustering forests and its soft blue mountains; or when, with minute observation, he has studied the innumerable objects, each in itself a miracle of artistic taste and skill, which make the filling up of such a scene, when all sweet sounds were wafted to the ear, and pleasure seemed to flow in upon the soul through every sense; who has not felt, we say, at such a time, that earth, in this its bright array, is itself a

paradise? Who ever doubted, with the impression of such things upon him, that God the Creator has pleasure in the fair, and that he delights to multiply the means of happiness? Who, when he has seen how, in a few short weeks, Nature has passed from wintry barrenness to such prolific life, and has enrobed herself in such a garniture of rich and varied beauty, has not been led to think how infinitely the affluence of the Eternal Mind, in all that can delight intelligent creatures, must be imagined to surpass the utmost reach of thought? What limits can be set to the wisdom and the power which can so rapidly perform such wonders in our sight?

But it is one of the grand facts which is revealed in the Holy Scriptures, that in the fitting up of that celestial world where the divine Redeemer dwells, and which is to be the home of all the good when immortality shall open on them, God has displayed far more magnificently than in this transient state, the treasures of his creative skill. No wonder Paul asserts that the things that God hath prepared for them that love him have never entered into the heart of man, except as supernaturally revealed. The beautiful and the good are naturally allied; and there both shall be found conjoined in absolute perfection. If, then, the life and beauty of our earthly spring-time are so lovely, what must the attractions be of that imperishable loveliness with which, in one eternal spring-time, God shall embellish the dwelling-place of innocence—the abode of his own blessed family—the scene in which he will forever illustrate, to the admiration of the universe, his own incomparable perfection? How vastly beyond the power of the richest imagination to picture to itself the glories which shall be there unfolded when he shall give complete expression to his own ideal—if so we may be allowed to speak—of absolutely perfect beauty; embodying it in forms forever new, and countless as the moments of eternity itself! While it is true beyond a doubt that delight in God and holiness will be the highest element of

heavenly blessedness, yet who can help believing, that in the scenery of the celestial world, there will be more than enough to justify the language of the Scriptures, when they speak of the gates of pearl; of the golden streets; of the sea of glass; of the living fountains of water; of the river of life, with its banks adorned with trees and fruits; of the leaf that shall not wither; of the day that shall know no night; and of the melodies that shall forever float on the peaceful air? All these, we apprehend, will be found to have been but feeble types, giving but a faint foreshadowing of the divine reality.

Yet how delightful to be led into such a field of thought! How can we not find pleasure in that season of the year which offers us the most numerous and most appropriate emblems, under which, in accordance with our present laws of thought, to represent to ourselves the inconceivable delightfulness of that bright land of life and gladness, which, beyond the mortal stream, awaits all who are truly the followers of the Lamb? It would certainly be strange indeed, if, when the winter is past, and the rain is over and gone; when the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land; the devout and spiritual mind should not be led to entertain sweet thoughts of its not far-distant home, in that fair clime where no autumnal blight shall ever wither, and no winter wrap in his cold winding-sheet the remains of perished life.

It is clearly, the proper effect of Christian faith to cultivate the finest feelings of which the soul is capable, and to open to the imagination and the thoughts the richest and the noblest fields. By teaching us to see in the de- velopments of nature, the agency of a living, personal, designing God—a God, voluntarily and with reference to ends, giving expression to divine ideas by giving us lively apprehensions of the destructibility of our own essential being; by opening to our vision the splendors of a perfect world above, and leading us

to recognize in earthly beauty the living emblem of the heavenly, the Christian Revelation is obviously adapted to give us the quickest sympathy with Nature in her life and in her loveliness; to develop into high activity our instinctive longings for an immortal perfect state; and to excite our faculties to the highest possible effort in the study of exalted themes. By thus bringing the soul into an intimate familiarity with whatever is fair, and great, and holy within the range of human thought, it is, it must be, the effect of Christian faith to refine the sensibilities, to give enlargement and vigor to the intellect, and to purify the moral affections and desires; in a word, to raise man to a perfect manhood, and make him complete in the image of God.

Here, too, we may recognize one of many proofs that the religion of the Bible is divine. It is a religion for man; for it is adapted to make the most of all his constitutional capacities and to lead him to the highest sources of enjoyment. How miserably deficient does even the fairest form of infidelity appear, if tried by this same test; if judged by its appropriate effects! The unbelief which rejects the notion of a personal God, denies the reality of any objective revelation, and the distinct and personal immortality of the soul—what can it do either to elevate or bless? It strips away the glories of creation, and robs the universe of all its wonderful enchantments; and what does it offer in their stead? Nothing—literally nothing! It prates of freedom, while it breaks away from truth; but its freedom is that of a cold and dreary waste, where appetite finds nothing but starvation—and desire sees only the gloom of a desolation on which no hope can ever spring. This unbelievers have themselves felt and confessed at times.

The celebrated Dr. Beattie affords a striking illustration of the mighty difference between scepticism and Christian faith, in their influence on the soul, in one of his minor poems, taken in connection

with a fact in his personal history. He was himself originally a sceptic. In this state of mind it was that he wrote, as it is said, the first part of "The Hermit;" in which occur the familiar stanzas:—

"'Tis night and the landscape is lovely no more;

I mourn—but ye woodlands—I mourn not for you;

For morn is approaching your charms to restore,

Perfumed with fresh fragrance and glittering with dew.

"Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn,  
Kind heaven the embryo blossom will save;  
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn!

Ah! when shall day dawn on the night of the grave?"

Thus far in his unbelief. Dark, cheerless, sad was the voice of nature then. Afterward he believed the Gospel, and under its renovating power, he felt his soul endowed with wings, and let out to fly in a living, joyous universe. In this new state of feeling he added the stanzas which complete the poem.

"And darkness and doubt are now flying away;

No longer I rove in conjecture forlorn;  
So breaks on the traveler, faint and astray,  
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.

"See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending;

And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom;  
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,  
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb!"

Such was the blessed power of a genuine Christian faith. Happy they who are taught to see and admire in the changeful course of Nature, the glory of Almighty God, and at the same time to follow the light of his Holy Word, which, while it cheers this mortal path, and illuminates the dark shades of death, will guide to that pure world where there abides one everlasting Spring!

## JEAN INGELOW.

It is an interesting fact to the poetical student, that two of the most conspicuous living poets should have been born in the same county of England—Lincolnshire. We refer to Mr. Alfred Tennyson, and Miss Jean Ingelow. The former has reached the zenith of his fame, and is reposing on his well-earned laurels: the latter has achieved a reputation sudden and unexpected, which places her first on the list of living women-poets.

Lincolnshire is on the east coast of England, one hundred miles north of London. It has the river Humber on the north, and the Wash on the south, and it consists mostly of marshes reclaimed from the sea, which are called fens. West and north of the fens are the moors, a tract of slightly elevated land, and beyond these the wolds, round hills covered with scanty grass. The moist atmosphere, the climate, the soil, and the surface, have led the inhabitants to develop the agricultural resources of the county, and it is noted for its thorough cultivation, and its fine breeds of cattle, horses, and sheep.

Lincoln is the shire town, and is famous for its huge bell, weighing fifty tons, and known everywhere as "Great Tom of Lincoln." But it is in the old town of Boston that we are especially interested. Its origin is involved in obscurity, but its earliest records show its antiquity and importance. It is a seaport at the mouth of the Witham, and in the thirteenth century almost rivaled London in commercial prosperity. It embraced Christianity in the seventh century, and was the site of the famous monastery of St. Botolph, built in 657. The present church of St. Botolph was founded in 1309. It has a bell-tower 300 feet high, and this tower supports a lantern which is visible at sea from a distance of forty miles.

In this city near the sea; in this low, flat country by the sea-shore; in the old town full of antiquities and memorials of the past, and surrounded by English meadows, and washed by a pleasant river; with the great church tower, ever

looming up before her eye, and the sound of the sea ever in her ear, in the year 1830, Jean Ingelow was born. Why she was born a poet, and what psychological and physical circumstances determined the conditions of her exceptional organization when compared with the other children born from the same parents, is a metaphysical question of deep interest.

Miss Ingelow's father was a country banker, and a man of culture and refinement. Her mother is of Scotch descent, and was brought up at a place called Kil-mundie, in Aberdeenshire, a family-seat for many generations. Jean was one of eleven children, and we know very little of her early history. She was not a precocious child; and was only remarkable for a retentive memory. She was extremely timid, and easily overawed through fear, and would creep away into corners to hold communion with her own fancies. In the family mansion there was a lofty room with a bow-window, used for a nursery. It overlooked the river, and was the favorite resort of Jean and her brother. We can almost see the gifted child, as she sat by the window, shy and reticent, saying little, but dreaming dreams, and laying up stores of poetic fancies, which in future years should reflect the imagery of her youthful surroundings, and form the associations which should develop her rare genius. The merry games of childhood were not for her; its careless gayety found no echo in the grave soul "which dwelt apart," thinking its own thoughts. Through lonely hours she watched the ebb and flow of the tides, and the white-winged ships. The great lighthouse was ever before her: here she saw her favorite landscape, the low horizon which the sea enclosed, and here were the green meadows which have inspired so many of her songs. Here in the early morning she watched the sun rise, when "the stars were gone, and golden shafts came up;" and here her fancy became familiar with the boundless expanse of green, across which the setting sun shone like a ball of gold, while its



rays streamed across the sward like "golden breath."

And so, growing up amid such scenes, her natural powers developed by careful culture, thinking much and saying little, inhabiting a world peopled with her own fancies, her childhood and youth passed away. Of these years we have little record. We can imagine her hours of weary study, her patient perseverance, her trust in her own powers, her discouragements and renewed efforts, for this is the history of every human being who has achieved success.

At last the hour for action comes, and in July, 1863, Jean Ingelow published the first volume of her poems. The book became popular at once, and the author, who before was unknown to fame, and whose very name was considered an assumed one, had the happiness of finding her poems accepted and her genius appreciated. The London periodicals gave flattering notices of her productions. This induced the Boston publishing house of Roberts Brothers to issue a reprint of the volume in November. The poems have become classic, and 30,000 copies of the first volume have already been sold; including the illustrated edition and the *Songs of Seven*, nearly 40,000. In 1867 the *Story of Doom* was published, and the sale of this volume has reached more than 10,000. Her prose works are: *Studies for Stories*, *Stories told to a Child*, and *A Sister's Bye-Hours*. Many editions of these have been sold, in all 15,000 copies. The sales of her American publishers have reached 65,000. The sale of her writings in England, though by no means so great, will bring the number to 100,000 volumes. These have all been sold within five years, which is a fact almost unparalleled in literary annals, for, previous to 1863, the existence of Miss Ingelow was comparatively unknown.

Everything is interesting in the life of a gifted woman; but Miss Ingelow shrinks from notoriety, wishing, as she says in a letter to an American friend, "to be known only as a name." She lives with her mother in London. She leads a quiet, unostentatious life, devoting herself to

her literary labors, and to works of kindness and mercy. One of her charities is providing a dinner, three times a week, for the sick poor, just out of hospitals and unable to work. She calls these her "copyright dinners," and concerning them she says: "We have about twelve to dinner three times a week, and hope to continue the plan. It is such a comfort to see the good it does. I find it one of the great pleasures of writing, that it gives me more command of money for such purposes than falls to the lot of most women. I call this a copyright dinner. We generally have six children as well as the grown-up people each time, and it is quite pleasant to see how the good food improves their health. We only have this dinner three times a week, and let each person dine six or nine times, as it seems desirable."

Those who wish a more intimate acquaintance with the poet, must study carefully the character she reveals in her poems. It is a chapter in her own life which is seen in poor Matt. It is her own loving heart which seeks to guide the clouded intellect to a comprehension of the right, and patiently labors to give amusement and instruction for the lonely hours which are brightened by no intellectual light. It is the deep sorrow of the heart over the loss of the brother who sleeps in his island home beneath the Australian sward, which lends its power to the last of the *Songs of Preludes*. It is the soul of a woman singing its own joys and sorrows, which speaks from the *Songs of Seven*. It is her wonderful ear and lyric facility—it is her eye for the beauty and significance of nature, which are seen in the first verses of her poems, and are skilfully interwoven through the whole. It is her tender pathos, her deep religious feeling which pervades the whole structure of her poems, and which show the woman of large brain and deep heart, of wide sympathies and exquisite sensibilities.

Her poems have acquired a world-wide celebrity. *Songs of Seven*, *The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire*, *The Letter L*, *Brothers* and *a Sermon*, *Sup-*

per at the Mill, and many others, are universal favorites. Miss Ingelow has been accused of drawing her inspiration from Mrs. Browning, Tennyson, and Wordsworth, and we easily trace proofs that she has carefully studied these models of excellence in her own art. But her music is not an echo. It is with her own voice that she sings her sweetest songs; it is with her own clear, keen eyes, that she looks out upon the world. It is the landscape of her native shores that she reproduces with such charming freshness.

It is natural to compare her with Mrs. Browning. To our ears she by no means sings in the lofty strains which thrill our souls in the Cry of the Children; neither do we recognize the sweet pathos of *He Giveth His Beloved Sleep*; nor the airy lightness of *The House of Clouds*. She has not the power to stir in us the depth of feeling which comes with such force from her who sleeps in the Florentine cemetery. But Miss Ingelow has not reached the meridian of her fame. She is only thirty-eight, and we look forward hopefully to her future efforts, and the renown which will reward her in the days to come.

We have only one more source of information, and this is the revelation she has made of herself in the portrait which she has prefixed to the "Story of Doom." It is not a beautiful face which looks at us from the title-page. The features are not classic; the shape of the head comes not up to the Grecian ideal. But it is a brave, womanly face, with a broad, open brow, whose truth and earnestness have an irresistible charm. There is strong, deep feeling in its lines. It is the face, too, which created the songs whose music gives us an ever fresh delight. The hair falls low around the head, and some one, who has seen her, describes it as softly silvered with gray. There is character in every feature. The eye is fine, and tender, and brave. The ear, the chin, the nose have a meaning. The combined expression is strength. There is self-reliance there, and a wonderful power of introspection. The mouth, that feature which so often spoils the face, is full-lipped, and heavy;

one of those mouths which the character shapes for good or ill. Here the sweetness and sadness of the expression show the power of heart over will, the triumph of discipline over passion. We like the face, and the eyes look upon us with the loving glance of a dear and familiar friend.

We shall not criticize the poems, which, on both sides of the water, have received flattering notices of almost universal commendation. All women especially should rejoice at the gifts bestowed upon Miss Ingelow, and thank her for the sweet lessons of trust and truth she teaches, for the moral power which breathes from her poems, and for the cheerful spirit that pervades them. A brave philosophy fills every line in:

"If we be so inclined, that life :

Goes best with those who take it best.

Hence we may learn

That though it be a grand and comely thing

To be unhappy—(and we think it is,  
Because so many grand and clever folk  
Have found out reasons of unhappiness)—  
Yet since we are not grand,  
Oh, not at all, and as for cleverness,  
That may be or may not be—it is well  
For us to be as happy as we can!"

We have before us some verses from Miss Ingelow's poems, written by her own hand, and her autograph. They are written on delicate note-paper, embossed with her well-known crest of the boar's head. The writing is rather illegible, small, and cramped, but most delicately feminine. The verses are from *Contrasted Songs*, and we close our article with them, for they seem to us a part of Jean Ingelow; the production of her brain, written by her own hand, the magnetic chain which puts in spiritual communion our souls and the greater soul which would raise and exalt us to its own higher level.

"Sorrow was a ship, I found,

Wrecked with them that in her are,

On an island richer far

Than the port where they were bound.

Fear was but the awful boom

Of the old great bell of doom,

Tolling, far from earthly air,

For all worlds to go to prayer.

Pain that to us mortal clings  
But the pushing of our wings,  
That we have no use for yet,

And the uprooting of our feet  
From the soil where they are set,  
And the laud we reckon sweet."

## BOOKS AND READING.

### No. V.

#### IMAGINATIVE LITERATURE: ITS MORAL INFLUENCE.

IN our last we had reached the Moral Influence of Books and Reading, in discussing which we were brought to the question so often mooted of the moral influence of the so-called works of the imagination. We attempted the defence of such works in the general, by citing examples from writers to whom all men pay a willing homage. Our discussion was arrested by the half-inquiry, half-objection: "What if the scenes are vicious, the sentiments are false, and the passions are sensual, malignant, or degrading? Can it be morally healthful that one should be conversant with such pictures, thoughts, and feelings, especially if armed with double energy, and clothed with dangerous fascinations by the power of genius? Would you have your son or your daughter excited by the scenes, infatuated by the characters, or tempted by the words of Byron, Moore, Bulwer, Goethe, or even of many that are allowed by Shakspeare, Milton, Burns, and Scott? In the works of every one of these writers, I can point you to many passages that should never be presented to a pure and virtuous mind. The very contact with them must involve some soil or taint, if it does not impart corruption. To entertain them in any form, to suffer them to confront the imagination, or to glide before the eye of the mind even for an instant, is to be debased and polluted, and towards them one should have no other feelings than aversion and disgust, however splendid or powerful is the genius that gilds or glorifies them."

This is partly true and partly false. What is true is very true, and what is false is very false. The moral evil or danger in such cases, does not, however, arise from the fact that debasing scenes or wicked characters are made to stand or move before the imagination; nor

again, that hateful passions are spoken out in venomous or malignant words; nor that wickedness acts itself forth with complete and consistent energy.

"There is some soul of goodness in things evil,  
Would men observingly distil it out."

The ground of moral exposure is not the fact that evil is painted, nor that it is painted boldly; but it is in the *manner* in which it is represented,—whether with fidelity to the ordinances of nature, or falsely to her eternal laws as written on the heart of man. This will be determined in a great measure by the man whose imagination reflects and recreates the evil according as he writes like a Christian, or writes like a Turk—like a man with a conscience and a moral nature, or like a man who makes his passions his conscience, and his will his God. This difference between the two methods of depicting evil will be obvious by one or two examples.

Satan, as described by Milton, is well known to most readers. He is justly conceived and nobly painted. He is not a being who is low and offensive because degraded and brutish, but an archangel ruined, once possessed of the intellect and heart of a seraph, now blasted by bad ambition and consumed by unrelenting pride. Every feature is consistent with this conception. His will is as inexorable as that of Prometheus nailed to the Caucasian rock. The hatred is intense, steadying the powers by unrelenting determination, not distracting them by impotent rage. The cunning is masterly, yet dignified. The passion rages like a red-hot furnace, and the words speak out the inner soul with the energy of a fierce north-wester. "Better reign in Hell than serve in Heaven," utters and describes his character and ruling princi-

ple. Had Milton painted Satan *thus* and *only* thus, he had given but half his being, as well as glorified him with splendors too attractive for the perverted tastes of many a reader. But he did not leave him thus, for his truthful insight taught him, that thus described and only thus, he were no real fiend—no conceivable being of any species, but simply the half of an incomplete conception—a monster by defect. He therefore makes him confess his agony in such words as—

“Me miserable! which way shall I fly  
Infinite wrath and infinite despair?  
Which way I fly is hell—myself am Hell,  
And in the lowest deep, a lower deep,  
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,  
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.  
O then at last relent: is there no place  
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?  
None left but by submission, and that word  
Disdain forbids me and my dread of shame.”

He makes him stand ashamed in the presence of his old compeer, Zephon, severe in steadfast allegiance and glowing in unstained purity:—

“Abashed the Devil stood,  
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw  
Virtue in her shape how lovely: saw and  
pined

His loss; but chiefly to find here observed  
His lustre impaired—yet seemed undaunted.”

He makes him descend to the low and mean disguise of a filthy reptile, place himself at the ear of the sleeping Eve, “squat like a toad,” from which disguise, when touched by the spear of Ithuriel, he cannot help himself but he must start up in proper person as a treacherous tempter, discovered and ashamed. He makes him report to his associates his success in the ruin of man, and when he waits with confidence for—

“Their universal shout and high applause  
To fill his ear,”

there rushes in upon his enraged and disappointed soul

“On all sides, from innumerable tongues,  
A dismal universal hiss, the sound  
Of public scorn.”

The completeness and truth of Milton's picture of Satan is in striking contrast with the Lucifer of Byron's Cain, who

discourses atheism and blasphemy with such specious and passionate force that the trusting reader's faith in God and conscience is shaken and confounded, and it is well if, with heated brain and unbelieving heart, or passionate and despairing scorn, he does not plunge himself into some rash act of passion or crime; or, having done so, does not sullenly turn his back upon hope, and cast in his lot with those who curse God and die. In such a character there is but half the truth, and therefore truth itself is dishonored and belied. Passion is painted in its sublimest energy, its most audacious daring, and its impetuous and overbearing ferocity. So far there is truth. But the inward shame and agony are wanting; and most important of all, the conscious weakness of selfishness and sin that are self-confessed; of breach of gratitude, fealty, and self-control; all of which should be present and made prominent to express and impress the truth, that this Lucifer, with all his sophistry and pride, with his boasting and his blasphemy, inwardly knows that he has sold himself to a falsehood. Moreover, in the absence of this completing half-truth—so far as the poet's representations are concerned—God himself is, by these specious and passionate reasonings, made an almighty and malignant monster, injustice sits upon the Eternal Throne, and the universe itself is pervaded by a gigantic lie. A similar defect, with similar evil consequences, is to be observed in the Devil of Goethe's *Faust*, except that the metaphysics are more profound and scholar-like, and the sneer is more consummately devilish at whatever is worthy in human pursuit, whatever is noble in human self-denial, and whatever is confiding in human affection.

We observe that by these three writers the same bad character is depicted, and so far as his badness is concerned, with feelings, words, and acts that are consistent, *i. e.*, with more or less of æsthetic perfection. In Milton the evil is harmless; it is even morally healthful, because, with the attractions and force of evil, the weakness and self-reproach, the shame

and agony are also represented. With Byron and Goethe, the diabolism, that is dormant in man, is uppermost, and blasphemy, selfishness and lust rule in the universe, and sit upon the throne of the Eternal.\*

We might also contrast the Hamlet of Shakespeare with the Manfred of Byron. Hamlet has been disappointed of his rightful crown, and wronged in his holiest confidence, by the frailty of his mother. Disturbed in his confidence in man and in God, he plots a murderous revenge, slays the father of Ophelia, and spurns and treads upon her gentle and loving heart. Self-destruction is the readiest relief from his sufferings, and the speediest deliverance from a stage of existence in which everything is "out of joint." "To be or not to be," is the question which he debates with himself in thoughts and words which are forever true to the heart of man.

"To die;—to sleep,—

No more; and by a sleep, to say we end  
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural  
shocks

That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To die;—to sleep;—  
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's  
the rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may  
come

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause. There's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long a life;  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of  
time

But that the dread of something after death,—  
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn  
No traveler returns,—puzzles the will;

\* We trust that none of our over-fastidious readers will sneer at our recognition of the "diabolism that is dormant in man." It was suggested by the words of Sir Thomas Brown: "The heart of man is the place the devils dwell in. I feel sometimes a hell within myself; Lucifer keeps his court in my breast; Legion is revived in me." "In brief, we are all monsters—that is, a composition of man and beast; wherein we must endeavor to be as the poets fancy that wise man Chiron, that is, to have the region of man above that of beast, and sense to sit but at the feet of reason."

And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of.  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all."

Manfred by his own confession is far more guilty than Hamlet. His guilt he does not hide, he spreads it abroad for public gaze, but rather to incite the sympathy of lookers-on than in the spirit of confession and shame. Remorse he does not conceal, but he gives expression to it too often, to leave the impression that it is either natural or sincere. In the struggle with conscience and avenging spirits, it is pride not conscience which prevails. In his exit it is the spirit of defiant bravado which dismisses him from life. The weakness and fear with which the guilty, and especially the confessed victim of remorse, looks over into the life beyond, are wholly wanting. Instead thereof, this mortal who by crime and remorse has made himself so wretched that he cares not to live, defiantly stalks into the Unseen, a stupid atheist, successfully defiant of the earth-spirit that comes to fetch him away, yet without a thought or prayer for that Greater Spirit whom he cannot defy. There is little homage to conscience here—it is pride and self-will, not conscience and self-reproach, that win the day. The timorous weakness that comes from sin, the coward fear that looks forward to the undiscovered country, are not present. The self-centred though suffering criminal triumphs in his defiant pride. Conscience is not the victor, but conscience is vanquished by unbroken and self-willed pride.\*

We might also contrast at length Bulwer and Scott. We mean Bulwer in his earlier novels, the heroes of which are not

\* We find since writing the above that Rev. F. D. Maurice, in his recently published "Lectures on Casuistry," refers to Manfred, as "that wonderful play of the conscience," and couples it with Macbeth in this regard. But in our judgment, three words of Lady Macbeth express more, both in æsthetic effect and moral truth, than scores of lines of Manfred's ambitious self-flagellations. No reader would care to change places with the one; but there are many who sympathize with Manfred to the end, and suffer no recoil of horror.

only factitious men of high life, but they are very generally intellectual and sentimental adulterers and libertines, accomplished withal in all the arts of life and the graces of society, deeply absorbed at times in the profoundest speculations concerning God and immortality, intermixed with the slang of high life at the club and the gambling-house. These all quietly terminate their career in the novelist's heaven of reform, wisdom, and wealth, without repentance and without shame. They are without a human conscience, and of course monsters—doubly monsters by the splendid accessories with which the writer's eloquence and power has contrived to set them forth.

The healthy and truthful mind of Scott could not depict, because it could not conceive, the possibility of such unnatural human creations. Though Scott does not write in a professedly ethical spirit, or for ethical aims, he always writes with ethical truth. Traditional and conventional prejudices may sometimes bias his judgments and representations of the historical characters and historic times which he depicts in his romances. The Cavalier and Tory may now and then be unjust to the Covenanters and the Whig, but the eternal distinctions of right and wrong are always honored, and the responsive sentiments, which cannot be extinguished in the human soul, are recognized and honored with a woman's delicacy of feeling. Scott may not always make the conscience sufficiently prominent as an element of human nature; he may not always give room and space enough to man's relations to the unseen, but he no more thinks of describing man without a conscience, than without a head, and he would as soon make him breathe without the air as live without a God.

Thackeray and Dickens both write with ethical truth so far as they go. The satirical tone of the one, and the comic humor of the other, may in a certain sense interfere with the most effective lessons, of either human sympathy or ethical earnestness. Much of the power of both writers, however, lies in the recognition by the one, of the flimsiness of shams, the vulgarity of snobs, and the emptiness

of uncultured fashion, and by the other, of the meanness of avarice, the sweetness of a kindly spirit, and the dignity of patient beneficence.

We cannot leave unnoticed the relations of literature, and especially of works of the imagination, to the virtue of purity, and to that sensitiveness and reserve which are at once the defence and ornament of the weaker sex. Many are offended at the freedom which writers like Shakespeare and Milton use in their portraitures of woman, and at the boldness of speech with which they unveil the mysteries which the modesty of common conversation, or even of unimaginative writing rarely approaches. The young reader is appalled and shocked at his first acquaintance with not a few passages in both these writers. Perhaps he concludes that it is an offence against morality to have written or to read them. He cannot persuade himself that they do not offend against modesty, and if they offend against modesty, then they must be condemned in the court of conscience. Scruples like these disquiet many older persons who feel a stain of impurity as a wound, and who would prefer to throw their Milton and Shakespeare into the fire than to offend their sense of right. To meet the scruples of such, the Family Shakespeare has been provided, and an expurgated Milton has very probably been thought of. The question is a fair one, Why are these scruples unfounded? why are these great writers not rejected as impure, when others perhaps less gross in speech are properly condemned? So far as these writers are concerned, we may say in answer, that the language of a writer may be free and seemingly gross, and yet the purity of nature may be observed; for nature is not a whit of a prude, and those who write with genius must follow nature wherever she leads. "But nature, though not a prude, is modest and chaste." True, but still it is possible that in conformity with the freedom of the times of a writer, there should be much in language that is gross, and yet there be nothing that tends to inflame and excite lascivious passion. With all the freedoms of Shake-

speare and Milton, there are few or no artful addresses to those desires that were made to be sternly controlled. There is little luscious and honeyed speech, like that of Moore or Byron, in which genius ministers directly at the altar of Lust, and all the more effectively and shamelessly when her robe is studiously modest to excess, and her language *to the ear* is as pure as Diana's.

In the Scriptures, both the Old Testament and the New, there are not a few passages which to the mind and ear seem and sound immodest, but there is nothing that is fitted to excite lascivious passion or to gratify prurient desire; nothing which is in the least akin to that which constitutes the chief interest of both plot and character in scores of modern novels in which adultery, jealousy, and lust are the prominent themes; in which the skill of the writer, often unhappily a woman, is expended in artfully suggesting pictures which he dares not paint, and stimulating a curiosity in the excitement of passions which it is indecent to name. A lawyer in a recent trial in which the question turned on the moral tendency of a novel represented to be impure, quoted at length a passage from Milton to show that nothing could be more indecent. We are not forced, in order to justify or define what we consider the true criterion, to defend every passage of Milton, but we do assert that he very rarely introduces a theme or dwells on it more broadly than the necessities of his subject require, and that he never gratuitously or directly, artfully stimulates or excuses licentious passion. We cannot perhaps assert so much for Shakespeare. Some of his minor poems cannot be defended by the warmth of youth or the general freedom, even the grossness, of the times. But, in general, when we have bated from his plays, those passages which may have been interpolated by actors to please the groundlings of the pit, there is remarkable purity of tone; we may say chasteness of feeling, even in what to the ear is broad and free. In respect to the higher attributes of woman, nothing can surpass the delicacy of his conceptions, or the elevating purity, we might almost say the vestal

chastity of his thought and feeling. If we compare him with the poets, and especially with the dramatists of his time, with Ben Jonson at their head—the most learned, who ought to have been the most civilized—he shines by the contrast with a radiance that surprises and delights the fair-minded critic. Dryden, the great leader of the next generation, with Shakespeare as an example to guide and elevate him, whom he both studied and criticized, deliberately wallows in a slough not only of grossness of speech, but of indecency and licentiousness in sentiment and intent.

From these examples we can derive a canon which will enable even the most unpractised person to determine what is pure or impure in imaginative literature. A writer, from what we call the grossness or freedom of the times in which he lived, may be gross in language, and even in description and allusion, and yet not be impure. He may also introduce in writing, if his plot or character or theme requires it, both scenes and descriptions which it may not be pleasant to recite or read in a drawing-room. Sometimes he must do this, or his picture would not be complete, or his character consistent, but he may never enact the part of the tempter to evil, either by soliciting or excusing a passion. Whoever does this, is a licentious writer, whatever be the refinement of his allusions, or the euphemisms of his speech. Whoever goes beyond this, and makes the chief interest and excitement of his tale or character to depend on the attractiveness of sin, without its shame and the sorrow, is often a more serious offender, just in proportion to the piquancy of his *doube entendres*, and the studied propriety of his descriptions. That modern literature, in both fiction and poetry, is often indecent, even when it seeks to be exquisitely refined, is too notorious to be denied or overlooked.

A sharp humorist in Blackwood's Magazine is not at all too severe in the following, which purports to be an item in his last Will and Testament. "My sense of *Decency* and *Decorum*, my dislike to details of the Divorce Court and

the general annals of prurient living—I leave to the lady-novelists, whose utter destitution in this respect moves pity and compassion; and I appeal to all those who have any qualities, even worn ones, of regard for cleanliness of life and decency of demeanor, not to forget creatures so utterly bereft of these gifts, and to whom even the rags of virtue would prove an unspeakable luxury."

A generation cannot be entirely pure which tolerates writers who, like Walt Whitman, commit in writing an offence like that indictable at common law of walking naked through the streets, and excuse it under the pretence that "Nature is always modest." Nor can he be successfully defended, even by Emerson, if he regards one of his own maxims, that "Nature is severely chaste." That literary catholicity must be too broad for those who "afford to keep a conscience," which excuses or applauds such lecherous priests of Venus as Algernon Swinburne, or would even palliate not only his enormous offences in the service of passion, but his more shameless defiance of the remonstrances of those whom he offends. Let the imagination of such writers be ever so brilliant, and their diction be ever so enchanting, the altar at which they serve is that of harlotry and pollution.

Lest it should be thought that these remarks are too sweeping, we would refer to one or two reasons why authors may sometimes be better in their tastes than their works would indicate, and why critics in literature and students of books are less sensitive than unpractised readers in respect to certain freedoms of allusion and of treatment. To critics and authors, that may be a matter of simple psychological development and study, while to the person whose sensitive imagination responds with vivid interest to every powerful representation, the delineation of passion may be fraught with sophisticated or seductive power. One who is fortified by the varied experiences of life, or whose passions are cooled by age, or controlled by habits of duty, may safely visit scenes and have to do

with persons which would be dangerous to those younger and more inexperienced. The residents of a large city must of necessity come in sight of evil, to the attractions of which the stranger from the country has not become insensible. The physician, who is strong in health and hardened by custom, inhales with impunity the offensive and deadly air of contagion, without being even sensible of its nauseous and dangerous quality. The *habitué* of a dissecting-room, who may in more than one respect be likened to a literary critic, is so used in all his senses to every form of morbid anatomy, that he sometimes forgets that what is rightfully most offensive to others has ceased to be so to himself. Perhaps in this way we may explain why it is that imaginative writers, whose aims are usually pure and elevated, and whose tastes are sensitive and refined, sometimes introduce scenes and personages that offend right-minded and right-hearted readers, and why critics of the severest ethical tastes not infrequently tolerate what deserves reprobation. We can understand why a writer who could handle such "extra-hazardous characters" as are introduced in "Peg Woffington" with such delicacy and even ethical truth, should excite offence by those in "Griffith Gaunt," and why in respect to the ethical influence of the latter work there should fail to be entire unanimity of dissatisfaction. The professional insensibility of a practised *littérateur* is however scarcely an adequate explanation or excuse for the proclivities of such a writer as the author of "New America" and "Spiritual Wives."

This variety of opinion and practice makes even more imperative the rule which we have laid down, that what offends one's moral taste, or is condemned by one's moral judgment, should be uncompromisingly rejected. No freedom of practice or opinion on the part of others should be allowed, as against this law for the individual conduct. While there is force in the maxim, "To the pure all things are pure," there is truth in the proverb, "What is one man's meat is another man's poison;" and there is no poison so dead-



ly, as there is none which is so insidious and tenacious, as the poison which defiles the imagination by means of licentious literature. That young man does a better thing than he knows of for his conscience, his character, and his manhood, who resolutely throws into the fire a book which he finds to be bad, even though it is bad only for him; and the young lady serves her conscience, and womanliness too, who does the same with any book which should cause her to blush to herself that she has not done it before.

Leaving this topic, we are prepared also to draw a still broader induction in respect to the general moral influence of imaginative writers. It certainly is not required that a writer be morally pure, and even morally elevating, that he should point—or rather blunt—every sentiment, tale, or poem with a moral. Nor is it necessary that the writer should at all times maintain a preaching tone, in order to be moral, or even in order to be Christian. All books ought not to preach at all times; no more should all men, even if preaching is their proper vocation. Too much preaching diminishes or mars the effect of good preaching, when preaching is required; much more is it to be avoided if the preaching is not of the best quality, as it always should be in a story or poem.

The obtrusion of religious or ethical aims characterizes the so-called *Tendenz Roman* of the Germans, and the religious or moral tale of the English. These are generally characterized by a single defect, and that is, that the moral purpose is so obtrusive or embarrassing as to weaken the imaginative character of the work, and thus to hinder or destroy its power to be morally useful. A tale or poem that is constructed for the single aim of enforcing an ethical or religious truth, in nine cases out of ten, suffers materially as a tale or a poem. It is then by no means essential that the ethical aim of the writer should be apparent, nor even that he should write with an aim that is distinctively ethical at all, in order that he be both ethically useful and ethically pure.

Nor, again, is it necessary in order that literature be intensely and in the best

sense ethical, that bad scenes, bad characters, bad sentiments, and bad passions, should not be introduced, and, when represented, should not be consistently and forcibly described—giving to sin all the dignity and beauty and attractions which it may lawfully claim, else the mirror were not held up to nature. But what we contend for is simply that the mirror should be held up to nature as it is, only with magnified proportions. Now nature, *i. e.* human nature, is intensely ethical; she recognizes conscience, not always in her actions indeed, but always in her convictions; she requires judgment and retribution too, at least within the domain where shame and self-reproach abide; she forgives indeed, but never without repentance, never to those who glory in wrong or hatred, in selfishness or shame. It is just when, and just because, the mirror is not held up to nature, that there is moral danger, and often moral death; and the danger is exactly in proportion to the power of genius to glorify or excuse the distorted and unnatural images which it reflects. It is when the magic mirror which genius has always at command, is no longer a mirror of truth reflecting the shame, the corruption, and the remorse of sin as well as its glory, its short-lived triumph and its joy, but the lying glass in which the harlot is reflected as a vestal, the fiend as a loving angel, and the atheist as an adoring seraph, that genius becomes one of the mightiest agents for evil, by bewildering the imagination, confusing the judgment, and leading captive the passions of an admiring generation.

In discussing the ethical criteria of imaginative writers and their works, we have in fact considered the ethical characteristics of all sorts of literature. We say without hesitation, that literature as literature, invariably acts upon and addresses the imagination—in one word, all literature so far as it is literature proper is imaginative. Literature does indeed enlarge our store of facts, and in this way gives what is called information or knowledge; but if what we learn does not excite us to recreate, either for delight to the feelings or for application to use,

the facts and information are as dry and barren as the tables of a book of logarithms or the rows of figures in an old ledger. Literature also reasons with us and convinces us of truth, but if the truth is not taken up and used to interpret nature or direct the life, wherein is it of any value? If it is used in either of these ways, it acts upon the imagination. It will be found moreover that all history, all reasoning, all eloquence, and all positive knowledge whatever, are more or less imaginative, and are fitted either to exercise and stimulate, to excite and employ, and consequently to elevate or degrade the imagination. Literature in all these higher relations must therefore be ethically good or ethically bad. It cannot be morally indifferent. It must be healthful or injurious.

The imagination forms and controls the conscience so far as it forms and enforces the ideals of what we can and ought to become. The ideal which it actually forms and enforces carries us upward or drags us downward continually. Literature in all its products, as history, essay, oration, or argument, modifies and energizes these ideals—entering into all by its unobserved but most potent influence. This influence is especially subtle and effective when the imaginative element gives character and name to the product, *i. e.*, when, as poem, novel, or drama, it stimulates and directly addresses the imagination of the reader. It is with confidence that we infer that all those ethical criteria and rules by which we estimate and use confessedly imaginative writers, apply to every department of literature.

There is a very abundant class of writings that are sometimes denominated cheap literature, which, only by courtesy, deserve to be called literature at all. It is a class somewhat miscellaneous and comprehensive, consisting as it does of novels, novelettes, journals, and newspapers, in which so-called stories abound. Of many of these productions nothing worse can be said—though that is bad enough—than that they are utterly frivolous and rapid, that they while away the time, and interest the feelings, but can-

not elevate the tastes or brighten the life. They are simply a reflex of the commonplace aims and the vulgar feelings of the mass of readers for whom they are written. They are made to *take* and made to *sell*, and they both *take* and *sell*, because they humor what their readers like, in respect to characters, incidents, illustrations, and style.

Much of this sort of literature is open to the more serious objection, that it stimulates and inflames the passions, ignores or misleads the conscience, and studiously presents views of life that are fundamentally false. The lower appetites are often directly addressed, or their indulgence is indirectly justified with the gravity that becomes a book, and the sophistical art which every writer must use to keep for himself and his reader the semblance of a becoming self-respect. Writings of this class lead men to believe that they can be rich without toil and saving; that they can be amiable and attractive, and yet be intensely hypocritical and selfish; that they can have exquisite moral sensibilities and lofty moral aspirations, and yet be debased by appetite and passion; that they can be profanely blasphemous, and yet fervently religious; in short, that they can be successful for the present and future life, without complying with a single condition of success for either.

And they find readers, too—scores, hundreds, thousands, myriads of readers. Yes, of myriads they constitute the sole reading. The man of business, whose tastes are low and whose aims are vulgar, reads them when he lays down his political newspaper—too often like them—and he becomes more intensely mean and animalized than before; the clerk reads them, and they furnish him with the slang of his loose conversation, or train him to rob his master's drawer, or tamper with his accounts, that he may go to the gambling-house and the brothel. The silly and unprotected girl reads them, and she is ripened by them to yield to the flatteries of her seducer. The neglected boy reads them, and they make him an incendiary or a pirate, a bater of

law and a despiser of God. They are the Bible and the Primer to myriads of the rising generation at this very hour. One can never see a bale of books or papers of this sort without thinking, there goes a package of the seeds of robbery and lust. It were almost better to import living lecturers in behalf of sensualism and crime, and furnish them with pulpit and hall, for then we should have the disgusting facts of sin to give the lie to its flattering words. It were almost no worse that a procession of harlots should walk the streets of every city or village, for these would bear the brand of their own shame upon their foreheads.

But are not these books brilliant? Yes, brilliant as a rotten log, or a putrescent carcase, which shine because they are decayed, and are phosphorescent just in proportion as they are offensive. But do they not sparkle and delight? Yes, just as the will-o'-wisp, which is created of foul gases, and leads the silly pursuer through brush and brier, till it lands him in some miry swamp, or chokes him with the damps of death. No language can describe the influence of this so-called literature in degrading the tastes, in weakening or corrupting the principles, and in provoking the passions. No man can easily estimate the evil consequences that are to come of it, in a character at once sensual, ferocious, and atheistic.

It is grateful to turn from this painful picture to a higher and better kind of literature which we believe to be gaining

a surer hold and a widening influence. While with one class of readers there is certain degradation, as there must be with forces so active to carry them downwards, with another there is a steady and progressive elevation, as there are books to foster such an improvement.

Such are the histories which attract and instruct; the biographies which leave a glow in the minds of their readers; the poetry that is both popular and elevating; the criticism that discerns undiscovered beauties in our favorite authors; the travels that almost reconcile us to the necessity that forbids us to wander; and the tales that sparkle without corrupting, and that let us laugh and still be wise.

It is still more grateful to imagine the time when Books and Reading shall become altogether good in their influence; when their agency, which is to the health of the mind what the atmosphere is to that of the body, shall be like a fine June or October morning; invigorating, exciting, inspiring—an atmosphere in whose breath is no poison, detected or concealed; no seeds of plague, neither the rank and offensive nor the delightful but deadly.

Such a literature would be both flower and fruit of a perfected Christian civilization, and in that sense a Christian literature. But what is the true conception of a Christian literature has been a matter of some question. The conception itself is also not easy in all respects to define: we must therefore defer the consideration of it to another paper.

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### MY HOUSE UPON THE SANDS.

BECAUSE the heavens were blue above,

Because the ocean was so fair,

In its far-off immensity

I built my mansion there!

"But know you not," a seer said,

"In storms those placid waves may rise—

That cruel, treacherous, shining sea

May break its smooth disguise?"

"No! No!" my trustful answer ran:

"This sheltered spot it cannot reach;

Its waves will all their fury spend

Upon the lower beach."

And so I built, and shaped, and planned,  
 Until my house stood fair to view;  
 Long time my willing heart found work  
 For willing hands to do.

It was so dear—so fair! so fair!  
 That little house upon the sand—  
 It had not pleased me half so well,  
 Built on the solid land!

For here the white birds made their nests;  
 And here the sunshine stayed all day,  
 To burnish up the pluming crests  
 Of infant waves at play.

Not yet! Not yet! Its lord has come—  
 I deck it for him while I wait;  
 My heart keeps guard before the door  
 In honor of his state.

And every time the sun goes down,  
 His feet are one day nearer home;  
 I count my rosary of hours  
 In patience till he come.

And when his feet the threshold cross,  
 And when my hand is in his hand,  
 There will not be a happier house  
 In all this happy land!

And I shall lead him through its halls,  
 And show him all its pretty rooms,  
 And nestle shyly to his side,  
 Amid the twilight glooms!

\* \* \* \* \*

The wind! The wind! The cruel wind—  
 And ah! the hungry-mouthéd wave!  
 From out the wreck, one floating thing  
 I could not even save!

I stand alone upon the sand,  
 Bereft of all my heart's delight;  
 And look around and note the work  
 Of one, black, bitter night!

My house! the fruitage of my care—  
 The labor of my heart and hands—  
 Cemented with my life's best things,  
 And—built upon the sands!

Gone—lost! forever, ever lost!  
 And I am standing here alone.  
 Of all the riches of my house,  
 There is not left a stone!

And he, for whom the house was built,  
 Is turned away—and will not come.  
 The day is changed, and he is changed,  
 And I am pale and dumb!

I have no home in all the land,  
 No heart on which to lay my head.  
 Such rest as now I crave, is found  
 In one low, narrow bed!

Yet, not the crown before the cross!  
 Not heart's ease before suffering!  
 And well I know the thorns must grow  
 Before the rose can spring.

I am not wholly bankrupt yet!  
 I have a home, not made with hands,  
 Within its doors I shall forget  
 My house upon the sands!

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## CHRISTOPHER KROY.

### A STORY OF NEW YORK LIFE.

#### CHAPTER XII.

FROM the moment in which Miss Firm believed she had made the discovery of robbers having been in the house, she was filled with the wish to see her brother. She could not wait with patience, so eager was she to have the pleasure to say to him, "I told you so, I knew the time would come when you would suffer from the folly of leaving house-doors open, or unfastened, which is the same thing, night and day," She had gone from the kitchen to the house-front at least a dozen times to watch for his coming, and, utterly unconscious of his arrival, she was stealing along the hall the thirteenth time, carefully withholding her flour-whitened hands from contact with her dress, when she was arrested by the sound of voices from within the room where she believed Dr. — to be sleeping. "Dear me," she sighed, and then came the suggestion, "Maybe he has gone out of his head; folks almost always do when they have typhus," and suddenly there were with her a thousand fearful thoughts of what Dr. — might accomplish while in delirium.

Forgetful now of her flour-covered hands she impelled herself into the room without ceremony. Amazed at the sudden entrance, Dr. Firm exclaimed, "What is the matter?" and Dr. — looked at her in like surprise, for Miss Firm was one of the women who wear photographs of half their thoughts on their faces.

"The matter!" she echoed. "Matter enough I should think. I heard you and thought maybe *they* had got in here. I should like to know how you came in without my hearing or seeing you."

"I've been here, let me see, well just fifty-eight minutes; but who or what did you think had got in here—flies?"—"Flies! Benjamin, what season of the year do you think it is? You needn't be searching the ceiling in that exasperating way. Did flies toss your room into a grab-bag, I should like to know. You had best come and look after your possessions, for there have been robbers in the house."

"Robbers!" ejaculated the Doctor. Quite innocent at that moment of the cause of the disturbed state of mind of his sister, he sprang up from his seat and followed Miss Firm to his own apartment. When he gained the door-way the room was in apparent order, and he said, "Well Jane, what is it, what is the matter?"

"Why you don't suppose I was going to leave things as they were one minute longer than I could help, do you? Matches all over the carpet, the bolster pitched behind the door, and the pillows, if you could have seen the state they were in. They had been put into a bag all ready to be carried off, I know; just look at them this minute. Why, there isn't a square inch of the cases without a crease in it. You had better look about and find what is gone."

Dr. Firm permitted his sister to go on until she came to a pause, which pause he met with the information that there hadn't been any thief in the house that anybody could catch.

"Catch! You wouldn't *catch* a robber in a month," exclaimed Miss Firm. "I understand it all now. You were out last night and they came while you were gone. It is well I did not wake up."

"Jane! Have you examined the sil-

ver, and your own room, to see if anything has been taken?" asked Dr. Firm in the gravest manner; to which question Miss Firm responded, by sudden flight in the direction of her treasures.

Presently there came into the "sitting-room" the sound of the counting of silver. Deep beneath the words he was speaking, Dr. Firm was listening to the accusation of his conscience. It darted up at him with every click of the silver that told of fresh unwrapping from tissue-paper of some old family relic, and said, although Dr. — heard no sound, "You dismal old hypocrite! You know perfectly that the silver is there, and you are making Jane all this work, just to avoid the trouble of a few plain words."

Dr. Firm was a coward when in contact with the brisk, nervous force and executive power of his sister, so he used a coward's argument to put down conscience, and tried to think that it was all right. He must manage to get rid of her in some way, and to do it by keeping her busy was the easy and smooth way.

"I told Mrs. Kroy you would not be in again before one o'clock, so don't hurry," said Dr. Firm to Dr. — as the latter was eager to depart, he having listened to Dr. Firm's statement and opinion regarding John Kroy. The statement was that every change which came was more depressing than the last; the opinion was, that the youth had but few days to live.

"You think then that no skill can save him," said Dr. —, after a pause, during which strong demonstration from the silver was heard.

"I think it is just as certain that he will be in his grave a week hence, as if he were dead this minute," replied Dr. Firm.

"Then—if—(Dr. — spoke very slowly, as though he hesitated to trust his friend and still was impelled to do it) if you had in your mind an impression that *something* might avail—in short, should you feel justified in trying an experiment? In other words, if you tried and failed, do you believe the conviction would haunt you, that possibly, if you had not tried the experiment, the youth might have lived?"

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"Life now is impossible. If you have a theory, use it without fear or hesitation," replied Dr. Firm, just then feeling that he had endured the clang of the silver to the last minute.

Dr. — still sat upon the old sofa; the pillow was yet there with the imprint of his head upon it. He had been intently watching the face of Dr. Firm while he put his question. When he received the reply he dropped his face and held it between his hands as though taking counsel with the carpet. During the silence the sounds from the room adjoining suddenly ceased.

Quick-coming feet were heard, and the door was thrown open, revealing Miss Firm, with consternation standing out like a mask from every feature of her face. "Benjamin!" she cried, "they are gone! I *knew* there had been robbers."

"What is missing, Jane?"

"You will manage not to believe me, but there is neither tankard, nor spoon, nor anything left belonging to grandfather Thompson."

"It cannot be!" exclaimed Dr. Firm, rising from his chair in real anxiety, for the treasures in silver that had descended to the brother and sister were valuable and precious as heir-looms from English ancestors.

"Very well, then, *you can find them*," was the reply. "I cannot."

"Did you look in the chest, Jane?"

"Where else, pray? You can come out and satisfy yourself. Everything is taken from it."

"Come out, Dr.," said Dr. Firm, and a minute later these persons were looking over an array of silver-ware sufficient in quantity to supply any family in the country or to start a silversmith in business, for Benjamin and Jane Firm were the two individuals of their generation, and to them had flowed many small fortunes in the absence of other heirs. The "silver-chest" stood, in order for immediate removal in case of fire, in the "china closet" of the Firm dining-room, but so carefully concealed behind drawers for table-linen, that, it was believed, no

one, save Dr. Firm and his sister, knew its locality; therefore no extraordinary locks were deemed needful. To the precious chest Miss Firm was never seen by mortal, except her brother, to go. The state visits were made with locked doors and closely drawn curtains, and the precious treasure was moved to and fro with great tenderness of touch, least it betray itself by sound.

Miss Firm handed her brother the list of articles. The paper on which they were written was old, yellow, and greatly worn at the folds. "Now, Benjamin," she said, "you check the list as I name them."

"Excuse me, if you please," said Dr. —. "I trust you will find nothing missing, but I must say good-morning, and many thanks for your kindness." — Dr. — took his departure, Benjamin Firm accompanying him to the door, yellow paper in hand, and saying at the last, "I will stand by you in any new whim, old fellow. I'd trust you with *my* case under the circumstances."

"Thank you a thousand times for that," thought Dr. — as he hastened his steps toward the college buildings.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

DR. FIRM, desiring to save his friend all the care and anxiety that he could, had assumed the duty of telling Mr. Kroy that he must prepare his mind for the death of his son. Mr. Kroy had received the statement of Dr. Firm in such a manner that it was impossible to judge the effect of it. Not a muscle about his mouth moved, each one seemed set in its place and held there by stern will; not a tear came to moisten the cool clearness of his eyes as they looked on Dr. Firm. Indeed the Doctor was not convinced that Mr. Kroy had comprehended his statement. After a minute of silence, Mr. Kroy said, "You tell my wife and daughter upstairs there, I cannot."

While Dr. Firm had gone on the sad mission, Christopher Kroy walked to and fro under the great elm trees in the College Green. It was not sorrow and heart-anguish that made him quicken insensibly his footsteps; the man was trying to

escape from a barrier that suddenly had been rolled down along the horizon of his life. He wanted to lift it, but how? Death was inexorable; no treaty could be made with it; but then there was the Lord of Life. He was Death's master. Christopher Kroy was a man of terms and treaties. Making "bargains" had been the work of his life, and this man approached his Maker with a promise on his lips.

Half a dozen students were looking out at him from the windows of the "Reading Room." "There's poor Kroy's father," said one. "How fast he walks," said another. "I wonder if he won't adopt me, in case something happens," remarked a third. "Shame!" exclaimed a fourth. "Poor man! I saw Dr. Firm walking with him a few minutes ago, and I dare say he was telling him that Kroy wouldn't last long. I say, boys, you remember the time when Kroy came here, that hazing we gave him."

"Yes, but what of that? He was the greenest specimen that ever came out of New York; he didn't know a river from a canal, and deserved it," responded the third speaker, "beside, I don't see what that has to do with this."

"Well, I hope it hasn't anything to do with it, but somehow he hasn't been the same fellow since. You know the night was frosty and the river cold, and we held him in till the poor fellow couldn't get out without help. I say it was too bad, and I for one will never be guilty of hazing any chap again."

"Guess you've seen the pretty sister somewhere, haven't you? Didn't she make her grand entrance well though that night? She loomed right out like a figure-head of the storm. I reckon the suddenness of the thing and the surprise of seeing a young lady in these old halls, had something to do with setting the picture off, but for my part I should like to see it there as a fixture. Look at the man this minute out there, I am going out to speak to him." The student approached Mr. Kroy as he stood half-supporting himself by leaning against the fence. He spoke twice without eliciting an answer.

Christopher Kroy was at that minute engaged in offering terms to the Giver of Life, for the continued existence of his son, and yet no words escaped his lips.

"Excuse me, sir, if I intrude, but I thought I might possibly be of service to you," venturing to lay his hand lightly on Mr. Kroy's arm.

"No intrusion, young man. I thank you, but there is nothing you can do at present."

The student turned away and met Dr. Firm returning from his mission. The Doctor answered the questions he asked in few words, and went home to sit in silence beside Dr. —, until he should awake out of his sleep.

An hour later, and, with weary steps, Mr. Kroy entered his son's study. He would not witness the first grief of his wife and daughter, therefore he had walked the time away. To his surprise on entering the room he beheld Dr. —, and encountered the same patient wistfulness in the eyes of his wife, and Zilpha was smiling. "Surely," he thought, "Dr. Firm must have drawn back at the final moment from his task."

Dr. — ignored in his manner any knowledge of the encounter with Mr. Kroy on the previous evening, but accosted him with quiet sympathy, expressing in few words his sorrow at the prospect before him.

"I suppose," said Mr. Kroy, "that now you are content to sit down and let the boy go into his grave without making any further effort; but I beg of you to keep him up, if you can, until the physician I have sent for can get here. He will arrive in eight or ten hours at the longest."

Mrs. Kroy's mute appeal was more potent than it would have been if resolved into words, while Zilpha stood half terrified and wholly eager, to spend her energies in any way that might serve poor John. She wished herself a physician, so convinced was she that the power lay in the art of medicine to restore her brother.

Mrs. Kroy went back to watch her son in the room where he lay. Dr. — seated himself beside a table and wrote a

formula, Mrs. Kroy and Zilpha looking on, the latter with an expression that told of reproach. Dr. — completed the prescription, put his initials thereto, and then looked up, in inquiry. Zilpha's hat seemed to fly to her head as if it had been a sentient willing hat, her hand was stretched forth for the paper. "Let me go," she said. "I know just where the apothecary shops are. I remember every one I passed by, and I wanted to bring them all with me to cure John." Dr. — gave her definite directions, and Zilpha left. She had not been gone two minutes when Dr. — started in pursuit, saying that he feared he had forgotten to add something to that prescription.

He might as well have gone in pursuit of a humming-bird, expecting to catch it on the wing, for Zilpha went faster and faster and entered the West-End drug store in a flutter of excitement. Dr. — pursued her to the premises. She had committed the prescription to the druggist.

"Miss Kroy," said Dr. — on entering, "come and walk with me, while that is preparing, I have something to say to you."

"I can't walk for pleasure," said Zilpha, "while my brother is so ill."

"Come for his sake, then."

She assented and he conducted her across the Green, where their conversation might not be interrupted, he said, and still as they walked onward Zilpha's surprise increased, for he spoke not a word until they came out upon Church Street. Then Zilpha ventured to ask, "Have you forgotten the prescription? It must be made up by this time."

"Yes! yes. Well, we will walk around and see about it," he replied, but as the quiet of the Green had not seemed conducive to words, neither did the small turmoil of Chapel Street move him to speech, and so they came again to the West-End drug store. Zilpha would have enjoyed the whim of the Doctor, had it been indulged on any other occasion. Her anger began to rise, and her eyes flashed forth indignation, when she found the preparation wrapped in paper, and await-



ing her return, for she considered every moment lost that was not spent in effort for her brother. The quick, nervous manner in which Zilpha grasped the bottle, caused Dr. — to look into her face, and then he beheld such unutterable emotions, that he exclaimed, "Child! what is the matter? Are you ill?"

"It was *too bad* of you to take me on that long walk, when time is so precious," said Zilpha, her heart beating in on the shore of her eyes, until all at once they overflowed, and Zilpha cried, hiding her face away, and sinking down on a seat near by, regardless of time, place, and persons.

"My dear young lady!" said Dr. — sitting down beside Zilpha, and trying in vain to guide his fingers to her pulse, "believe me, my thoughts were with your brother, and that must be my excuse for forgetting you: I wished your aid, and it was to talk with you about it that I walked, but my thoughts did not get around so fast as we did."

Zilpha mollified her sobbing slightly, but it was not until Dr. — had prepared a little lavender, and induced her to take it, that she was able to control herself and walk back with him. Once more on the street, and the Doctor took Zilpha into his confidence, for, in some way, he trusted the young girl as he could not either the strength and coolness of Mr. Kroy or the devotion of his wife. He told her frankly, that he was to try an experiment—that if it did not save John's life, nothing could. Zilpha grew strong from that instant. There is something so delightful, so exquisitely delicious, in receiving the trust that is delivered by one human being into the keeping of another. O yes. She could do anything then. It would be an easy task to induce her father to leave the room for just as long time as the Doctor wished; her mother, she knew, would be as pliant as feathers in her hands. Zilpha Kroy never felt the consciousness of her own existence to be a delight until that moment. "Very well, then, Miss Kroy, I shall rely upon you. I want both your

father and mother to leave your brother under my care until the doctor from New York comes, and I do not wish them to feel that they are kept away, or to know it, even."

"You may, Dr. —. I will be faithful." Zilpha proved equal to the emergency. It was comparatively easy to induce Mr. Kroy to take a long drive along the coast that November afternoon, for he was anxious to put himself as far away from suffering and death as propriety would admit. Zilpha, half coaxed and half commanded her mother to go, on the plea of gaining strength to watch the coming night, and the urgency of the Doctor's order, that if John fell asleep he must be closely watched and not disturbed. "Now, mother, do go. I shall be here ready for whatever is wanted, and Dr. — promises not to leave John for a minute even until you get back."

At last they were off for the shore. Zilpha was sent with a message to Doctor Firm, who was absent on his round of visits; but they chanced to include John Kroy, for the Doctor's gig drove to the entrance just at the minute Zilpha stood at his own door.

Mr. and Mrs. Kroy returned to find their son in a quiet sleep, Dr. — sitting beside his bed and carefully noting the beating of his pulse.

An evening train brought with it the physician Mr. Kroy had summoned by telegraph. John was sleeping and Dr. — was still watching when he entered. The man had a certain metropolitan air about him that seemed to assert itself at every motion. Professional courtesy he seemed to deem wholly unnecessary in the little State of Connecticut. He could afford to ignore it, so he assumed the responsibility, scarcely deeming it needful to ask a question of the quiet gentleman who was in attendance.

Mrs. Kroy declared that there were new and foreign odors in the apartment the instant she returned. At one minute, she was quite positive that she smelled the perfume of certain flowers, at another it was spearmint that assailed her in the air, and again she decided that

chickens were broiling; doubtless students in the building were making a feast. Each new discovery Dr. — and Zilpha hailed with smiles, but neither enlightened her to the knowledge of the baths of oil, etc., that had been there. They permitted her to change the odor as frequently as her fancy demanded. After an hour the New York oracle made sign that he was about to announce his opinion, and to it Christopher Kroy listened.

"I don't see," said the man, "as the case is so *very* serious as I had reason to suppose. The pulse is better, the skin is active, and with care, I do not see why he may not recover."

"The very symptoms that the doctors here declared to be bad," said Mr. Kroy.

"My friend!" spoke Dr. —, "there has been a decided change since noon-day—a reaction has taken place that, if continued, will result as we wish."

"No great change could take place, I should say, in that time, when one was so far reduced in strength and with the life-force almost at ebb-tide," remarked the New York doctor, with his accustomed authority, speaking neither to Dr. — nor to Mr. Kroy, but dropping the sentence about half way between the two, as if addressed to Zilpha.

"The tide always turns some time, doesn't it?" she asked, with indignation in every syllable, her eyes flashing up and meeting the cool gaze of Doctor Grand until he wondered if this could be the child he had seen in measles and whooping-cough.

"Zilpha, child," said Mrs. Kroy, in tone of reproof; but "Zilpha child," was not to be smothered just then even by entreaty; the flame had kindled and was working into a blaze that might have been ended unpleasantly if Dr. — had not put his finger on his lip in token of silence, with a twist of his neck in the direction of John's apartment.

Mr. Kroy put his hand within the arm of Dr. Grand and the two men went from the room, Zilpha following them with her eyes until they were out of sight.

"It seems to me, Miss Kroy, that you

do not evince very much fear of this grand Doctor from New York," said Dr. — in a low tone, so nicely ordered, so harmoniously uttered, that it could not stir a tumult even in the land of sleep.

"I am not afraid of him, and I don't like the world," she said, "it is mean, it does not speak the truth; everybody tries to deceive everybody in some way."

"Now, Miss Zilpha, haven't you found *me* the bright example, that can afford to stand, as truth-teller?" he asked.

"No, you took me a long walk through, the Green I believe they call it, out here, under the pretence of talking to me and you never said one word."

"But I designed to talk to you. My intention was true; however we will be willing to forgive much in view of the happy result of our combined efforts, shall we not?" he asked, extending his hand, as he went forward to take his farewell for the night.

"Forgive me—Dr. —, I am not so very ungrateful. I am more thankful than I seem," and Zilpha clasped the Doctor's hand with all the frank avowal of her nature in the clasp.

"Keep your truth, Miss Zilpha. Let nothing induce you to part from it, and you will always find a friend in me, if you need one, and the time *may* come."

"I will come to you," said Zilpha with such clearness in her simplicity, that for an instant the light of the future seemed to gleam through the present, and Dr. — was conscious of a strange thrill that wavered through his soul, like an aurora along the northern sky.

A movement within the inner room caused Dr. — to go thither, but he was soon relieved by the return of Dr. Grand, who proposed to pass the night with John: and immediately he assumed direction of the place, dismissing the family without ceremony to the hotel, and accepting the presence of Morton Cloud in place of the nurse he had ordered but who could not be found. Mrs. Kroy insisted on remaining with her son. Had she not been doing duty by her presence on the coast on purpose to gain strength for watching? Dr. Grand put down her arguments, and

being assisted by Mr. Kroy, poor Mrs. Kroy was carried whither she would not.

Zilpha watched for an opportunity to speak to Morton Cloud before going, but none came. When she was alone with her mother again, she said: "Now, who knows what might happen in the night. I don't believe Dr. Grand will stay awake five minutes. I saw him look longingly toward the lounge and go up slyly and feel of the pillows, to find out what they were filled with, and then he was in such a hurry to have us leave. Why, John might die and he not know it," added Zilpha, turning sharp in her walk, as if the time had come for action.

"Christopher," suggested Mrs. Kroy, "aren't you afraid Dr. Grand may fall asleep after his journey to-day? I do not believe he is used to keeping awake at night, and who can tell what change may take place?"

"Nonsense, Cornelia. Haven't we come near enough to real trouble, without the miserable farce of borrowing the article? Do you think Dr. Grand will fall asleep when he is paid, I would not tell you what sum, for this night's work? Just because I wanted to feel certain that the best that could be done was done, I offered him—well, as much as he could make in a week's practice at least."

"You think that money will keep him awake, Christopher. I fear that it will not."

"Mother!" said Zilpha, in a low voice at the door connecting their rooms, "please come here a minute." Zilpha put her fingers on her lips and motioned toward a bit of paper lying on the table, on which she had written a brief statement, addressed to Morton Cloud, of the distrust that filled her mind, and she had requested him to watch over both John and the Doctor, and should an unfavorable change occur, to send tidings in the night. The note Zilpha sent. A half-hour later she received a note containing the simple sentence: "I will be faithful." The note was sealed, and the seal bore the crest of the Cloud family, and held the—

Comforted by the assurance that a true soul was on the watch, Mrs. Kroy and Zilpha slept. Of the note and the magical words that had given such peace to the watching heart of his wife, Christopher Kroy knew nothing. He could not sleep. He was vexed that his wife could sleep when she had, according to his thought, "unsettled his mind" by her own foolish doubts and fears. The night went on its course—another clear cold night in November, wherein the stars twinkle to the music of the spheres, wherein the whole sky seems to be in a rejoicing spirit over some happiness which, doubtless, is known to it, but not to the earth, for there the frost was steadily at work, drying up every little bit of outlying moisture, as crisply as though it were a sin for it to rest on the ground, and never relenting its severity at the most crepitating prayers for mercy.

Christopher Kroy felt a premonition of coming ill. After a long battle with doubts and fears he, as the night was passing into the morning, arose and went to his son's room. On his way thither he met Morton Cloud, who was going to summon the family at Dr. Grand's order.

"He was doing well up to an hour ago," said Dr. Grand, in reply to the look of anguish in Mr. Kroy's face. "My dear sir, these are scenes through which we all must pass at some time in life; it is but a mere question of hours and years. Then why should we permit ourselves to be so overcome?"

Mr. Kroy turned from the idle words that Dr. Grand uttered, and went to his son. Poor John had, during Dr. Grand's comfortable sleep, slept his own life to the lowest possible ebb. He was gone beyond the sound of his father's voice; he did not hear the sobs that his mother poured forth from her aching heart. The crisis of his rest had passed and left him lying on the utmost verge of human existence.

"I regret to leave you at such an hour, but my engagements in town are too pressing to admit of delay, and I know I cannot keep the poor boy, if I stay with

you," said Dr. Grand, interrupting the then silence of the room by his words.

To Christopher Kroy and his wife, at that supreme moment, the world and all the charms of it were passed away. To them, there was nothing left in life just then but that room and their dying son, and there death seemed about to enter and take possession. Mr. Kroy scarcely felt the really sympathetic grasp of Dr. Grand's hand in parting. Mrs. Kroy did not remove her eyes from the face of her boy to say her farewell; but Zilpha was not to let him escape so easily. She followed him from the room, and into the hall. "How long will John live?" she asked, quite regardless of the eyes of one or two students passing by, for Zilpha had gone to the place in haste, and her long, fair hair, let loose and flowing about her shoulders, made her seem still more a child than her years granted.

Doctor Grand knew full well that an evasive answer would not suit her mood, so he said, "He probably will continue until noon, my child."

"Did you watch him all night?" she questioned, still holding him by the hand as though afraid he would evade her grasp.

"Of course, I staid there. I promised not to leave the room," he replied; "but I must hasten now, there is no time to lose." And Dr. Grand went his way to New York.

Dr. — had not arisen when Morton Cloud entered his room that morning. "John is dying," he said, "and oh! Doctor, what if I have been in fault. Dr. Grand told me he was doing well, and I let him sleep on, until it was too late."

"John worse! John dying! What does it mean?" and Dr. — lost no time in reaching the place where he lay. He did not even pause to ask Morton Cloud whether he had been sent to summon him; he entered the room softly, and before Mr. or Mrs. Kroy could speak to him, this good Doctor was on his knees beside the bed, with his eyes on the patient's face, his fingers on the pulse that gave no sign to nerves less acute than his own.

Morton Cloud had followed Dr. — to the door, and stood looking in with his eyes overflowing with tears.

"What nourishment has he had?" questioned Dr. —, looking round for an answer.

"Nothing since twelve o'clock. The Doctor said he was not to be disturbed until he wakened and asked for it, so I was afraid to offer it."

"Since when has he lain in this state?"

"I called Dr. Grand at 4 o'clock and he told me he was dying then," said young Cloud.

"Did Dr. Grand pass the night in sleep?" It was the firm, cool voice of Christopher Kroy that asked the question.

"He did, sir. I awoke him twice, but he said there was no need of it either time. So I was afraid to call him again, until I thought Kroy was worse."

Mr. Kroy uttered one deep groan, and then the room was still, save for the quiet movements of Dr. —, who was gently administering drop by drop a sustaining cordial. He was putting it between lips that moved not to receive it, but patiently he awaited any voluntary motion. At last there came a token of life. John Kroy had swallowed the cordial.

"Will you trust him to me?" questioned Dr. —, looking up with as glad some a light on his face as if the youth were a son of his own, and returned to life again. At that instant, the sun beamed into the room. It seemed a messenger of light, bearing hope on its rays.

"Do with my boy what you will," said Christopher Kroy, and once more Dr. — took the helm in his hand. The barque was new and strong, but the sea had been stormy, and the winds had cast it up on a desperate coast. Would it ever float again on the great, wide sea; be filled with rich freights; go bearing golden grains to replenish the earth? Or, would it go down into the greater, unknown sea, whose eternity of waters is forever absorbing rivers of life from the earth?

God remembered Christopher Kroy

that day, and was merciful unto him according to his promise.

The efforts of Dr. — were again crowned with success. Two days later Mr. Kroy returned to New York, and turned with eagerness his life again in-

to the channels of business and gain. Mrs. Kroy and Zilpha remained in New Haven until the day before Christmas in that year, when they had the happiness to take John home with them.

(To be continued.)

### ELIJAH.

TISHBITE sage, inspired of Heaven!  
Burning light to Israel given,  
Clad with zeal and might of grace,  
Grandest prophet of his race!

True, sublime in earnest life,  
Strong and brave in fearful strife,  
Boldly speaks the will of God,  
Wields the stern reformer's rod.

Glorious triumphs sought and won,  
Deeds immortal nobly done,  
Rounding out his work-day well,  
Till is touched its vesper-bell.

Oh, to him how bright the end!  
Opening skies a chariot send,  
Drawn by steeds of flaming light,  
Wondrous to the prophet's sight.

Angel hands now place him there,  
Whirlwinds lift him high in air,  
Stars his soaring passage wait,  
Heaven shouts welcome at its gate.

Not for us the car of light,  
Through the shadow is our flight;  
Led by Faith's illuming ray,  
Need we fear to launch away?

### THE CANNIBALS OF EQUATORIAL WEST AFRICA.

For a long time it was doubted whether cannibalism existed among the Ethiopian tribes of Western and Central Africa; but, about a quarter of a century since, the native traders on the Gaboon River, who frequented its tributaries and adjacent regions, began to bring back rumors of a cannibal tribe occupying the Sierra del Crystal Mountains and highlands beyond. At first their reports were vague, and, like most native stories, highly colored by imagination, and exaggerated in passing through the lips of numerous reporters. They were represented as a people of gigantic stature and lion-like courage, nearly white, with long straight hair. Their number was compared to the leaves

of the forest and the sands of the sea-shore; they were said to be a race of ravenous cannibals, who preferred human flesh to that of animal, fish, or fowl. Wonderful accounts were given of their exploits in war, armed with weapons of their own manufacture, from iron dug from their own native hills; and in the imagination of the timid coast people, they were regarded almost literally as being able one to chase a thousand, and two to put ten thousand to flight. As a matter of course, we felt no little curiosity to become acquainted with this remarkable people, and it was not long before our desire was gratified by seeing specimens of the tribe, who as pioneers were begin-

ning cautiously to descend from their unexplored wilds toward the coast. The first two seen by the writer were indeed fine specimens of savage men; not white, but of a lighter tinge, more of a copper complexion than that of the people inhabiting the marshy lowlands bordering upon the rivers and coasts. Their hair was not straight, but in long plaited tresses hung over their shoulders, and their nearly nude bodies were smooth, and as sleek and shining as oil mingled with powdered redwood could make them. Their ivory-white teeth, filed sharp like saw-teeth, together with their wild bright eyes and whole appearance, indicated them unmistakably as representatives of a race of independent savages, who had hitherto been uninfluenced by the semi-civilization of the coast. Occasionally we met with others, and learned that the first advance of a great emigration from the interior had been made, and that several outpost settlements had been established upon the western slopes, and at the foot of the mountains, and on the sources of the rivers. And as distance lends enchantment to the view, a nearer approach soon dissipated many of the fabulous ideas respecting this strange and interesting people, and gradually developed a more correct knowledge of their origin, language, and national characteristics, and barbarous customs, and cannibal habits.

The first visit that was ever made to one of their settlements by a white man, was by one of our missionaries, who sickened and died a few days after his return, and the king of the cannibals whom he visited died about the same time. This added to their superstitious fears, and rendered it difficult for us to gain access to them, and especially to have any communication with their chiefs and kings. The tribes residing on the rivers also persistently opposed our passing through their country to visit those beyond them, lest it might in some way interfere with their trade, or other selfish interests. After several fruitless attempts to visit those located on the upper sources of the Gaboon, I determined to attempt

the exploration of the Asango, a northern branch of the river, near the head of which I had learned a cannibal settlement was being established. But as soon as my purpose was announced, discouragements were raised on every side. That branch of the tribe were represented as being particularly savage; that, never having seen a white person, they would be sure to kill and eat the first one who should fall into their hands. Having with some difficulty secured a boat's crew, accompanied by a young missionary recently arrived from America, I ascended the river to a Shékanie town, near the mouth of the stream we desired to explore. Here, after considerable delay and palavering, and by the promise of a liberal reward, we obtained the services of the head man to go with us as guide and interpreter. About midnight, with the upturning tide we entered the Asango, and rapidly pursued our way, the sound of our oars re-echoing from the dense mangrove jungles that lined both sides of the river. The darkness of the night, the stillness and solitude of the scene, unbroken save by the noise of our boat, the chirping of insects, and the occasional barking of a chimpanzee, gorilla, or other denizen of the forest, was sufficiently novel to keep us wakeful till the dawn, which we welcomed with joy. In the course of the morning we passed two or three Bakélie towns, the inhabitants of which did all in their power to dissuade us from going further; and when they perceived that their threats and appeals to our fears were unavailing, some of the women, who had come down to the river-side, raised the death wailing, as much as to say, they regarded us as already dead. Further on the stream became narrower, with higher banks, and the mangrove trees were exchanged for other and larger giants of the forest, which towered so high and spread their leafy branches so wide as nearly to screen us from the light and heat of the sun. We saw several places where the banks were broken by the tracks of elephants, which had come to bathe or cross the river, and at last we reached a landing-place where were

marks of human footsteps. Here we disembarked, and leaving our boat in the care of our men, followed a narrow foot-path through a dense forest a short distance, when we suddenly emerged into a large clearing upon the side of a hill, where the trees had been cut down and partly burned. On the opposite side of this clearing the cannibals were at work preparing to build a town; and the moment we were discovered, they raised a wild shout, seized their arms, and rushing down, surrounded us. Fortunately their king, who was on the ground directing their work, hastened to our relief and soon dispersed the noisy rabble. He then seated himself upon a fallen tree and motioned us to sit, one on his right and the other on his left hand, and by kindly gestures and a smiling countenance assured us of his protection, and soon made us feel quite at ease. Then, through the imperfect medium of our interpreter, we told him who we were, and the object of our visit. His majesty replied, giving us a cordial welcome. He said in his interior home he had heard of white men, but had never expected to see one; and as an apology for his not having a town to welcome us to, and a house in which to show us hospitality, stated that he had but recently come down from the highlands toward which he pointed, and had not yet been able to finish a permanent dwelling-place. He inquired our names and tried to repeat them, and told us that his was Nteke. He gazed upon us with wonder, examined our clothing, white skins, and straight hair, and slapping his hands upon the sides of his body, uttered his amazement in shouts of laughter, in which his people joined heartily. We exhibited to his astonished view our pocket-knives, compass, and watch, all of which he examined with cautious and timid interest; when finally I took a lucifer match from my pocket, and after showing him that it was a dry stick, ignited it upon the log on which we were seated. The instant he saw the smoke, followed by a blaze, he sprang from his seat and fled in terror, and there was a general stampede among his followers. He evidently

regarded this as a supernatural act, and feared that something more terrible might follow. After having assured him that we had no evil intention, he returned and resumed his sitting; but signified that his curiosity was satisfied, and he desired no further exhibition of our power, which he evidently regarded with superstitious reverence.

We then, to the best of our ability, told him of God, the great Father, who "hath made of one flesh all nations of men," black and white. That he had given us his book, which taught us, and made us wise. That the knowledge of God was the great reason why white men were happier and wiser and more powerful than black men, who were ignorant of him and worshipped idols. That it was God's will that all people should know him, and that he had sent us to teach them. That we were living with the black people near the sea, and teaching them to read God's book, and that we desired to come or send some one to teach them also. At this message he expressed much pleasure, and promised that he and his people would welcome and protect any one who would come to do them good and make them wise. He gave us some specimens of their spears and war-knives, which were curiously wrought, and he described how they dug and melted the ore and manufactured them. He represented his people as being very numerous, some of whom lived far back in the interior, where grass-fields and prairies abounded, with wild cattle and elephants; but that, attracted by trade, they were migrating towards the coast. He admitted that the old men and warriors were accustomed to eat human flesh, but said that the women and children were not allowed to taste it. When we were ready to return, we were followed by Nteke and his savage followers, who wished to see our boat. While we were preparing to leave, his cannibal majesty entered into a covenant of friendship with our interpreter, who had brought him white men, by slightly scratching their wrists till the blood started, and then rubbing them together; thus mingling their

blood, after which they chewed a leaf, which they spirted upon each other. This ceremony completed, we entered our boat, and turned our faces toward civilization, while the cannibals on the beach gave us several loud cheers that resounded through the forest.

Since this my first visit to the cannibals, I have lived for years at an interior station, in their immediate vicinity, where I itinerated among their towns, and almost daily received them at my house, affording ample opportunity to become familiar with their habits and customs.

The Mpongwes and other tribes call them Pangwes, but in their own language P is sounded like F, and they call themselves Fanh, plural Bifanh. They are probably a branch of a large family of Ethiopians who occupy the vast equatorial regions lying east of the Sierra del Crystal Mountains, and a great lake of which they speak, may be west of the "Albert Nyanza," described by Baker. They have now taken possession of nearly all the upper waters of the Gaboon and the surrounding country, having driven the Bahéliës and Shekaniës before them; and in a few years will probably reach the seaboard. According to a statement recently made by Vice-Admiral Fleuriot Langle at a meeting of the French Geographical Society, there are not less than 80,000 of them in the vicinity of Gaboon, and the number is rapidly increasing. But I do not agree with the Admiral's opinion that their language nearly resembles the Zulu of South Africa, for having, with a committee of linguists in the United States, carefully compared the Zulu with the dialects of this part of Africa a few years since, we discovered no such connection. Their language has been partially acquired and reduced to writing by members of our mission, and it does not seem to differ very materially from those of the coast tribes; though it is, in character with the people who speak it, more harsh and abrupt, caring less for fluency and euphony. When first discovered the Fanhs were the most robust and athletic race of Africans we had ever seen; but in their transition from the more elevated in-

terior to the low malarious regions of the coast we notice a gradual physical deterioration, which may be owing, not entirely to change of climate and location, but to less active, daring habits, and to the destroying influence of foreign liquors, of which they were formerly in blissful ignorance. When we first made their acquaintance, domestic slavery was unknown among them, and it is not probable that the foreign slave-trade had ever preyed upon them to any great extent. They are great elephant-hunters, and have much skill in entrapping and killing these lords of the African forest; and most of the ivory which is shipped from this part of the coast passes through their hands. In addition to guns, with which they are now generally supplied, they make use of bows and poisoned arrows in hunting and war. Their arrows are dipped in a preparation made from a bean, which grows upon a forest tree called Oni, the effect of which is almost certain death. But they have also knowledge of the bark of a certain tree which is an antidote to this poison. Their spears, knives, and broad double-edged swords or daggers, are curious specimens of native workmanship. Many of these are ornamented with brass and copper wire, beads, and cowries.

Like all savages, they are fond of ornaments, and not only do the females wear bracelets and anklets of iron, brass, and copper, but the men also encumber their limbs with these rude specimens of jewelry, and even plait their hair with beads and brass wire. Their bodies are tattooed with numerous devices, and their clothing, originally of grass or bark cloth, is now becoming more ample and is often of cotton fabrics. In their indigenous state, they had a name for God, but of his nature and attributes, like all unenlightened pagans, they were in woful ignorance. Circumcision prevailed among them, and some other traditions and customs that seem to have been derived from a Jewish origin. Their superstitions seem not to differ materially from those of the tribes nearer the coast; though I rejoice to learn that their belief in witchcraft is not so general and sanguinary in its influence



as among the neighboring tribes. They load their persons with a variety of charms and fetishes, which they profess to believe are possessed of potent power to secure to them good, and protect them from evil; and the manufacture and sale of these to other tribes, not excepting the semi-civilized Mpongwes, is a large and profitable business. Like the proud Athenians of old, "they are in all things too superstitious." Every appearance in nature, and event in providence, which is beyond their comprehension, they consider supernatural. A company of them was once standing upon the piazza of our house, watching the oscillations of the pendulum of a clock, that was visible in the room. They supposed it was a spirit. Opening the clock, I endeavored to explain the mystery to them, and invited them to approach nearer, which they declined to do. Presently the hour of twelve arrived, and the clock commenced striking, when they fled precipitately, and could not be persuaded to return. The first time they listened to a melodeon they declared that the instrument was pervaded by a spirit, and that the lady who accompanied it with her voice was a god.

It was amusing to listen to their questions and suggestions respecting everything which they saw for the first time; which showed no small degree of shrewd inquisitive interest mingled with superstitious timidity. Polygamy prevails among them, as in all the African tribes, but not to such an unreasonable extent as among some of the more wealthy coast tribes. That they relish human flesh is certain, and that they are in the habit of gratifying the savage appetite as often as opportunity offers, cannot be doubted. Prisoners of war, whether belonging to their own or other tribes, are frequently killed and eaten. And persons accused

of witchcraft, or who have been convicted of other crimes, are sometimes given or sold to them for food. Instances have come to our knowledge of their having robbed graves which had been closed two or three days. That most savage cruelties should be practised in connection with their cannibal feasts is a matter of course. A captured enemy is often tortured in a fiendish manner before he is executed. Recently during a visit to their country, I was told of a stranger from the distant interior, who had been seized by them and bound to a stake, until the war-drum had summoned the warriors from adjacent towns, who with knives cut steaks from his arms and thighs, and drank his dripping blood, before dispatching him. The captain of the French guard-ship told me that a few days before he had captured a canoe containing a corpse which was being conveyed to a cannibal feast, and so ravenous were the people that they came at night and attempted to recover their prey before he had buried it, and were only driven off by force. Some of the people are becoming ashamed of this horrid practice, and as the light of Revelation dawns upon their minds, and Christian civilization gains access to their dark abodes, it will gradually be abandoned. What its origin was, and how far it extends into the interior, are still to be determined; but this much we know, from long observation, as well as from Scripture declaration, that all of these "dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty," where the people walk in darkness, and dwell in the land of the shadow of death, and that nothing but the Sun of Righteousness rising with healing in his wings can disperse that darkness, and raise to intelligence and virtue, happiness, and heaven, the benighted people.

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## THE ROMANCES OF ARTHUR.

### THEIR ORIGIN AND GROWTH.

A LITTLE more than seven centuries ago, on the banks of the Wye, about 129 miles west of London, an old monk sat at his table with writing materials before him.

He is Welsh, and a Benedictine. According to his own account, he has been engaged "on many and various studies." He has read the works of Bede the "venerable," and Gildas the "wise" which he

pronounces "elegant treatises." Much else of monkish lore is doubtless familiar to him; but these names he has mentioned. Several of his contemporaries have either completed or are now engaged on chronicles of the early British kings; and Geoffrey of Monmouth is emulous of their distinction. As his pen writhes across the parchment, strange visions appear to him. A long line of princes, stretching from the Trojan Brutus down through the successive generations, brings to Britain her kings and her people. Nor have they lived unworthily, that they are so little known. He sees them performing deeds of wonderful valor. One of them especially, moving among the shadows of the earliest twilight of English history, and bearing the title of king, is irresistible. He withstands the repeated and fierce attacks from the north, quells all resistance in his own realm, makes Germany the chamber of his kingdom, sweeps over France, and imperiously grants terms to the seven-hilled city itself. His followers and attendants are as brave as their leader. Connected with his exploits, either as assistants or opponents, appear giants, and hideous monsters, and a wonderful magician, whose supernatural skill accomplishes things otherwise impossible.

This Arthur and his knights are not valorous only; they are courteous, generous, and loyal, according to their own standard. They have sworn to love God and the ladies; to succor the weak, to defend the helpless, wherever found. They have grown up from youth temperate and pure. They have frequently slept on the ground, and subjected themselves to other hardships, in order to be more fully prepared for the life before them. When their service as esquire has been finished, and they have confessed to a priest and obtained absolution, they have taken an oath to be obedient to every wish of a lady, and to allow no known wrong to pass unredressed. Finally, at the time of consecration, all their accouterments—armor of steel, helmet, weapons for attack and for defense—have been placed upon them by the hands of others and a slight tap with

a sword on the back of the neck has dubbed them knight. From that moment they have assumed all the duties of true knighthood, and gone forth to the business of life—war and love. On horseback they have wandered about the country, seeking some monster which they might attack and destroy, or some injured woman whose honor they might defend.

With so much that is attractive in themselves, and so much in their actions deserving "immortal fame," to use his own expression, the future archdeacon wonders that Gildas and Bede have "said nothing of those kings who lived here before the Incarnation of Christ, nor of Arthur, and many others, who succeeded after the Incarnation." And he determines to supply the deficiency. With an apology for his homely style, because he has "never made fine language his study, by collecting florid expressions from other authors," he begins that narration which has grown into such a harvest of volumes in modern literature.

He pretends to translate from a "very ancient book in the British tongue," which Walter, archdeacon of Oxford, had put into his hands. That Geoffrey did translate from a book brought from Armorica, many have doubted. And, although we may now stand in the same room in which the old historian wrote, the gulf of seven centuries which yawns between us and him, is too broad for us to discern distinctly whether or not a parchment, covered with uncouth British characters, lies before him as he writes. If so, it has been hopelessly lost. No one has ever seen it, or heard of it, except on the pages of this history. Besides, the very way in which Geoffrey speaks of it is calculated to arouse our suspicion. It reminds us of the "marvelous boy" and his Rowley manuscripts, and Macpherson and his pretended originals of Ossian. It is a great treasure in his estimation; and he prides himself much on the sole possession of it. "*That book*" is a phrase which seems to have a wonderfully musical sound to his ear. He gives due notice to all authors that the realm of history is

large, and that they had better keep off from the ground which he has traversed, since they have not "that book," which it is his good fortune to possess.

But in whatever way these ancient traditions came to the knowledge of Geoffrey—whether by an old manuscript, as he affirms, or by tradition, which is more probable—there can be little doubt that they are Celtic in origin. They are one of the products which the Saxon found already flourishing in the soil, when he broke from the mainland and swam the sea to the Western Islands.

And this brings us to the second question in reference to these strange romances. Granting that they came from the Britons, as Geoffrey claims, whence did that people derive them? Are they the production of their own imagination, the opening chapters of a mythical history with no foundation in fact, or at best where everything seen through the mist of distance appears vague and mysterious, a thousand times magnified, and with no well-defined outline? or, have they some still more remote and external origin?

It was common for a long time to speak of these wonderful legends as an importation by the returning crusaders of the wild imaginations of the East. It is doubtless true that they were increased in number and popularity by these means. The pilgrim from the holy sepulchre found in them much the same spirit which so filled to intoxication the whole literature of *Outre Mer*. We can understand that they would bring to him the very sunshine and breezes from beyond the sea, and that he would mingle with them much which at first astonished and delighted him beneath the palms of Arabia. But that the Crusades first gave these romances to Europe, cannot be true. They were passing from mouth to mouth among the people, and were on the parchment of Nennius, more than two hundred years before Peter the Hermit in the streets of Jerusalem conceived the idea of wresting the holy sepulchre from the Saracen.

Pilgrimages to Palestine, it is true,

had for a long time been common. Haroun al Rashid had even sent to Charlemagne the keys of Jerusalem as a pledge for the safety of pious visitors to the tomb of Christ. But we believe that the origin of the romances of chivalry has never been ascribed to them.

There are two other theories in regard to their origin, each of which, like the one already mentioned, traces them to the remote East. Warton, in an introductory essay to his *History of English Poetry*, has discussed both at considerable length.

Near the beginning of the eighth century, the Saracens passed from Northern Africa into Spain. The magnificent splendor of imagination which in architecture embodied itself in the Alhambra, in literature took shape in wild and romantic legends. Commercial intercourse with Toulon, Marseilles, and other cities, opened a way for them into France; and Armorica, a colony of Britons, planted there in the fourth century by Maximus, a Roman general, who had married a British lady of high rank and revolted against his own government, eagerly received and retained them. The names only were changed, and the exploits of eastern magicians were ascribed to their own ancestors.

Many things in Geoffrey's history render this theory plausible. We will mention one or two as examples. The celebrated Stonehenge is said to have been brought by the giants from Africa to Ireland, where it is known as the Giants' Dance. Every stone is represented as possessing some peculiar medicinal property. Merlin declares that the giants healed their sick by washing the stones and bathing the diseased person in the water which had been used for that purpose. The fluid thus impregnated never failed to restore soundness. Now, the place whence these immense rocks are said to have been brought, the manner of their transportation, and the mystic virtue ascribed to them, all point to the East as the origin of the fiction.

The introduction of giants into these chivalric dramas is also in itself signifi-

cant. Giants, and dwarfs, and genii are the common machinery of eastern romance. Not only are they summoned to untie the inextricable knots into which the thread of the story gets entangled, but they are the ordinary characters whose exploits the tale relates. In this western literature, too, wonderful adventures with giants are frequently recounted. The landing of Brutus in Britain was opposed by Goemagot, a giant twelve cubits high, beneath whose terrible strength an oak was as lithe as a hazel wand. And Arthur slew a no less formidable monster in Cornwall, who is said to have come from Spain.

In Merlin's prophecy the Arabians are mentioned and their situation in Africa and Spain. Foretelling the great power of Arthur, he declares: "From Conan shall come forth a wild boar, whose tusks shall destroy the oaks of the forests of France. The Arabians and Africans shall dread him; and he shall continue his rapid course into the most distant part of Spain."

The culture of astrology in Arabia is well known. Geoffrey says, that in Arthur's reign there was at Caerleon a college of two hundred philosophers who studied astronomy and other sciences. Their business was particularly to watch the course of the stars and predict future events to the king.

These are specimens of the arguments by which this theory is maintained.

A third theory, first advanced by Percy, and afterward sustained by Mallet, like Warton's, ascribes to the chivalric romances an eastern origin; but it supposes that they came to the Celts through the north of Europe. The operations of the Roman army in Asia just before the birth of Christ alarmed the inhabitants of what is now called Gorgia, and caused large migrations into northern Europe. These children of the palm were kindly received by their brethren of the pine. The two peoples coalesced; and, strangely, the plants from the sunnier East took so deep root as henceforth to give character to the frozen forests of the North. It is true that the fairy imaginations of the

East lost something of their delicious, dreamy softness. And there was added to them much of the gloomy grandeur and savage wildness of their new home. But the unrestrained luxuriance of imagination, the high-wrought figurative language, the fertility of invention, the strangeness and frequent impossibility of incident, which so abound in all the literature of the East, are not less characteristic of the sagas of the North.

In the poetry of the North, as in that of the East, seldom is any thing called by its own simple and appropriate name. Some metaphor or circumlocution is used. This is true to some extent in the language of all uncivilized peoples. It arises partly from the picturesqueness and vividness of their ideas, and partly from a want of necessary words, and an absence of abstract and complex thoughts. To the Northman, the beautiful arch upon the skirts of the storm was not merely a bow in the clouds; it was "the bridge of the gods." A ship was "the horse of the waves;" rocks were "the bones of the earth;" poetry was "the mead of Odin;" a battle was "the bath of blood;" night was "the veil of cares;" the tongue was "the sword of words;" ice, "the vast bridge;" herbs, "the fleece of the earth;" the earth, "the vessel that floats on ages;" and the sun, "the king of stars—the torch of the Eternal One." At the close of a combat, we are not told that many are left dead on the field, but that "The sister of Nera hath trampled on the foe; she hath trampled on the evening food of the eagle." To such an extravagant extent was the use of metaphor carried, that without doubt it has in some cases misled interpreters, and given rise to very strange notions which it was never intended to convey.

If it be granted that the poetry and legends of Scandinavia are oriental in origin, and have only been modified by climate, scenery, and the habits of the people among whom they have been transplanted, it is not difficult to understand how they may have found their way the short remaining distance to the Celts of the western islands. The poets

—scalds, *i. e.*, polishers of language—of these rude nations were held in the highest honor. They were kept always about the chief of the tribe. They were allowed a long retinue of followers and servants. They were *vates*—prophet as well as poet. They were warmly welcomed and hospitably entertained, even eagerly sought, in tribes other than their own. When Alexander destroyed Thebes, he commanded that the house of Pindar, and every thing appertaining to him and his family, should be spared, as if sacred. So in those bleak forests of the North and among the savage islanders of the sea, the profession of bard was more than a panoply of defense: it insured a cordial reception and distinguished honor even among the enemies of his own nation. If with this fact we remember the wandering propensity of the people, their slight attachment to place, their love of adventure, their scorn of danger, if danger there were, we may well suppose that the islanders did not remain ignorant of the strange legends which were living and growing on the lips of the bards of the North. Besides, it is claimed by the advocates of this theory, that the general intercourse of these nations was such as to leave little doubt that whatever unwritten literature either possessed was alike the property of both.

Thus the arguments in favor of the two theories seem to be nearly of equal weight, and all combined, may be acknowledged to fairly establish the fact that these romances were born of the breath of the East. Without doubt, the influences which reached the western islands, both by the way of Africa and Scandinavia, united to increase and strengthen that kind of romantic fabling which has filled so important a chapter in English literature. But may it not be that both Warton and Percy mistake in seeking its origin at so late a date? Why is it necessary to suppose that the influence which generated this peculiar literature came from the East at a later period than the people themselves among whom it flourished? About twelve hundred years before the marvelous star in the east rose

and led to that greater Light, the Celtic nation is supposed to have passed from the over-crowded territory of Asia into Northern Europe. And it may be an interesting coincidence for the scholar to remember, that it was at exactly this time, according to Grecian mythology—that wonderful admixture of beauty, philosophy, superstition, and folly—that Jupiter beheld the earth over-peopled with men, and the fatal apple fell among the feasting gods. This migrating people followed slowly the course of the sun, and, driven on by successive waves of migration, they found themselves at last shut up on the islands which they inhabit in part at the present day. There had been, so far as we know, no mingling with other nations. We have no reason to suppose that their characteristics were changed, except as a different climate, different scenery and circumstances, may have modified them. Why, then, should we think that the seeds of these marvelous legends were borne on the second great wave that swept over Europe, rather than on the first? Why say that they came later and were transplanted, rather than that they were brought in the soil itself, in which they afterward attained such a luxuriant growth? The Celts were ready to receive them, according to the common theories. Why, then, were they not ready to produce them? In short, why should we attempt to follow them back along a tortuous path, across a frozen ocean, through unknown forests, where only at remote distances an imaginary, or, at best, uncertain trace can be found, when there is no proof that they were not indigenous?

But, whatever may have been their origin, their growth and popularity are unprecedented. Geoffrey's manuscript was made public about 1128–48. The metrical chroniclers, Gaimar, Wace, Layamon, and others, immediately seized upon it. On the wings of verse it flew everywhere. And it grew as it went, like a rolling snowball. In less than fifty years the cycle of romances which sprang from it were collected and written out in Anglo-Norman prose by Robert de Bor-

ron and Walter Mapes. With surprise we find the meager account of the Benedictine has grown into five well-developed and distinct histories, which contain a thousand more marvelous things than had ever brightened the imagination of the old monk. And later, two more were added by other writers.

This mass of romance was scattered everywhere by a crowd of writers in different languages, in both prose and verse. It obtained as wide a diffusion as was possible, perhaps, without the aid of printing; and that want was supplied in 1485 by William Caxton. Of Caxton's "*La Mort Darthur*," only two copies are now known to exist; and one of these is in a mutilated state. This imperfect copy, when it last changed owners, was sold for £320. Numerous reprints of this work have appeared at intervals from the time of Caxton to the present. To Sir Thomas Malory belongs the honor of writing, in English, the copy from which the first printing was done, and on which all subsequent editions have been based. It is a well of pure English, which did much to give form and consistency to the language, and is invaluable to the philologist.

#### THEIR INFLUENCE ON SOCIETY.

The Celtic language forms no noticeable part of the English. All the words which we have derived from it, except some names of places which have been retained, can be written on a postage stamp. They were introduced mostly by Sir Walter Scott. They describe something peculiar to the people from whose language they come; and, for this reason, no single English word would express the exact shade of thought. There is also something poetical and picturesque in their sound, which accords well with the old ballad poetry that Scott so loved, and which doubtless formed an additional reason for using them. The words *cairn*, *cromlech*, *clan*, *coronach*, and *pibroch*, are good examples.

But, while our language has been only slightly affected, the character of the English nation and its literature have

been so deeply tinged by Celtic influence, that they can never wholly lose its coloring. The Celts were the inhabitants of the British Islands before the arrival of the Saxons. Their descendants are the Welsh, Irish, Highland Scotch, the people of the district of Cornwall, of the Isle of Man, and of Armorica, or Bretagne. They are a people of strongly marked characteristics. The traits ascribed to the ancient Celts are traced with little modification in their representatives of to-day. Some appear more conspicuously in one branch of the family, and some in another. They were highly imaginative and poetical; they were quick and impulsive, yielding to their feelings, affectionate and warm-hearted; and, yet, they possessed a good deal of that true gold of life known as shrewd common sense. They were in battle brave to desperation; when overpowered in the plains they took to the mountains. They were lovers of learning and literature. Ireland, indeed, at one time was the great repository of learning of all Europe. During the gloom which settled on the world after the overthrow of the Roman Empire, the scholar found his almost only refuge from the violence and death that stalked everywhere over the continent; on this emerald of the ocean, or amid the storm-defended rocks of the Hebrides. And for more centuries than one she maintained this proud distinction. But the literature which was most pleasing to the Celtic people was poetry and legend. Thierry, in his "*L'Histoire du Conquête d'Angleterre*," says that the Celts lived on poetry. And the influence of their bards appears most clearly in the tradition, that Edward First, when he conquered Wales, ordered all the bards to be put to death, thinking it impossible to fully subdue the people so long as their patriotism and valor should be stimulated by song. Thomas Gray has made this the subject of his best poem.

It would be an interesting question to consider, how much the slow and deliberate Englishman has been quickened by an admixture of this fiery blood in his veins; how large a part of the imperish-

able monument of English history is a record of the achievements of the Celt; how, if all that the Norman and the Saxon have not accomplished should be stricken from the annals of Britain, the glory of her later centuries would wane—her military renown be impaired, her learning diminished, the lustre of her literature dimmed, and even her throne stripped of its kings. But such a discussion would lead us quite too far from the subject of this article.

To estimate correctly the influence of the legends of the Round Table, we must know how extensively they were diffused, and how they were regarded by the people of those earlier ages. Happily, we are not without knowledge of both. And, first, the monasteries, which we should suppose would have been last to open their doors to them, seem to have been filled with them. In the list of works belonging to the different monasteries of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, we find a large portion to be literature of this kind. The more zealous monks complain that the teachings of the fathers are neglected, and the vain imaginations of men and the lies of the devil are substituted. Many of the lays chanted by minstrels were composed within monastic cells; and the minstrel himself was sure to find there enough lovers of his tinsel ware to secure him a hearty welcome. And, if spirit were lurking anywhere in cask or demijohn within its walls, a lay from his lips would never fail to make it rise. Weary of his monotonous mummery, but bound by his vows, the ecclesiastical prisoner was eager to catch such glimpses of the outer world as he was able; and the wilder, the more unlike his own life they were, the better they pleased him. It was the rebellion of human nature against the slavery into which in a moment of enthusiasm it had plunged. The Church, too, always ready to father anything that has power which she can control, sanctioned and encouraged the institution of chivalry.

But the minstrel with his lays went not to the monastery alone, nor chiefly. Every baron kept court; and nearest to

his person and most honored in his hall was he who entertained his followers and the ladies at his table with song and legend. The esteem and the privileges accorded to this wandering Orpheus can be shown perhaps in no way more pleasantly, than by one or two illustrative incidents. In the reign of Richard First, the young heiress of D'Evreux was carried abroad and secreted by her French relatives in Normandy. A knight of the Talbot family determined to discover and rescue her. Under the guise of a pilgrim, he spent two years in searching for her. When he had found her place of concealment, he assumed the character of a harper, and was gladly received by the family, because he was "*exceedingly skilled in the Gestes of the ancients*," as the romances which delighted that age were called. He soon found an opportunity to flee with the young lady, and thus restored her to her country.

The story of this same king Richard and his minstrel Blondell de Nesle, is equally in point. Richard, when returning from the Holy Land, was imprisoned by the Duke of Austria. His minstrel sought for him through all Europe, inquiring at every castle to which he came, if any prisoners were detained there. Having found one in which there was a prisoner, but unable to learn who he was, "Blondell wrought such means, that he became acquainted with them of the castell, as minstrells doe easily win acquaintance anywhere." He then sat near the window where the king was confined, and sang half of a song which Richard and himself had composed together. The king immediately began the other half and completed it. Thus Blondell was able to inform the barons of England where their lost king was. This happened about the year 1193. Because of their easy access everywhere, minstrels were frequently employed as spies.

So the wonderful achievements of Arthur were sung in monastic cell, baronial hall, and royal court. But this is not all. They were the lore of the nursery as well. The good child was rewarded by the recital of such fragments as he

could understand; the peevish and forward was tamed by the name of giant and dragon, which he had learned to fear.

But, that they were so popular among all classes, is not the only fact which ought to be remembered. They were matters of *faith* with the people. A popular traditional belief was long entertained, that Arthur was not dead, but that he had been borne away to be healed of his wounds in Fairy-land, and that he would return, and again reign over the restored and avenged Britons. The inscription on his supposed tomb was said to be:

*"Hic jacet, Arthurus, Rex quondam, Rexque futurus"*

Here Arthur lies, king once and king to be.

This is what Wordsworth refers to in the lines:

"Of Arthur, who, to upper light restored,  
With that terrific sword,  
Which yet he brandishes for future war,  
Shall lift his country's fame above the polar star."

And Tennyson, in his *Palace of Art*:

"Or mythic Uthur's deeply wounded son,  
In some fair space of sloping greens,  
Lay dozing in the vale of Avalon,  
And watched by weeping queens."

And, again, in an ode by Warton:

"Yet in vain a paynim foe  
Armed with fate the mighty blow;  
For when he fell, the Elfin queen,  
All in secret and unseen,  
O'er the fainting hero threw  
Her mantle of ambrosial blue,  
And bade her spirits bear him far,  
In Merlin's agate-axled car,  
To her green isle's enamelled steep,  
Far in the navel of the deep.  
O'er his wounds she sprinkled dew  
From flowers that in Arabia grew.

There he reigns a mighty king,  
Thence to Britain shall return,  
If right prophetic rolls I learn,  
Borne on victory's spreading plume,  
His ancient scepter to resume,  
His knightly table to restore,  
And brave the tournaments of yore."

But those who did not receive the stories as truthful history, yet prized them as containing a high moral code of laws, and the most noble examples, after which every true knight and gentleman should mould his life. They are mentioned with almost the same reverence with which we speak of the sacred writings. Caxton, in his prologue to the reader, after

giving many proofs that the persons and actions described are real,—such as references to a number of different works where they are mentioned, and telling where "*Gauwayns skulle*" may be seen, and "*Cradoks mantel*," and "*Launcelotteswerde*," and the "*rounde table*," which is still preserved at Winchester, and the "*prynte*" of Arthur's seal "*in reed waxe closed in beryll*," which "*remayneth in the abbay of Westmestre at Saynt Edwardes shryne*, in which is wryton *Patri-cius Arthurus, Britannie, Gallie, Germanie, Dacie, imperator*,"—closes as follows: "*And I, accordyng to my cople, have doon sette it in enprynte, to the entente that noblemen may see and lerne the noble acts of chyvalrye, the jentyll and vertuous dedes, that somme knyghtes used in tho dayes, by whyche they came to honour, and how they that were vy-cious were punysshed and often put to shame and rebuke, humbly bysechyng al noble lordes and ladyes, wyth al other estates, of what estate or degree they been of, that shal see and rede in this sayd book and werke, that they take the good and honest actes in their remembraunce, and folowe the same. Wherein they shalle fynde many and joyous and play-saunt hystories and noble and renom-ed acts of humanyte, gentylnesse, and chy-valryes. For herein may be seen noble chyvalrye, curtosye, humanyte, frendly-nesse, hardynesse, love, frendshyp, cowardyse, murdre, hate, vertue, synne. Doo after the good, and leve the evyl, and it shall brynge you to fame and renommee. And for to passe the tyme, this book shal be plesaunte to rede in, but for to gyve fayth and byleve that al is trewe that is containyd herin, ye be at your lyberte; but al is wryton for our doctryne, and for to beware that we falle not to ryce ne synne, but texercyse and folowe vertu, by whyche we may come and atteyne to good fame and renommee in thys lyf, and after thys shorte and transytorye lyf to come unto everlastyng blysse in heven, the whyche he graunt us that reygne in heven the blessyd Trynyte. Amen."*

Here, then, was the knight's code. Here he found the principles which should



guide him, the examples which should instruct him, and the spirit which should inspire him. If the tone of morality was not high, it was the highest known to feudalism. How much it accomplished for virtue and good order, may be judged from the biting satire on the morals of Arthur's court, which is found in the story of the Boy and the Mantle. During Christmas festivities, a boy appears with a magic mantle of softest texture and most beautiful colors, which can be worn by her only whose whole life has been pure. The ladies of the court successively put it on. The result is not flattering. In the case of one, in an instant it cracks from top to bottom, and falls from her; with another, it changes color, withers, wrinkles, and draws up on the shoulders, leaving the back bare; with a third, it splits into a thousand shreds. Only one of all the company can wear it, and she not until she has confessed that she kissed her husband once before their marriage. Yet this was the best code of morals known to the age. The *Chanson de Geste*, and most other mediæval romances, were plain, practical pictures of every-day life as it *was*; these of life as it *should be*.

No one with the facts before him can fail to see, that the influence of this cycle of romances on that age was immense. They did not produce the state of society, it is true; on the contrary, they were an outgrowth of that society in a less developed state. But they were an embodiment of the spirit of the age, and reacted with such tremendous force upon it, that, at this distance in history, they seem at first sight to be the original power.

How this Bible of chivalry, and the living examples, would affect the young aspirant for honor born within the reach of knighthood, is easily understood. A little story told in the beginning of a versified version of the *Saint Graal* furnishes a good illustration. A mother, who has lost her husband and two elder sons in battle, determines to prevent her remaining infant son from taking up arms and entering on a career of glory. She

brings him up in a strong castle, never permitting him to hear even the name of knight. But one day the young gentleman catches a glimpse of the glittering armor and plumes of passing horsemen, and hears the silvery laugh of attendant ladies. His curiosity is excited by the former; and, as to the latter, a little wine intoxicates the uninitiated. Persistent questioning and importunity bring his mother to relate some of the tales of chivalry, to which she adds, as a counterpoise, the sad history of her own grief. The first fill his imagination; the last is scarcely heard, or else it stimulates instead of repressing. He is seized with a love of adventure, and immediately sets out to seek the honor of knighthood from the king.

The spirit of chivalry did not exhibit itself in the show of the tournament alone. It blazed out conspicuously in real warfare. At Poitiers the knights fought, bearing over their armor scarfs and devices as the livery of their mistress, and "asserting the paramount beauty of her whom they served in vaunting challenges toward the enemy." At Cherbourg, in the very heat of the battle, a knight challenged the most amorous of his adversaries to a single combat. The defiance was accepted, and both armies remained motionless spectators, till the death of one of the opponents permitted the fight again to become general.

The honor of the knight was his knighthood. Poverty was no disgrace. It was the duty of the wealthy to supply his wants. A poor knight begged of Henry, Count of Champagne, for gifts sufficient for dowries for his two daughters. A rich burgess standing by, whose wit did not equal his good intention, thinking to excuse the Count, blundered out that his master had already given away so much that he had nothing left to give. "How now, Sir Villain," roared Henry, "how sayest thou that I have nothing to give, when I have yourself? Take him, Sir Knight, he is your man." Whereupon the knight seized the burgess, and would not release him until he had paid five hundred pounds. This story is told to

prove the generosity of the Count of Champagne. If it fails to do that, it at least illustrates our point.

Many modifications thus wrought in society lasted but a few centuries. A knowledge of them, however, is necessary, as well as of the whole subject of this peculiar literature, for a thorough understanding of the later middle ages.

The influence of these romances, which appears most conspicuously in the social life of the present day, is seen in the bearing of men toward women—that peculiar deference shown to woman, not as mother, wife, sister, daughter, lover, or friend—not because of her talents, acquirements, beauty, position, or wealth—in short, for no attachment, nor excellence, real or imaginary—but only because she is a woman. The word *gallantry*, by which we designate this kind of politeness, expressed to the knightly champion the whole catalogue of virtues which he sought to exhibit—bravery, heroism, nobleness, generosity, civility, and magnificence. All, except the last, it has retained to the present day.

In our search for the origin of that peculiar deference shown to woman in modern society, we turn first to the later Roman law, which permitted her to inherit landed estate, and hold such property when conferred upon her in dower. This must have changed somewhat her former position, increasing her influence and importance. But, as it gave to her a privilege which had before belonged exclusively to her brother, its only tendency must have been to secure to her the same kind of respect accorded to him, and not the punctilious homage of gallantry. Neither must we look to the Teutonic manners for its origin. We have the authority of Tacitus for saying that the early Germans deferred much to their women, followed their advice in many things, and even thought that they possessed the power of prophecy. But we have no hint of anything like that peculiar bearing toward them of which we are speaking. On the contrary, when the picture is completed, we see much which is directly opposed to this. They

are represented with immense physical strength and fierceness, dealing terrible blows with their naked fists, mingling in scenes of blood and slaughter, slaying their own husbands and brothers if they retreat in battle. Now, such traits might indeed command respect through fear; but not without radical changes could there ever spring up that peculiar state of society, where the weaker is elevated through the voluntary submission of the stronger. Had it grown up among those northern barbarians, it is uncertain whether the sexes would not have changed places, and the men, with approving smile and modest blush on their bearded faces, received the courteous attention of their more manly sisters. But the best authority for the social customs of any country or age is the literature of the time. The knowledge of all authors of a later period or another country must necessarily be imperfect. Hallam has truthfully stated, that the oldest fragments of Teutonic poetry contain no representations of this homage to beauty. There are none in *Beowulf*, nor in the poem on *Attila*, nor in the *Nibelungen Lied*.

Again, it has been attributed to the influence of Christianity. It is true that the burden of the teaching of the Bible is love—love to God, love to fellow-man; and from this is to spring good works, peace, righteousness, temperance, and the whole glorious list of essential virtues. It softens and purifies the heart, which is the only source of all true politeness. But it makes no distinction of sex. The same tenderness and kindness I am to show alike to brother and sister. It commands to "love thy neighbor as thyself;" but it nowhere adds, "and remember thy neighbor's wife is a woman, and treat her with peculiar deference because of her sex." Christianity is the origin of true politeness, because it makes sweet and pure the very fountain whence that virtue flows; but it is not the origin of gallantry. It is a distinguishing mark of Christianity, that in it alone of all the religions of the world there is no distinction of sex.

Its birthplace has been sought also in

Asia, in the rapturous love-songs and splendid tales of Arabia. But it is sufficient to say, that seclusion or slavery is the condition of Oriental women. And, perhaps, this is another argument against an eastern origin of the Round Table romances. It cannot be denied, however, that the Roman law, the customs of the northern nations, and the spread of Christianity, all had something to do in preparing the way for this more modern phase of society. Just when it first began to appear, it is impossible to tell. Probably when, the wars all over, the young noble, weary of the monotonous sports of peace, turned for relief in his gay idleness to the successes of love and the adventures of intrigue; when the high-born beauty was brought in to grace the banquet-hall, and, to show her something of war about which she had heard so much, mimic battles were fought; and so arose the tournament, at which she was queen and dispensed her favors.

But, however this may have been, it concerns us now to know only that the first embodiment of this spirit in literature is found in the romances of chivalry. And here, to prevent misapprehension, it may be said again, that the condition of society and the opinions of the people mould a literature; but it in turn powerfully reacts and forms anew public sentiment and national habits, giving them an impetus which sends them at a bound far on in the direction in which they were but slowly and feebly tending. So we conceive it to have been in this case.

So prominent a feature of the institution of chivalry did gallantry become, that it was regarded in the same light as devotion, or rather as one with it. Love to God and love to the ladies were scarcely distinguishable. The knight invoked the aid of both, as he rode forth to the adventurous task imposed upon him by some haughty beauty, whose smile was to repay him for the toil of months and the risk of life. The author, at the end

of his self-sought labor, returned thanks to each. Frossart made a collection of amorous poetry by "the aid of God and love." And Boccaccio acknowledges the assistance of each in his Decameron. When Louis II., Duke of Bourbon, instituted the order of the Golden Shield, he enjoined his knights above all to honor the ladies, and not permit any one to slander them, "because from them, after God, comes all the honor men can acquire."

But this spirit went farther than this. It entered into legal enactments. In some districts, a man could not be arrested in the presence of a woman for a crime less than murder. This was the law promulgated by James Second of Aragon: "We will that every man, whether knight or no, who shall be in company with a lady, pass safe and unmolested, unless he be guilty of murder."

At every tournament, the knights who were to engage, first dined together. In order that there should be no place more honorable than another, the table was made round; for those high-mettled gentlemen, about to enter the lists where limb and life were risked for honor, would yield precedence to no one who had not won it at the point of the spear. Thus Edward Third, in 1344, gave an entertainment at Windsor, at which he and his guests sat down to a round table 200 feet in diameter. This was thought to surpass very much that which Mortimer, his martial tutor, had given in 1280, when he feasted 100 knights for three days.

Can we not trace to the teachings of chivalry that punctilious regard for conventional honor, which, when it thought itself wounded, has, until so recently, sought that foolish and false method of redress that, happily, has now passed away?

To trace the influence of these wonderful romances on the Literature of Europe, will require a separate paper.

#### OUT OF THE WRONG POCKET.

MR. TAGGARD frowned as he observed the pile of bills by his plate, placed there

by his prudent, economical wife, not without an anxious flutter at the heart, in an

ticipation of the scene that invariably followed. He actually groaned as he read the sum total.

"There must be some mistake, Mary," he said, pushing back his plate, with a desperate air; "it is *absolutely impossible* for us to have used all these things in one month!"

"The bills are correct, John," was the meek response; "I looked them over myself."

"Then one thing is certain, provisions are either wasted—thrown out of the window, as it were—or *stolen*! Jane has relatives in the place, and I haven't the *least* doubt but that she supports them entirely out of what she steals!"

Mrs. Taggard's temper was evidently rising; there were two round, crimson spots upon her cheeks, and she tapped her foot nervously upon the floor.

"I am neither wasteful, nor extravagant, John. And as for Jane, I know her to be perfectly honest and trustworthy."

"It is evident that there is a leak *somewhere*, Mary; and it is your duty, as a wife, to find out where it is, and stop it. Our bills are *perfectly enormous*; and if this sort of a thing goes on much longer, I shall be a bankrupt!"

Mrs. Taggard remained silent, trying to choke down the indignant feelings that struggled for utterance.

"You will have to order some coal," she said, at last; "we have hardly sufficient for the day."

"Is there anything more, Mrs. Taggard?" inquired her husband, ironically.

"Yes; neither myself, nor the children are decently or comfortably clothed; all need an entire new outfit."

"Go on, madam. As I am a man of unlimited means, if you have any other wants, I hope you won't be at all backward about mentioning 'em."

"I don't intend to be," was the quiet, but spirited reply. "I wouldn't do for another what I do for you, for double my board and clothing. Both the parlor and sitting-room need re-furnishing; everything looks so faded and shabby, that I am ashamed to have any one call. And

the stairs need re-carpeting, the blinds and gate repaired, and the fence painted."

"That can't be all, Mrs. Taggard. Are you sure that there isn't something else?"

"I don't think of anything just now, Mr. Taggard; though if there should be a few dollars over and above what these will cost, they won't come amiss. I should like to have a little change in my pocket, if only for the novelty of the thing. You needn't fear its being wasted."

Mr. Taggard was evidently not a little astonished at this sudden outbreak in his usually quiet and patient wife, but who, like most women of that stamp, had considerable spirit when it was aroused.

"Now that you *are* through, Mrs. Taggard, perhaps you will let *me* say a word. Here is all the money I can spare you this month; so you can make the most of it."

Laying a roll of bills on the table, Mr. Taggard walked to the door; remarking, just before he closed it, "that he should leave town on the next train, to be absent about a week."

The revelry into which Mrs. Taggard fell, as she listened to the sound of his retreating steps, was far from being a pleasant one. Aside from her natural vexation, she felt grieved and saddened by the change that had come over her once kind, indulgent husband. His mind seemed to be entirely filled with the greed of gain, the desire to amass money—not for the sake of the good that it might enable him to enjoy, or confer, but for the mere pleasure of hoarding it. And this miserly feeling grew upon him daily, until he seemed to grudge his family the common comforts of life. And yet Mrs. Taggard knew that he was not only in receipt of a comfortable income from his business, but had laid by a surplus, yearly, ever since their marriage.

She taxed her ingenuity to save in every possible way, but when the monthly bills were presented the same scene was enacted, only it grew worse and worse.

And this penuriousness extended to himself. He grudged himself, as well as his wife and children, clothing suitable to his means and station, and went about

looking so rusty and shabby that Mrs. Taggard often felt ashamed of him, inwardly wondering if he could be the same man who had wooed and won her.

With a heavy sigh Mrs. Taggard took up the roll of bills upon the table, hoping to find enough to pay what was already due—she did not look for more.

An ejaculation of astonishment burst from her lips as she unrolled the paper in which it was folded. It contained \$500 in bills, and a check for \$500 more.

With a look of quiet determination in her eyes, Mrs. Taggard arose to her feet. "The family should now have some of the comforts to which they were entitled, if they never did again."

First, she settled every bill; a heavy weight being lifted from her heart as she did so; besides getting a fresh supply of fuel and other comforts. Her next move was to order new furniture for the sitting-room and parlor, have the hall re-carpeted and papered, the broken door-step mended, and the fence and blinds painted and repaired. She then took the children out, and got them new garments, from hats to shoes. She bought herself three new dresses; a neat gingham for morning wear, a delaine for afternoons, and something nicer for best. And before going home she took the children into a toy-shop; delighting the boy with the skates he had so often asked for, and giving the girl the chief wish of her heart, a doll and doll's wardrobe—not forgetting some blocks for the baby. For like a wise, as well as kind mother, Mrs. Taggard desired to make their childhood a happy one; something to look back upon with pleasure through their whole after-life. Neither was John forgotten; by the aid of some old garments, for a pattern, she got him an entire new suit, together with stuff for dressing-gown and slippers.

The day on which Mrs. Taggard expected her husband's return was a very busy one; but at last the carpets were down, the paper hung, and everything in "apple-pie order."

He was expected on the five o'clock train, and Mrs. Taggard set the children, attired in their pretty new dresses, at the

window to "watch for papa," while she went below to assist Jane in preparing something extra for supper. She had but just returned when Mr. Taggard was seen approaching the house.

It looked so different from what it did when he left, that he stared at it in amazement, and would have hesitated about entering, had it not been for the name on the newly burnished door-plate. But he was still more astonished when he entered.

"Am I in my own house, or somebody's else?" he ejaculated, as he looked around the bright and pleasant room.

"It is the new furniture I have been buying," said his wife, smiling. "How do you like it?"

"Have you been running me in debt, Mary?"

"Not in the least, John; it was all bought with the money you so generously left me when you went away."

Mr. Taggard clapped his hand into one of his pockets.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, in an agitated tone and manner, "*I gave it to you out of the wrong pocket!*"

Mrs. Taggard did not look at all astonished or disturbed at this announcement; on the contrary, her countenance wore a very smiling and tranquil aspect.

"You don't mean to say that you've spent it?" inquired Mr. Taggard, desperately.

"Why, what else should I do with it, John? You told me to make the most of it; and I rather think I have."

"I am a ruined man!" groaned Mr. Taggard.

"Not a bit of it, my dear husband," said his wife, cheerfully; "you wouldn't be ruined if you had given me twice that amount. Besides, I have saved enough for our house-keeping expenses for three months, at least. I think you had better give me an allowance for that purpose in future; it will save us both much annoyance."

The children, who had been led to consider what their mother had bought them, as "presents from papa," now crowded eagerly around him.

Mr. Taggard loved his children, and it would be difficult for any one having the kind and tender heart that he really possessed, to turn away from the innocent smiles and caresses that were lavished upon him.

And when his wife approached with the dressing-gown and slippers, he not only allowed her to induct him into them, but returned the loving caress with which she assured him "that he looked as young and handsome as ever."

It was a smiling group that gathered round the cheerful supper-table. And as Mr. Taggard glanced from the gleeful children to the smiling face of his wife, who certainly looked ten years younger, attired in her new and becoming dress, he came to the conclusion that though it might cost something to make his family

comfortable, on the whole, to use a common but expressive phrase, "it paid."

We do not mean to say that Mr. Taggard was entirely cured; a passion so strong is not so easily eradicated. But when the old miserly feeling came over him, and he began to dole out grudgingly the means with which to make his family comfortable, his wife would laughingly say: "You are taking it out of the wrong pocket, John!"—words which seemed to have a magical effect upon both heart and purse-strings.

"Let us take comfort as we go along," she would often say, as she laid her cheek lovingly to his; "nor grudge our children the innocent pleasures natural to youth, for the purpose of laying up for them the wealth that is, too often, a curse rather than a blessing."

## SUNNYBANK PAPERS.

### No. I.

BY MARION HARLAND.

WHY, WHEN, AND HOW WE BUILT OUR HOUSE.

"ONE thing is settled in my mind," said the Dominie, with an unnecessary clench of a jaw Nature had moulded firmly enough for all the common exigencies of life; "we will have no door-bell!"

The knoll on which we sat fell gently away on three sides toward an artificial lake, a mile across at its utmost width, formed by the damming up of the winding river half a mile below, for manufacturing purposes. Blue as the tender June heavens above it, and as placid, it slept now, without current as without ripple, we might have thought, but for the lap of the waves upon the narrow line of gravelly beach, and their rustling murmur among the border of aquatic plants—Indian arrow, wild balsam, Iris flag, and yellow water-lilies, all interlaced by golden chains of "love-vine" that grew thickly further down the bank. On the thither shore were level harvest-fields—it was haying-time; here and there a white farm-house, and back of these, to the north, east, south, and west, range after range of mountains, greenly wooded to their tops, save where a butting front of gray rock, a steep cliff, or line of boulders pushed boldly into sight, to betray

of what stern stuff the hearts of the hills were made. Behind us, the ground rose somewhat abruptly to the highway under a growth of noble forest trees. The knoll was the centre of an open space, a natural clearing covered with wild grasses and cinquefoil, and dotted by thrifty cedars, Hemlock and pine, hickory, tulip-tree, and butternut, joined aromatic and nutty odors to the vanilla-scent of new-mown hay, that came to us in slow, delicious sighs of summer air. There was no breeze, and few sounds stirred the languorous repose of the day—only the drowsy lapping of the water, an occasional roulade from the throat of robin or thrush in the grove, the far-off caw of a crow, and, when our ears learned to distinguish it from the murmur of the waterfall, a measured vibration of the atmosphere—felt more than heard—which my complainer explained by saying: "How distinctly we hear the beat of the great trip-hammer at the file-works!"

"It is like the swing of an aerial pendulum," replied I, dreamily.

"Or the echo of the pulsing life in the working-day world."

But my comparisons were not applauded.

ed. He who should have been my attentive auditor was jotting down other figures upon a leaf of his memorandum-book. And when he did look up, abstraction was in his eye; resolution in the tense fingers that grasped the cedarwood pencil. Then followed the grim set of the jaw and the incisive utterance, "We will have no door-bell!"

"That way madness lies!" quoth I, mildly reproachful. "Why speak of it, now and here?"

For know, O reader, that we have a house in the city which, by a manifold stretch of the imagination and a conventional abuse of words, we call "home," for nine months of the year. A comfortable edifice it is—roomy and well furnished, and which would be cheerful were not one of its essential appendages a door-bell, in the chamber of which hangs—not the inanimate clapper the maker of this particular nuisance—I hope I owe him no ill-will!—pretended to put there, but a malicious gnome, set for the destruction of our domestic felicity and individual peace of mind. Of what avail were it to write here of the morning naps, the last drops pressed from Somnus' poppy-cups, and, like the creamy rills that brim the dairymaid's pail, the richest and sweetest—that are changed from delight to dismay by the pitiless alarm of daily cares, daily toils, and daily vexations, as expressed in the reverberant clang of this tormentor? Of the midnight deeps of sleep riven by the same? The trials of temper and charity; the weary misanthropy; the struggles for patience and grace, that are ours, the while the unmerciful tongue goes on with its regular day's work?

Day's work! Do you enter into the meaning of that when spoken in connection with a parsonage door-bell in the heart of a busy and populous city?

"Thirteen times already, and it is not yet nine o'clock!" sighed the still break-fastless Dominie, one morning, just before our summer exodus. "How long can a man, with nerves and a stomach, support existence in these circumstances, I wonder?"

Reversing David's plaint, we are constrained to cry out, "If it were friends who did this, then we could bear it!" But the frittering of our time, and friction of our patience is the work of a very different class from those to whom we unclothe our hearts with our doors. There is a magnetic influence in that dreadful bell that draws up our steps a string of beggars—if not in the motley garb described by Mother Goose, yet clad in pretensions as varied, and as ludicrous in their heterogeneity as the "rags, tags, and velvet gowns."

Applicants for signatures to every conceivable description of certificate and petition, from a recommendation of a patent tooth-pick to a remonstrance against the adulteration of distilled liquors, and an humble entreaty to the President of the United States in behalf of a convicted traitor and would-be assassin. Petty venders of divers wares from wooden butter-paddles up to smuggled laces and diamond (?) jewelry. Old clothes-men, volunteer house-cleaners, men and women in quest of employment and broken victuals, cadaverous personages, with dingy white cravats, who may be, as they represent, home-missionaries, whose names have by some typographical blunder been omitted from our clergy-list, but who insist upon a hearing from the Dominie's pulpit on next Sunday, and a collection in his church. Reduced gentlewomen from a distance, who used to be Southern refugees, but are now invariably the widows of Union soldiers, and want to be "sent on" to Chicago, or Canada, or Nova Scotia, where they have wealthy relatives; and who so able to pay their travelling-expenses as the long-suffering, much-believing, tender-hearted Dominie? Speech-soliciting committees, clamorous in their desire that the over-taxed pastor shall for once leave the legitimate practice of his profession and address a mass railroad meeting, or advocate the beauties of the Woman's Suffrage movement, in some hamlet fifty miles away. Newspaper reporters, begging for a succinct report of a religious anniversary celebra-

tion, from which the worldly-minded "locals" absented themselves in whole-some dread of "slow" affairs. BOOK AGENTS! Which last may be considered an exhaustive appellation when the genus *bore* is under discussion.

At meal-times, especially, is the malevolent clapper importunate in publishing the tenet, believed and held for certain by the outside world, to wit, that "the minister's" abode is public property—yet an inn in which he may *not* take his ease. Interruptions punctuate his hasty mouthfuls—calls that "will not detain him a minute," congeal his soup in cold weather and liquefy his ice-cream in hot; delay morning prayers until everybody else in town is half through the forenoon's labors, and evening worship until the sleepy babies have been carried off to bed by pitying and despairing mamma, who, marshalling the cross sufferers up the stairs, glances savage askance at the door-bell and fancies it is laughing in its brazen sleeve at the commotion created by its unreasonable tintinnabulations.

Fleeing from this knell of home-quiet, from city-heat and meadow mosquitoes, we had, for four happy, care-free summers, found a welcome retreat in a spacious farmhouse, the chimneys of which were just visible from our seat upon the lakeside knoll. But our babies were growing in numbers and in size, and the cosey rooms we had occupied several seasons were becoming too strait for us. We foresaw, also, that in the event of any change in the family where we were domesticated as friends, more than as boarders, that should render our longer sojourn under their roof-tree inconvenient, it would be difficult to secure the like eligible quarters elsewhere in the enchanting region to which we owned to one another we had become mightily attached. It was just the right distance from town, and not too near any line of railroad; the climate was absolutely unexceptionable, and had, on two occasions, at least, been God's messenger of healing to the smitten ones of our little band. Game was plentiful among the hills; pickerel, bass, and other piscatory patri-

cians ranged, by day, the watery preserves of lake and mill-pond, leaving the course clear, on moonless nights, to their plebeian neighbors—the catfish and eels, which some of us had the vulgar taste to prefer to the more showy spoils of our boastful anglers; yellow perch and "shiners"—minute but toothsome morsels—were caught by the score in the shallow coves indenting the shores, while, in his appointed season, the aristocrat—*par excellence*—of gamefish, the speckled trout, disported him in the glancing current of the streams which made of the lower lands "a well-watered plain, even as the garden of the Lord." There were drives, beautiful and wild, in abundance; several churches within a Sabbath-day's journey, and, reserving the most powerful motive until the last, the agricultural fever that had burned slowly in our veins ever since the first years of our parsonage-life, when we had known the exquisite flavor of vegetables cultivated in our very own garden, and fruits which had ripened under our eyes and been plucked by ourselves, glowed now into irrepressible longing. The smell of the freshly-upturned earth awoke pangs of home-sickness that almost brought the tears; our talk was of oxen, or, at any rate, of cows, calves, milk, and butter; we discoursed fluently of crops and subsoil ploughing, of top-dressing and drainage, and were *au fait* in the matter of fertilizers. The Dominie subscribed for the "*American Agriculturist*"—very fascinating reading we found it too—and finally accelerated the crisis of the disease—if aught so healthy and delightful could be called by so ugly a name—by bringing to me, one day, on his return from the city, a modest volume entitled, "Ten Acres Enough." The book was certainly more than enough to stimulate our desires into avidity. From that hour we craved arable land as a strong-minded woman does a mission, or a disinterested patriot an unctuous office under Government.

We "settled," as the Westerners phrase it, suddenly at last. On this particular June morning, as we were driving leisurely along the ridge overlooking the



lake, the scene beneath us was opened to our view through a break in the woods skirting the road, and I laid a rash hand upon the reins. I am more proud of the impulse than of the accompanying exclamation.

"Look! Did Claude ever paint a more lovely landscape?"

Then we sat still for full five minutes, drinking in deep, breathless draughts of beauty, feeling our souls expand under the wide free sweep of the blue arch that bowed to meet mountain brows almost as blue with distance.

"And all the windows of our hearts  
We opened to the sun."

Presently the Dominie alighted, and offered me his hand—still without a word.

"Am I to get out?" I asked.

His response would have made a stranger stare with doubts of his sanity.

"Claude Lorraine was a humbug, and his pictures are daubs! Alabama!"

We fastened the horse to a small tree, which, by the way, was subsequently felled to make room for our fence, and walked down the hill. Arrived at the clearing mentioned just now, the Dominie paced it off from side to side, took a hasty but searching observation of the remainder of the tract, and spake after this wise:

"The house shall stand here, where Nature meant it should. Facing the lake, of course. As Ik Marvel says—we owe the road nothing. The inclination of the lawn cannot be improved by terracing or grading. The barn and poultry-yard shall be located over yonder by that great tulip-poplar. There is no finer situation for a garden in the country than that sunny slope. How cucumbers and tomatoes will flourish upon it!"

We sat us down in the shadow of a bushy cedar—the same that now casts a peak of strongly-defined shade upon our croquet-ground—and made a morning of it. With an eye to a possible investment in real estate, we had husbanded a few thousand dollars, which my com-

panion speedily showed (upon paper) would cover all expenses of buildings and fences. Next he calculated (still upon the invaluable paper) what would be the cost of keeping a gardener, a cow, a horse, enough poultry to supply our table with broiled chicken three mornings in the week—broiled chicken for breakfast being a family foible, and fresh-laid eggs for the other four, not forgetting roast ducks and turkeys, the year around; of fruit-trees, grape and berry vines;—I, putting in a plea for flowers, "climbing roses and clematis for the piazzas, you know; heliotropes, tube-roses, violets, citronaloes, geraniums for the borders," I said, impetuously. "I'll get a catalogue! And couldn't we have a pet lamb apiece for the children? They would amuse the darlings, and give a pastoral air to the lawn."

"A couple of pigs would be more profitable," replied my fellow-visionary. "Think of trying out our own lard and curing our own hams!" And proceeded to sketch the outline of a sty behind the barn.

"An ice-house?" was my next suggestion, more timidly uttered.

"You are a sensible woman!" emphatically complimentary. The ice-house was located upon the verge of the water.

"I will build a pavilion above it, for a smoking-room—make it an ornamental, instead of an unsightly object! Isn't that a happy thought?"

The felicitous idea instantly took shape upon the paper—and it is, to this day, a question whether this one of our "improvements"—everything that betokens the hand of the human builder, from a four-story stone villa to a cow-shed, is an "improvement" in the language of this section—is not regarded by us with more complacency than any other.

The houses thus disposed of, (upon paper) the door-bell scrupulously omitted from an estimate that made punctilious mention of locks, hinges, and window-bolts, I assumed a prudential tone.

"The expenses of housekeeping all the year will be heavy."

This being a matter of vital moment, we went into a joint calculation (always upon paper) which proved triumphantly to our pleasurable surprise, that when our farm of twelve acres should furnish, as it must, in time, all the vegetables, poultry, pork, lard, hams, milk, butter, eggs, fruit, cornmeal, buckwheat, and wheat flour we required for our table, we could live during the summer in a lordly independence of the butcher, baker, and grocer seldom equalled by comfort-loving civilized beings, perhaps never surpassed except by Selkirk in his solitary sovereignty. In fact, it was evident that—unless figures lie, which they never do, (upon paper) we would not only curtail our present expenses materially by the proposed plan, but actually make money enough while in the country to give us a comfortable lift into our town winter. Why, with the insignificant exceptions of, say, a pound or two of tea—for although we asked no better beverage, morning, noon, and night than pure, real milk, our Milesian handmaidens must be pampered by means of the Chinese weed,—eight or ten pounds of sugar to sprinkle over the berries and peaches which, with cream, were to form our desserts, to the utter exclusion of pies, cakes, and puddings—and a few candles now and then—people retired early in the country—and oh! soap and starch and salad-oil, pepper, salt, and vinegar, there would be literally nothing to buy during the four or five months we hoped to spend annually in this paradise.

In our paper barque we accordingly set sail upon the troubled sea of building enterprise. Within three days after our conference upon the knoll, our plan was in the hands of a practical architect—carpenters having gone out of fashion—and after no more than the usual delays consequent upon trying to convince a succession of practical architects, each intelligent and a master of his craft, that we knew what suited our needs and our means almost as well as they did, we accepted a specification, and work was commenced upon other material than the frail one which had thus far answered our turn so satisfactorily.

Time, and the printer's patience, would fail me were I to attempt to narrate the divers misadventures that marred the perfect bliss we had hoped to enjoy in watching the progress of our "lodge in the wilderness." I don't quote the rest of poor Cowper's aspiration, believing, as I do, that his mental and physical maladies would have been terribly augmented by the "boundless contiguity of shade" he coveted. We took care that the sunshine and air should freely visit every part of our country-box. I forbear to tax the reader's indulgence, or excite his mirth by describing how, having purchased the quantity of boards, shingles, and bricks demanded by the master-builder, we were notified, when we were expecting every day to hear that the house was covered in, that owing to some inexplicable blunder of the infallible figures, everything was at a stand-still except the laborers' wages, until a second supply of bricks, shingles, and boards, equal to the former, could be sent up from the city. How the stated complement of lime and paint, in like manner and in due season, required to be duplicated, and how, when the cap-brick was laid, there remained unused but one of its fellows and three shingles to testify, in mute impressiveness to the vanity and humiliating uncertainty of mortal calculations—upon paper. How our well filled up with sand, and had to be deepened as well as cleaned, although we were at that very time paying a teamster a ruinous price to haul sand for mortar from a siliceous bank, three miles off—an unavoidable expense that wofully bewildered my weak mind, when I saw him "dump" his load within three feet of the heap thrown up by the well-diggers—my optics failing to descry any difference in the quality of the two mounds except that one was wet and the other dry. And even this dissimilarity vanished when another paid laborer drew painful after painful of water from the well and saturated the mason's raw material. How a pitched battle of opinion between us and the masons respecting the drainage of our cellar had an ignominious result

in our retreat from the field of debate, and a disastrous one in the later condition of said vault, which, while it did not, as was currently affirmed by our neighbors, contain, in the driest season, six feet of water in the shallowest part, did, after abundant and continuous rains, show symptoms of unwelcome humidity in the form of a profuse cold sweat bedewing the wall next the hill, and how the expensive conclusion of the affair was our adoption, after a year's delay, of the precautionary measures we had originally proposed. How, in the absence of the only person who knew what were our wishes on the subject, the barn was painted one color and the house another, neither of them the hue directed by us; how, when this mistake was rectified and a pleasing wood-tint effaced all sign and memory of it, the ambitious colorist's genius broke out anew in vivid crimson upon chimneys and brick foundation, and flamed in the glare of a July sun and the sight of all passers-by, until the Dominie's next supervisory visit. How the blinds we had ordered of a peculiarly fine and rich shade of brown—something between *café au lait* and russet, to harmonize with the prevailing hue of the buildings, were sent up per carriage, at our expense, from the town-manufactory, and proved to be of a viciously bright green. How, after innumerable postponements, we effected a *coup d'état*, and moved in, baggage, babies, and Biddies, before the walls were pronounced by workmen and super-sympathetic friends wholesomely dry, and how the last coat of paint was applied to the porches, and the last workman dismissed on the sorrowful October day when we locked up the main building and turned our backs upon the retreat—dear even then—now trebly beloved, to which, in tender recollection of homestead far away, and because, view it from what point you may, it is always the spot in the landscape on which the sunlight sleeps most constantly and brightly, we had named “Sunnybank.”

Yes! our dream of that fragrant June morning had taken visible, and not

an uncomely form, and although it had cost us twice the time and anxiety, and three times the money we had then expected—thanks to paper and the infamous delusions of figures—to devote to it, we regretted none of these. It was our own bantling, and as we walked about it, if there were no pinnacles and bulwarks to mark, we gloried in the thought that the frame of heart-oak had been taken from our woods, as were also the fences that girdled the premises; that the stone-lining of cellar and well was blasted from our hill-side; and the shade and fruit-trees we had planted were striking their roots into our soil. The thrill of proprietorship kept our blood in healthful motion; the planning and working—our very annoyances and failures drew off our thoughts into other channels than the hot, turbid rush of a life, of whose perils and distresses the ghoul resident in our door-bell clanged forth doleful signal. I have said that our house of refuge is not uncomely, but neither is it pretentious. There is little to distinguish it from the plainest farm-house in the neighborhood beyond the broad piazzas, which are our summer sitting-room, and the situation, so much nearer the lakelet than the road, the back being turned in bold disrespect upon the latter and the full front upon the former. There are windows wherever they could be set, without violence to the rules laid down by our series of practical architects, and all those in the lower story open to the floor. In further pursuance of the idea of general coolness during the summer months, there are mattings throughout the house, save in the hall and dining-room, the flooring of which is laid in alternate strips of walnut and chestnut. The appointments of the interior are of the simplest description, but on damp or cool evenings, parlor and chambers boast of one handsome piece of furniture, for which a rich citizen might sigh in vain—namely, a crackling wood-fire, built upon old-fashioned andirons (the enterprising hardware merchant to whom we applied for them was not acquainted with the article. Was it a new patent?) tinging the walls

with saffron and rose, sending long lines of laughing light through the lakeward windows, which we always leave unshuttered until bed-time; making redder ruddy cheeks and brighter sparkling eyes, while the little ones frolic in its gleams, and the babyest of all sits upon Mamma's knee, curling her pink toes in the genial heat, and staring delightedly at the scarlet wonder.

When they are "folded like the flocks," Papa and Mamma, repudiating all suggestions of lamp or candle, sit side by side in the mellow radiance of the consuming back-log and talk in blissful fearlessness of interruption.

"You must find it awful lonesome here, 'specially of nights," said a pitying neighbor. "I wonder you didn't build right onto the road. It would be kinder lively to see wagons and the like go by. But for the out-of-the-way situation it would be a pretty nice place—for a fancy one."

"My dear sir," returned the Dominie, with a reminiscent shudder at the door-bell, "we came here to avoid being lively." We talk then, with no thought of loneliness—somewhat of the Past, much of the restful, yet not indolent Present—more of the Future.

"What a golden opportunity for study is your seclusion!" wrote a friend.

To him our discourse would seem unintellectual—worse than frivolous, our topics being literally "of the earth, earthy," ranging as they do from esculents to shrubbery; from pigs to poultry, with occasional discussion of the ways and means by which a certain adjacent meadow-lot our covetous eyes devour, as did Ahab Naboth's vineyard, may be purchased, and how much hay could be cut from the same every season, to computations touching cows and pasture, and solemn speculations on many points, concerning which any practical farmer could give us information. If we prefer learning for ourselves on these and other subjects, and choose to spend our money for that invaluable thing—experience—whose business is it? If people laugh behind our backs at our "odd taste," what care we, so long as the exercise of that taste brings

in a rich revenue of health and happiness?

Professor Solon, our very good friend, never violated the proprieties or was accused of eccentricity in his life, so he did as the doctors ordered when they recommended a season at Saratoga, a year ago, and enjoyed four weeks of exquisite misery in that fashionable retreat, sleeping, when he could no longer be kept awake by the execrable din raging in the corridors and ball-room of the "best" family hotel in the town—in the topmost sky-parlor of this great public convenience, going tri-daily through the horrors of the Inquisitorial water-question in the obstinate endeavor to pour into the already abused stomach more liquid by half than it was meant to hold, never reflecting with all his learning, that he was outraging natural laws by the futile attempt to make a camel of himself in the stupid notion that the nauseous fluid, thus bloatingly imbibed, would last him through the desert-journey of the next college term. Next summer, he is to try Newport, secretly considering, I doubt not—poor victim! that water which holds in solution but one salt, must be more palatable than that containing several.

Our well-beloved Dr. Melancthon preached last Sabbath the third farewell sermon he has had occasion to deliver during a pastorate of twelve years in our city, prior to embarking upon a sea-voyage. He must take a long one this time, for he is further gone in a decline than when he tried the vaunted remedy in '60, and again in '65. It is a costly experiment, and a distressing, since he must leave his family behind. His wife is almost as delicate as himself, and while she cannot be spared from her six little ones for more than a week or two, the congregation are making up a purse to send her to "the Springs—or somewhere," as one of them lucidly expressed it to me, the other day.

We speak of the two thus sadly severed and of the helpless brood threatened with orphanage, pityingly and affectionately, and our hearts warm yearningly over the darlings, brown of skin and sturdy of limb, who are sleeping soundly in the

nursery overhead after their day in the free, blessed air of lake and mountain.

"After all," says the Dominie, in thoughtful thankfulness, as the fire burns low and red, "there is deep and beautiful significance in the fable of the Libyan

wrestler, who gained new strength whenever he touched the earth. 'As one whom his mother comforteth!' She is my Alma Mater. I am content to lie upon her bosom and grow young again!"

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### THE OLD CATHEDRAL!

In realms beyond the sea are churches grand,  
Where once old temples stood on Pagan land;  
Up toward the heavens blue their towers arise,  
Linking the weary earth to sunny skies!

Let us forget the years, and, by thought led,  
The old cathedral's floor with reverence tread!  
And, called by music sweet o'er fields of time,  
Answer the silver tones of bells that chime.

Within these solemn walls fair glories shine,  
On marble monument and stone-cut vine;  
Softly the rainbow hues, through pictured glass,  
Fall on the tablet aisles o'er which we pass.

It is the place of prayer for weary souls,  
And here the deep-toned chant its grandeur rolls;  
It is the abode of God, where griefs are healed,  
And hero is Mary's Son to faith revealed.

The monarch here puts off "the golden round"  
With which his kingly brows the bishop crowned  
The conqueror here forgets his laurels won,  
And begs the shield of faith at heaven's throne.

Figures, and sculptured walls, the story tell  
Of Him who once on earth with men did dwell;  
Jewels, which love hath brought, suggest the prize  
Held by those wounded hands before our eyes.

Yonder is one who prays—that dropping tear  
Came while her wounded soul recalled the bier,  
On which her life, and love, and hope were borne  
When death had from her arms her idol torn.

Here the sweet harmony of faith and art  
Fills with its soothing tone her lonely heart,  
And kneeling at the cross she finds relief,  
And drops some tears of joy amidst her grief.

And often joyous peals have pierced the air,  
When, through these portals quaint, the young and fair  
Have to the altar gone, for priest to bless  
And seal to love its vow and sacredness.

Down through the high-arched aisles, amidst the throng,  
Dreaming of naught but bliss they move along,—  
If, in the solemn crypt, the dead could speak,  
How would they warn these souls God's grace to seek!

Alas! within these walls, with age so gray,  
Error was mixed with truth and dimmed her ray,  
Poor, simple souls believed what they were taught,  
And prayed to holy saints, in marble wrought.

How oft a picture rare of Christ, our Lord,  
Was, by those kneeling crowds, itself adored;  
And not the old alone, but children fair  
Received the holy cross to kiss and wear.

Blindly both guide and flock in error strayed,  
When to some relic old they homage paid—  
Yet when the lofty spire toward heaven arose  
Faith gazed upon its cross in safe repose!

Oft, in the twilight gloom, the whispered prayer  
From some deep grieving heart its load did bear,  
And at the day's gray dawn, the world asleep,  
Some sweet and holy soul her vow did keep.

O'er these cathedrals old the floating clouds  
Have spread their changing hues and gloomy shrouds,  
On roof, and crowded door, lightnings and storms  
Have glanced and played around the chiseled forms.

The ages have not marred the fertile stone,  
Where 'neath the sculptor's hand fair flowers have grown,  
Angels, and horrid shapes of strange design,  
The peopled niches fill and arches line.

Midnight, and holy morn, have witnessed tears,  
Which earth's great kings have wept amidst their fears;  
And humble fainting souls have comfort found,  
In this the poor man's home, on holy ground.

These old cathedrals now majestic stand,  
As when, by thought inspired, the artist's hand  
Upreared their massive forms to tell again  
That God, in very deed, will dwell with men.

Midst holy thought and love the workmen wrought,  
And canvas glowed with life when fancy caught  
In heavenly visions rapt, the face divine,  
Through which God's love and grace doth ever shine.

And here, in marble fair, or picture warm,  
Was ever, close at hand, the lovely form  
Of Mary with her child, whose thorn-pierced brow  
A crown divine doth wear, in glory now.

We call that time corrupt when love profound  
Stamped deep the stone-formed cross upon the ground!  
We call those ages dark when glistening high  
The dear and holy cross shone in the sky!

How little do we know of God's wise plan  
To save from utter wreck the hopes of man,—  
The truth has still been kept, in vessels frail,  
'Midst error's fatal snares her light we hail!

Blind superstitions held the simple mind,  
But yet some saving truth with it combined;  
From centuries remote the growing light  
Hath shone upon God's word divinely bright.

The liberty of prayer was precious then  
When tyrants' rule oppressed those humble men;  
Struggling toward starry heights the towers they climb,  
Where, listening, they might catch the "sphery chime!"

It is not meet for us, in latter days,  
 To censure where the truth sent feeble rays,—  
 These old cathedral stones shall yet record  
 The triumphs of our dear and blessed Lord!

### THE PARADISE OF OLD SAILORS.

THE river Thames is but a muddy and insignificant stream, to have watered so great space in English fiction and history. There is scarcely an English book that does not, in some form, pay tribute to it. That fine old knight, Sir Roger de Coverley, sails down the Thames in the "Spectator," and makes several reflections on the greatness of the British nation, as "that one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen; that the Thames was the noblest river in Europe, and that London-bridge was a greater piece of work than any of the seven wonders of the world." I am inclined to say amen to Sir Roger's opinion of London-bridge; it is one of the many gray old structures, dotted over England, that seem to grow out of the earth, rather than to have been built upon it, by men's hands, as if they might have come into being with the ground they stand on, that they might serve as patterns to build from thereafter.

The opaque water has often closed over

"One more unfortunate,  
 Rashly importunate,  
 Gone to her death,"

and hidden many sorrowful sights, results of the crime and misery accumulating in London, as in every great city, but it bears on its surface, an abundant and busy life, that gives small thought to anything but its own daily cares.

Plenty of gay little steamers, like the one which we boarded at the bridge, ply up and down the river all day, carrying deck-loads of passengers, for there is no cabin accommodation. Londoners shed rain as easily as a flock of ducks; if they always went in when it rained, they would stay in most of their lives.

We take a long look at the "Traitor's Gate," which opens from the river, into the "Tower" yard, through which so many souls, innocent as well as guilty,

have passed to the tender mercies of the headsman; we pass over, without knowing it, that tremendous bore, the Thames Tunnel, and gradually leave behind us the dingy walls and disreputable suburbs, that always hang over the banks of rivers in a city.

After a while the river begins to clear its character from the stains of man's imperfections, and the bright green grass slopes down on either bank to meet its caresses.

Greenwich (or *Grinnidge* as the English call it) must find favor in all eyes that approach it from the water. The Hospital rears a noble front close upon the river, and on an eminence beyond, rises the Observatory where Longitude begins. A young Englishman accompanied us, whom we had looked upon as a most valuable guide, but it came out as we landed, that this was also his first visit to the Hospital. Knowing he could see it any time, he had never seen it at all, like the old farmer whom Lowell found among the White Hills, who had always lived within a mile of the "Old Man of the Mountain," and had never cared to look towards it.

We went first into a grand entrance hall of no great age, hung round with portraits of naval heroes; the ceiling was one vast fresco on some mythological subject, and I was content to believe it a miracle of art, rather than to break my neck in striving to examine its merits.

This hall opens into the "Painted Chamber," having one whole side covered with an allegorical picture of those Hanoverian despots, the Georges; the painter, not content with his name or monogram in the corner, has introduced a full length of himself, and is decidedly the finest looking man in the group.

Here is exhibited in a glass case the coat and vest, with a bullet-hole in it,

which Nelson wore, when death found him at Trafalgar.

Here too are the relics of Sir John Franklin's expedition, found among the Esquimaux—forks and spoons, coins, a jack-knife, and a little book, a sort of tract, which must have excited Esquimaux wonder. Nelson is made a sort of demigod by statues, busts and portraits, but the irredeemable ugliness of his features, has defied the skill of every artist to soften them. It must be a cross grievous to be borne by brethren of the brush and chisel, that so many heroes shock every rule of art by personal defects. In future time, our own Lincoln's rugged face will probably be a thorn in the flesh of our historical painters.

One small room is wholly devoted to pictures of Nelson; in one, called his "immortality," he is being carried to the upper world by angels, and fat little cherubs, who seem actually to puff over their labor; one of these holds a scroll with the words, "England expects every man to do his duty," and the whole picture is a conglomeration of cherubs, tritons and water surrounding one heavy man: one is surprised to find the name of Benjamin West in the corner. It must have been one of the pictures that he painted to please the people and not himself.

The chapel is rich in wood-carving, and marble pavement, but the seats are nothing but wooden benches, plain and cushionless; and I could not but think this noble chapel might have spared a fluted pillar or two, for the comfort of the aged men that come every day to those hard seats. Behind the pulpit is an immense picture of "St. Paul casting off the viper," by Benjamin West, valued at \$45,000.

Over a long paved walk, bordered on either side by the freshest of green grass, we reached that part of the building, which was formerly a royal palace, but has now become the domestic part of the hospital. The great hall, once the ball-room of Charles 2nd, that merry and worthless king,

"Who never said a foolish thing,  
And never did a wise one,"

is now divided into bedrooms for the old pensioners; each one has a room to himself, all opening into the common hall; the doors were open, displaying the little devices of their owners to make them homelike. All had small pictures, and some boasted great store of little nick-nacks, such as sailors love to collect. Several battered old men were lounging about the room, one spelling out the newspaper, others arranging their little museums; all were quiet and apparently happy.

There is nothing about the room to remind one of the time when virtue went clear out of fashion for want of patronage under the Stuarts. The walls must often have looked down on the neglected queen, poor Catharine of Braganza, whom the lowest of her subjects could not envy, least of all women in the eyes of her husband, who forced her to treat courteously, the unworthy creatures who had supplanted her.

Here, too, in the height of her glory, reigned the pretty orange-girl, Nell Gwin, who boasted herself, the "Protestant mistress;" perhaps she was more "sinned against than sinning," for she held her place even in the dying thoughts of the king.

At the end of this great room is a statue of the everlasting Nelson, and on the pedestal lay a small dirty bundle, which I supposed to have been overlooked in the daily putting-to-rights, but it proved to be a pair of stockings, worn by Nelson on some remarkable occasion. Methinks, if the shades of the departed ever revisit the earth, the ghost of Nelson will wear a bitter smile over the hero-worship, which could give a place of honor to his stockings and leave his beloved Lady Hamilton to die of want!

In a little ante-room is exhibited the battle of Trafalgar in miniature, but the room is more note-worthy as having furnished a hiding-place to Charles 2nd before he fled to France.

Thence we descended to the old men's smoking-room, without which no sailor could be happy. A long row of them were puffing away at their pipes, a sight



for Parton and his "coming man." Long tables and benches scoured to snowy whiteness, were ranged along an immense dining-room. Half a dozen old cooks in white frocks were lounging about the kitchen, among the enormous ovens, and troughs for mixing bread and puddings. An old negro, the only one we met among the pensioners, rose to receive us and did the honors of his kitchen with a pompous affability never-to-be-reached by a white man. His hair and beard were pure white, as if he had stood uncovered in a snow storm and the flakes had changed to hair.

The great tanks for tea and cocoa sent up a pleasant odor, and a bowl was filled with tea for us to taste. We found it very good. The allowance to one brewing is  $3\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. for 400 men. I know not if this is the same computation on a large scale as that supposed to have been established by the first old maid, "Two teaspoonsful for each person and one for the teapot."

Most of the old veterans in the Hospital have lost a leg or an arm, or bear other honorable scars from their country's service. They must have served fourteen years in the navy, or have been wounded in an action with the enemy, before they can be admitted as pensioners. Many of them have wives outside and draw their rations to be shared with them.

It has long been a mooted point whether the wives should be included in the hospi-

tal charity, out nothing has been done about it, and it would seem to be an axiom in the study of womankind that no great number of them can live together in peace.

The quiet comfort of the hospital seems to renew the lease of life usually given to men. One lean and withered old fellow hopped after us on his wooden leg, through several rooms, chirping out like a superannuated cricket, that "he was 92 and his wife 88, and they never missed their rations."

Everywhere, on door-steps, and lying on benches in sunny spots, we came upon these battered old hulks, safely moored at last; an air of garrulous contentment hung about them all; only one thought he did not have tobacco enough; but who ever saw an old sailor who could be satisfied in that particular? The necessary order and discipline of so large an establishment cannot oppress them, because they have always been used to it on ship-board.

In the same grounds is a full-rigged ship of war, in which a school of boys, children of the pensioners, is taught the rules of the naval service.

Late in the afternoon we took steam again for London, full of admiration for this noble English charity. The English do a thing well, if they do it at all, and one cannot but cherish a warmer feeling toward a nation, which holds out such kindly arms of protection to its aged and feeble servants.

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#### LEISURE MOMENTS.

SOME of our teachers have been extending their reputations, in a peculiar line, of late, by what is known as the "too free use of the birch." That is the mild and metaphoric way of putting it. It sounds a great deal better than to say that certain ignorant, obstinate, cowardly old rascals, (or young) have been beating nearly to death children who were placed under their temporary charge for purposes of education, and not to be got rid of, in the old-fashioned meaning of that term.

The question of the rod is as old as Adam, as vexed as Bermoothes. We do not intend to discuss it, but venture to offer a word of

friendly advice upon the subject, in view of the fact that the exercise of this method of discipline is in some places under legal sanction, and in others, where this sanction is withheld, the lords of the ferrule use the same on their own responsibility. Kind-hearted, Christian, intelligent instructors, if, on account of its great convenience, you prefer the head as a place of castigation, be a little careful where you hit. It is anatomically true that some portions of the skull are more easily fractured than others. One of your number, by an ill-fated but not unusually severe rap, once drove the least splinter of bone down

into the brain of his scholar, and the consequences were somewhat serious. A sudden death in the school-room might interrupt study, and possibly injure the fame of the institution.

There is an establishment in a neighboring State intended for the reformation of juvenile delinquents. "Juvenile delinquents" is the official for "bad boys," the worst kind, the very flower and quintessence of youthful depravity. In the last report of the Board of Trustees occurs this statement: "Our worthy superintendent has successfully maintained the discipline of the school without the use of the rod." Out of sixty-five commitments to this institution, where the boys are put to work upon an open farm, there have been only two escapes, and one of the runaways voluntarily returned, and has since conducted himself well. "Our experience," says the Board, "has not had a long existence, but thus far it has confirmed our previous convictions that Justice and Love, Firmness and Gentleness are, under the Divine blessing, the great pillars of a truly reformatory institution." We can readily imagine that had these gentlemen to deal with ordinary urchins in our public and private schools, they would, with equal unanimity, report in favor of a system of harshness and hate, passion and brutality as (under the instigation of the devil) the only true method by which to lay the foundations of a sound Christian education.

Now, in the matter of bad boys there is this consolation; that they are very apt to turn out most grand, good men; superfine, double-extra, glorious old bricks; all the better, perhaps, for the white heat through which they have passed; men eminent in Church and State, doing a thousand times more good in the world than the pale-faced, precocious saints, many of whom are encouraged, by false spiritual advisers, in a *penchant* toward early death; or who end in hypocrisy, or an unhappy reactionary skepticism. The good-boy literature has accomplished an immense amount of harm. But it is a very serious question whether some of our writers for children are not rushing to the opposite extreme, and doing an infinite amount of injury by the libraries of bad-boy literature with which they are flooding the country. Is it prudery to doubt the wisdom of throwing a romantic halo about the head of the scape-grace young hero who runs off to sea—and

comes home an admiral; for the little scamp who thinks to do the same, is he not quite as likely to end his career at the yard-arm's end? The mother of many children was somewhat startled the other night, in the midst of a solemn but kindly admonition administered to a youthful wrong-doer, by his suddenly opening upon her a whole battery of bad-boy philosophy, derived from the books and stories of the kind to which allusion is made—very comfortable things for a parent to know, to be sure, but hardly the time to be told them. There are some considerations well enough for the judge to weigh, but hardly becoming when urged by the culprit in palliation of his offence. A boy who breaks his mother's heart to-day may live to bind up the broken fragments to-morrow, and pour over them the healing balm. But it is just possible that to-morrow may come too late. It may be well that the wild-oats were sown. But

"— if we held the doctrine sound  
For life outliving heats of youth,  
Yet who would preach it as a truth  
To those that eddy round and round?"

"Hold thou the good: define it well:  
For fear divine Philosophy  
Should push beyond her mark, and be  
Procureess to the lords of hell."

"I DESPISE that man; he hasn't an ounce of brains." When you said this just now, friend Socrates, with such sublime contempt and righteous indignation, you thought you were merely giving expression to the one hatred which it is not wicked to harbor; you knew, theoretically, that the bore, social, ministerial, or of other fashion, was to be tolerated with Christian resignation; that even the man of sin was to be charitably borne with; but the man of no brains, him you could despise without reservation or remorse.

God forgive you! God forgive us all, who forget that He made all, apportioning to each his due allotment of brains no less than of beauty. Not that the talent cannot be multiplied; but the quantity first committed—that is determined by the Giver.

And thank God that in the selatter days, which many have ignorantly declared to be the culmination of all pride and selfishness, the very idiots have been taught—not without self-sacrificing, agonizing endeavor in the teacher's labor of love—to know and praise the Maker.

"What if God's great angels, whose waiting love  
Beholdeth our pitiful life below,  
From the holy height of their heaven above  
Couldn't bear with the worm till the wings should  
grow!"

"THE melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year." So, in these bright spring mornings, we sometimes think, notwithstanding that the poet's plaint is made concerning the time of the falling of the leaves, conventionally regarded as the season of sorrows. What, you ask, is there melancholy in these days of balm and beauty, of bursting buds and greenening fields, of perfume and of promise? Well, what is there dismal in a new suit of clothes? We know not; and yet we have memory of a youth whose most despondent days were those in which he burgeoned forth in all the glory of new jacket and trousers, before the admiring gaze of a fond and appreciative family.

O these ravishing spring days, how we have longed for them through the dreary winter weeks; and now that they are ours, with all their serenity and grace, the very possession of them fills our souls with a singular sadness. When the great General stood up where once the sad-eyed Lincoln stood, and before the whole world and amid the noise of its applause was made our President, did he find that magnificent moment of accomplishment, the mournfulest of all in his marvelous career? Who can tell?

Is there not an inspiration in the autumn air, enriched by the damp, delicious odor of decaying forest leaves, that is lacking in the balmy, more delicately scented atmosphere of May? Amid the gorgeous decadence of nature we feel the strange, subtle thrill of the Life in Death, and this mortal puts on immortality. There is a charm in the first flowers of field and garden, always fresh and full of meaning. The gloomy doctrines of the Sadducees are put to naught by that eloquent Christian preacher, the early wayside violet. In this time of the year each blossom is a Resurrection Flower, whose significance is felt by every heart unhardened. But, sweet flowers of the spring-time, ye shall not take the place in our hearts of one little plant whose lines have fallen in wintry places, whose pale life hath been nursed through the long winter, by one rewarded well with sacred messages of love and beauty and service, exquisite morning-glories, blooming warmly on the fragile vine, while the ice lay thick upon the window-pane, and the roots of the violets were stiff in the cold, knee-deep under the snow.

WE two walked on the evening of the

Sabbath, to the place of graves; and at the gate others tarried, parleying with the keeper for entrance, and he would not let them by, until we, who owned these places in which to lay us at the last, said Let them enter also. And they were so glad to be let in, and thanked us from their hearts. Then we thought, shall it be so in the latter days; when, as the night comes on, one by one we pass the portals of the shadowy land and silent?

A GOOD man died when James Harper breathed his last. He was one of those noble-hearted men—of whom there are not a few, who, so far from being made proud and unapproachable by success, are rather led by it to a readier sympathy with all who are striving honestly and bravely to make their own ways in the world. There are doubtless many men who to-day remember his quaint and earnest exhortations, delivered to them when boys, as having had a marked influence upon their whole subsequent lives. One, at least, will never forget the story of the old man's early struggles and successes, related by way of illustration and encouragement; about his leaving home to seek his fortune in the great city, about the apprentice's pride at the first suit paid for with his own money, about the wonderful virtue of that queer, expressive motto of his: "BE MELLOW." "Be mellow," he would say, "be obliging, always do more than is expected of you; if a 'job' comes in late, and all the hands have gone away, step up to the boss and tell him that you'll stay and stick type all night. That's the way I did." And then he would wander on: "My boy, there is one thing I want you to remember all through life. It was written by a very wise man a great while ago, in a strange language, but I will give you a translation of the original, said to be quite correct and satisfactory. It is this: 'The hand of the diligent maketh rich!'" These are the words of wisdom, but there is another true saying of the wise man that we may well write on the tomb of James Harper: "The memory of the Just is blessed." Yea, and their works do follow them.

How strangely out of place, at our Republican Capital, appear those foreign embassies, with their blazing uniforms, glittering orders, and lively suggestions of royal pomp and pageantry. If you meet them in

the street the next day, with ordinary clothes upon their backs, you will find them much like other gentlemanly foreigners, or first-class American dry-goods clerks. But there is something of merriment beneath the awe they inspire when they get their feathers on, and strut past in a festive row on some solemn state occasion. The sombre birds step one side, to be sure, but they have their own little chuckle all to themselves, on the other side of the barnyard.

Yet we think it would be worth while to wear that uncomfortable crimson coat and implacable collar for a brief season, just to enjoy ten minutes of the owner's amusement at the brilliantly unsophisticated way in which things are done in the Republican Court. It might be worth while, were there no danger of getting into a bad humor about it—if ridiculousness never degenerated into boorishness. If you were a part of the small company that gathered at Washington to witness the inauguration, you know what a pet some of those high and mighty dignitaries were in; at least if you were near enough to observe their polite frowns, gingerly gesticulations, and dainty deprecations. Of a truth, many breezes blew that day, which well might ruffle the serenity of those diplomatic bosoms. Did not the members of the House of Representatives coolly walk out in front of them, and—without any panes of glass at all in their plebeian legs—deliberately stand upon the chairs between the seated representatives of royalty and the little man who was taking the oath? How then could their eyes behold the President, or the procession, or the mighty multitude, or, in the distance, the naked Washington, whose explanatory allusion to the fact that his clothes are in the Patent Office is so well understood by the community—or anything in fact save and except those untransparent limbs before referred to? Then at the Ball, were they any the less mashed and stepped upon and rended than if they had been free and independent American citizens, at ten dollars a ticket? It is well that the best of them reach beneath the outward awkwardness and incivility and find the warm heart of the nation beating there, true and strong, and very gentle withal.

The poor Tyrolese seem sunk into a conservatism so deep that there is but little hope for them during the present century.

Not only in politics but in religion also they are in the middle ages. We read with surprise of many of the "Mysteries" or Bible dramas during that period, and some of these are even now being revived. A new spectacle is now quite popular among the peasants, representing the Passion and Crucifixion of our Saviour. This "Passion-play" is brought out under priestly protection with great pomp of scenery, and the performance is lauded to the skies by the extra-faithful. A pamphlet is devoted to the illustration of the plot and the course of the drama. But the more intelligent classes who have seen the performance are disgusted with it, and inquire how a bishop can permit anything of the kind, even to Tyrolese peasants, who will sit from morning till evening gazing at its wonders. The players hold forth in their own terrible dialect, and the school-children are introduced with declamations that make one's hair stand on end. In the scene where Judas hangs himself, the applause is as hearty as in a melodrama where virtue is rewarded and vice punished. In a recent performance, this hanging of Judas came near being too true, and it was only with difficulty that the traitor could be rescued from his perilous condition and kept in hanging order for the next day. The principal figure—Jesus Christ—is represented with an immense beard and a trimmed mustache, and the Virgin Mary is far too young to be possibly the mother of so old a man.

There is a movement among the more intelligent of the people to have such shameful performances prohibited, and it is believed that another year they will be suppressed. Certain it is that the Tyrolese have many more pressing demands on them for popular enlightenment than to return to the miracle plays of the middle ages.

LUTHER has again made his entry into Worms, and this time a most triumphal one. The bronze statue of the old hero, lately erected in this famous town, has perhaps no superior in all Europe. It rests on a central pedestal and is surrounded by nearly a dozen figures, representing historical notabilities connected with him in his famous career. The whole group is distinguished for artistic effect, delicate execution, and refined taste, and will make Worms quite a place of pilgrimage of those who revere the name of Luther.

The great festival attending the unveiling

of this monument assumed a national character, and was especially remarkable for the beautiful unanimity with which all sects, not only of Protestants, but even Catholics and Jews joined in it. The entire population of Worms and the adjoining region—Jew and Gentile—joined hands in adorning the streets and houses, and entertaining the guests from abroad. The spectacle of this harmony among the different persuasions of religious worshipers seemed to astonish even the inhabitants themselves. Think of Jewish families vying in the entertainment of Christian ministers, and acting as guides in showing them the curiosities of the region, and the special attractions of the celebration! Such an occurrence could not have taken place a few years ago, and is a gratifying proof of the liberal spirit of the age, and the effectiveness with which time is effacing the sad record of the past, in the line of religious intolerance. It will soon require even more than the laws of States to maintain the religious barriers that have hitherto held men in cruel antagonism to each other.

GENTLY flow the waters, and the grasses sway slowly to the rippling motion. Quietness rests upon the pleasant fountains, and the beautiful river is talking of peace. Vainly do I look for the noontide splendor. Hours have come between, veiling its glory, dimming its brightness, and giving a deeper shading to the nobly beautiful picture of the day, whose outlines were sketched by Aurora's rosy fingers, and finished in its fineness of detail and grand coloring by Phœbus himself.

Slowly the light is fading; the gloom in the valley deepens. Weary ones are turning their faces homeward, for it is toward evening.

While silently watching the passing of these "last hours" of the dying day, I am thinking of that time in life when we say, "It is toward evening." It comes when the aged one has seen hope vanish like the mists of the morning, and has looked upon the

—"wrecks of bygone treasures  
Garnered in the early years;  
Gathered now in hidden caverns,  
Crusted with the salt of tears."

Gone is the freshness and brightness of morning; subdued the strong and restless heart-beats that once urged him on to do and dare. Heavy have been his burdens, borne oftentimes in hope, oftener in sorrow, and now he is weary, O, so weary! Leaning upon his staff he looks toward the sunset, and longs for the peace of that city wherein is "no night."

"Rest, O Father!" I hear him say—  
'When will the evening end the day?  
And the tired have blessed leave to creep  
Under the cool and quiet sod,  
Into the sleep so long and deep  
That falls on the weary eyes from God?'"

Sometimes the shadows come early, falling upon a fair, unwrinkled face, quenching the light in youthful eyes, paling the bloom on youthful cheeks, and blighting the hopes of many hearts. If no stars of purity, innocence, and holiness illumine the evening of that brief life, drear indeed must be the darkness.

Our dull eyes do not always know when the light of our day is fading; but ere long the night will come, with its perfect, blessed rest, enfolding our spirits as with a vesture in the long and dreamless sleep.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS ABROAD.

LONDON, March 27.

THERE has been little to call for special remark in the literary chronicle of the past month; but though no books of sensational pretensions have appeared, a steady supply of works, more or less deserving the character of "standard," has not failed. The most successful books have been Sir John Cole-ridge's *Life of Keble*, and Trench's *Realities of Irish Life*. The first edition of the former, consisting of 3,000 copies, was sold very rapidly, and critics are unanimous in praising the delicacy shown by the author in the treatment of a subject difficult in itself, because connected in so many ways with living men

and vexed questions. Of Mr. Trench's work the sale has reached over 5,000 copies, even in its present expensive shape. The extraordinary ability and interest of the book are universally acknowledged, even by those who think it an unfair picture, and differ from the inferences to be deduced from it respecting the possible future of the Irish people. From the prevalent taste for metaphysical reading among cultivated men in the United States, the new book that will attract most notice among a wide circle, is John Stuart Mill's republication of his father's *Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind*. The reappearance of the book, nearly half a century after

its first issue, is a token of the revival that philosophical studies have experienced in England of late years—a revival mainly owing to the labors of the editor himself, and men like Alexander Bain, George Grote, Herbert Spencer, Stirling, and, most of all, Dean Mansel, who has been silent, however, since the recognition accorded to his talents that has placed him in the seat of the late lamented Dr. Milman, as dean of the Metropolitan Cathedral of St. Paul. James Mill's book, however, had become exceedingly scarce, and, in fact, was not procurable at any price; so there was a reason for the son's honoring his father's memory by the reproduction of his greatest work under the best possible auspices. A gracefully written introduction gives a sketch of James Mill's mental character, and claims for him a very high rank among the thinkers who have influenced the action of the age, and inspired the great measures that characterize the conduct of the liberal party in political and legislative measures. As a philosopher, it is as "the reviver and second founder of the Associative Psychology" that he is now brought forward, the system known as that of Hartley lying at the foundation of James Mill's more logically developed and exhaustive "Analysis." The book, in fact, appears in the character of a classic, enriched with variorum notes, illustrative and critical, by Grote, (the historian of Greece and commentator on Plato) Alexander Bain, George Findlater, (the editor of Chambers's *Cyclopædia*) and John Stuart Mill. It is handsomely published in two volumes octavo, and will undoubtedly find its way into most libraries of any pretension in the United States.

The mention of libraries reminds me that the standard library edition of Thomas Carlyle's writings has been received with great favor and meets with a large sale. Carlyle himself seems to have been brought more prominently forward by its appearance, and though the circle of his admirers has always been much more limited in England than in America, where his genius was first acknowledged, he is beginning to be talked of as a living celebrity whom men are proud to have yet among them. As royal influence goes for much here, perhaps the interview with her Majesty at Dean Stanley's house, lately chronicled by all the newspapers, may increase the feeling. The interest he takes in the standard impression of his works is well known.

At his advanced age there is little prospect of any new matter from his pen, and there is something impressive in a writer's thus assuming to himself what is ordinarily the task of incompetent successors, and presenting to the world in his lifetime, in a complete and standard shape, the productions that form the title-deeds of his fame, and his claim to the gratitude of his contemporaries and posterity.

The first volume of Sir Edward Creasey's *History of England, from the Earliest to the Present Time*, has just appeared. It carries down the narrative to the reign of Edward I. The writer emphatically asserts his determination to complete the work in "five volumes of a moderate size," and there seems good reason for presuming that it will furnish what has long been a desideratum—a real *history*, something more than a mere compendium of dates and facts, or a series of disjointed essays, at once animated and accurate, having definite unity of purpose, of artistic proportions, and adapted by its size to the uses of modern life. All who have read the *Decisive Battles of the World* will retain pleasant recollections of Sir Edward Creasey's brilliant and rapid style; and though the march of preferment has raised him from the professorship of history in University College, London, to the chief-justiceship of Ceylon, he has kept up with the progress of historical investigation, so that his work, while it has the advantage of being founded on his lectures, presents the latest results to its readers. Volume 2 will be published during the present year. A new, and in some respects unique, contribution to modern history is furnished by Mr. Joseph Irving's *Annals of our Time*. Its proper title shows that it professes to be "a Diurnal of Events, Social and Political, in the kingdom of Great Britain, from the accession of Queen Victoria to the opening of the present Parliament," in this year of grace 1869. It may be described briefly as the thirty volumes of *The Annual Register* "boiled down" into one—and this not done in a dry way, so as to leave a mere juiceless skeleton of events, but, on the contrary, by characteristic touches, extracts from speeches, and little incidents from the papers of the day, an unusual degree of vivacity is given to the narration of events, making the book a pleasant one to read, as well as an indispensable one to have at hand for consultation. It is justly named by one writer, "Everybody's substitute for a bad memory." We all know by experience how

hard it is to recall facts that happened a few years back, later than books generally reach; and if a similar volume to Mr. Irving's was prepared for the United States and its history, it would unquestionably be a great success. In more remote history, the chief book has been volume 2 of Dr. Curtius' *History of Greece*, translated by Prof. Ward. It extends over the period that intervened between the consolidation of the Hellenic tribes into one people (though divided politically into different States) to the culmination of Athenian greatness after the Persian invasion. Though not admitting the striking novelty of treatment shown in his first volume, the present instalment of Dr. Curtius' work displays the same command over his materials, best expressed by the word "*masterly*." It seems to realize, better than most of our English histories, the purpose avowed by Sir E. Creasey in his history of England, mentioned above—an organic whole, where each part preserves a proper degree of subordination, and contributes to the general effect of the picture. A learned and elaborate work must also be mentioned, by a well-known scholar, the Rev. W. B. Galloway, *Egypt's Record of Time to the Exodus of Israel, Critically Investigated*. It grapples with some of the greatest problems of ancient history, and, by a comparative survey of the patriarchal history and the chronology of Scripture, arrives at the "reconciliation of the Septuagint and Hebrew computation, and *Manetho* with both." The mere statement of such a result will insure the attention of biblical students to the work.

In theological literature, edition after edition of Rev. H. P. Liddon's *Lectures on the Divinity of Our Lord* are continually called for. More than 20,000 copies have already been sold—a demand almost unparalleled in England for a work of learning and research not appealing to the popular taste. The success of this work has caused an immediate call for all the other writings by the same author. The list is a brief one. His *Sermons preached before the University of Oxford* have recently appeared in a companion volume to the Bampton Lectures. His *Occasional Sermons*, in a similar form, now in preparation and shortly to be issued, completes the enumeration, and renders the inquiry almost obvious whether there is any connection between the facts of his writing so little—and so well. A handsome volume of "Sermons," by the Rev. Thomas Binney, is the last production of a divine, perhaps at the head of the orthodox dissenting denominations

in England, already well known in America by his small practical religious book, *The Gospel and Modern Life*. *Sermons on some of the Difficulties of the Present Day* is by Rev. J. Llewellyn Davies, whose former books have been highly praised by those who claim to rank among advanced thinkers. He is popularly considered to belong to the school of the Rev. F. D. Maurice. It is worthy of mention that a new edition of that great thesaurus of biblical learning, Horne's *Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Scriptures*, has lately appeared at a more moderate price, bringing it within the reach of students and ministers who require something more satisfactory than the very inferior and now obsolete American edition of the work. The other theological books of the month come from Germany. Among them is *Introduction to the Old Testament*, by Johannes Bleek, a book well known on the continent as combining in rare measure German learning and acuteness with breadth of view, honesty and fairness of treatment, and deep reverence for Holy Scripture. It is translated by G. H. Venable, and forms two volumes, small octavo. The success of the late translation of Ewald's *History of Israel* has probably led to the appearance in an English dress of his *Version of and Commentary on the Prophet Isaiah*, Chapters I—XXXIII. It is the work of Mr. Glover, of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. The Apologetical Lectures on the Gospel of St. John, of Dr. J. J. Van Oosterzee, (one of the coadjutors in Lange's Commentaries on the Bible) are translated and published at Edinburgh, by Rev. J. F. Hurst, an American scholar, well known by his *History of Rationalism*. Mr. Hurst is also engaged on a version of the great work of Dr. Hagenbach, on the History and Progress of Religious Thought, known to English readers at present only by a small portion, published under the title, *German Rationalism, its Rise, Progress, and Decline*.

Every one is familiar with the handy volumes of the Tauchnitz series of English authors. It was a happy thought of Baron Tauchnitz to choose, for the *one thousandth* number of his series, the English Testament, the authorized version, with the various readings of the most celebrated manuscripts, including the *Vatican*, the *Alexandrine*, and the *Sinaitic MSS.*, appended, (in English) under the editorial care of Dr. Tischendorf. No more graceful compliment could be paid to a nation, that, whatever its shortcomings may

be, certainly took the lead in modern times in the circulation of the Scriptures; and, as might be supposed, the sale of this volume is immense.

Foremost among books of scientific interest is *The Malay Archipelago, The Land of the Uran-Utan and the Bird of Paradise, a Narrative of Travel, with Studies of Man and Nature*, by A. R. Wallace. Mr. Wallace is a naturalist of the school of Darwin, already known by his researches in South America, where for some time he was the associate of Mr. Bates, author of *The Naturalist on the Amazon*. Eight years did he wander in this paradise of the naturalist, the Eastern Archipelago, that lies between the south-east extremity of continental Asia and Australia. The number of specimens of natural history collected and sent home by him, including reptiles, birds, shells, and insects, amounted to 125,660: In this least known portion of the world's surface expands the magnificent tropical empire of Holland, almost comparable to British India in extent and richness, and superior in the unique value of many of its products. As compared with Mr. Bickmore's work on the same region the work of Mr. Wallace embraces a wider field of investigation, and is more ambitious in its generalizations, embracing the whole range of animated nature, including man, as well as the geological structure and phenomena of one of the greatest theatres of volcanic action on the globe. One chief object of Mr. Wallace's researches was the beautiful Bird of Paradise, and he asserts that he is the first Englishman who has seen them in their native forests, and was undoubtedly the first who succeeded in bringing live specimens of them to Europe. His opinion of the Dutch government, and the exercise of its power over the native tribes, is directly contrary to that conveyed in the clever book of "Max Havelaar." His testimony is in favor of the beneficial effect of its rule, and, on a question so little understood as that of the proper treatment of subject races, is therefore of great interest. A book of travels of a different stamp is *Our Life in Japan*, by R. Mounteney Jephson and S. P. Elmhirst, officers of R. H. 9th Regiment. It is a lively, spirited picture of Japan and its people, such as they appear to European residents; and as few have yet had an opportunity of telling the tale, it is well worth listening to. The volume is beautifully illustrated from native drawings in colors, photographs, etc. To return to science. Dr. Fritz Müller's

*Facts and Arguments for Darwin*, translated from the German by W. S. Dallas, will commend itself to naturalists, while a greater number of readers will undoubtedly be found for *The Origin of the Seasons*, by Mr. S. Mossman, who has been fortunate enough to hit on a new subject. He considers them from a geological point of view, showing the remarkable disparities that exist between the physical geography and natural phenomena of the North and South Hemispheres. A *History of the Chemical Theory, from the age of Lavoisier to the Present Time*, by A. Wurtz, is translated by H. Watts, editor of the recently completed great *Dictionary of Chemistry* published by Messrs. Longmans.

The fine arts are represented among recent books by Sir Charles Eastlake's *Contributions to the History of Oil Painting*, volume 2d, a posthumous work by the late accomplished artist and director of the English National Gallery. Book-buyers were eagerly anticipating the dispersal of his library, one of the most splendid and complete collections of fine-art books ever brought together; but they are disappointed, as it has been bought *en masse* by the Government, and will remain forever an appendage to the Gallery, whose rapid extension testifies to the zeal and discrimination of its collectors. *The History of Lace, from the Earliest Period to the Present Day*, is a charmingly illustrated volume, irresistible (we should suppose) to every lady of taste. The authoress, Mrs. Bury Palliser, is sister to Mr. Marryatt. Her book forms a companion to his *History of China and Pottery*. Each has in fact produced a manual of their favorite study. Lace, indeed, has a double claim to attention as an article of *virtu* and as a modern manufacture now in its highest perfection. The good taste of the Empress Eugénie has brought into great prominence this exquisitely delicate handicraft; and though great prices are given for fine old specimens of point-lace, and the rarer fabrics wrought by nuns in the convents of Spain and Italy, it is probable the value of the finest "Point d'Alençon" of the present day to be seen adorning the ladies of the Imperial Court represents a still higher cost. I learn from good authority that within her memory no *real* lace (the initiated will understand the difference) was to be had in New York: now it is one of the great emporiums of the choicest kinds.

The copy of John Eliot's Indian Bible, men-



tioned two months since as occurring at the sale of the Marquis of Hastings' library, appears in Mr. B. Quaritch's last catalogue, price £120. I am glad to learn that it has, within a few days, been secured for an American buyer. The purchaser may be amused to know that the lot containing the book in question and many others was knocked down at the auction for £2 10s., but at the private resale among themselves, of booksellers who agree not to "run" each other in their bids, it brought a sum more proportional to its real value.

The large sums now brought by paintings and articles of *virtu*, and the rapid increase in their commercial value within the past decade, almost equal the rise in New York real estate. A small painting, a Virgin and Child, by *Raphael*, was sold two weeks since among the Delessert Collection at Paris. It was purchased by the Duc d'Aumale, against a host of competitors, for £6,300. The same picture was sold in London, in 1823, for £200. The collection of Sèvres China belonging to the late Lord Ashburton was lately sold. One of the specimens it contained was a vase pre-

sented by Louis XV. to the Marquis of Montcalm on his appointment as Governor of Canada, where he fell gloriously at the taking of Quebec by General Wolfe. It stands about 18 inches high, and is a fine example of the famous "Rose" color brought into fashion by the famous Madame "du Barri," with a painting of a military scene. It was knocked down for 1,650 guineas. The companion vase is in existence, owned by a lady of England, and connoisseurs affirm that the pair, if united, would bring £5,000. After these absurd prices, how trifling is the homage paid by wealth to literature! Yesterday a very interesting MS. of Robert Burns' poems, in his own autograph, filling a book about the size of a half-quire of foolscap paper and containing "Holy Willie's Prayer," and other of his most characteristic pieces, with corrections, and some unpublished songs, brought only £70; and a few days since the unpublished correspondence of Sir Walter Scott with George Ellis, (the poetical antiquary) comprising 59 letters in Sir Walter's autograph, sold for £22. So much for public taste.

#### LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

##### PRIMEVAL MAN.<sup>1</sup>

THE Duke of Argyll's "Reign of Law" made him favorably known as a clear and vigorous thinker, and a writer destined to make his mark in the world of letters. The present modest volume—as modest in tone as in size—will add to his reputation—not so much for the extent and value of the research which it evinces in this field of scientific speculation, as for the calm, candid, discriminating, and cautious spirit in which he discusses some of the vexed questions which at the present moment agitate and divide the scientific world in regard to "Primeval Man." The substance of the book originally appeared in the form of essays in *Good Words*, and is now revised by the author, and, with slight additions, given to the public in this separate form.

It is a book that is sure to attract attention, both from the subject discussed, and the reputation of the author, and it will well repay a careful reading. The subject is one that is greatly interesting scientific men everywhere, and is bound to undergo a very searching and thorough examination in the light of the advanced state of science at the present day. It is folly to attempt to avoid discussion on the questions of man's antiquity, his primeval condition, the unity of the race, and kindred topics. Christian men have nothing to fear

from such a discussion, and should show no jealousy lest Science should get the better of Revelation. Only let the discussion be conducted in a grave and reverent manner, befitting the subject—in a modest, candid, cautious spirit, aiming to get at the truth only, and assuming the essential unity and harmony of truth, whether written in the pages of the Bible, or emboweled in the earth, or engraved on ancient monuments, or traced in the history and languages of mankind.

The reader may not accept the conclusions to which our author comes—indeed we think his data insufficient, and the discussion far too limited, to warrant conclusions so broad and radical as he virtually adopts as to the antiquity of man; still he will respect and give full weight to the arguments of a writer who is not anxious to make out a case; who does not strain a point or exaggerate; who in the spirit of candor and fairness pushes his inquiries into the realms of speculation, and feels his way along cautiously, and is willing his discoveries and results shall go for just what they are worth with the reader.

Part I. is introductory, and contains an ingenious and able defence of Dr. Whately's "Origin of Civilization," against a paper read at the meeting of the British Association in 1867, by Sir J. Lubbock, upon "The Early Condition of Mankind." II. Treats of the Origin of Man, in which he vigorously combats the various theories of Development, not on

<sup>1</sup> Primeval Man: An Examination of some Recent Speculations. By the Duke of Argyll. New York: George Routledge & Son. 1869. 16mo, pp. 200.

theological but on purely scientific grounds. III. Treats of the Antiquity of Man. IV. Of Man's Primitive Condition, in which he reasons with great point and force against the idea that the primeval condition of man was one of barbarism. His argument on this point seems to us conclusive.

The chapter on 'The Antiquity of Man' will attract most attention just now. Without formally stating his conclusions or even following his argument to its legitimate results, the author's views favor a greater antiquity to man than our usual biblical chronologies give him.

Chronology, he says, is of two kinds—time measured by years, which he calls time-absolute, and time measured by an ascertained order of succession of events, which he calls time-relative. "Now, among all the sciences which afford us evidence on the antiquity of man, one, and one only, gives us any knowledge of time-absolute; and that is history. From all others we can gather only the less definite information of time-relative. They can tell us nothing more than of the order in which certain events took place. But of the length of interval between those events, neither archaeology, nor geology, nor ethnology, can tell us anything. . . . No other history than the Hebrew history even professes to go back to the Creation of Man, or to give any account of the events which connect existing generations with the first progenitor of their race. And of that history the sole object appears to be to give in outline the order of such transactions as had a special bearing on religious truth. The intimations given in the earlier chapters of Genesis on all matters of purely secular interest are incidental only, and exceedingly obscure, and yet it is not a total silence. Enough is said to indicate how much there lay beyond and outside of the narrative which is given."

In a brief and comprehensive way the author then proceeds to argue that from history, from archaeology, from the science of language, and from geology, we cannot fail to see that the proofs of a very high antiquity for the human race are proofs of a cumulative character, gathered along several different paths of investigation, and all tending to one general result. That result, however, is necessarily indefinite, and cannot be expressed in years.

We give the author's closing remarks on this topic, and commend them as rational and sensible; and, coming from so bold a thinker, and one who places himself in the advanced rank of scientific writers on this mooted subject, we think them to the point and worthy of consideration.

"For my part I see no reason to be jealous of the conclusions of science in this matter. The question is, after all, a small one. It is a question of a few thousand years, more or less, and thousands of years are less than seconds in the Creative Days. . . . Man is the latest work. Recent discoveries have thrown

no doubt on this, but, on the contrary, have tended to confirm it. I know of no one moral or religious truth which depends on a short estimate of man's antiquity. On the contrary, a high estimate of that antiquity is of great value in its bearings upon another question, much more important than the question of time can ever be, viz., the question of the Unity of the Human Race. We must, indeed, be very cautious in identifying the interests of religion with any interpretation (however certain we may hitherto have assumed it to be) of the language of Scripture upon subjects which are accessible to scientific research. We know from past experience how foolish and how futile it is to do so. But unquestionably the unity of the human race, in respect to origin, is not easily separated from some principles which are of high value in our understanding both of moral and religious truth. And precisely as we value our belief in that unity, ought we to be ready and willing to accept any evidence on the question of man's antiquity. The older the human family can be proved to be, the more possible and probable it is that it has descended from a single pair. My own firm belief is that all scientific evidence is in favor of this conclusion; and I regard all new proofs of the antiquity of man as tending to establish it on a firm basis."

#### PRE-HISTORIC NATIONS.<sup>2</sup>

In some of its features this volume contrasts unfavorably with "Primeval Man," although it discusses, to a very considerable extent, the same questions. The author, manifestly, is not a scientific man, and is totally unfit to write on scientific subjects. The book exhibits evidence of very considerable research in the field of the early history of the race, and the materials gathered by the author in skillful hands might have been worked into a far more satisfactory and convincing argument than we have here presented. The purpose to *make out a case* in favor of the extreme antiquity of man is too apparent at every step of the argument to secure due weight even for the evidence he adduces. Straining his points on every page—adopting the longest possible period of time in every doubtful case—pronouncing judgment *ex cathedra* in a thousand instances—giving assertion for argument, bold and unsupported statement instead of evidence—never mistrusting his own judgment or hesitating to adopt the most novel and radical conclusions, while treating with habitual contempt the views of all who differ from him, particularly if they belong to the school of "orthodox scholarship"—the work has no

<sup>2</sup> Pre-Historic Nations; or Inquiries concerning some of the Great Peoples and Civilizations of Antiquity, and their probable Relation to a still Older Civilization of the Ethiopians or Cushites of Arabia. By John D. Baldwin, A.M. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1869. 12mo, pp. 414.

scientific value whatever. There is much in it that is interesting and curious to the general reader, but as a contribution to science—as an argument to establish a very remote antiquity to the race, based on the Cushite civilization, it is entitled to no consideration.

At the very outset of the discussion the author scouts the received "biblical" chronologies as worthless. "Any system of chronology that places the creation of man only 4,000 or 5,000 years previous to the birth of Christ is a mere invention, a scholastic fancy, an elaborate absurdity. There is nothing to warrant it and not much to excuse it. Those who profess to find it in the Bible, misuse and falsify that book."

All the scholarship of past generations—all the opinions and reasonings of many of the profoundest scholars and scientific writers of the day who hold to a different view—are not "to be treated with the smallest degree of respect." He claims that geology and linguistic science compel us to "throw off the trammels of these false chronologies," so as to afford us "room in the past for those great pre-historic developments of civilization, and those long pre-historic ages of human activity and enterprise, which are indicated by the oldest monuments, records and mythologies." By "pre-historic times" he means the ages between the creation of man and the beginning of authentic history. Rejecting the usual method, and going back of Grecian and Roman history, he insists that we must allow vast cycles for the growth of Egyptian, Chinese, and Ethiopian civilizations and dominions, as they are shown to have existed in monuments and linguistic science long prior to their advent. But what is more uncertain than the data furnished by these two sources? Nothing as yet is *proved* here. The ruins of Egypt and Chaldea, as opened and deciphered by modern research and scholarship, marvelously confirm rather than contradict the Bible history of man.

Take one of a multitude of instances in which the author not only greatly exaggerates, but at the same time expresses himself in so positive and self-assured a manner: "It is as certain as anything else in ancient history, that Egypt existed as a civilized country not less than 5,000 years earlier than the birth of Christ. But Mr. Pool of the British Museum, who, according to the Duke of Argyll, "is one of the very highest authorities upon questions of Egyptian chronology," places the founding of the Egyptian monarchy seven centuries before Abraham—or 2,800 years B.C. According to Usher's chronology this would be some 400 years before the flood. But it will be remembered that there is a difference of 800 years in the chronology based upon the Septuagint version, which would place the event 400 years

after the flood—a time sufficient for the growth of such a monarchy.

So it has been fashionable, among this class of writers, to claim an extreme antiquity for the Chinese; their authentic records, it is asserted, date back to the 24th century B.C.—or 300 years before the time of Abraham, and that even then the kingdom was already established, with a capital city, and with a settled government. But the Rev. James Legge, who has spent many years as a missionary in China, and has published valuable editions of the historical works of the Chinese, gives it as his opinion, as cited by the Duke of Argyll, "that the Chinese tribe was only beginning to grow into a kingdom about 2,000 B.C., and that 1,200 years later the kingdom did not extend nearly so far south as the Yang-tze river."

Mr. Baldwin claims, and the chief end of the book is to prove, that the Cushites or Ethiopians, as they are generally termed in Scripture, ante-date all other people, and were the centre and source of a high and powerful civilization long prior to the Egyptian or the Chinese. But the evidence he adduces is vague and presumptive at best; certainly it does not establish his position, as he so confidently asserts.

The conclusion he arrives at from the data here gathered differs widely from that of Dr. Praff, the author of the latest German treatise on the pre-historic earth, who declares that there is no evidence to fix the age of the human race at over 7,000 years.

#### CHIPS FROM A GERMAN WORKSHOP.<sup>3</sup>

The distinguished author of these substantial volumes has been engaged for more than twenty years in the preparation of a learned work on the Rig-veda, or Sacred Hymns of the Brahmins, the last volumes of which are now passing through the press. His investigations in this field have furnished him with a vast amount of valuable materials on collateral subjects, and these the author has put into shape and published from time to time in various European journals. These numerous essays, covering a vast field of interesting inquiry, he has now gathered into these volumes, the first containing "Essays on the Science of Religion," and the second, "Essays on Mythology, Traditions, and Customs."

Such a subject, in the hands of such a master, who has devoted so many years of close study and laborious and critical research to its elucidation, can scarcely fail to attract the special attention of the scientific and learned world, while it will afford no little interest and instruction to the general reader. It has been a labor of love with Müller, and

<sup>3</sup> Chips from a German Workshop. By Max Müller, M.A., Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford. 2 vols. New York: Scribner & Co., 1869. 12mo, pp. xxxiii., 374, 402.

he has patiently wrought at it with intense enthusiasm. He confesses to an absorbing passion for tracing the origin and first growth of human thought, not in accordance with the Hegelian laws of thought or the Comtean epochs, but historically. His central idea, as developed in the work, is, that the growth of language and religion is continuous, and that by pushing our researches back to the remotest times, the very elements and roots of human speech, and of the religions of the world, may be reached. In all religions he claims to have found these radical elements: "An intuition of God, a sense of human weakness and dependence, a belief in the Divine government of the world, a distinction between good and evil, and a hope of a better life." If these had not "formed a part of the original dowry of the human soul, religion itself would have remained an impossibility."

Some of the author's views on the science of religion will hardly be considered orthodox. His central idea is, that the germs of the Christian religion are to be found in all the ancient systems of religious faith—that what is now called by that name existed from the beginning of the human race and was implanted there by the act of creation. This theory would hold good were it not for the tremendous fact of human *apostasy*, which has effaced and nearly destroyed the original revelation which God made to the first parents of the race. It needed a *special* revelation, and a special people chosen of God, as the medium and instrument of that revelation, to secure to a fallen world a rational and saving system of faith. And the traces of Christian doctrine which Mr. Müller claims to have found in the canonical books of three of the principal religions of the ancient world—the Brahmin, the Zoroastrian, and the Buddhist—can be accounted for on the principle of tradition and the diffusion of the Patriarchal and Jewish faith. As the author, however, justly remarks, "The science of religion is only just beginning, and we must take care how we impede its progress by preconceived notions or too hasty generalizations. During the last fifty years the authentic documents of the most important religions of the world have been recovered in a most unexpected and almost miraculous manner. We have now before us the canonical books of Buddhism; the Zend-Avesta of Zoroaster is no longer a sealed book; and the hymns of the Rig-veda have revealed a state of religion anterior to the first beginnings of that mythology which, in Homer and Hesiod, stands before us in a mouldering ruin. The soil of Mesopotamia has given back the very images once worshipped by the most powerful of the Semitic tribes, and the cuneiform inscriptions of Babylon and Nineveh have discovered the very prayers addressed to Baal or Nisroch. With the discovery of these documents a

new era begins in the study of religion. We begin to see more clearly every day what St. Paul meant in his sermon at Athens."

Mr. Müller's conclusions from his extensive, if not exhausting, research over the field of linguistic science, signally falsify and explode the Darwinian theory of gradual development, and the speculations of those philosophers who contend that man's, primeval condition was one of barbarism. "As far as we can trace back the footsteps of man, even on the lowest strata of history, we see that the divine gift of a sound and sober intellect belonged to him from the very first; and the idea of a humanity emerging slowly from the depths of an animal brutality can never be maintained again. The earliest work of art wrought by the human mind—more ancient than any literary document, and prior even to the first whisperings of tradition—the human language, forms an uninterrupted chain from the first dawn of history down to our own times. We still speak the language of the first ancestors of our race; and this language, with its wonderful structure, bears witness against such gratuitous imputations. The formation of language, the composition of roots, the gradual discrimination of meanings, the systematic elaboration of grammatical forms—all this working which we can still see under the surface of our speech, attests from the very first the presence of a rational mind—of an artist as great, at least, as his work."

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF LORD BYRON.<sup>4</sup>

Of the literary execution of this volume there can be but one opinion. The skill and ability displayed are remarkable, and no less so the boldness and apparent sincerity with which the prejudices and judgments of the world in regard to Byron are combated, and his moral qualities, especially, sought to be vindicated. The book is one that will bear reading, and though it is not likely to reverse or essentially change the verdict long since rendered, yet it will serve to awaken somewhat kinder feelings towards the man, and to show that he was not wanting in noble and estimable qualities.

Written, as Mr. Bentley, the English publisher of the work, states, by the celebrated Countess Guiccioli, whose peculiar relations to the bard afforded her special opportunities of seeing him under all the aspects of his character and life, it may be supposed to be full and truthful, but highly colored and partial. The work was written in French, and doubtless reflects the French view of Byron's character far more truthfully than the English.

By far the most interesting part of the volume to us is the chapter devoted to his

<sup>4</sup> My Recollections of Lord Byron; and those of Eye-Witnesses of his Life. Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 670.

religious opinions. Clearly does the author establish the fact, more than suspected before, that Byron, with all his moral delinquencies and aberrations, was not without strong religious convictions. His sins were not errors of the judgment, but of the heart. Some of his conceptions of truth and moral purity are not only just, but delicate and beautiful in an eminent degree. There was a fierce and constant struggle between an enlightened conscience and unsubdued passion in his soul, and the latter generally predominated. He was no infidel. Hobbes and writers of that school he detested. He held to the spiritual as against the materialistic view of religion. His "Hebrew Melodies" are instinct with the Christian doctrine of immortality, and abound in passages as sublime in Christian sentiment as they are beautiful for poetic conception. Had the magnificent genius of Byron been sanctified, and controlled by a lofty moral purpose, how different had been the world's estimate of him to-day, and how much more honorable and ennobling a part had he played in the life of the race!

#### NOTES ON BOOKS.

Biographical Sketches. By Harriet Martineau. Author's edition. Leypoldt & Holt. 12mo, pp. 458.

These brief sketches—forty-four in all—were contributed to the *Daily News* (London) by the distinguished author since 1852, and are now arranged, classified, and presented to the public in this separate and attractive form.

The subjects embrace many of the leading and most distinguished personages of Europe—literary, scientific, professional, social, political, and royal—of the present and last generation. Miss Martineau's great ability as a writer is universally conceded, and these portraits of renowned men and women, while necessarily incomplete, and drawn with reference to the demands of the daily press, cannot fail to interest the reader. They are marked by acute criticism and a just and vigorous delineation of character.

Reminiscences of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. A Social and Artistic Biography. By Elise Polko. Translated from the German by Lady Wallace. Leypoldt & Holt. 12mo, pp. 334.

This translation of Madame Polko's charming reminiscences of so illustrious a musical character will be welcomed by his numerous sympathetic admirers. Some additional letters addressed to English correspondents, hitherto unpublished, are included in the volume, which is produced in the fine style so characteristic of the books published by this house.

Conybeare & Howson's Life and Epistles of St. Paul. The only complete and unabridged edition. The two volumes of the London edition in one, with the Texts and Notes entire, and the Maps and Illustrations. C. Scribner & Co. 8vo. xxx., 1015.

Biblical students have occasion to rejoice

that the rivalry of publishing houses has been the means of reducing a great biblical work to the lowest possible cost of production. This volume, sold at \$3. contains over 1,000 pages, and gives the text of the original London edition entire, as well as all the notes, maps, and engravings, which are numerous and valuable. The rival editions which have appeared have greatly abridged these notes, which add so much to the worth of the work, and contain only a part of the maps and illustrations. Published at less than half the price of the original two-volume American edition, and at just one-seventh the present price of the London quarto edition, this work, which has so long been regarded as one of the noblest contributions ever made to the literature of the New Testament, may be commended anew to all biblical students.

Little Freddie Feeding His Soul. By Say Putnam. Jack the Conqueror; or, Difficulties Overcome. By C. E. Bowen.

Bessy Among the Mountains. By Joanna H. Mathews. Aunt Mildred's Legacy. By the author of "Battles Worth Fighting."

The Lily Series. By Mrs. Sherwood. Six vols., uniform and neatly bound and inclosed in a paper box. The titles are: The Flowers of the Forest; The Young Forester; The Little Woodman; The Little Beggars; The Two Orphans; Joan.

The ten volumes whose titles are here given are all from the press of Robert Carter & Brothers of this city, whose taste and judgment in the selection and preparation of books of the class to which these belong, we have often before had occasion to commend. The moral tone of all these volumes is unexceptionable, and many of them blend sound religious instruction with healthful entertainment. They are books which no Christian parent need fear to put into the hands of his children.

Two books of a similar character, and every way worthy of commendation, have just been issued by the Presbyterian Publication Company, (Philadelphia) whose imprimatur is a guarantee that the book is a safe and a good one, entitled UPWARD FROM SIN, THROUGH CHRIST TO GLORY, by Rev. B. B. Hotchkiss, and THE LOST FATHER, a Story of a Philadelphia Boy, by the author of "Chinamen in California."

The Ring and The Book. By Robert Browning. Vol. II., author's edition, from advance sheets. Fields, Osgood & Co. 12mo, pp. 332. Beautiful style. Pope's Poetical Works. Edited by Rev. H. F. Carey. With a Biographical notice. D. Appleton & Co. Popular edition, paper cover. 16mo, pp. 485.

The same publishers have added PERCIVAL KEENE to their popular series of Marryatt's novels. Also ANN OF GEIERSTEIN to their twenty-five cent edition of the Waverley novels; and another volume, containing THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR, THE ABBOT, THE BETROTHED, and PEVERIL OF THE PEAK, illustrated with steel and wood engravings, to their beautiful library series of the same immortal writings.

# HOURS AT HOME;

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## BOOKS AND READING.

No. VI.

THEIR RELATIONS TO THE RELIGIOUS LIFE—A CHRISTIAN LITERATURE.

FROM the moral, we proceed to the religious relations of books and reading. The two are very nearly allied, and yet each requires to be discussed apart from the other.

Their affinity suggests similar criteria in judging of books and similar rules in using them. As the law of duty is in its very nature supreme, so the sanctions of religion are, by their very sacredness, inviolable. As what we obey from conscience should be obeyed without reserve, so what we reverence as divine should be worshipped without a rival. True, our obedience to conscience must be voluntary, if it is real and rational, and our worship must spring from love, if it is pure or elevating. Notwithstanding; duty gives law in all relations and to every kind of action, and religion asserts attractions which outshine and exclude rivals of every sort, even in the forms of culture, art, or literature.

We have seen that whatever in books or reading weakens the conscience or corrupts the moral feelings, should be rejected as evil. By the same rule, it follows that whatever in either hinders or depresses the religious life should be scrupulously avoided. The religious nature, though it is sanctioned and con-

trolled by the conscience, is more sensitive than the conscience itself. It feels a stain like a wound, not merely as doing violence to the most delicate emotions, but as involving dishonor to the objects that are hallowed for its worship and trust. If, then, we converse with any book, or practice any reading which consciously interfere with our religious faith or fervor, we should dismiss the one and desist from the other without hesitation or compromise.

This rule applies both to faith and feeling, the two elements of the religious life. Whatever in literature disturbs or weakens our *faith*, injures us in a vital point, inasmuch as it cuts off or dries up the fountain of life. Whatever disturbs or shocks the religious *emotions*, introduces discord into the harmony of the highest and best sensibilities. This rule is very general, and, so to speak, is entirely formal. It neither provides for nor regulates its own application. Whether or not the effect or the tendency of a particular book, or the reading of an author or a class of writings, is good, evil, or indifferent in these respects, must be decided by every man for himself. Books that are harmless or useful to one man, may be injurious to another. Reading

which is useful to the religious life of one, may be worse than useless to that of another. Every reader who is capable of independent judgment must decide for himself. Those whose judgments are immature, or whose tastes are unformed, should ask advice of those whom they have learned to trust.

We cannot overlook or deny the fact that the religious faith of some men is perversely narrow, bigoted, and positive; while that of others is broad, lax, and uncertain. The religious feelings of one are gloomy and depressing; those of another are irreverent and presumptuous. But whatever the faith and feelings are, they constitute the religious life of the individual; and this life is, for him, sacred and supreme, whether it is strong or weak, whether it is well or ill controlled. The effect of books and reading upon each individual can be measured and estimated best by himself.

We must also assume and concede that the faith of every man is founded upon reason, after carefully weighing the arguments for and against its conclusions. The duty to read books of argument or evidence for or against our creed, it falls not within our plan to discuss or to enforce. This subject belongs obviously to the debatable and vexed department of polemics, and tends so directly to awaken special jealousies as properly to be excluded from consideration. It would be nothing less than discourteous, if indeed it were nothing more, to assume or imply that the faith and worship of any one of our readers were not the products of thought and reflection—were not commended to his conscience and justified by his reason.

All these things being assumed and conceded, we re-assert with greater emphasis, that whatever in books and reading, whatever in literary enjoyment or culture, hinders the religious activity or lowers the tone of religious faith and feeling, should be abandoned at any disappointment or sacrifice. We assert with equal confidence, that every man must judge for himself what in fact hinders or helps him in this regard. We insist also, that

in many cases a book may seriously hinder the religious life by lowering the tone of faith and feeling, even if it does not lead to avowed unbelief, to hesitating scepticism, and bold irreverence. If we may not safely yield ourselves to the personal influence of an unbelieving or irreverent man, we should for the same or still stronger reasons, hesitate to expose ourselves to the sophistries or scoffings of a fascinating writer who is atheistic or profane. Indeed, the fascinations of a bad man are less ensnaring than those of a bad book which is written with brilliancy and power. A man who is atheistic and profane may, it is true, be dangerously attractive from the force and fascinations of his very presence and the charms of his conversation; but he must also be repellent to sensitive natures, from the defiant hardness which usually attends upon wilful unbelief, and the selfish heartlessness which commonly lurks behind irreverent feeling, however refined may be the culture or polished the manners. But in a book these defects and repellencies are not so obvious, and hence the poison to the soul may be the more readily conveyed, for the very reason that it is not so obtrusive to the perceptions. The powerful or brilliant genius that knows how to heighten those ideal attractions which altogether surpass any impersonated charms, is equally skilful in suppressing that offensiveness which cleaves to evil when personated in a man. For these and manifold reasons, a bad book, though its energy may not be so intense and striking, may, by its subtle and insidious influences, be far more dangerous in a religious regard than a bad man, however plausible and attractive are his manners or conversation.

The inquiry will here be interposed: Do we not associate freely and often intimately, with living men whose religious faith,—or no faith,—we reject, and with whose feelings we cannot sympathize? Should we not count it folly to do otherwise? Why, then, should not we do the same with those books which are openly anti-religious, or which are divergent from our own faith and feelings? We

answer, We may do the one and also the other. The rule is not that we may never read or even study books of the class described, but it is that whenever the reading or the study does us positive harm, or tends to a conscious evil, then such books should be abandoned and proscribed for our individual use. The Great Master of the faiths of Christendom, and in a sense even of its no-faiths, has laid down the rule, 'If thine eye causes thee to offend, pluck it out.' Is a book, a favorite author, or a course of reading, to be compared with the eye or the hand? Or may we say or think that because we have become great readers we have outgrown the authority of Christ's teachings? Surely not those which concern our duty and allegiance to himself. Shall we count him too severe when he comes into our libraries and scrutinizes our reading and judges our literature? Not surely if we remember that this censor and judge, who is seemingly so severe upon some of our books and reading, has done more than all the writers and all the culture of all the ages, to excite the imagination, to elevate the emotions, to give power and breadth, tone and pathos to what we call modern, but should call Christian literature; has given both themes and inspiration to Dante and Milton, to Tasso and Shakespeare, to Wordsworth and Coleridge, to Schiller and Tennyson, to Scott and the Brownings; has not only *subdued* modern thought and feeling by his authority, but in so doing, has *elevated* and *transfigured* modern thought and feeling to the enlargement and the aspirations of which modern literature is the splendid product.

But here it will be insisted, and with great apparent truth, that literature is in its very nature free, and the imagination in order to be creative must for the time be freed from those restraints which the actual and the practical both acknowledge. Literature, it will be urged, has always in its influence been catholic and liberalizing, for the simple reason that it has embodied in its products the results of every form of thought and opinion, and every shade of sentiment and emotion, without respect to

the exactest orthodoxy of opinion, or the precise quality or intensity of the religious feelings. It has served as the one liberalizing agency in the world of controversy and intolerance by providing a common arena where the professors of all faiths have met on the footing of courteous toleration, have had access to each other's views, and learned rightly to appreciate and judge emotions with which they could not sympathize. Had it not been for this fusing and liberalizing influence, it is urged, theology would have been hopelessly bigoted and unreformed, every sect and party would have shut itself up within its own narrow pale, and those humane and charitable sentiments which are acknowledged as the genuine products of true religion would scarcely have found expression or influence. It is to a free and catholic literature that theology owes thanks for its most important advancements, and it is from such a literature that religion has learned to be charitable and humane. From the days of those Athenian bigots, who caused the martyrdom of Socrates in the interest of an established religion, down to the latest mitigation of the ferocity of Christian theologians, literature has been most efficient in improving theology, while the culture fostered by literature, when untrammelled by religion, has in its turn humanized religious sentiment, as well as refined the means and methods of expressing it. Above all, literature in its freedom has refined and elevated that prime instrument of both culture and religion—the human imagination. But literature has only been able to accomplish these changes by acting on an independent footing, and by maintaining a position aloof from and above all current crude and narrow controversies; especially the intense and exclusive emotions that belong to the zealot and devotee. It is only as men of genius have compelled the religionist to allow them an exemption from his narrow sympathies that they have made for literature a sphere of its own, a refuge and a home for all noble and ennobling emotions, a veritable delectable ground where the imagination may disport itself freely and be refreshed.



This is true and important. But on the other hand the commands of the Master are definite and uncompromising, if we could only ascertain what they signify. Moreover, it is in the world of thought and imagination that he claims especial control, because it is here that the principles are formed and the affections find their home. It is because the imagination is so nearly allied to faith that her power to hinder or to help is so unlimited, and that literature itself becomes to religion either the deadliest foe or the most potent ally. There are not a few who say, Leave to religion and literature an independent sphere. As of science so of literary activity, their maxim is, "Render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and to God the things which are God's." Allow to each untrammelled activity. As religionists we must maintain our creed, as worshippers we must perform our devotions. These may satisfy the demands of religion, but in the sphere of literature we may claim and use the utmost freedom. As readers and critics we need not care whether what we read is in opinion theistic and Christian, on the one hand, or atheistic and Christless on the other; whether in sentiment it is devout and thankful, or Godless and despairing; whether it is reverent and trustful, or scoffing and profane. This device is accepted by some and practised by more. The sermon on Sunday and the Scripture on the week-day are dutifully attended to; the prayers are said and the songs are sung morning and evening with earnest devoutness; and so religion has her rights. Religion having received its dues literature asserts its claims. Forthwith our favorite authors plunge us into an atmosphere of thought and feeling in which there is neither God, nor Christ, nor thankfulness, nor hope; or perhaps into an atmosphere which is "earthly, sensual, and devilish." Such a compromise as it would seem is a hollow truce, an armed neutrality, giving the amplest opportunity for disguised treachery on the one hand and a compliant surrender on the other. It can satisfy no religionist whose belief is any thing more than a tradition to ac-

cept or a symbol to swear by, or whose worship is more than a superstition or a spectacular display. The man whose religion does not show itself in forming and regulating his taste for books and reading, or which allows a practical libertinism in this regard, might as well dispense with it altogether. He can hardly be said to have any religion "worth the speaking of."

It is in these forms that the question of the religious relations of books and reading presents itself at the present day. Religion on the one hand urges its authority, and this authority knows no compromise. On the other hand, literature rightfully asserts its freedom, showing that its freedom has the sanction of Christianity itself, and has most efficiently served Christianity by making it tolerant and humane. "I would not read Shelley's *Queen Mab*, because it is atheistic," said one college friend to another. "Why not read Shelley," replied the other, "as well as *Lucretius*, who is far more deliberately and consistently atheistic; or as well as *Homer* or *Virgil*, those hoary old asserters of 'lords many and gods many?'" And yet you not only allow yourself to read these inveterate sinners, but you would steep the minds of the young in the literature of antiquity, pervaded as it is with the exploded orthodoxies of the past." Or again, one asks, "Why not read the modern *Emerson*, because some say that he teaches a subtle Pantheism, as freely as you read the ancient *Plotinus*, to whom he refers so often, and with a deference so profound; or as you read those Indian sages, from whom he quotes a striking line now and then, with the intimation that should he tell us all they have written, *Jesus* and his teachings would be greatly cast into the shade, and perhaps lose much of that public confidence with which they have hitherto been favored?" "Or why is it worse for a Christian family to be amused by the clever caricatures of *Holmes* than it is to read and laugh at the lampoons of *Lucian*, inasmuch as both are directed against the same object, the current Christian orthodoxies of the nineteenth and second centuries?"

Questions like these are not unfrequently asked, and it is not always easy to answer them. It is safe to say, that whoever the author may be, whether he be Shelley or Lucretius, Emerson or Plotinus, Holmes or Lucian, if he shakes your well-established confidence in God, or leads you to disown the name that is above every name; or if he disturbs the serenity or fervor of your Christian devotions, then he is not an author whom you should read. If he does not exercise this influence upon you, if he casts upon you no spell or blight of evil, you may admire his genius and rejoice in its products, while you are amazed at his presumption and pity his blindness to the light which is so luminous and satisfying to your own vision. As between the ancient and modern Pantheists and anti-Christians, this difference, however, deserves to be noticed. The older writers represent principles and modes of thinking that are more or less effete. Their arguments and images have little force with the present generation, occupied as it is with modern thought and animated by the modern spirit. Their modern followers invest their opinions with the dignity of present science, and make them glow with the interest of current thought, as well as breathe the warmth of men who have the ear and the sympathy of the present generation. The philosopher of ancient times protests against degrading and childish superstitions, and, by contrast, finds an advantage for his deification of nature and his serene and self-relying resignation to fate. The modern rejects the personal care and scorns the personal sympathy of an Infinite Father. The ancient stands with his eye to the east peering—sometimes wistfully—after the faint indications of the dawning twilight; himself a dark and cold shadow against the breaking light of the, as yet, unrisen sun. The modern looks westward with his back proudly turned on its risen splendor, amid a world that from every object reflects its pervading light; himself suffused with that light and glowing with the attractions which it gives, but denying that it proceeds from the sun. The Atheist or Pantheist of anti-

quity is a cold spectre, shivering in the chill morning. In the 19th century, he rejoices in the strength and glows with the beauty of the high noon of the Christian day. While his very power to attract and move the men of his time gives plausibility and currency to the little argument which he employs, these very attractions are its most efficient refutation.

These several inquiries and arguments—these marchings and counter-marchings of thought—force upon us the more general inquiry: Is there anything which can properly be called a Christian literature? If so, what is it? How can it be defined so as to secure, on the one hand, the essential freedom which literature imperatively requires, and on the other, the deference to Christianity which Christianity uncompromisingly exacts? How far can we be tolerant of every variety of sentiment and opinion and yet be just to our allegiance to him whom we accept as our master?

These questions are very much vexed in modern thinking, and the answers to them are also vexatious to many who strive to adjust the claims of culture and of Christian feeling. They cannot be answered without considering what is the correct conception of literature, as well as what must be taken as essential to Christianity so far as it should be recognized in literature. In respect to both these points, the views of many are diverse and unsettled. Hence the term Christian literature is used by different men in senses which are exceedingly vague, and often plainly contradictory. We shall best explain our own meaning by asking first, What a Christian literature is not, and second, What it is?

A Christian literature is not necessarily *Theological* in its matter or form. Theological treatises, however able and convincing, are not necessarily works of literature. They may be convincing and exhaustive in argument, and erudite in history, without that perfection of style, that attractiveness of imagery, or that eloquence of feeling which are the requisites of whatever is dignified as literature. While in one sense we include in literature all the

products of human thinking which are made permanent in books or pamphlets—and in this sense everything that is printed belongs to the literature of the day, of the week, or of the century—we usually require certain characteristics of form and illustration for that which we call literature in the eminent sense. Theology is not of course included in Christian literature because it is Christian, if it does not deserve to be called literature; nor, again, should it be excluded from its sphere because its themes are both religious and Christian. Some of the finest contributions to modern literature have been works of theology. The writings of Bossuet, Massillon, Hooker, Taylor, Howe, Robert Hall, Mason, Edward Irving, Channing, Coleridge, Robertson, and many others, hold the highest rank as literary compositions.

Not every *devotional* or *practical* treatise is a contribution to Christian literature. By the rule already given, many devotional works fall within, many more fall without this sphere. The Hebrew Psalms; many Christian hymns, as of Milton, Watts, Wesley, Heber, Keble, Fabre, and J. H. Newman; to say nothing of the Latin and German Lyrists, all give grace and beauty to Christian literature. With them are ranked a few devotional and practical works, such as the *De imitatione Christi*, The Holy Living and Dying, The Pilgrim's Progress, etc. But it is no dishonor to say of numerous products of devotional rhyming and meditation, that they belong to literature in no tolerable sense of the word, and therefore not to Christian literature at all. They may be useful in their sphere, and therefore deserve to be tolerated and even encouraged, but they are not literature. They may be honestly thought and earnestly written, and withal very useful for the circle of readers for whom they are designed. Perhaps from their plainness and want of formal attractions they are fitted to be more useful than works of greater ability and genius. The man who requires the highest perfection in what he delights to read, may be content with them for their Christian excellence, but he is not

therefore obliged to be pleased with what is uncultured in language, mean in illustration, and commonplace in thought. That which is positively offensive in both form and conception may be a positive injury to the cause which it professes to serve. The claim is sometimes set up that Christianity is to be held responsible for the mass of wretched doggerel and drivelling that has been written by its earnest but uncultured disciples, and that every reverent Christian is obliged to treat it with respect and read it with deference. The claim is preposterous, and to seem to allow it by those whose taste it offends or whose intellect it does not instruct, is to sin against both taste and Christianity. Such stuff may be tolerated when it is useful but is only to be endured as a useful evil. To recommend or to circulate all sorts of goodish writing because of its Christian aims, or to encourage the reading and printing of it, under the title of a Christian literature, is to commit nothing less than a pious fraud, which is as weak as it is dishonest.

A Christian literature is not usually written in the interest or with the spirit of a Christian sect or denomination. While it is the impulse and the duty of every such division of Christian confessions to set forth and to defend its distinctive tenets, and while the champions of each are often most eloquent and able in such vindications, it is to be observed that the themes which most readily challenge the intellect to its noblest achievements, and inspire the imagination to its loftiest flights, are those which the Christian Church holds in common. Those religious and Christian writers whose works have been received as the permanent glories of literature, if they have written for their own communion, have usually addressed what was Christian in it, and by this means have found a response in what is Christian in all believers.

Again: A work need not be *religious*, either in matter or form—it need neither avow Christian doctrines nor express Christian feelings—to deserve a place in Christian literature. A history, a novel, a poem, a tale, an essay, a drama may be

eminently Christian without uttering the name of Christ or recognizing directly a faith in this person or teachings, and without even expressing those emotions which are distinctively religious. There must be no disavowal or denial of Christian truths, there must be no dishonor put upon the sentiments of Christian faith, hope, and worship, but the obtrusion of either for the purpose of expressing the position of the writer, or of confirming that of the reader, may be forbidden by the proprieties of the occasion, and so manifestly an offence against good taste as to hinder rather than help the good cause. All that may properly be required is, that the work should be such as a Christian writer might be supposed to produce without inconsistency, and such as a devout Christian reader might be conceived as reading, without offence to his opinions and feelings. This leads us to consider positively what a Christian literature is or ought to be. If it need not be theological, devotional, practical, or even religious, in order to be Christian, pray how can it be characterized and judged? We reply:

A Christian literature must be controlled and pervaded by those *ethical faiths and emotions* that are distinctively Christian. Many of these have become so completely the property of Christendom that it is often forgotten that they are the product of Christianity. They have been accepted more or less intelligently and consistently as constituting the right standard of the true and the good for the human race, as the measure of what is ideally noble in human attainment and desirable for human aspiration. They influence communities which would scarcely call themselves Christian. Not a few individuals who are ambitious to show that they think very slightly of the claims of Christ's person, or of the influence of the Christian church, are foremost to pay homage to the eternal truth and the unquestioned excellence of those ethical faiths and feelings which we claim are distinctively Christian, and which we assert should characterize any literature which is in any sense Christian. The faith in the moral order of the uni-

verse as supreme and beneficent, because directed by a holy and sympathizing Father, the belief in the ultimate triumph of the good and the right, the conviction that love to God and love to man comprehend all goodness—these are some of these prominent *ethical faiths*. Hope in adversity, resignation under affliction, penitence for transgression, forgiveness under wrong, the desire to recover and reform the vicious, charity in judging of the motives of other men—these and many kindred feelings are distinctively *Christian feelings*. Just in the measure in which these faiths and feelings give spirit and tone to the productions of any writer, just in that proportion is he a Christian writer. Just in the measure in which any one or all of these emotions and convictions, fail to show their presence and power when required, does the writer of the work depart from the Christian and fall back into the Pagan spirit. We do not speak of the obtrusive or pharisaical lip-service of an essayist or poet, but of the homage of the convictions and the heart. We do not require ill-placed or obtrusive moralizing, or wearisome cant. These are sometimes as eminently unchristian in fact as they are pretentiously Christian in form. But we insist that any writer who does not accept these ethical faiths, and sympathize with Christian emotions, is not a Christian writer, in whatever year of grace he may write or whatever may be the charm or the power of his thinking or his style. Let those who write in the faith of Stoicism and with the feelings to which it schools the heart, receive all the honor which they deserve for their gifts or genius, but let them not ask to be called Christian writers. Nor let their genial self-complacency be ruffled by the slightest ripple of contemptuous disdain if critics or readers who receive a *more humane, i. e. a less "advanced"* (or retrograde) *practical* creed than themselves, shall fear or avoid their influence as ethically defective or injurious.

But Christianity, even as it influences literature, is more than an ethical system. It would be easy to show that the faiths

and emotions which have been enumerated, have all been matured by the power of a belief in Christ's personality. Whatever value or dignity they may have in the judgment of the race which has been trained to accept and approve them—whatever hold they may have gained upon the sentiment and the literature of Christendom, is owing to the energy with which this faith in the person of Christ has wrought upon the minds of his believing disciples. This positive faith has not wholly died out. However confidently it may be claimed that all the "advanced thinkers" of the times reject the historic traditions of the gospels and the church, it remains true that a large number of thinking and cultured men still retain this faith, and recognize this faith in the varied literature which they produce and delight in. Whatever they write, whether it be poem, novel, essay, or history, is written in the spirit of a fervent faith in Christ as their Master and Saviour, and as the destined Judge and King of the whole human race—as the master of the world's future thinking and the central inspirer of its future literature. There are others who do not attach this importance to his person or to faith in it, who find in Christ nothing more than a genius remarkable for ethical discernment and religious tenderness, for whom all claims to special homage or confidence must be abandoned, with the progress of knowledge and of insight. In this spirit they write not works of grave theology alone, nor treatises of sagacious and learned philosophy, but works of literature, essays, poems, histories, fictions.

In respect to writings of this class we are required to ask and to answer the question, Are they Christian writings? Is the literature which they compose a Christian literature? If they are not Christian for defect of faith in the person of Christ, how precise must that faith be made and what one of the manifold shades of alleged orthodoxy upon this subject must it assume in order to be accepted as Christian? To this we reply, and in doing so develop the second distinctive mark of a Christian literature:

That literature alone is Christian which recognizes Christ as the object of trust and worship. His own language is pertinent to this point. "Ye call me Master and Lord; and ye do well, for so I am." This test is reasonable, for the reason that so far as literature as such can be affected by the faith of a writer, it must be chiefly affected by his faith or his want of faith in the personal authority and position of Him from whom Christianity takes its name. We cannot agree with Emerson that "by the irresistible maturing of the general mind, the Christian traditions have lost their hold. The dogma of the mystic offices of Christ being dropped, and he standing on his genius as a moral teacher, 'tis impossible to maintain the old emphasis of his personality; and it recedes, as all persons must, before the sublimity of the moral laws." We believe that all the movements of thought and feeling must be affected by the presence or absence of such a faith. Mr. Emerson would be the last to deny that up to a very recent period the intellect and heart of Christendom have been swayed by this faith in Christ's person as a ruling principle, and that much of the manhood and more of the womanhood that is reflected in modern literature is represented as formed by its influence. The two not uncommon prints from Ary Scheffer, the *Christus Consolator* and *Christus Remunerator*, forcibly depict what have been the central forces of the Christian literature of the past, as well as symbolize its distinctive criteria in all time.

This criterion is both historically and morally just. If a man does not believe in the reality or significance of Christ's person, his disbelief must modify his judgments of the characters and the sentiments which are formed by this faith. He may respect these for their sincerity, but he cannot honor them for their reasonableness. The emotions to which they prompt, the style of character which they form, the hopes and fears which they inspire, the principles of action which they create, in a word, the manhood and the womanhood which they produce, cannot receive his full and hearty sympathy

Let a writer have a marvellous power of passing into the character which he depicts, and of feeling for the time the very emotions which his impersonated self should express; still the capacity of truly and adequately rendering the emotions of a Christian soul can scarcely be reached by one who has for them neither faith nor sympathy. Goethe's delineation of the *Confessions of a Beautiful Soul* in *Wilhelm Meister*, George Elliot's *Dinah* in *Adam Bede*, might be cited as instances against this position. Both these writers, it will be generally conceded, do not accept the faith which controlled the feelings of the characters whom they depict. Shall we call these delineations failures? Goethe succeeds in most respects in hiding his own face beneath the mask and robes which he assumes, but the voice of Jacob betrays the half-sympathizing, half-mocking sceptic, even in the most plaintive tones of confession and of hope. Of *Dinah* we scarcely can trust ourselves to speak. The character is so eminently and heartily Christian, even in the most of its finer shades, that we do not care to point out the particulars in which it betrays the want of the entirest sympathy on the part of the author. Surely it was written from the fresh remembrances of days of warm and confiding Christian faith, now perhaps under the chill of an honest, and, it is to be believed, a temporary eclipse.

To use this criterion is also historically just. We do not call Plato, Plotinus, or Epictetus, Christian writers, however noble be their faith, or lofty their ethics, for the reason that neither the one nor the other are Christian in the historic sense of the word. We do not call Julian a Christian because he would exalt the Christ whom he disowned, among the sages and gods of the ancient mythology; nor do we call Spinoza a Christian writer, because his ethics are so lofty and his resignations are so saint-like. Pray, what can we call Emerson, or Thoreau, or the hosts of "advanced thinkers" who in their writings obtrusively announce their absence of faith in the received import of the Christian history,

and in the lowest possible significance of the central personage in that history; who quietly declare that it is now beyond dispute, among all those whose opinions are entitled to respect, that this history is an effete mythology, and that Christ as a personage to be trusted and adored, is an exploded imposition? Or what shall we call the literary critics who in all their judgments of history or philosophy, of poetry or fiction, tacitly assume or confidently assert that the results of what is significantly called "negative criticism," in respect to a belief in the miraculous and the supernatural, are now accepted by all enlightened and well-read thinkers? We make a difference, it is true, between those whose intellects are oppressed with perplexities, but whose hearts are thoroughly Christian, and the confident and contemptuous anti-Christian; between those who long to believe, but who cannot fully accept the Christian record and the truths which it contains, who are yet devout worshippers of the as yet unknown God and the unfathomed Christ, and those who want no God but "the beneficent laws," and no Christ but some idealized human genius. There is an important sense in which it is true that there is 'more Christian faith in honest doubt than lives in half our creeds.'

To call this literature and these writers unchristian, *a*-Christian, or anti-Christian, is not *intolerant*. We do not desire to suppress them by law or by the force of public opinion. If they hold the opinions which they profess we will defend their right to propagate them to the utmost of their ability, by all those means which are recognized as proper by the laws of the country and the courtesies of literary freedom. Not only would we tolerate them in the propagation of their theologies and philosophies, but we hold ourselves ready to study their reasons, to weigh their arguments, and ponder their facts, with the utmost attention and care. We will even welcome them to the arena of public criticism and discussion, as those who are likely to render an important service to the cause of truth

and Christianity, just so far as they present facts for our consideration, or arguments for our scrutiny. But we claim from them a like toleration in turn. They may not regard questions as settled to the disadvantage of Christianity, which we consider as open for its vindication. Least of all may they seek to transfer the discussions which are appropriate to the fields of philosophy and theology—the recognized fields of lawful strife—into the arena of literature, where the rights of the flag of truce prevail. A truly knightly soul would scorn under such a flag to ask for one-sided privileges under the plea of tolerance. We welcome these writers to the arena of discussion when they present themselves as theologians and philosophers, and concede to them all the rights of toleration which we ask for ourselves; but when they claim the one-sided privilege of proclaiming at our firesides, with cold-blooded assurance or sardonic scorn, that the victory is with them, over our cherished faiths, our hallowed worships, and our immortal hopes, we deny that the question is any longer a question of tolerance.

Nor is our position *discourteous*. It is not discourteous to call certain writers, rejectors of Christ as an object of trust and worship, or to say of them that they make literature a medium by which to express and propagate their private opinions. Whether it is altogether courteous *on their part* to obtrude these opinions in ways so manifold and unnecessary, is a question which we will not discuss. If it is true, as they insist so often as at least to persuade themselves, that those who adhere to the old faith in Christ's personality, are blind to argument and ignorant of history, know nothing of criticism, and are altogether unacquainted with philosophy, it would be a matter of humanity at least to leave them to the quiet enjoyment of their own ignorance and want of thought. If it is not discourteous to dishonor what such revere, to satirize what they respect, it is at least inhuman to make them uncomfortable. If it is not indictable under the statutes of discourtesy, it may at least be con-

demned under the laws against cruelty to the ignorant and imbecile. A very slender acquaintance with literary history suffices to show that the "free-thinkers" of the eighteenth century and the "advanced thinkers" of the nineteenth have ideas of courtesy towards Christian believers which are somewhat one-sided and peculiar.

Our position is not *proscriptive*. We do not contend that these anti-Christian writers are never to be read, admired, and enjoyed by a person who rejects their version of the New Testament history; but only that if they weaken his faith and disturb his peace by an indirect suggestion of sentiments and opinions that are incongruous with his own, he had better leave them alone, or have to do with them only so far as his taste and conscience will allow. We do not disuse the literature of the old Pagans, nor need we forego the use and enjoyment of the new. We admire all that it presents for our admiration and enjoyment, of truth in morals and philosophy, of beauty in imagery and diction; even though we are disturbed at the poverty of its argumentation, the recklessness of its assertions, and the undisguised effrontery of its self-satisfied illumination. But we are not prepared to substitute, at its bidding, the worship of Genius for the worship of a higher Master, least of all, the worship of a genius that in some respects is so superficial, even though in others it is so admirable.

The influence of this anti-Christian literature is far more prevalent in this country than it is in England. With us the majority of the cultivated men are not authors and critics, but theologians, lawyers, physicians, politicians, projectors of all types. Of the few who have been the most distinguished in fiction, poetry, and criticism, not a small number sympathize with a very much smaller party in England in holding what is called a negative or uncertain position in respect to the very grave questions which are now so earnestly agitated concerning Theism and Supernatural Christianity. The readers and students of lit-

erature technically so-called, among us are more impressible in any direction to which their favorite authors and critics may lead them, than is the corresponding class in any other country. Confident assertion in imposing phraseology and under attractive imagery, passes for more with us than with any other cultivated people. The critical journal, whether it be quarterly, monthly, weekly, or daily, insinuates most successfully what it believes, or rather what it fails to believe. There is no country in which the Christian faith has a stronger hold upon the convictions of earnest and sober thinkers, or upon the feelings of the true-hearted. At the same time it cannot be denied that among the cultivated classes as such, that is, the classes devoted to literature as a passion and an employment, there prevails a fearful Paganism, in one of the two forms of a philanthropic Stoicism or a refined Epicureanism. We call it Paganism, because, though it accepts the ethical spirit which Christianity has created, it is as far removed from the Christian worship of a personal God and the Christian trust in Christ, as was the cultured but comfortless Philosophy of Athens, which ostentatiously erected manifold altars to the Unknown God—was always eager to run after the next new thing, but could make nothing of the teachings of Paul the Apostle.

This literary Paganism with its culture

and its confidence, with its positive and not always courteous assertions that science and history are entirely upon its side, has no need to ask for toleration. It has little occasion to complain of social persecution. It is far enough from being in danger of reproach or ostracism. It has the warm sympathy of multitudes who are ambitious of culture and impatient of any restraint from a Personal God or a risen and reigning Christ.

We do not propose to discuss the influence or the prospects of this Pagan tendency in American or in modern literature. Had we no higher assurance that its influence must be short-lived, history would teach us that its vagueness and barrenness must soon dry up its life. That no vigorous literature can be sustained in an atmosphere so attenuated, is demonstrably certain. The creative and fervent periods of English literature have been closely connected with the prevalence of a positive Christian faith, and fervent Christian feeling. Among the writers of eminent genius now living who are influenced by the Pagan spirit, there is not one who does not give tokens of the blight and depression which the cheerfulness of a better hope would remove.

But we need not pursue our theme in these new directions. Its practical aspects have already detained us too long.

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## PRUSSIA.

In their origin and growth, States resemble organic bodies. Every organism springs from a germ, which is simply a molecule endowed with life and surrounded by a mass of inert molecules, which it feeds upon, thus transforming them into its own substance until the perfect being is developed. The embryogony of nations presents the same phenomenon. All the great States of modern Europe have grown up out of groups of feudal sovereignties, political molecules, which have been absorbed and assimilated by those possessing the strongest vitality, the greatest amount of aggressive

and plastic force. Thus the Anglo-Saxon heptarchy became the English monarchy; France grew into a kingdom at the expense of forty independent principalities; the Grand Duchy of Moscow was the nucleus of the Russian Empire; towards the close of the fifteenth century a multitude of medieval sovereignties south of the Pyrenees were consolidated into Spain; and in our own day we have seen a little dukedom, which nine hundred years ago was perched like an eagle's nest on a crag of the Alps, gradually absorbing the twelve hundred seigniorial families that occupied the Southern



slopes, then descending by political gravitation into the sunny plains of Piedmont and Lombardy, incorporating city after city and province after province, until finally, on the battle-fields of Magenta and Solferino, the white cross of Savoy conquered recognition as the ensign of the kingdom of Italy.

Precisely analogous to these examples has been the national growth of Prussia. The House of Hohenzollern is of Swabian origin. The cradle of the family is an old castle situated in the wild and rugged mountains of Württemberg, not far from the Black Forest and the sources of the Danube. Towards the close of the twelfth century, a junior member of this house, named Conrad, acquired, through the favor of the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa and a fortunate marriage with the heiress of the Vohburg family, the hereditary title and office of burgrave of Nuremberg. This young chevalier is the lineal ancestor, eighteenth in direct ascent, of the present king of Prussia. By virtue of those solid qualities of order, economy and thrift, which still characterize their descendants, the burgraves of Nuremberg went on steadily extending their domains, more by purchase than by conquest, not given to fighting but capable of a good swift blow in defence of their invaded rights. Above all, they filled their coffers with coin. Frederic, the sixth burgrave, lent 400,000 gold florins to the Emperor Sigismund, who, not being able to repay the cash, gave him the electorate of Brandenburg, worth twenty millions. The legal transfer was signed and sealed in 1415, in the imperial palace at Constance, during the session of the council which burned John Huss on the market-place of the same city. But after getting the deed to his property, Frederic found it no easy task to take possession of it. The serfs and the burghers welcomed him as a savior; but the barons, who lived by freebootery, refused to obey and kept on plundering at discretion, taking refuge in time of need behind their castle walls fourteen feet thick. After a year of futile efforts to rule by gentle methods, the new elector collected

a small army of Frankish warriors, with one cannon, a twenty-four pounder, which the soldiers, as they dragged it slowly over the miry roads christened "Lazy Meg" (*faule Grete*). With this formidable piece of ordnance, which, curiously enough, was made of wrought-iron plates surrounded by iron bands, like the English Armstrong gun, Frederic soon battered down the strongholds of Dietrich von Cuitzow, Herr von Pütitz and other baronial gentlemen, who were now quite glad to come with ropes about their necks and do homage to this "Nuremberg puppet," as they had derisively styled him, in allusion to the fact that the city of which he was burgrave owed its wealth chiefly to the manufacture of dolls and similar toys. Thus "Lazy Meg" was not only the triumph of improved artillery over feudalism, but she was also the prophecy of the needle-gun.

After this victory, levyings of blackmail and other maraudings ceased in Brandenburg; an energetic central power preserved order and rendered the highways safe; agriculture, commerce and industry flourished; it was the beginning of the modern era on the banks of the Spree, where a castle was built called *Wehrlin* (little fortress), which became the centre of the ever-widening dominions of the Hohenzollern and is to-day the metropolis Berlin.

We need not follow this young state through all the stages of its development. Suffice it to say that the purchase and pacification of Brandenburg are typical of its whole history. Everywhere we find the same elements of national strength combined: order and economy in the administration of the finances; skill, energy, and frugality in peace; promptness and precision in war. The vigorous qualities which Frederic had shown in suppressing anarchy and rapine among his turbulent vassals caused him to be chosen emperor of Germany. But he had the good sense to refuse the imperial crown and to devote himself to the development of the resources of his electorate, the boundaries of which he also enlarged by the annexation of portions of

Pomerania and Mecklenburg. In 1440 he was succeeded by his brother Frederic II., surnamed iron teeth (*dentibus ferratis*) on account of his inflexible energy. He, too, followed in every respect the policy and traditions of his ancestors. He purchased of the Teutonic Order, which had become impoverished by a long series of wars, the important province of Neumark extending from the Oder to the Baltic, and acquired also several smaller principalities, (Cottbus, Pritz, Wernigerode and Teupitz) which, without adding much to his realm, served to rectify its frontiers and render it more homogeneous and compact. In recognition of his administrative ability he was elected king of Poland, but he wisely preferred his poor yet robust country to the possession of a crown that now began to go begging among European princes for a wearer. Towards the close of his life, while besieging the town of Uckermuende, the passage of a cannon ball near his head destroyed his hearing and impaired his memory to such a degree that in 1471 he abdicated in favor of his brother Albert, "a tall, fiery, tough old gentleman," surnamed Achilles, on account of his marvelous strength and courage. It is recorded as a significant fact by an old chronicler that the skull of this Teutonic Achilles was apparently of one piece, "having no visible sutures in it," as was proven *post mortem*. In 1486 this valiant warrior with seamless cranium died, and was succeeded by his son John, whose talent for speaking Latin procured him the title of *Cicero Germaniæ*. In the days of those "rude forefathers," the faculty of consecutive talking was a rare gift, and the contemporaries of John Cicero listened to him with infinite astonishment as he poured forth his eloquence in the imperial diet "four hours at a stretch." Singularly enough, however, in spite of individual idiosyncrasies, these princes of Hohenzollern all followed the same line of public policy and showed themselves always the same thrifty and steadfast race of men, stout-hearted and clear-headed, good fighters and close reckoners of money.

During the latter half of the sixteenth century the electors of Brandenburg, by the marriage of Joachim II. with Hedwig, daughter of Sigismund, became co-enfeoffed in the duchy of Prussia, then a province under the suzerainty of Poland. A compact was also formed, called "heritage-brotherhood," by virtue of which, in case one of the parties failed of heirs, the other covenanting party should inherit his lands. With the death of Albert Frederic, the ducal branch of the Hohenzollern family fell extinct, and, in 1608, the electoral branch stepped in, as stipulated, and took possession of Prussia, holding it, however, with the consent of the States and as feudary to Poland. This vassalage continued till after the famous battle of Warsaw, (1656) in which Polish chivalry with all its glitter of "barbaric gold," bit the dust, and John Casimir, having felt the weight of Frederic William's sword-arm, was glad to purchase his good-will by freeing him from all homage and acknowledging Prussia as an independent sovereignty. Without being intoxicated by this brilliant feat of arms and diplomacy, the "Great Elector" now turned his energies to the arts of peace. Agriculture first attracted his attention. He drained bogs, diked rivers, dug canals, opened new highways, established colonies for the purpose of redeeming the waste places in his dominions, and encouraged everywhere industrial and commercial enterprise. And when persecution and suicidal bigotry drove out of France the most active and intelligent of her population, Frederic William welcomed the exiles, 20,000 in number, defrayed the expenses of their journey, and settled them in Eastern Prussia, where they introduced new arts and new elements of moral force, and left an impress upon the character of the people as visible to-day as that which still marks the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England.

And again in 1719, when Karl Philip the Elector of the Palatinate took from the Protestants their cathedral at Heidelberg, Frederic William forced him to re-

store it to them by threatening to confiscate the property of the Catholic churches within his dominions. Thus, after the kings of Saxony, lusting after the Polish crown, relapsed into Catholicism, the monarchs of Prussia became the foremost champions of Protestantism on the continent of Europe. This is a fact of immense historical significance. The Reformation of the 16th century had a deeper meaning and a wider scope than any discussion of ecclesiastical rites or theological dogmas. It was, in fact, putting to the intellect of Europe this question: Will you stay with the Middle Age, content to lie forever in the stiffest and sorriest of spiritual grave-clothes, or have you strength and moral virtue enough left to burst these yellow cerements, stretch your limbs, and march on with modern civilization? The fate of every nation hung upon its own answer. Those which became Protestant have grown; those which remained Papal have, relatively at least, declined. Holland with scarcely a million of inhabitants and with a territory half sea-sand and half swamp, outcast of ocean and of earth, takes root like a lily in the muddy soil, blooms upward and spreads its broad leaves and opens its golden heart to the sunlight above the waves. The gigantic monarchy of Charles V. and Philip II. could not pluck it up.

But it would be superfluous to cite examples, which can be found on every page of modern history, and of which one of the most remarkable is that of Sweden, emerging from its Northern snows, overthrowing on the field of battle Austria's schemes of universal empire and conquering for the Reformation a legal existence, by the peace of Westphalia. Italy to-day is prospering as a nation only in proportion as she breaks with her ecclesiastical traditions; and the same is true of revolutionized Spain. It is not a matter of race; for it is a significant fact, frequently observable in France, that when a family divides into two branches, one of which clings to the faith of the fathers, and the other enrolls itself under the standard of the Reformation, the differ-

ence in intellectual culture and material wealth makes itself manifest in a single generation. The favorable influence which a religion, appealing to the reason rather than to the imagination, exerts not only on the growth of character but also on every department of invention and creative industry, is something that merits the attention of social and political economists. Austria and Prussia are illustrations of this law. Hapsburg and Hohenzollern are of the same blood, both belonging to the Teutonic race. But in the crisis of the Reformation, whilst the former allied themselves with the Papacy as Cæsars of the Middle Ages and of the Church, the latter accepted Protestantism with all its legacies of civil, industrial, religious, intellectual and political liberty. And from that day the antagonism between those two dynasties, one representing habituality and the mediæval principle of legitimacy, (so-called) the other representing progress and the modern principle of nationality, grew constantly sharper and more virulent until it was finally allayed in blood at Königsgrätz and Sadowa. Frederic the Great was the first European monarch who broke away from the theocratic tradition of the divine right of kings to rule, and from the sacerdotal idea of the divine right of priests to keep other men's consciences. "The prince," he said, "is not the master of his people, but only their magistrate and servant;" and again: "All religions must be tolerated; no one encroaching on the others; for in my kingdom every man must get to heaven his own way (*nach seiner Façon selig werden*)." These sentiments, which were then bright with the splendor of new gold, but have now lost something of their original lustre by general circulation, were left by Frederic as an heirloom to his successors and have ever since remained in theory at least the fundamental maxims of the Prussian government. Every departure from them in practice has been due, not to any radical tendency, but solely to the caprice of individual sovereigns. Baron von Beust, the present chancellor of the Austrian empire and

the most active and formidable foe of Bismarck, said one day just before the breaking out of hostilities in 1866: "We must erase from German history the episode of Frederic the Great." This remark of the then Saxon minister, which seemed to many an expression of petulance unworthy of an enlightened statesman, showed in reality the profoundest appreciation of the whole controversy. The seven weeks' war in Bohemia ending with the peace of Prague, was but a sequel to the seven years' war which had been waged between the same powers and on the same soil, more than a century before, and which ended with the peace of Hubertsburg. Beust's great mistake was in characterizing the reign of Frederic the Great as a mere episode and in supposing that it could be blotted from the drama of history like a by-scene from a play for the convenience of histrionic representation. As well might one attempt to efface European civilization or to destroy that free spirit of the age, of which the royal philosopher of Sans-Souci was in his day the only crowned champion. It was fatal to Beust's political programme that it was an anachronism of more than a hundred years, an effort to resume in 1866 a project which Maria Theresa tried and failed to realize in 1763.

Prussia, as has been already intimated, was originally a non-Germanic country, peopled by Slavonic tribes, chiefly herdsmen and amber-fishers, a savage, warlike race of men, obstinately heathen, killing all the missionaries sent to convert them. This rude country, stretching along the Baltic from the Niemen to the Warta, and *bordering on Russia*, (hence called Bor-Russia, Borussia, Prussia) the Bishop of Riga determined to Christianize by conquest, moral suasion having proved itself futile. In 1228 he commissioned the knights of the Teutonic order to undertake the work of subduing these ferocious pagans. This task the old Crusaders were glad enough to enter upon, and most effectually accomplished. In order that the fruits of the conquest might not be lost, colonists from all parts of Germany followed in the footsteps of

the conquerors and occupied the confiscated lands. The country was divided into districts, each of which was ruled as a fief by a knight of the order, vowed to celibacy and consequently incapable of transmitting his feudal rights as an heirloom. Thus the rich domains which the order had at its disposition on the decease of each chevalier attracted a constant accession of recruits from noble families, whose younger sons eagerly ranged themselves under its banner. Increasing wealth, however, produced effeminacy; habits of luxury undermined the valor of the Teutonic knights to such a degree that, in the bloody and decisive battle of Tannenberg (1410) they were utterly defeated by the Poles, whose suzerainty they were forced to recognize. This state of things continued till the election of Duke Albert as grand master of the order, who, having been Protestantized by Dr. Osiander, married and had children. Thus Prussia became a family heritage of the Hohenzollerns in Brandenburg, and through them got a foothold in the German Empire. Originally a Slavonic State, Prussia was Germanized (as has been already stated) by colonization. The principal stock was Saxon and Frisian, distinguished for soberness, solidity and inflexibility; prosaic and calculating, earnest, averse to romance, reserved, conscientious, tough, persistent even to obstinacy, and withal a little narrow and ungenial. Upon this fundamental stock were engrafted by immigration the vivacity and political talent of the Frank, the poetic and imaginative temperament of the Swabian, the good-humored sociableness of the Bavarian, and other peculiar qualities of the various branches of the Teutonic race, so that Prussia by the mixed character of its population became pre-eminently the representative State of Germany, with which all the other states could assimilate and unite, because each would find in it some element of its own. Austria, too, became Germanized by colonization; but the emigration in this case was almost exclusively from Bavaria, and consequently did not furnish that wide range of affinity which renders

Prussia the attractive nucleus of a great realm, into which the other German peoples will merge their political existence by a tendency as natural and inevitable as gravitation.

Another source of Prussia's superiority to Austria in the conflict of 1866 was the fact that her army in its origin, discipline and spirit is identified with the people, is indeed the nation in arms. In accordance with that principle of the ancient republics, which was embodied by Plato in his ideal State, and afterwards consecrated to liberty by the French Revolution, every Prussian subject is a soldier. Neither rank nor money can purchase exemption.\* It is not necessary here to explain the historical origin of this system, the manner in which it grew up out of the disasters of Jena and Auerstaedt and the humiliating peace of Tilsit, or to enter into the details of its organization. The practical result of it is, that Prussia, at the least expense and with scarcely any perceptible drain on her industry in times of peace, maintains in proportion to her population, the largest, best disciplined, and most intelligent military force in Europe. It was once an axiom of absolutism, that a man to be a good soldier must be a machine, and that the efficiency of an army depended on its ignorance of everything but the narrowest routine of drill. The ideal of excellence in this respect was attained by the Russian army, which during a petty palace rebellion that broke out on the accession of the Czar Nicholas was induced to shout, "Long live the Constitution," under the impression that the Constitution was the wife of the Grand Duke Constantine. The Crimean war proved conclusively that unthinking automatons are not the best soldiers, however irreproachable may be the precision of their movements on parade. There is need of a broader education than can be obtained in *l'école*

\* A very few princely families of high imperial nobility (*fürstliche Familien der ehemals reichsunmittelbaren hohen Adels*) are exempted from military service. This single exception, which rests upon international treaties, is rapidly disappearing.

*de peleton*. It was not so much the needle-gun as it was individual intelligence, that insured to Prussia the victory. Another incalculable advantage of Prussia over Austria, was her strict honesty and financial soundness, which always kept her national credit strong and her treasury full. Frederic the Great, walking one day in a garden with his nephew, pointed to an obelisk and said: "Look at that high thing there, which no storm can shake; its uprightness is its strength." Then in a serious mood he exhorted the young prince, who was to be his successor, on the value of rectitude and the supreme law of truth and probity, binding alike upon individual men and upon governments, upon subjects and upon kings. The war of 1866 illustrated this principle. Austria entered the field without money or credit, and with every branch of her public service invaded and corroded by official corruption, whilst in the Prussian government fraud and speculation were absolutely unknown.

Such, briefly indicated, are the chief elements which, embodied in the constitution of Prussia, gave her energy and success: free, reformed, industrial, educated, democratic in her military organization, economical and honest in the administration of her finances. Austria was just the reverse of all this; and when the two antagonists met, it was simply a conflict between a great modern fact and a big medieval phantom; between the genius of the nineteenth century and the goblin of feudalism, the result of which could not be for a moment doubtful. It was a struggle for existence between two opposing principles—a deadly strife that could end only with the utter defeat of the one and the complete supremacy of the other. That it was something more than a dynastic contest for leadership in Germany, is evident from the fact that the rout of the imperial armies in Bohemia was followed as a logical consequence by the subversion of ultramontaniam in Austria, the abrogation of the concordat with Rome, the promulgation of civil and religious liberty, the establishment of public schools free from

priestly control, and the complete reconstruction of the empire on the basis of constitutionalism.

Prussia has grown into New Germany, not solely as the accident of war, or as the work of an ambitious monarch, but as the product of the popular will, the ripe fruit of a normal development of the Teutonic race. It is merely the political unification of a people already one in language, literature, manners, art, science and industry. It has come into being, too, not only in answer to the legitimate aspirations of the German nation, but also in response to the political necessities of Europe, as a beneficent counterpoise to French supremacy on the continent. The existence of a great pacific power, occupying a central position between the Slavonic races on the East and the Latin races on the West, is the surest pledge of peace. If war comes, as it threatens to come, it will be because the germ of war lies hidden in Napoleon's system of government. Everybody knows that since the utterance of the words, "The Empire is peace," there has been no permanent peace in Europe.\* Prussia will never pursue an aggressive foreign policy. She has no ambition to enlarge her boundaries at the expense of other nations. In 1866, when the die of battle had placed Austria at her absolute mercy, she did not annex a single foot of Austrian territory. Notwithstanding her immense military strength, she is not like France, a military state. Her army is not a camp of mercenaries, distinct from the

body of the nation in their origin and interests, and always eager for war, as the only path to promotion, but her soldiers are her people; living not in barracks, but at their firesides, disciplined to the use of arms, but at the same time devoted to the arts of peace, building cities, extending railroads, reaping harvests, toiling at forges, loving the roar of looms better than the din of battle. Such a nation is invincible in self-defence, but can have no temptation to pursue schemes of conquest, which would exhaust its vitality and paralyze all its industrial energies. As Americans and friends of human progress, we should rejoice in the growth of Prussia, because it is identical with the growth of free institutions. It is remarkable in her history, how every expansion of her material domain has been attended with a corresponding expansion of ideas; how with every successful struggle upwards she has cast aside some medieval slough, growing liberal as she has grown strong. And when, three years ago, the foresight and audacity which marked the policy of her statesmen and the strategy of her generals made her the foremost nation of Europe, she showed the same political tendency, the same continuity of historical development, by severing herself from the last of her bureaucratic traditions and establishing a structure of constitutional government, which rests upon the democratic principle of universal suffrage as its chief corner-stone.

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### A VISION OF REST.

THE full round moon, the cloudless sky

Where now the early frost distills;

The tranquil river rolling by

And outline clear of sombre hills.

The trees their spectral branches lift

O'er meadows brown and gardens bare,

While on the ground the shadows drift,

Or float upon the dreamy air.

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\* *L'Empire, c'est la paix.* The events of the last fifteen years suggest a new reading of this famous apothegm of the imperial punster: *L'Empire c'est l'épée.* *Si vis pacem, para bellum*, says the old proverb, which a French journal quoted in explanation of the Emperor's warlike preparations. But Napoleon declares that he is not preparing for war, replied the logical German, *therefore he does not wish for peace.*

The day with vexing care oppress  
 Gives place to night and thoughts serene;  
 And brings with consciousness of rest,  
 A sense of glory yet unseen.

O holy trust, O peace profound;—  
 Here in the silence of the night,  
 I pass as one o'er hallowed ground  
 To some unknown, some Pisgah height:  
 From whence the distant stars are near,  
 These cool gray hills seem far away;  
 While in the changing lights appear  
 The heralds of the coming day.

Not day that gives to me once more  
 The common round of toil and care;  
 The burdens I at morning bore,  
 And each to-morrow still must bear.

The contact with life's meaner things  
 That soil and would my soul possess,  
 Or dim forgetfulness that brings  
 Not rest, but sense of weariness.

O holier life, O clearer day  
 That now my heart with rapture fills;  
 When will these shadows drift away,  
 When burst thy light beyond the hills?

Yon moon, in light effulgent, fade,  
 These glittering stars obscure their fires?  
 Come, oh that hour, too long delayed,  
 And bring me what my soul desires.

Peace, thankless soul; dost thou behold  
 God's glory to forget his will?  
 Shall he such beauty here unfold  
 To make thee more impatient still?

The visions of a night like this  
 The purpose of the day unnerve,  
 And dreamy thoughts of future bliss  
 Unfit thee now to wait and serve?

Fade out, ye stars, descend O moon  
 Where spreads the clear horizon's rim;  
 me day of toil, and bring the boon  
 They have who watch and wait for Him!

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## MOTHERLESS GIRLS.

A STORY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY POWELL."

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### MISTAKEN, FORSAKEN.

"Can wealth give happiness? Look round and see  
 What gay distress! what splendid misery."

MARY returned home more calmed and comforted than, half an hour before, she could have believed possible. She went

straight to the book-shelves to look over what she was accustomed to call "Sunday books;" but how poor a stock there was! Plays, poems, criticisms, travels, history, biography—everything that pertained to this world, scarcely anything that referred to the next. At last she

took a volume of the *Spectator*, selected a paper of Addison's, put a mark in the place, and carried the book with her to Lord Harry.

She thought, when she went in, that he looked more shrivelled and sickly than ever; but his face lighted up, and he half-raised himself from the depths of his easy-chair to greet her. "My sweet angel," said he, "you are always so good——"

"This is not one of my good days," said Mary, putting her hand in his. "I am not equal to talking, but I thought I would come and offer to read to you."

"Do, my dearest child—it will be inexpressibly interesting. What have you got there? Ho, Addison. 'He that would acquire a pure style must give his days and nights to Addison.' Very well; he is always worth attention, though I never formed my style on his."

Mary always read well; and just now her balmy voice and distinct utterance were quite keenly appreciated by him. "You give every word its beauty and value," said he, when she ceased. "What does all that he says amount to apart from his well-chosen language, and the added charm imparted by you? That devotion opens the mind to great conceptions, and fills it with more sublime ideas than it would otherwise entertain. If it be very true, it is not very new."

"Is not one of the tests of a good writer his being able to give novelty to what is not absolutely new?"

"In that case, my dear child, Addison has certainly not carried his point here; for there is absolutely nothing novel in his treatment of the subject. Rather a heavy one, too, is it not? I prefer his character pieces."

"O yes, of course; so do I."

"Why then not give me what we both prefer?"

This well-intended attempt of Mary's was rather a failure. At any rate, however, it drew her out of herself, and she would not be baffled by a single defeat. Sir William Temple, Cowley, Shenstone, were all tried by her in turn; Lord Harry's remarks were often caustic and curious, sometimes pertinent, sometimes cap-

tious. He loved her readings well enough as texts for playful controversy, and enjoyed drawing out for his own and sole benefit conversational powers that might have delighted a saloon. Gradually Mary was becoming less heartbroken, but she was increasingly pensive; and though she never bored him with preaching, for which, indeed, she had no vocation, Lord Harry grew a little impatient at the substitution of grave talk for amusement. He saw that Mary's heart was far away, and that her visits to him were from duty rather than inclination. Laura was the most entertaining now; and yet he peevishly told himself that he preferred Mary at her worst to Laura at her best.

All this time she was sickening for letters; but in those days a voyage to the West Indies was a vastly different thing from what it is now, and communications were about as long on the road as they are now from Australia.

As the season advanced the happy possessors of country seats went out of town; others visited fashionable watering-places. Lord Harry hated London when it was out of season; and though his power of bearing removal to his suburban retreat was a matter of question, he was determined on the experiment, and effected it without any very disastrous result. It hastened his downward progress, however.

The Beauforts took a house to be near him; rather an inexpedient step, Mrs. Forsyth would have said; but she was beyond reach of remark. Of course Lady Bab and Lady Kitty said they were following Lord Harry like harpies; but who cared for what they said? Mary was getting apathetic with regard to the gossip of society.

Merrily rang the Chiswick bells when Harry Levitt received the hand of sweet Lucy Tolhurst from her fond father. This had been many months ago: the happy pair started immediately afterwards for the continent. Wedding tours of this description were not then usual; but it had long been a dream of Lucy's to see some of the European capitals; and as Levitt's inclinations were the same, and



his purse was full of her money, there was no reason why he should not gratify her and himself.

Mr. Oldworth had of course been invited to the wedding; and, with a torn heart, he consented to go. He was spared the trial to his feelings, however. Just as he was on the point of starting his course was diverted, by a note from his aunt, from the wedding party to the bedside of his grandmother. She partially recovered, though only to be increasingly the object of care to her affectionate daughter.

As the slow winter dragged on its course, Mr. Oldworth went from time to time to see Mr. Tolhurst. His visits, first merely designed for the customary felicitations, were made more frequent when he found how much they were needed. Mr. Tolhurst was becoming painfully aware that instead of gaining a son he had lost a daughter.

"They were to have returned three months ago, Joe! and what can they want over there; what diversion can they find in places where they can't understand the spoken language? O yes, Lucy learnt French at her boarding-school, but she tells me 'tis very little use to her—they speak it with such a different accent. Mighty expensive, too, living is, over there; they run through a sight of money. A word in your ear, Joe. I know you'll speak candidly to your father's old friend; is Levitt addicted to play?"

"Sir," said Mr. Oldworth, with painful embarrassment, "you ought to know your son-in-law better than I do."

"Not so, not so—you've known him from the egg—you know all his whereabouts and belongings—you were school-fellows, you are cousins—you've seen him behind the scenes; whereas here he's been on company manners; 'twas you introduced him to Lucy; and I tell you roundly, that if you knew him to be addicted to play——"

"Indeed, sir, I did n't——"

"If you knew it, I say, and yet put the artless girl in the way of his fascinations—I don't thank you for the introduction—can't forgive you for it."

As Mr. Oldworth returned home that evening, he saw a church-door open, and went in. It was empty, though there were voices in the vestry. Finding his way to the railing of the communion-table, he laid his throbbing head against it, then prostrated himself entirely before the unseen Presence whose forgiveness and support he supplicated with sighs that could not be uttered.

He was startled from his posture of self-abasement by persons leaving the vestry, and heard a well-known voice. Bellermine was kindly dismissing a poor woman; and looking round, he exclaimed—"Why, Joe! are you here? I did not notice you among our small congregation. You have been waiting for me, I suppose. Come with me to my lodgings, and let us have a good talk over our bread and cheese. Raining, is it, my good woman? It will not kill a fly; and besides, I have an umbrella."

"You have none," said Mr. Oldworth, to the poor, thinly-clad widow, who stood at the threshold. "Here is mine—you can leave it at Mr. Bellermine's for me, in the morning."

"Joe, that was an act of mercy," said Bellermine, taking his arm, and holding his umbrella over both. "I have been administering oil and wine to her soul, but it did not occur to me to save her poor old body from a wetting."

"I am glad to have been permitted the humble office. You undertook what was more important to her."

"Well, the poor creature was in a piteous case. A youth, her only son, fell into bad courses, and has at length made away with himself. Living in a remote part of Yorkshire, and he having for some time neglected to answer her letters, she was ignorant for a long time of his miserable end. At length a presentiment, a foreboding of mischief—a dream, she tells me—made her lock up her cottage, start for London on foot, get a lift now and then in a wagon, and make her way tediously and painfully, to the house of his master, Lord Harry Bellair. There she heard the truth."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Oldworth with strong pity.

"It almost killed her. She fainted dead away. When she came to she found herself in the housekeeper's room, who made her drink a glass of wine; took thought for her body, but had no medicine for her soul."

"Poor creature!"—

"She gathered the lad's few things together, and gave them to the mother, to whom they were precious relics, gave or lent her a few shillings, I think, for her return journey in the wagon, directed her to its starting-place, and got quit of her. But the poor woman was taken ill at the inn. I happened to hear of it and had her removed to a decent lodging. Miss Pomeroy heard of her from me, and visited her like an angel as she is, till she got well. And now, the money is returned, with thanks, to Lord Harry's housekeeper, and the widow is to start on her journey to-morrow, well provided, of course. She could not go, she said, without thanking me: nothing could exceed her gratitude, except her sorrow for her son. Finding where I was to preach, this evening, she came to speak to me in the vestry; but meanwhile—here we are," said Bellermine, knocking at the door of his lodging, and running up stairs directly it was opened, to make a rousing fire. "Welcome, old Joe!—sit you here and make yourself comfortable"—which was managed very speedily.

"Go on with what you were telling me," said Mr. Oldworth. "Meanwhile—"

"Meanwhile there was the service, you know; and the sermon. You know what I said—"

"No, I don't; I regret to say; for I did not even know you were preaching."

"Aye? Then how came you to be in church?"

"Seeing the door ajar, I turned in."

"To look about you? How curious! You could not see much, so poorly as it was lighted: 'tis almost the smallest, dirtiest, and I think, the very ugliest church in London. What do you think?"

"To say the truth, I did not much observe it."

"No?—and yet you dropped in out of curiosity? Singular!"

"I have heard that, on the continent, the church-doors are continually ajar, so that any one may drop in when so minded."

"Aye, and a very good plan too, for the poor benighted creatures who have yet to learn that God dwelleth not in temples made with hands—not exclusively, that is. He is in church as well as everywhere else, but no more."

"Still, within precincts specially set apart for prayer and praise, where there is an atmosphere of piety, as it were, accumulated during successive generations, the soul, always so difficult to raise above the vile things of earth, may find helps to meet its God."

"As for the atmosphere of an old city church," said Bellermine, after a pause, "I must say I always find it particularly musty; owing in a great measure, I think, to the intra-mural interments. And I believe the tainted air has a good deal to do with the heavy heads and hearts of those who breathe it. But as for the gist of what you say—to an imaginative mind, you know—there's a good deal in it; as there is sure to be in whatever you do say. And so you—I understand. You needn't tell me you turned in to commune with your own heart and be still."

"Only the worst is, it will not be still."

"Where is the sore place?"

"Ah, that's the very thing I can't tell you!"

"All right. The heart knows its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddleth not with it—only I'm no stranger. I'm not an advocate for auricular confession myself. I who speak out everything I do! The Romish church has so dreadfully abused it; and I rather think the best way is to carry every burthen to the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Still, we sometimes feel dreadfully in need of a human hand to give the burthen a hoist, if but that we may carry it to that Friend and cast it at his feet, only; if we just looked up and asked him—or

asked him, even without being able to look up—He would do that for us too."

"Tom, your words are balm to my heart. No wonder they were so to the poor widow."

"Ah, that poor widow! Not knowing her to be present, what should be my subject of all others, but Judas going out and hanging himself! I pointed out pretty forcibly, I believe, that he only made matters worse thereby. I noticed a stifled sob. I remarked that perhaps he was hardly himself when he did it—that at all events it showed great abhorrence of his crime—perhaps much as all the world has hated him ever since, he hated himself yet more. He did not go and spend the thirty pieces of silver in drink—nor in gambling—(more sobs) but cast the bag of money from him as an unclean thing—he that had been so fond of bearing the money-bag, and had stolen from it! See what it came to! At last he got a bag of money all his own—and purchased by what!—by a crime so enormous that even *he* loathed the purchase money, and cast it in the faces of those who gave it, and—went and hanged himself! How much better if he had gone and cast *himself* at the feet of Him who forgave the thief on the cross!—There! I'm preaching my sermon all over again to you," said Tom excitedly. "I can't cool down all at once. You see, I put my heart in it."

"And so, went to the heart," said Mr. Joseph. "Do go on."

"D'ye like it? The poor widow came to me all in tears afterwards. 'O, sir, what do you think has become of my son?' 'That belongs to the secret things of the Lord, our God. We know his mercies are unlimited; we don't know the state of your son's brain. Had the last words of the thief on the cross been only audible to our Saviour, we might have classed him among the reprobate. God seeth not as man seeth. The book is closed; we cannot read the page; his decree is known only to himself. He says 'What is that to thee? follow thou me?' Follow Him then, my dear woman, and I trust that your last song of praise will

be, "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life; and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever." A Roman Catholic would wear the stones with her knees, macerate her body with fasting, tear her flesh with the scourge, to liberate her son from an imagined purgatory. We know that there ~~is~~ no purgatory, and that vain repetitions are not exacted from us—only the prayer of the broken and contrite heart.' It was a difficult thing, you see, to salve the wound; I had to go about it and about it; but she was comforted at last; by the Holy Spirit, not by me. The case was beyond me."

"Was Miss Pomeroy in church?"

"Oh no, she's down at Twickenham."

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### OUT OF SIGHT; NOT OUT OF MIND.

What is the world to them?

Its pomp, its pleasures, and its nonsense all?

NEXT day, Tom came to Mr. Oldworth, shining like the sun.

"Joe! Miss Pomeroy *was* in church last night! (here's your umbrella) She came up, like an angel as she is, to see the last of our old goody; and, hearing from her where I was going to preach, came to church with her maid."

"I rejoice at that."

"O, I'm so thankful. For, not knowing her to be there, and having no fear of man or woman before my eyes, I spoke right out, with no sinister or by-ends; and went straight to her heart."

"How glad I am!"

"To-day is her birthday, my dear friend! her twenty-first birthday; and how do you think she has signalized it? By giving me herself. She takes me as I stand; without private fortune, without preferment, without expectations. She says she would rather be mine on three hundred a year (which is just what we can make out) than give herself to a duke with a coach and six."

"Happy Bellermine!"

"I believe you, sir. We go down to a curacy in the north, where one pound will go as far as two or three; and—the world will lose sight of us forever!"

All of which came to pass. Since Miss

Pomeroy chose to throw herself away, as her friends called it, in this romantic manner, there was no one to hinder it, now that she was of age. The marriage soon took place, quite quietly; Mr. Oldworth was one of the wedding guests, and the most sympathizing and cordial of them all. When we are unselfish, we really find happiness in the happiness of our friends. Did he find happiness, then, in that of Mr. and Mrs. Levitt? Ah, that was a sore point. In the first place, it was a matter of rivalry; in the next, he had come too late to the conclusion that Levitt was unworthy of his prize, and undervalued it. It was an anxious question whether Lucy would be happy. Her father was unhappy and querulous already; and he became absolutely indignant with Levitt when a tailor's bill was sent in to him, which he should have paid before marriage. He passionately declared he would send him no more remittances. "And then, sir, he'll be compelled to bring her home."

But Levitt wrote to say his wife's health would not permit her to travel just now; and then "the father softened, though the governor was fixed." He sent Lucy £200 for her own private purse; but of course, her husband had the best part of it.

"Yes, Joe, she's so infatuated with him, that she's happy—at least, she has made believe to be, till this time, but her spirits seem flagging now. She speaks of being tired of sight-seeing; and says, 'if we should ever meet again!' Meet again? Why, to be sure we shall! If I thought otherwise, I should never have another happy moment."

Mr. Oldworth grieved to see that his health was really being undermined by constant fretting. One day, he was summoned to him very suddenly. Mr. Tolhurst had had an apoplectic fit. He had been bled heavily, and was recovering, but took a very low-spirited view of himself. "I'm going, Joe. I know I shan't get over this. You must write to her, my good fellow—"

"Had I not better write to Levitt, sir?"

"No, no! I tell you no. He'd blurt it

out in his light way and kill her on the spot. It will go nigh to kill my Lucy as it is, so you must write in my name, you know, and then she'll know I am alive. She'll see, though, 'tisn't my writing. Take pen, ink, and paper, will you? Begin 'My Dearest Child!'"

"My dearest child—You'll see, by the writing, that I'm not quite well to-day; so Oldworth has kindly offered to write for me." (That's a fib, though.)"

"I'm most happy to offer, my dear sir. You only forestalled me."

"Yes, yes; it may stand. 'I hope you got the £200, dearest Lucy, which was for your sole and separate use; so mind, you've no right to do otherwise with it. You may do with it as you like, only not give it away to one particular person—'"

"Do you think it well, sir, to say that? Probably Mrs. Levitt would have more pleasure in giving it that way than any other. At any rate, her pleasure would be greater if unfettered."

"Never you mind that. The gift is mine, and I may say what I like. 'Hereafter all that I have will be yours, my Lucy: and it may not be so very long first; but it is safely tied up, to be a heritage for your boy, my dear, if you have one, when he comes of age; and meanwhile you are to have the interest.' That was well thought of, Joe," said Mr. Tolhurst, "my lawyer put it into my head: otherwise, you see, Levitt might have run through it all. O, he's a sad fellow—and so specious! How came you to be so taken up with him, and taken in with him? Because he's so specious, of course. Poor Joe! you'd have been the better mate for Lucy."

Mr. Oldworth could not bear such observations as this; nor could he bear writing such letters; and yet, after remonstrating strongly against some of the things that were dictated to him, he had to write the letter, and to post it too—which Levitt would have cleverly evaded in his place.

Levitt wrote a very wrathful answer directed to Mr. Oldworth. He had fortunately opened his wife's letter. (O the meanness! ejaculated Mr. Oldworth)

recognizing Joe's writing, and wondering what he could have to say to her. Thus she was spared the shock. It was evident the old gentleman was much worse than he said, or probably, than he thought; and his faculties seemed a good deal obfuscated, or he never could have dictated such a letter to *his only child*—indeed, it hardly bore marks of being his dictation, and, but for an expression here and there in the old style, he would have thought the letter a hoax, a flam, from beginning to end. He must say he did not feel grateful to Joe for writing it. He might have softened it as he wrote, so as to make it fit for Lucy's eye, which now it really was not. He should not show it to her, nor any in the same vein, as it would be to her serious detriment. She was fond of the old man even to foolishness, and she was fond of Levitt to distraction, and for her father and husband to fall out about paltry money questions, would literally kill her, he thought. At present, they were enjoying themselves very well. He should open all Lucy's letters henceforward, as a precaution; and he would thank Joe for a few confidential lines, marked "private," telling him the true state of the old gentleman's health. He seemed to him a little touched in the head. In that case, you know, allowances must be made.

Mr. Oldworth was occasionally liable to violent headaches; and he had one after reading this letter. Never mind. Business must be attended to. And when he had finished his day's work, he went down to Chiswick, as he continually did now, to beguile the long evening to the forlorn father. It was a heavy task; a sorrowful task; but he did not shrink from it on that account. What he did shrink from, was having to write any more letters to Lucy, that would only be read by Levitt. In course of time, this task was imposed on him; he put it off; but Mr. Tolhurst would not be evaded. Mr. Oldworth more pointedly begged to be excused. Levitt knew his hand, and would be hurt at his writing to his wife.

"Jealous, hey?" said Mr. Tolhurst.

"But the first letter explained all that—told her you were only my amanuensis."

"Only, on such private matters, sir, it would hardly be delicate."

"Can't see it. Don't you go to interfere between me and my daughter, and tell me what is delicate and what is not. We are not on terms of punctilio. Lucy knows me a good deal better than you do. Do you ever hear from Levitt?" "Very seldom."

"But sometimes?" "Yes, sometimes."

"When did you hear from him last?" Reluctantly he answered, "The day before yesterday."

"Oho, and you never told me of it! Can't call that very open or kind." "It was a business letter, sir."

"About money?" "Partly."

"Had my letter—the one you wrote for me—arrived?" "Yes."

"Why hasn't Lucy answered it?" Mr. Oldworth was strongly tempted to make a lame, i. e. a false excuse. But he said "Levitt inadvertently opened it, and out of consideration for her health, did not give it her for fear of agitating her."

"Mr. Tolhurst's face grew purple. "Do you tell me," cried he in a voice trembling with emotion, "that my letters to my child are tampered with? that Levitt reads them and never gives them to her?"

"Dear sir, this agitation will hurt you—"

"A fig for this agitation! What else could be the result? If I drop down dead, he'll only be glad. Joseph, give me pen and ink. I'll write to him myself."

His hand trembled so that he could not dip the pen.

"Just fill my pen for me, my dear fellow. What a blot! Hold the paper steady, will you? My eyes are misty, I think. Perhaps you'll just guide my hand a little—like when I was a little boy, ha, ha—second childhood, Joe. 'Levitt, you—you—' 'villain' trembled on his lips and on his pen, but he swooned in Mr. Joseph's arms.

Hitherto Mr. Oldworth had left his cousin's inquiries unanswered; but now, as soon as his old friend was cared for and placed in bed, he wrote a few strong

lines in his own name, calculated to touch Levitt's heart if he had one. He told him that Mr. Tolhurst had had a dangerous seizure, which affection for Lucy had made him conceal the extent of; but that now he lay in a critical state, and it was highly expedient that his daughter, as soon as she was able to travel, should come to him.

Levitt was shocked and sobered for the time by this letter. He said that Lucy's expected trial was now over; she was the mother of a fine little boy; he had ventured to break to her the news of her father's illness, which had overcome her a good deal, though he had softened it as much as he could. As soon as she was equal to the journey he should bring her home.

Mr. Oldworth's eyes moistened as he read this: he looked at the unconscious father and thought how sad it was that he would be hardly able to recognize his daughter, or to enjoy seeing his little grandson. The needful interval passed slowly. Mr. Tolhurst's old housekeeper was a good nurse, so that his helpless state was well cared for. His mind was almost gone now; he seemed dull but not unhappy; would watch a kitten playing with a ball with childish interest—seldom spoke except in monosyllables; but was well pleased when Mr. Oldworth read from the large family Bible, the look of which seemed familiar to him. Whether he could comprehend one sentence in a hundred, was problematical; but his face always wore a reverential composure. In reading thus to him, Mr. Oldworth likewise comforted and strengthened himself.

One evening, on his return home, he found a letter from his aunt awaiting him, summoning him to what was really the death-scene of Mrs. Flambeau. He reached her just in time for the last; it was quite an euthanasia; she brightened up with a heavenly radiance for a few minutes, smiled on them with peace unutterable, and was borne to her reward. Tears came to the daughter's relief at last. Mr. Oldworth led her away. "Oh, how lonely I shall now be without her,"

said she piteously. He said "Let my home be henceforth yours."

And so, as soon as it could be arranged, he took her to his own dwelling—that spacious old city mansion that had so long been without a lady's care. Thoughtless of self, in making this arrangement, he secured thereby a very great addition to his comfort and happiness. In course of years it became a cheerful home with numerous young relatives, his guests at holiday-time, growing up around him. His first sight of Lucy after her marriage was beside her father's easy chair, with a baby on her arm. As years went on, she became the mother of several children. Mr. Oldworth cared for their best interests; and for their material interests too. He was old Mr. Tolhurst's executor; and discharged his trust admirably. Levitt got hold of all the ready money he could, year after year, but could not touch the principal, on which account he hesitated not to call himself very badly used. "Such a want of confidence, you know, Joe. I could not have believed him such a curmudgeon."

Lucy's health gave way, and she was ordered to Lisbon. Levitt was only too happy to go abroad again. This was how the children came to be chiefly under his care, though their parents were alive. Under his training and that of Miss Flambeau, it is no wonder that they became charming young people, a little old-fashioned.

He was almost as wedded to city life, as little addicted to traveling, as Charles Lamb. But one memorable journey he made to Yorkshire, to visit Bellermino and his wife, years after their marriage. Never was anything so Arcadian as their life—at least, as moderns think of Arcady. There is a paper in a periodical of the last century setting forth "How an elegant little family may live charitably and within bounds on £50 a year." Bellermino and his wife would seem to have studied this sketch with considerable attention; for they certainly reproduced almost a fac-simile of it, only on rather a larger income. But then, that was because Arabella had an annuity of £200—

the curacy brought only £70 a year; and as "the rector of South Green carried his wife from London to Yorkshire with a neat two hundred and fifty guineas in his pocket,"\* there was no such great disparity between his means and Bellermine's after all. At all events, when Mr. Oldworth read the paper, (to which Tom directed his attention) to his aunt on his return home, he could verify or assimilate every circumstance, except the bacon and greens; for Mrs. Bellermine's dairy and poultry-yard enabled her to supply her table more elegantly. There was the trout-stream which supplied them with many a dish of fish—the orchard, with its rosy fruit—the pasture-ground for two horses and two cows—the bee-hives, the rabbit-hutches—and, within-doors, well-stocked presses and book-shelves, a violin and a guitar. Nor did there lack the "pretty girl, the image of her mother," or "the jolly dog of six years old, addicted to mischief, but who would cry at an interesting story by the hour together." The neat maid-servant, modest and active, was an adept in every kind of woman's work; for why? her mistress had carefully trained her from twelve years of age. By the poor they were beloved; by the rich esteemed and respected. The days were scarcely long enough for their varied employments; their evening recreations were reading, music, and conversation. In fact, Tom was so supremely happy that he assured his friend, if he were offered the richest see in England, he would refuse it; and as Mr. Oldworth took his last look of the vine-covered parsonage, with its tiny diamond-paned casements glittering in the evening sun, he thought, "Who could wonder at that man if he refused a bishopric?"

#### CHAPTER XXV.

##### THE BETTER PART.

See how the world its votaries rewards.

MARY waited for a letter from Dalmayne till the restlessness of suspense began to yield to cold despair. Homeward-bound vessels had brought letters for others, but none for her.

Yet did she not lament with loud alloo,  
As women wont, but with deep sighs, and singulfs few.

She tried to convince herself that their characters would never have accorded; that she had loved an imaginary Dalmayne, not the real man: but this brought no comfort.

A remark in a book casually opened led her to a train of deep thought. It was to this effect: That there is some one state of character and plan of action, the very best possible under all the circumstances, that will please God the most and give us most satisfaction to look back upon at the hour of death. She earnestly desired to know what this plan of action was in her case; and thought, if she could but find it out, she had resolution enough to adopt it. But poor Mary was all at sea, without compass or rudder. Her plan of action with regard to Dalmayne seemed inaction: she had written many a letter to him that she had afterwards felt it would do no good to send. It would be both undignified and useless to seek explanations with him when he did not want things explained. What remained for her to do, then, in other quarters? Her father's motto was "Vogue la galère;" he wanted nothing but to be rowed pleasantly along the stream, while he lounged at his ease on the cushions. Laura had her own friends and occupations and was in good health and spirits. Who remained for her to minister to, but Lord Harry? She could see a gradual declension in him that he appeared unaware of himself; and again the desire was faintly rekindled that Mrs. Forsyth had set alight, to be of real benefit to him. But she did not in the least see her way to it. Her readings, sometimes intermitted, were continued with tolerable punctuality; but how poor and profitless they were! He was keen enough to perceive she attached a sense of usefulness to them, and therefore encouraged her to persist; but, unless her book was merely of amusement, he thought his own thoughts while she read, enjoying the attention of a pretty young woman all the same; and if, by chance, there came some serious passage, he

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\* World, No. 16.

capped it with some question so utterly irrelevant that it showed he had not given it the least attention.

Mary was provoked at this; she thought it a slight to herself; and then perhaps she staid away for a couple of days, and then next time she received such delicate flatteries that it was not in woman—not in *her*—to refuse the graceful homage.

One day he had been saying particularly pretty things to her, dangerously fostering self-conceit; when, on reaching home, she found awaiting her a letter from Dalmayne! O, what a leap her heart gave! One touch of love dissolved all the spells of Comus! She locked herself into her room, to devour every word; and what a letter it proved! *Not* the first;—a previous one had never reached her; and he was racked with suspicion, mad with jealousy, stung at being forgotten. He was very angry with her, and with himself for not being able to refrain from writing to her; and he upbraided her for not writing to him, and besought a thousand pardons for writing such bitter things to her, when grief and blood ill-tempered vexed him.

After all, there was some sweetness in this—though at first she had been shocked and overwhelmed. It was a thousand times better than thinking herself completely forgotten. A ship was just going to sail—she would write to him at once—explain all, forgive all, ask to be forgiven.

She was writing very fast, when some one tapped at her door.

"I'm busy—you can't come in."

"You are wanted, ma'am—"

"I'm busy."

"A messenger, ma'am, from Lord Harry."

"I'm engaged. Tell Miss Laura."

When our minds are over-full, and we are unseasonably interrupted, sometimes we substitute one word for another. Mary continued rapidly writing and was quite unaware that instead of "and indeed, my dear Dalmayne," she wrote "indeed, my dear Lord Harry." Had she had the opportunity of quietly re-perusing her letter, this would have caused her to re-

write it. Unfortunately, she was prevented.

Laura tried the door.

"Do leave me alone for a little while, Laura!"

"Mary! what shall we do? Lord Harry has had another seizure—papa is out—Sorel has sent urgently to us."

"How tiresome!" muttered Mary, almost devoid of humanity to Lord Harry at that moment. She opened the door in great tribulation. "Laura, come in—do pity me. I've heard from Dalmayne at last—a previous letter from him has never reached me. He is beside himself at not hearing from me. I am writing as fast as ever I can, to save the mail. What can I do?"

"I am very sorry for you indeed," said Laura. "Then I will go to Lord Harry, and papa must follow me as soon as he can be found. Dr. Somerville and Lady Juliana are already sent for—the poor old man will hardly recover this time, I should think.

Mary's thoughts were all scattered—she made a futile attempt to recover them—her letter was long enough, she thought—(it covered the paper) she wound it up, and was going to run it over, when "Mary! Mary!" was shouted by her father in a stentorian voice that would be answered.

"Coming, papa! coming directly."

"Mary, come with me, and take a last sight of our old friend."

"Give me but ten minutes."

"In ten minutes he may be gone. Come at once, my dear."

Mary, in desperation, folded, sealed, and directed her letter; gave it to Richard with strict orders to post it at once, and then obeyed her father's summons.

When they arrived, even Captain Beaufort allowed there was nothing for them to do. He sent his daughters back; and remained himself to await the event.

The event was temporary and partial recovery. Lord Harry came to himself, was very calm and quiet, very obedient to his physician, very gentle to Sorel. When the Beauforts came, he thanked them with looks rather than



words. They were very attentive to him; the Captain offered to sit up with him, if it would be of the least comfort or use.

"None, my good sir, thank you. Sorel can do everything."

And Sorel had to do everything, night after night, very much as if he were a machine requiring neither food nor rest nor fresh air. He bore it very uncomplainingly.

When Lord Harry got a little better, he sent for his lawyer and made some alterations or additions to his will. This seemed all the preparation he thought necessary for a passage into an unseen world. After this, he was very placid, like a man who had done all he had to do. A day seldom passed without the Beauforts spending a short time with him. Everybody seemed to think it to be expected of them—that they would be failing in their duty if they omitted it. Captain Beaufort certainly felt so; he had just now a strong sense of gratitude for favors to come.

One day, neither of the girls went to him. He was restless and a little peevish in consequence. To beguile the time, he told Sorel to bring him a certain casket of rings, pins, and other trinkets, and to spread them before him; amusing himself with their glitter.

"When Prince Potemkin was out of sorts," observed he, "he would have his various orders spread before him on a little table covered with black velvet." He seemed considering them one after another; perhaps allotting them, in his mind, to different persons. Presently he said: "Not one of these diamonds is of as pure a water as the one I gave you, Sorel."

"Do you think so, my lord?"

"Think so? I am sure of it. Go and bring yours and let us compare them."

Sorel was reluctantly going, but stopped, and said, in some confusion: "My lord, I beg your pardon—but I have it not just now by me."

"Have it not by you, sirrah? Do you mean you have sold it?"

"No, my lord, not exactly; but—but—"

"Speak out, and don't stammer. What have you done with it?"

"I—I—committed a little imprudence with it."

Not a word spoke Lord Harry. 'Played it away,' was his verdict; but he said not a word, which was more than Sorel expected: not a word, then or thereafter.

One night he was wakeful and weary. Sorel was reading by the light of a lamp carefully screened from his master's eyes.

"Sorel," said he, suddenly, "are you reading the Bible?"

"The Bible? no, my lord," said Sorel, startled.

"What are you reading?"

"I was running through the new play, my lord, to keep myself awake."

"Hol—*Have* you a Bible, Sorel?"

"Do you want me to read to you, my lord? I will get one from Mrs. Mullet."

"I expressed no such desire. Have you one?"

"No, my lord."

Not another word from Lord Harry. Next day his lawyer brought him some papers to sign: and had a little conversation with him about his affairs. He said—"Oh, by the way, my lord, it occurred to me there was a little omission the other day. Perhaps I may be officious—"

"Never mind that, my good sir. What was it?"

"I thought you probably meant to remember . . . so-and-so."

"No," he replied, quite placidly, "I've remembered him already; and besides, he has a very good salary."

The lawyer was rather sorry he had meddled with what did not belong to him. He said afterwards among his intimates, it was very gratifying and edifying to see a man who had cut such a figure in the great world, ebbing away so gently and equably.

A time of greater trial was just beginning—but it did not last long. Had the Beauforts been aware of it, they would have been more unremitting in their

attention. Had they been so, Sorel might have kept more faithfully to his post, and adhered more undeviatingly to his accustomed respect and vigilance. He was getting rather vain now, and sometimes lost his temper. When Mary next saw Lord Harry, he told her, almost with tears, that he had been neglected. She could not suppose he alluded to his servant, and understood him to be complaining of herself and her sister. She was hurt, and said a little in self-defence. He said nothing more; but as she left him, it struck her that he looked very, very sad. That look haunted her afterwards; and occasioned self-reproach.

The next day, the house was closed. All the houses on the green were closed, out of respect to one who had been, in some sort, their sovereign; for Lord Harry was dead. Nobody could give any account of his last moments. Sorel represented him to have gone off quite peacefully; but it could not be satisfactorily ascertained that Sorel was actually present at the last moment; and certainly no one else was.

The Beauforts were unaffectedly sorry. It was a great shock to them, though they had so long expected it. Mary and Laura found that they had really cared for him very much: they recalled to one another his many kindnesses; and shed genuine tears. Captain Beaufort told everybody he had the satisfaction of thinking he had been a great comfort to him to the last. There were newspaper summaries of his character and conduct; some of them entirely panegyrics; others as uncompromising as if dictated by Minos and Radamanthus. There was a very grand funeral.

Afterwards the will was read. There were kind remembrances to a great many friends, very judiciously apportioned: kindest of all, to the Beauforts; without drawing any envy and animadversion on them by disproportioned munificence; but expressing gratitude to them for having cheered his declining years, which they most certainly had.

Captain Beaufort hardly knew what to think of it. He was disappointed; but

did not show it much; and soon made it his business to remind his friends how disinterested he and his girls had always been. Lady Bell and Lady Kitty found nothing they could particularly cavil at.

Sorel was not mentioned. All were surprised: more surprised than he showed himself, though he looked very pale. There was a general impression that he had been rather unhandsomely overlooked. Nobody knew whether he thought so himself.

And so this was the end of Lord Harry. The girls wore mourning for him, and increasingly felt pride and complacency in having been so closely connected with him. It was just when this feeling was strongest, that Mary was deeply wounded by a letter from Dalmayne, upbraiding her for having her head still so full of her old admirer that instead of writing 'my dear Dalmayne,' she had addressed him as 'my dear Lord Harry.' Mary was confounded: she could not believe it of herself, till she recalled the circumstances under which her letter had been written. Then, being angry with herself, she proceeded to be angry with him, telling him that his reproofs read strangely when his innocent, involuntary object of suspicion was dead; and boldly expressing her regret for him and dwelling on his kindness.

Mary felt relieved when she had thus asserted herself. But if her temper was relieved, her conscience was disturbed, when the letter which she knew and meant should give pain, was beyond recall.

"Oh, what a temper is mine," thought she despairingly. "And his is yet worse; so that we never shall get on together."

There the correspondence ceased. She was more unhappy than ever; and deserved considerable praise for showing it so little. But her manner was becoming hard and gloomy—there was no one she now cared to please, except her father and Laura; and she could not please herself.

With sadness rather than pleasure, she prepared to accompany them abroad again. She afterwards thought she had had a presentiment something was to

happen. That something was Captain Beaufort's death. He had a very short illness; was hardly supposed in danger before he became insensible. That was a great shock to the daughters. It troubled depths in Mary's heart that she knew not of. Love disappointments seemed very trivial in comparison. There is scarcely anything that can equal the loss of a father. And the girls had a certain noble instinct which made them vividly and permanently retain the remembrance of all the good traits of those whom they had loved and lost; while all that was unworthy and unamiable faded out of sight.

"Only time can heal," say some. "Only religion can heal," much more sensibly say others. Mary now felt a great void in her heart which only God could fill. Happily for her, Mrs. Forsyth was at hand, and also the good clergyman who had been summoned unavailingly to Captain Beaufort's death-bed. These two were privileged to be of the greatest benefit and comfort to the sisters.

As Laura's nature was neither as deep as Mary's nor had been as deeply stirred, religious truth did not affect her as deeply; but yet, she too began to apprehend a more excellent way than that she had hitherto followed.

When, after a lengthened stay on the continent, the sisters returned to London and reappeared in society, people were sensible of a change in them, without being able to say what it was. They were older; but they were as lovely as ever. Care had certainly not thinned them nor clouded their brows; they were as conversant with the public affairs and best literature of the day as ever; were as intelligent in conversation and as ready at repartee; but both of them, Mary especially, seemed, in the midst of it all, to maintain a steadfast gaze on something beyond and above them. Theirs were not 'leadens looks that loved

the ground;' but 'looks communing with the skies;' and, now and then, a few words dropped from one or the other, told of an inner spiritual life; but this was very seldom; for it was then considered bad taste, except among a certain sect, to make any reference to the world to come.

One day, Mary went to call on her dear friend Mrs. Forsyth. On entering her pretty morning-room, she found, not her friend, but Dalmayne! She had hardly time to utter an exclamation, when she found herself in his arms.

"Yes, here I am," said he at length; "and now reproach me as much as you will."

"Reproach you? What for?"

"Nay, Mary, you ought to know best," said he, smiling. "Your last letter was full of nothing but reproaches, except a very little bit of . . . something that gave me as much encouragement for hope as a drowning man finds in a straw. So, my three years' exile being ended, I thought I would come and judge for myself whether there really were anything for a rational man to anchor on or not; and now we'll go into explanations as long and as many as you like."

"Oh, I want no explanations," said she joyfully.

"Most certainly, then, I don't," said Dalmayne. "My poor Mary," looking at her with wistful tenderness, "you have had some sad losses since we parted."

"They have truly been sad, Dalmayne; but, thank God, Laura and I have drawn good out of evil, and found blessings in disguise. You may say the same," said she smiling, "for there is no one now left for you to be jealous of—to claim even a daughter's affection."

"And will you forsake your gay friends to return with me?—for I have been reappointed."

"Forsake Laura?"

"Laura must go with us."

"O, thank you, Dalmayne!"—She gave him her hand.

(Concluded.)

## SYRIAN RAMBLES.

## No. IV.

## THE LAKE AND THE RIVER OF PALESTINE.

SAFED is a city set on a hill, which looks down upon Tiberias and the Sea of Galilee, and is one of the four holy cities of the Jews in Palestine. It is not mentioned in the Bible. The Moslem quarter is on the north side and opposite the principal fountain; its houses are of modern construction and made of stone brought from the ruins of the Castle of the Knights Templars that crowns the hill; and the red doors and windows and the lively appearance of its population, had nothing suggestive of the destructive earthquake of 1837. The Jews, however, though not so numerous, have the best location. Their quarter is larger in extent and commands a finer view, overlooking upper Galilee, Mt. Tabor, the lake, and the hill country of Judea. These Jews are bigoted and fanatical, and unclean in their dress, streets, and dwellings. German Jews predominate, but all wear the Seknaji costume, which consists of the Arab dress, with a broad-brim black felt hat, and shaved heads, with the exception of a long curl hanging over each temple.

We walked through the Jewish bazaars, in which were many shops not unlike that described, in Bleak House. Among the thousand Jews who reside here we saw many curious types of faces, but they had one quality in common—all were dirty. Our sunset walk was full of interest, especially after we passed from the filthy lanes to the pure air of the mountain, where we could look down upon the waters of Genesareth and off towards Jerusalem.

Next morning I visited the Jewish quarters again and found the devotees at prayer in their principal synagogue, which is a fine structure in comparison with the buildings around it. The men were reading and bowing with great rapidity, while the women were praying in the next apartment. The condition of the Jews seems to be improving everywhere, except in the Holy Land, where they do

not labor or trade to any extent, but prefer to live on the charitable contributions of their co-religionists in Europe and America. The Jew in his exile finds that the whole earth is his home, so far as he can feel himself at home anywhere, and generally a grave in the sacred soil is the utmost object of his desire, but the Jews of Safed, Tiberias and Jerusalem wish to live, as well as die, in the Promised Land. The different views in vogue as to the return of the Jews, led me to ask a very intelligent French Jew, my neighbor one day at the table d'hôte at Jaffa, his idea of the subject. He was a wealthy wine-grower, and probably an infidel, but his reply is worth repeating: "The Jews," said he, "are a trading, not an agricultural people, they could do nothing in Palestine if they did return, in the commercial line; and although the Jews have maintained a distinct existence in all countries, they have also acquired the nationality and the prejudices of those countries. It would be impossible therefore for English and French Jews to live together in Palestine, for they would have no more in common than do the English and French people, who have never loved each other. It would require as much of a miracle to bring the Jews back to Palestine and keep them there, as it did originally to accomplish their dispersion."

We packed up our movables, and, with our houses on the backs of the mules, we left Safed at 10 o'clock, April 20, 1865, and soon reached the wonderful cliff of Achbera. From the road we looked upon the bare perpendicular face of the rock, 500 feet high, and full of caves, natural and artificial. The interior grotto was once fortified, and the entire place was held by robbers, who made their retreat inaccessible by barricading its only approach, up a steep and most difficult pass. They commanded the road from Safed south to Tiberias, Jerusalem and Egypt, and no doubt drove a paying trade in

their mountain fastnesses, until they were driven out by soldiers let down in great boxes suspended from the summit by derricks and iron chains.

Passing south we saw what a trick had been played on the landscape. The mountain rises gradually on its eastern slope to the height above mentioned, and one walking on the table land at the top would look forward with uninterrupted vision, until his steps would be arrested by this immense precipice. It is not a gorge or a chasm, for there is no corresponding bluff on the other side of the road, 500 feet below; and the ground stretches gradually upward and outward for many miles. The country around is quiet and not ambitious, and seems meek and overawed by the awful face of the cliff, which, with its cavernous eyes, is ever staring it out of countenance. Nature, in fact, seems to have dropped a stitch in knitting up the landscape, for all the strata of the rock come abruptly to an end as if bitten squarely off. A lateral section of the hill is thus presented and its hidden mysteries revealed. We waded through the clover and poppy and malva, that grew high as our horses' heads, and through mustard bushes and thistle and buckthorn that grew higher still, as we passed this ancient haunt of the robbers. Bears, and some say lions, infest this region, but we saw none, and my breech-loader did nothing to illustrate the natural history of the Bible. My friend the Doctor tells me that he saw a female lion here some years ago, which, roused from sleep, after having gorged itself on a sheep, bounded away in fright, but remained visible for ten minutes while rushing up the mountain.

This charming country abounds in surprises. Mountains, high and well wooded, embosom great basins of rich wheat and rank vegetation, with innumerable views of land and water scenery. We descended a thousand feet from Safed, to reach the base of Achbera, and then a thousand more to Ain Tineh, the supposed site of Genesareth. Wild pigeon were numerous as we drew near the

lake, and the buckthorn and haw bushes contained myriads of birds' nests—some trees being literally full, and their occupants filled the air with their chirping, and rose in clouds around us. These wild field-sparrows are full of song and activity and seem filled with electricity—tiring the eye in the attempt to follow their rapid movements.

We lunched on the shore of the lake, about 700 feet below the level of the Mediterranean. The water at the "fountain of figs" is not good, and we were obliged to use the water-skin filled in the morning at Achbera. Wild fig trees grow out of the fountain, and hawthorn trees cast their shade upon it. One of these afforded us protection from the sun, while we opened our canteen, near some straggling Bedouins, who were encamped by the water. The peasants ploughing in the field near us, said they were from Ramah of Naphtali; back on the hills.

Kadesh-Naphtali, a place I have not yet visited, was recently offered for sale. Some two years ago I was on the point of purchasing this district for an American friend, who, for less than \$10,000 might have become the possessor of a very fertile estate, rich in Scriptural associations. The conditions of the sale were examined, but my friend concluded that, although the price was small, and the title, resulting from a sale of crown lands by the provincial government, pretty good, the care of its administration and the necessity of keeping on good terms with the Bedouins, would make it a dear bargain in the end.

Heretofore the tenure of land held by foreigners in Turkey has not been of a character to inspire confidence. Theoretically, foreigners were not allowed to hold land, although this rule had been relaxed in many places and at different times. At best it was only by the sufferance of the local authorities that subjects of foreign powers could get land titles written in their own names—and this for the reason that foreigners are not subject in non-Christian countries to the local jurisdiction. It was customary however for foreigners to hold land under fic-

titious titles, with the consent of the Ottoman officials and with the knowledge of the central government. Land could be purchased in the name of an Ottoman subject, and the transfer made by this native, though, not entered of record by the *cadi*, was recognized as vesting the property in the person who supplied the money for the purchase. All questions concerning the land were examined in the name of the nominal native owner by the Ottoman tribunals, regard being had however to the interests of the real proprietor, whose name did not appear. The authorities thus escaped the dilemma of a conflict of jurisdiction over any portion of Turkish soil. Another fictitious title was resorted to for the same purpose, of a still more singular character. Women are not regarded in Turkish law as having any nationality, and consequently any woman of whatever country may hold land in her own name. Hence many foreigners have purchased and still hold lands in the name of a wife, sister or daughter. My friend thought it would be a nice bit of property—a principality in the Holy Land, but not being able to hold it at that time in his own name, he preferred not to make an investment that would involve female proprietorship on one hand, with Bedouin contestants for black mail on the other. The rumored insalubrity of the climate in that district confirmed him in his decision. Yet it would have been a profitable speculation; and the administration of an estate on the hills of Naphtali would have been a novel change for a retired millionaire, from the busy world of Wall street.

But now among the many reforms initiated by the government of the present Sultan, we have in actual existence, the right of foreigners to hold real property in their own names. This right is at present restricted to the subjects of those Powers, whose ambassadors have signed the protocol drawn up at the Porte. It is understood that England, France and Austria have agreed to the proposed basis of foreign proprietorship. The United States and Russia, with some other nations, have declined to adhere to this ar-

range ment, on the ground, principally, that their citizens and subjects would be brought too much under the control of the local officials. The terms on which this right is granted, are, in substance, these: Foreigners may hold property in the Ottoman empire, upon the same conditions and subject to the same taxes, restrictions and courts, as Ottoman subjects—except in the province of Hedjaz, where they are not admitted. Their rights, as regards their persons and personal property, guaranteed to them by treaty, are not touched, but the regulation of the succession and alienation, of the land, is subject to the provisions of the Ottoman law; and all questions arising out of the possession or transfer of real estate are to be adjusted by the Ottoman courts.

The right thus granted has not been availed of to any considerable extent, and this is partly owing to the fact that the Ottoman law concerning real estate has not been codified, and is not accessible to would-be purchasers, who are reluctant to place themselves in subjection to the *lex non scripta* of the Moslem judges. Under this new regulation the domicile of the foreign landholder cannot be entered by the local police, unaccompanied by a consular delegate, in case the said domicile is within nine hours distance from the consulate; but if the consul fails to respond within 24 hours from the time the notice is served, the local functionaries may force an entrance in pursuit of criminals or for proper cause, if accompanied by three of the elders of the community. This may also be done where the domicile is located outside of the limit of 9 hours distance.

Although the subjects of the Powers who have accepted this arrangement have made objections to its provisions, it is understood that the Porte does not propose to offer any better terms, and is not anxious that the conditions offered should be availed of. Doubtless, under the provisions of any agreement that could be made, there would be many complications between natives and foreigners, and between consular tribunals and those of the local government, and

as the Turkish officials are not always educated men, or instructed in the laws and regulations of their country, they would be apt to involve their superiors in questions with the foreign embassies. This reluctance on the part of the Turkish government to see foreigners become owners of real estate, grows out of the fact that foreigners in the Levant are subject to the laws of their own country, and not to those of the country in which they reside. The consuls are not, as in Christian countries, mere commercial agents, but are invested with judicial powers, and wherever there is a consul there is also a consular court, having both civil and criminal jurisdiction over his countrymen. It is with the utmost care that a conflict of laws and jurisdiction, under this anomalous state of things, can be avoided, even as regards the persons and personal property of foreigners. To add to the complications growing out of real estate, is to increase the probabilities of friction and disagreement between consuls and cadis, and disturbed relations between the legations and the Porte.

But we must attend to our lunch at the fountain. The road above it runs from the Huleh, by Jib Yusef (Joseph's pit) to Tiberias over the spur of the hill, and runs parallel with the Jordan in its course to the lake. This entire district is most attractive at this season, and is agreeable at all times. It has ever been high in favor with both native and foreigner, and was always peopled by a mixture of races, the Greek, the Arab and the Jew, who never ceased, however, to maintain a separate existence. Never fusing, intermarrying or even dwelling together, they were distinct in blood, in appearance, and in creed. And this is true of the present inhabitants—the Moslem, Druse, Maronite, Metowali, Armenian and the Frank. The Arabs then, as now, lived in their tents; the Jews, into whose houses a Syrian could not enter, occupied open towns, while the Greeks lived in walled cities, in which a Jew was not allowed to sleep.

After lunch we went to Capernaum, or

to the place which Dr. Thomson has called by that name. Dr. Robinson was of the opinion that *Ain Tineh*, where we lunched, is the real Capernaum, but there are no ruins there except those of a modern khan, and, 200 yards further south, some rubble work, not more than 20 feet high and 20 feet square. While at Tell Hûm, as it is now called by the Arabs, which runs out a little cape into the lake, nearly an hour south of the inlet of the Jordan, is covered with ruins. Pushing through a thick growth of thistle and mustard, higher than our heads, we rode up to a ruin about 20 feet high, not very ancient, and evidently built from material found among the ruins of the old town. Columns and capitals were mixed in with the stone of the side walls. The rock here is all trap. We tied our horses, and by standing on tiptoes on the highest part of the ruin we could see the Jordan flowing into the lake, after its 15 mile excursion from the Huleh. With some effort we wedged our way through the jungle in search of ruins, and we were amply rewarded, for we found pedestals still standing, prostrate columns, architraves with the cup and egg pattern, and another design in marble showing either a pot of flowers or an urn of incense. In an old hovel, now used as a sheepfold, we saw what were evidently foundation stones, probably of the synagogue. The weather was stiflingly hot, and we moved about with great difficulty on account of the tangled thistle and shrubs; we soon became exhausted, and turning to our horses for relief, were forcibly reminded of the condemnation passed by our Lord on the place: "And thou Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be cast down to hell!"

The controversy about the site of Capernaum, which includes already a list of learned biblical and scientific men, will soon receive an additional impetus from the explorations of Mr. McGregor, the London barrister, who proposes to examine the shores of the lake from the water side. Having already made three famous voyages in his "Rob Roy canoe" in the rivers of Europe, he is now in Syria, with

the view of paddling over and sounding all the water deep enough to float his little craft. After examining the rivers of Damascus and verifying the sources of the Jordan, he proposes to find all that is concealed by the "waters of Merom," which has not hitherto been explored, and then go down the Jordan to the Sea of Galilee, and by inspecting closely that part of Tell Hûm that lies under water, he thinks he will be able to throw some new light on the subject.

Mounting our horses we hastened on to pick up the artist and his train. He had taken a good photograph of the cape and its disputed ruins. We were greatly impressed with the beauty of the little inlets or creeks, in one of which our Lord must have thrust out in a little boat to speak to the people on the shore. One might easily address 5,000 or 10,000 people from such a position as the boat would have occupied in yonder little bay.

On our road to Tiberias we passed Tabiga, supposed by Robinson to be the ancient Bethsaida, where we saw many old birkehs 20 feet high, in which the water from the stream was raised up to overflow into a canal, and ran along parallel with their tops, for the irrigation of the plain of Genesareth. Part of this canal was cut through the solid rock, on the road to Tiberias. There is a flour mill at Tabiga and a cluster of fountains, whose water is brackish and tepid, but there was no inhabitant of any kind at Am et Teen or at Tell Hûm—not even an animal to shoot at. An old Sheik whom we met coming from the eastern side of the lake, told us of *Massada*, or the place of fishing near the entrance of the Jordan into the lake. This may be the real *Bethsaida*, or house of fishing,\* but this name is not known among the people. About twenty minutes back and north of Tabiga, is a ruin and a small hamlet called *Karasia*, (*Chorasin* being the dual form) and

is no doubt the Chorasin of the New Testament. Night was coming on, and we hastened toward Tiberias, where we were to find our tents. The ride along the beautiful sandy shore of the lake in the twilight was full of the deepest interest. We soon passed Magdala, an hour north of Tiberias, the home of that Mary, to whom our Lord showed a charity not often imitated in our day. A score of hovels now occupy the site, and the miserable Magdalens, who passed us to get water from the lake, looked as if they had never been pardoned.

As we crossed the rocky promontory north of the walled city of Tiberias we had an opportunity of enjoying the calm beauty of the lake in shadow, while the Jaulan slopes on the eastern side were basking in the golden light of the declining sun. This scenery has been called tame by certain travelers. In good weather, it is calm; but the lake can be very rough, as Peter found to his cost. Snow-capped Hermon looks down from his airy height, an ever-watchful sentinel over this mimic sea; and Safed, with her many hills, keeps guard on the western side, while Jaulan, the country of Job, with its grand outlines embracing the sky, stretches away to the east. The castle of Tiberias, the plain of Genesareth, the hot baths and the horns of Hutin beautify the shore, from the inlet of the Jordan to its outgo, where the river skips over the threshold of the lake into the valley below. All nature seems to pet this inland sea: the hills look fondly down, and their shadows lovingly rest upon it. There she lies, the jewel—a sacred cameo upon the breast of the Promised Land!

We reached our tents at dusk, and found them within the walls between the old castle and the shore, about fifty feet above the beach. The view from the tent door attracted my attention. The slope to the water's edge was so rapid, that from my bed, it seemed as if the lake came to the door; but the two graceful palms that drooped their long branches, as the sunset breeze subsided, indicated the shore line, and stood like twin sisters

\* If the Bethsaida of Robinson be correctly located, the one mentioned by the Sheik is probably the Bethsaida—also called Julias, on the east bank of the Jordan, two miles above the lake.



in placid meditation. The palm tree, unlike the twinkling, glistening olive, whose silver foliage suggests the aged willow, represents meditation and repose. Differing from every other tree in Syria, in appearance and effect, it affords no shelter from the sun or rain; and though of the earth, earthy, it seems to have as little to do with earth as possible. The tallest of trees, its contribution of dates is given in its own peculiarly lofty style from the summit of its columnar trunk, while the branches droop toward the ground from their airy height, as if weary with their effort to reach the skies. The palm in groves produces in the beholder a sensation of delight—the immense palm groves seven miles long which once environed Jericho must have been a beautiful sight—but singly, or in twos, they predispose the mind to pensive thoughts. Like the village spire in New England towns, they point upward and suggest the Creator; and several localities in the lands of the Bible have not been inappropriately named, as Phenicia, “the land of palms,” Palmyra, the city of palms, and Bethany, “the house of dates.” Palm branches are still used in the East on Palm Sunday and at funerals, where they suggest victory and immortality. The righteous are said to “flourish like the palm tree.” The character of the tree is therefore worthy of remark.

The date-palm, called the *Phenix dactylifera* in the Linnean system, is an evergreen and sometimes rises to the height of 100 feet; it is in its greatest vigor 30 years after transplantation, and continues so for 70 years, when it begins gradually to decay, falling usually at the close of its second century. When the old trunk dies, one or more young shoots spring up, so that the tree enjoys a kind of immortality. It is propagated chiefly from young shoots taken from the roots of full-grown trees, which, if well transplanted and nursed, yield their fruit in the 6th or 7th year, while those from the stone will not bear till the 16th year. The trunk rises from the ground of a thickness which is never increased, and

yet it grows so rapidly that it rises to the height of a man in five or six years. As it ascends new leaves are sent out and the former ones decay, and fall down on the trunk, and when the tree is under cultivation they are cut off. The leaves are from 10 to 12 feet in length and when cut from the tree they are macerated in water and become supple, after which they are manufactured into mats, and are applied to many other useful purposes. The palm requires a hot climate with a soil sandy, yet humid and somewhat nitreous; hence it is often found beside wells in the desert, having sprung from date-stones thrown away by travelers who have rested there for refreshment. In fact, it is pre-eminently the tree of the desert, and is spoken, of in Rabbinical writings as a tree of the valleys, not of the mountains. It was deemed characteristic of Judea, and on the coins of her Roman conquerors, we find the words *Judea capta*, and the Jews are represented by a weeping female sitting under a palm tree.

The castle in ruins behind our tents brought up thoughts of the Crusaders, who held Tiberias for a time, and suggested the warlike exploits of the Jews as related by Josephus. The town on the right slope of the hill twinkled with its hundred lights below us, and the tents of Englishmen were illuminated on one side, while our muleteers were chatting and making the night hideous with their horse-laugh on the other, when we sat down to dine on the shore of the Sea of Galilee.

Next morning, during a walk through the bazaars, I noted some improvement in the business of the town—the Jewish population having nearly doubled since my former visit in 1859. The Jews are no cleaner here, although water is at hand, than in the other holy cities. Their bazaars, like those at Safed, were amply stored with meat, vegetables, dry goods and hardware; fish from the lake is found at every corner, and Syrian cotton, then a drug in the market, was sold in bags. I bought a saddle-girth in a Moslem shop, and turned back satisfied with my ex-

plorations into the dirt of Tiberias. We passed an old Greek church, which had been purchased by some Latin monks, for a convent—a branch of the community at Nazareth. From an open space we could see the city wall and the extent of the town, which has a population of more than 2,000 souls. One half of these are Jews, and the other half Moslems and Christians. The Jews regard this town with veneration as one of their holy cities, and are said to believe that their long expected Messiah will rise from the waters of the lake, land in this city and establish his throne at Safed. Their quarter of the town contains several synagogues and schools, in which rabbinical lore has been kept up as a branch of learning. They are not closely united, being different in sect and in origin—the Sephardim being chiefly from Northern Africa and Spain, whose language is a corrupt Spanish, while the Askenazim are from Russia. The wall and towers of the town are much dilapidated, and show traces of the earthquake of 1837.\*

The old city wall ran lower than the modern and into the water in places. I shook off the dust of the town, and plunged into the water from the old rampart, and ten yards from the shore found no bottom. The waves were about two feet high, and yet the boatmen had refused to venture out in the old sail boat. This was my only experience on the lake, and my only bath in a volcanic basin.† The

\* The history of Tiberias may be summed up in a few words. Built by Herod the murderer of John the Baptist, in honor of the Emperor Tiberias, it was endowed with many immunities and became the capital city of Galilee, and subsequently the chief residence of the Jews in Palestine, who for three centuries made it their metropolis. Conspicuous in the war that attended the siege of Jerusalem, it was captured by the Persians, (A.D. 614) by the Arabs, (A.D. 637) and by the Crusaders under Tancred. About 100 years ago, Dahebel Omer, an Arab sheik, built the present walls. Jerome thinks it was the Chinnereth—at which Dr. Thomson demurs, while the Rabbins say that the old city of Rakkath, mentioned in Joshua, stood on this site.

† The volcanic nature of the basin of this lake (the Sea of Galilee) and of the surrounding region is not to be mistaken. The hot

clear and gravelly bottom shelves down very gradually and is strewn with pebbles. During the rainy season the waters rise to the level of the courtyards of the houses on the shore at Tiberias. The lake is full of fish, and Hasslequist the naturalist, notes the remarkable fact that some of the same species of fish are met with here as in the Nile; the Silurians and Mugil, (chub) and a species of bream. The right to fish is farmed out by the government, and is carried on from the shore with hand nets, and not with boats. Boats are not always found here, and travelers have given various reports: Irby and Mangles found none in 1818, in 1822 and '29 there was none. Pococke in 1738 made an excursion on the lake in a boat which was kept, in order to bring wood from the other side. Jezzar Pacha had a boat built for this purpose, but Burchart in 1812 says it had fallen to pieces the year before. The United States Expedition to the Dead Sea under Capt. Lynch launched its boats from Tiberias April 8, 1848, and began a series of investigations which have formed the basis of much that has been written by subsequent travelers. Lynch had not time to survey the lake, but he speaks of its bottom as a concave basin, and of its greatest depth as 165 feet, though fluctuating from copious rains, melting snows and rapid evaporation. The water is cool and sweet, and the inhabitants say that it possesses medicinal properties. The surface of the lake was found by barometrical measurement to be 653.3 below that of the Mediterranean. Its length is stated to be  $11\frac{1}{2}$  geographical miles by a breadth of about 6 miles across the middle; and its distance from the Dead Sea  $56\frac{1}{2}$  miles. It is about 660 feet below the Mediterranean.

I was struck with the tidy appear-

springs near Tiberias, S. E. of the lake, as also the lukewarm springs along its western shore, the frequent and violent earthquakes, and the black basaltic stones which thickly strew the ground, all leave no room for doubt on this point. Robinson ii. 416. S. Crowe, Geographisch-historische Beschreibung des Landes Palästina, Pt. i. p. 34. Lange, Life of Christ, p. 312, vol. i.

ance of the Jewish women, some of whom were dressed in white. One carried on her head a basket platter of clean yellow bread, and the artist, a young Frenchman, followed and begged her to sell a loaf, for the sake of charity, of Allah, just one loaf, but the Jewess was obdurate and referred him to the market where we had already purchased a villainous gritty preparation which the Arabs call bread, of the consistency of a soiled blanket soaked in dishwater. On asking the reason of the woman's refusal to part with her bread, of a Jew mending shoes outside the gate, we learned that this was religious bread, destined for use in the church feast of the following day—Saturday. The Jewess who sold the artist some tobacco was more amiable and did not seem unwilling to handle his Christian silver.

We reached the hot baths in less than a half-hour's easy ride, passing groups of Jews with white beards, and boys, but no men of middle age, or women. Stricken with palsy and other infirmities, these children of Israel presented the most singular types of the human countenance I ever witnessed. Holding on to life with intense eagerness, they had barely enough of the vital spark in their exhausted frames to drag them from the city to these famous medicinal baths. Whatever of efficacy they may contain for cases of rheumatism and nervous complaints, they certainly fail to restore youth and beauty, for every face that passed us exhibited a great degree of physical and mental suffering, which, together with their soiled and disordered clothing, gave to their countenances an expression bordering on the hideous, and reminded one of Michael Angelo's painting of the souls in purgatory. The pallor of the boys was ghastly; and the contrast between infirm old age and imbecile youth, added nothing to the beauty of either. To enjoy the benefit of these sulphurous baths, and the fancied benefits arising from a residence in this, their sacred city, these "children of the wandering foot" will endure a summer of stifling heat, in a town of infinite dirt, and under the contempt of

rulers and neighbors of a faith more modern, if not more liberal than their own. There is one tie, however, between the Moslem and the Eastern Jew—both are Unitarians, both Orientals, and in sympathy in their dislike of the Christians.

We did not gain access to the baths, several Moslem hareems having possession. In 1859 I found them hot, dirty, and uninviting; I could not hold my hand in the water a moment, it being at 144° F. The taste is very salt and bitter, and smells of sulphur, and an analysis has shown carbonate of lime, with a small proportion of muriatic salts, like that of the Dead Sea. Pococke found in a bottle of this water a considerable quantity of gross fixed vitriol, some alum and a salt which is probably the chloride of sodium mentioned by Dr. Anderson. There is nothing ancient in the buildings or surroundings, and nothing to suggest the fortified camp of Vespasian, or the Crusaders. The present buildings were erected by Ibrahim Pasha in 1833, and cover the four fountains, which are visited chiefly in July by Syrians who have faith to believe that they may free themselves from their rheumatism and debility in these seething waters. These hot springs are mentioned by Pliny and Josephus, the latter calling the place *Ammaus*, or "warm baths."

A short ride along the border of the lake brought us to the outgo of the Jordan, where we found a boat, and, after some patient waiting, a boatman to ferry us to the other side. I longed to tarry and spend the day just at this spot. On these tells of Kerak were the fortified places of the Jews, and this was their great naval station, where Josephus collected 230 ships to attack Tiberius, and where occurred the only sea fight between them and the Romans. My friend the Doctor, saw a storm raging here, years ago, for thirty consecutive hours, that would have wrecked a hundred fleets like those of Josephus, unless harbored just at this point. My bath in the swift torrent at the Pilgrim's Ford, six years before, had not satisfied my desire to linger upon the banks of this

fascinating stream. I was unable to cross it then for fear of the Arabs; but now *time* was the only enemy, and after gathering a few shells, we returned "beyond Jordan" to the western side. The river here is 75 feet wide, and so shallow that the boatmen used poles to push the boat and to resist the current. The story that the Jordan passes through the lake without mingling its waters, like the Gulf Stream in the Atlantic, is without foundation.

We will not stop to notice historically the site of Hincea, but ride on along the river bank, verdant and fragrant now with its laurestinus willow, oleander and tamarisk. The villagers have fled from Hippe with Akil Agha—the famous Bedouin chief, who long held sway over the fifty miles of country that lies between the Jordan and the Mediterranean, but who is now in rebellion and disgrace, at Belkan, south of Gerash, near Essalt, where he awaits the departure of the Turkish troops from the border. We saw many quails, a few partridges, and wild pigeon in abundance. The eagles soaring over our heads suggested to my friend, the Arab story of the eagle's shadow, which he thus related: An eagle on awaking one bright morning shook out his feathers, and as the sun rose, his eye caught sight of the very long shadow he cast upon the ground. "Mashallah!" cried the eagle, "what a grand large bird I am,—I will have an ox for my dinner to-day." When he had finished his morning nap, the sun had risen higher, and at nine o'clock the eagle was astonished at his diminished proportions, and felt willing to be satisfied with a sheep for his mid-day meal. But when the sun had nearly reached the meridian, he discovered that he had scarcely any shadow at all, and feeling greatly humiliated exclaimed, "What a remarkably small bird I am—I shall be very glad to have a rabbit to eat."

We camped April 21st at the ford of the Jordan, three hours from Tiberias near the mud village on a conical tell, called Obeidijeeh (everlasting). The view of the opposite shore was full of interest—Gamala, Gadara on the hills beyond—

and some distance below, the river Jar-muk—called Mandhour by the Arabs—a tributary of the Jordan. Our tents had been pitched on a grassy plat, where the river ran quietly between low banks free from vegetation. Not far from this spot, the boat "Uncle Sam" of the U. S. Exploring Expedition\* was shattered on the rocks, and below the camp are the falls or whirlpool of Bukaa, where the metallic boats of Capt. Lynch shot the rapids.

Our tents were placed at a bend of the river, in sight of the ford. The hamlet near us was inhabited by fellahem, or the agricultural Arabs of the border. Between us and the village were papyrus tents, under which sat several armed men, who proved to be some foraging bashi-bazouks, or irregulars of Rassoul Agha, who had been placed at this point, to prevent the return of the rebellious Arabs, and to overawe the smugglers at the ford. The dogs of the village called upon us first; then came the Sheik, a villainous-looking ogre, who gave us a gruff welcome, and manifested much curiosity as to our intentions. He scouted at our idea of camping at the ford, the most dangerous spot on the river, where thieves and Arabs might plunder us, and escape to the other side. But we were armed and the soldiers were near, and we preferred the clean greensward to the filthy village. While the tents were being put in order for the night, I strolled down to the ford where men, women and animals, and loads of grass and beans, were crossing. Stalwart Arabs, accustomed to the river, were standing there in readiness to assist the traveling public to cross the stream, not in a ferry-boat, but upon their shoulders, or in their arms, and sometimes leading persons by the hand. On the approach of a party to the bank

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\* It does not appear that a boat ever floated on the Jordan previous to this century; even for the passage of the river boats were not in use; the stream was everywhere forded. A ferry-boat is mentioned in the English version of the Bible; but this was evidently nothing more than a raft to carry over the king's household; and was not used by the king himself or his attendants. 2 Sam. xix. 18. Robinson.

on the other side, one tall muscular fellow threw off his aba or cloak, and rushed, stark naked, into the swift current, across which he struggled, with the water up to his shoulders, and after a short rest, he started, with a baby on one shoulder, and leading a string of three women, who joined hands, with the other, returned safely to the western bank. There was no affectation of modesty, and but little in reality. Some girls crossed on horseback, behind an Arab who guided the animal; donkeys, cows, and oxen went over without help, the donkeys only requiring a little fire in the rear to aid them into the stream. The boys swim, the girls stride the neck of some relative, and the grass is floated over in bundles from some distance above the ford. Beans, or kersenna, seemed to be the principal product, and peasants, who had crossed the river in the morning with their animals to cultivate their crops, returned at night, to avoid the prowling Arabs on the eastern side. The men were not generally armed, but there were some who seemed to act as sentinels at the ford. Doubtless all were border thieves, smugglers, receivers and forwarders of stolen goods. But I assumed that they were good men and true, and sat down with these ferrymen and ate their roasted beans around the brush fire they had kindled on the bank. Two of them returned with me to the tent, and as they lay in the grass stretched out before the tent-door, with several of the villagers, with the setting sun shining on their faces, they seemed like so many soulless brutes, without a single redeeming feature in their countenances. The human form only, dispelled the illusion. They made no salutation in coming or going, they showed no politeness and but little decency. This was the lowest form of Arab life I had ever seen.

Rassoul Agha, with 300 men, was camped back on the hills, ostensibly to prevent smuggling, and 30 men were feeding their horses near us. An officer, who called himself Doud Aga, or Captain David, came to our tents to request us to move our camp higher up, near the soldiers on account

of the danger at the ford, but we were clean and comfortable and decided to remain. At twilight, our military friend David, the Captain of a band of 30, called again, in a more ceremonious way, and after drinking our coffee, he politely offered us a guard for the night, and an escort to Gadara, on the morrow. We accepted the guard on the ground that it was not fair to hold the officer responsible without giving him a chance to preserve order and prevent trouble. We did not rely upon the soldiers, however, but kept "watch and watch" among our own people, who took good care to prevent a stampede of our animals.

When all was still, I went out into the starlight to enjoy the river in its silent beauty. It did not sleep, but went swiftly on, unconscious of its history, and regardless of its destiny—although the sea of death was to be its grave, from which there could be no escape. The river was very pleasing to the eye in the changing light and shade of sunset and twilight, but I enjoyed it most, when the stars were reflected from its waters just before midnight, before the late moon rose to pour its sickly imitation of daylight upon the scene; and just before the dawn, when the muleteers, who had been singing to keep themselves awake, had sunk into sleep, and the soldiers lay wrapped in their cloaks, upon the grass, and the tents and the animals stood out against the horizon. Just these moments spent on the river bank will constitute my most precious souvenir of this river of all rivers, the most warmly cherished by the heart of Christendom, until a passage across that other river, of which this is a type, shall cause all the glories of earth to fade away in comparison with the wonders that shall be revealed on the other side.

During the hours spent in my tent, between the bars of sleep I could hear the splashing of the Jordan. Were robbers fording the stream? Cattle swimming down the current explained the noise and relieved all apprehension, while it enhanced the peculiar interest which attached to the time and place.

We rose early on the morning of the 22d, without suffering from the attacks of insects or of Arabs. At four o'clock, when the fading moonlight and the twinkling stars were retiring on the approach of dawn, the river and the hills on either side presented a picture of unusual interest. Getting off at 7 o'clock, after paying our sleepy protectors their expected backshish, we reached the bridge Jisyn el Mejonar at 8½, where we stumbled upon a camp of about 400 Turkish troops. Like the irregulars at the ford, these troops were here to quell and keep back the Bedouins, whose ravages have caused this entire valley from Abadyieh to Jericho, nearly 60 miles, to be entirely deserted. Now fortune smiles! With an escort, we may perhaps spend some days on the other side of Jordan.

### GODFRIED AUGUST BÜRGER.

BY A STUDENT OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

AN old and beautiful tradition relates that a Southern tribe of Indians, defeated in war and driven from the graves and hunting-grounds of their fathers, came one day about sunset upon the banks of a noble river, where gleams of light, like the benedictions of a parting god, mingled with the gloom and shadow of the forest. The fight had been long and desperate, and even the hardiest warriors were beginning to feel the sinews of their limbs grow slack. Weary and faint, the chief threw down the knife and tomahawk, exclaiming, "Here we rest! here we rest!" How many a man has come like these hunted savages, to the shores of another broad river, come faint and weary from the heat and anguish of the battle of life, from fierce conflict with seen and unseen foes; to whom the very sunshine has been a mockery; has come to the River of Death, and cried out, "Here I rest! here I rest!"

Such a man was the German poet Bürger. His whole life was a battle with adversity, and in death alone he found the peace he had always craved. Nor even death put an end to the dispute that raged during his lifetime in regard to his moral and literary character. For many years it was carried on with acrimony when it could no longer affect him. Nor will this seem surprising, when we consider his character: Wayward and erratic, like Burns and Poe, to both of whom he bears certain other resemblances, he perplexed all judgments for a time by an endless contradiction of good and evil qualities, through which it was

impossible to discover any trace of a directing principle. Nor was it an easy task, while partisan feeling was warm on either side, to perceive justly in what relative proportions the good and evil in him were compounded, and while one party condemned his life and writings with undeserved severity, the other gave a measure of promise to both, which the sober judgment of after years has very materially reduced. But praise, blame, and pity have done their work; from every point of view his life and writings have been subjected to loving and unloving scrutiny, until both sides yielding somewhat here and there, a correct estimate of his character has been reached at length. And though revealing, alas! a saddening want of principle and everything like a firm purpose, or a noble end to be reached, there is enough remaining of generous and endearing qualities to give interest to the story of his life. It has also its touching and stern admonitions, voices of warning from the depths of tragic experience, sad appeals to human charity. And it seems to me that a half hour might not be lost in plucking some of the flowers of life and death, of sweet and of bitter odor, which grow out of his grave.

Godfried August Bürger was born on New-Year's day, 1748, at Wolmerswende, in the principality of Halberstadt. His father was a clergyman, of a sluggish and indolent disposition, while his mother was noted for energy and intellect. Young Bürger, unfortunately, inherited the qualities of both parents in proportions that

insured him a lifetime of misery. With more of the father's temperament he would have gone through the world a free and easy lounge, taking things as they came without care or thought for the morrow; with somewhat more of the fine qualities and decision of his mother, he might have risen above the degrading tendency of his lower nature, with the impulse and the power to throw himself manfully into the whirl of life and action. But from boyhood he was indolent and wayward, and with a fair capacity for the acquisition of knowledge refused to apply himself to study. Parental urging, the more practical argument of the rod, failed to stimulate the flagging disposition, and at the age of ten he could scarcely even read. He would play the truant for whole days, sometimes late into the night, in the thickest part of a somewhat lonesome wood in the neighborhood, pleasing himself with the sombre fancies inspired by the genius of the place. It was no healthy love of nature that led the young truant into those deep shadows; he loved the seclusion and twilight gloom, and the sense of superstitious mystery breathed from the murmur of the leaves; an ominous characteristic! Bürger was never a child of light.

At the age of twelve we find him living with his grandfather at Aschersleben, and attending the lyceum of that city. Though making but little progress in his studies, he showed no lack of mother-wit and a strong inclination to poetry, which generally took the form of epigrams against schoolmates who offended him. But a keen satire on the extra-sized bag-wig or a self-important senior, which caused no little merriment among the other scholars, brought upon him so unmerciful a beating from the incensed victim, that his grandfather withdrew him from the lyceum, and sent him to study theology at Halle. Had Bürger been left to his own choice he would have devoted himself entirely to literary culture, towards which he was drawn by inclination and turn of mind; but dependent on the grandfather's purse for support, he had not the nerve to oppose

the old gentleman's wishes, however unwise and contrary to the promptings of his own nature. He made up for the sacrifice, however, by neglecting the uncongenial and dry study, and applying himself vigorously in other directions. Casting off, by a strong effort of will, his indolent, dreamy habits, he became a diligent student of æsthetics and ancient and modern poetry. Warmhearted and cordial in the main, though not unfrequently irritable and self-willed, he was just the one to attract the goodfellowship which he had done well to avoid. His most intimate companion at Halle was a certain counsellor Klotze, a man of fine culture but of loose morals, by whom he was introduced to a circle of convivial spirits, in whose company he received irreparable moral injury. It may be doubted if his studies at this time were in any sense the seeds of a refined and noble culture, for the degradation of the moral impulses of a man inevitably lowers the tone of his intellect. Bürger took the downward road on the run, and soon became noted as the wildest of the wild. Hearing at length how matters were going on, his grandfather recalled him in no very gracious mood.

Finding means to pacify the justly incensed old gentleman, Bürger was sent to make another trial of life as a law student at Göttingen. For a few months every thing went well. He applied himself earnestly and assiduously to his studies, with satisfactory progress. But, falling once more into the society of genial, convivial fellows, his old tastes and habits came back upon him with a force which his new character was unable to resist. It was the old story over again—temptation, an impotent struggle, and another fall into licentiousness and extravagance. His grandfather, soon apprised of it, and as the only means of bringing the graceless fellow to his senses, withdrew his supplies, and threw him upon his own resources. Deeply in debt, and a prey to the severest chidings of conscience, Bürger was almost beside himself with remorse and desperation. But this seemingly adverse stroke of

fortune was ordered by his good genius, for the purpose of rousing him out of his deathful sleep in the bowers of false delight. The change it wrought was indeed marvelous. He once more, and forever, shook loose from his licentious companions, again studied diligently, and by giving private instruction earned the means of support, and the noble feeling of independence and manly self-respect.

At this time, fortunately for himself and for us, he fell in with a company of choice spirits, who did for German literature what the pre-Raphaelites are doing in our own day for English art. Herder and Klopstock had already burst the shackles which French philosophy had riveted to the limbs of an awakening nation, and given a living, healthful impulse to the literature of their native land. It was the ambition of the Göttingen Society to keep up the influence and carry out the purposes of those great leaders. They were all young men, thoroughly alive with the spirit of the new times, conscious of strength and exultant in the hope of a glorious victory. For, though great names, and the authority of venerable forms and old traditional feeling were against the new order of things, it required no very keen discernment to see that the whole nation was stirring and growing restless with the fresh blood in its veins. Men were beginning to assert the right of individual opinion, of free thought and action. All the living intellect of the nation was aroused to tear aside the mummary of an exhausted and soulless formality from laws, literature, and religion. And hence that remarkable crisis in the history of Germany, of which the circles and eddies reach down to our own day.

Though pursuing diverging paths, and ultimately far apart, the members of the Göttingen Society made their influence widely felt in the new movement, and their names are still remembered with gratitude. Bürger was soon a favorite with all the members. His poems were read aloud at their weekly meetings, where they received the benefit of un-

sparing criticism, which he always took in good part. He was accustomed to write impulsively, and to correct, alter, and add with critical deliberation; and what he left undone was finished by his friends. It is said that the completed poem would sometimes contain not so much as a line of the first draught. How he could preserve so much spirit, and such a forceful rush of style and rhythm, in spite of the cool and patient emendation, is certainly a matter of wonder. These were the happiest days of Bürger's life. Poor in purse, he was rich in the nobler wealth of a good conscience, a spirit well employed, and the hope of a high and enduring fame in the literature of his native country.

But these palmy days were of short duration. Careless and always improvident, he had contracted many debts in Göttingen, which he had no means, nor the prospect of any, to pay off. It was plain that he must quit the jovial and literary society of Göttingen for the stern and practical ways of life. The good offices of his friend Boie obtained for him a stewardship on the manor of Alten Gleichen, under the Lords of Uslar. The salary, though small enough, would have sufficed, with prudence and economy, which poor Bürger did not possess, to keep him from want; and his grandfather, finding him ready to help himself in an honorable calling, generously provided him with the means of paying his debts. Unfortunately, in the absence of his faithful adviser Boie, this money was intrusted to a young scapegrace of a student, and by him soon squandered. He was unable to replace it; and this flagrant breach of trust involved Bürger in a snare of pecuniary difficulties from which he escaped only when he laid his head in the grave.

From the solitariness and ennui of his secluded country home, Bürger sought refuge in the companionship of the muses. Here he wrote *Lenore*, the best of his poems, which has won him a world-wide celebrity. The wildness of the legend, and the extraordinary force and forward rush of the rhythm, the strength and vi-



vacuity of the style, made the ballad a "success" from the very first. It produced a great sensation all over Germany, and set nervous people to seeing visions o' nights, of spectre horsemen eloping with blooming maids, followed by a train of horrible churchyard-things, dry old skeletons and bodies fresh in their shrouds. Perhaps no other ballad ever attained to a more general popularity. It has become a part of the literature of the world. Something of all this it owes to the illustration of it by many of the first artists of Europe, but it contains in its own vigorous lines all the elements of extended and enduring popularity.

But even then the dark cloud was coming, in comparison with which all other sorrows and trials were but as summer nights between golden evenings and the dewy light of unclouded mornings. Bürger began to feel lonely in the country, where his friends could rarely visit him, and to wish for nearer companionship. Not insensible, however, to the practical in wedded life, he fixed his choice, with more worldly prudence than love, upon the daughter of a neighboring farmer. Scarcely was he betrothed, when he saw for the first time the younger sister of his maiden, a beautiful girl of fourteen years, the future Molly of his lyric poems. Here was one of those matches which are said to be made in heaven. At first sight they fell in love with each other; and had Bürger known himself, and how dangerous it is to trifle with the human heart, he never would have married her sister. But he seemed fated by the most wayward and reckless disregard of principle and common sense, always to bring unfortunate and unmerciful disaster upon himself. Fully conscious, yet keeping her in ignorance of the fact, that he never could love her, he married Amalia, in defiance of nature's great laws for the union of souls and hands. Augusta, the Beloved, stood as bridesmaid to the Unbeloved. It was the first act of a life-long tragedy. Soon awakened from her dreams of happiness, but not crushed, Amalia resolved that the world should never, from any act of hers, have reason to suspect the

heart-aches, the wretchedness and desolation of their home. And right nobly she did her part. Meekly, but with true heroism submitting to her bitter lot, she was ever the gentle and uncomplaining partner of his life. Had Bürger endured his self-imposed misery with half the fortitude of this noble woman, the remainder of his story might have worn a happier face. But he yielded and bent unmanfully under the weight of troubles which he had lacked the manhood to prevent, and gradually sank to a pitiful depth of moral degradation, from which he roused up but once or twice, and then only for a short time. We cannot but pity Bürger and Augusta; and though our sympathy mixes with contempt for the man without manliness, and aversion for the woman without womanliness, we shall be none the worse for a charitable judgment of the unhappy pair. Their errors cost them many a bitter struggle, for nature, a kind and loving parent, is a stern and dreadful punisher, whose laws may never be broken with impunity. Every effort on the part of the lovers to forget each other, only heightened the intensity of their passion. And thus it went on for ten years.

It was impossible to conceal all this from the social spies that infest every neighborhood, and it soon became known abroad that Bürger loved his wife's sister and did not love his wife, and of course stories of deeper wrong were freely circulated. And it would be hard to say how it could have been otherwise; for unlawful love seldom restrains itself within Platonic limits, and Bürger's life had not been so strictly Puritanic as to place him above suspicion. But we have good reason for believing that society did him an injustice in these surmises.

Few of his poems written at this period, with the exception of those addressed to "Molly," give any indication of the misery which was eating away his heart, for he was fain to forget himself in his art; but in those poems which seemed wrung from his soul by a vehemence of passion which would be uttered, there are revelations which cause one to shudder, and to wonder how mortal man could bear up

at all under such anguish. Yet some of his wittiest and best poems date from this period of his life. I cannot bring myself to attempt a translation of the "Elegy," or, indeed, any of the most characteristic pieces of self-confession; but here is a specimen (bereft of much of its grace and prettiness in the process of translation) of his playful and tender style, unhurt by that grossness of feeling which deforms so many of his poems. It was written in 1775, the year after his marriage:

MY DEARIE.

My Dearie holds me, day by day,  
In bonds of love securely;  
Am alway near her, never stray;  
She holds me over-surely.  
I may not break the woven band,  
Nor scorn my jailer's warning;  
She keeps me fettered to her hand,  
From morning round to morning.

My Dearie holds me, day by day,  
In her modest cell about her;  
I may not forth to feast, nor play,  
Nor dancing green, without her;  
Am, sooth, no churlish fool myself,  
Besides her hear and see none;  
Can read her coaxing eyes so well,  
That words there need to be none.

And who, in sooth, was born for thee,  
And who for me, my Dearie?  
Ah, darling! without thee and me,  
Were thou and I heart-weary.  
And when grim death his sickle swings,  
One from the other reaping,  
God! what may be, for thee and me,  
Of bitterness and weeping!

In 1776 Bürger wrote his famous Song of the Brave Man, and began a translation of the *Iliad*, but in the latter undertaking encountered the keen rivalry of the younger Count Stolberg, one of the Göttingen fraternity, and after publishing six books, gave it up as a hopeless task.

The poet's life shows nothing more worthy of note until 1780, when, with the hope of bettering his fortune, he was induced to take a farm in Appenrode. The attempt ended in disappointment, and after expending most of his wife's inheritance, (her father having died meanwhile) Bürger was forced to give up an undertaking for which he was wholly unfitted. And since misfortunes never come singly, the same fellow who had cheated him out of his money at Göttingen, chose this

time to accuse him to the Lords of Uslar of official dishonesty. Bürger easily justified himself, but the public being deeply prejudiced against him, he felt bound to resign, a resolution to which the government at once acceded. Poets rarely succeed as men of business. Their habits of mind unfit them, in general, for practical energy and promptness, and they have no sympathy with the sharpness and calculation required in dealing with men who keep a keen eye on their own interests. It is no wonder that Bürger, with his careless, indolent ways, should lay himself open to suspicion.

Not long afterwards he was called to look down into the grave of one who for ten long years of misery had faithfully shared all his misfortunes and lightened his burdens without sharing the love which was given wrongfully to another. It is said that Bürger's heart smote him there, when too late, and that he bitterly reproached himself for his conduct towards her. But now a brighter day seemed about to dawn upon the unhappy poet. He began a course of lectures at Göttingen upon æsthetics, and resumed the publication of a literary journal on which he had been engaged previous to his residence at Alten Gleichen, and as soon as he was assured of his income, he was married to his long-loved Molly. It was an interlude of brief but intense joy. His spirits took a sudden spring, and burst forth in a long and extravagant poem to the "Sole Woman," as he styled his Molly. It might seem as if Providence might have granted him a respite for the rest of his life from the misery which had punished the errors of his earlier days. But Providence was other minded, and within one year his Molly was carried to her grave. With her he buried heart and hope, and whatever he did after that sad day, when he looked upon her for the last time, was done without either.

The reception of certain academic honours, and the prospect of a respectable income from his lectures and the sale of his books, at length induced Bürger to wish to assemble his scattered family under his own roof again; and since he would need

a housekeeper and his children a mother, he began to look about for the proper person to fill both of those responsible positions. While in this mood, he received from a Swabian maiden, upon whom his poems had made a deep impression, a poetical offer of her heart and hand. Here was something quite like an indication of Providence, and withal as romantic and flattering as poor poet could desire. At first he was inclined to treat the affair as a lively joke; but other letters followed, showing the unknown singer to be not only in earnest, but a lady of culture and refinement, and he was soon willing to take the advice of his friends, who were decidedly in favor of the proposed match. He returned a poetical answer; serious negotiations followed, which resulted in his marriage with the lively Swabian. This was in 1790, about four years after the death of his Molly. All promised well for a time; but—these *buts* come in so sadly and so often!—the romantic union soon proved as unhappy as it was romantic, and after two years of most painful life the parties were divorced. It would almost seem as if nature, in punishment of his first violation of her laws of the heart, had ordained that he should never be happy in marriage. Poor Bürger! Weary, heavy laden with infirmities of body and worse ones of the soul, he crept feebly through the remainder of his life towards a wished-for grave.

But he was not to reach it unsmitten. While the man whose Lenore was the favorite ballad of a nation was earning a scanty support in the loneliness of his study, and comforting himself, in the absence of all hope for the present life, with the exulting thought that his poetry was immortal, a brother's hand was stretched forth to dash that last consolation from his heart. It is almost needless to say that Schiller's critique proceeded from nothing but a desire to check what he considered a degradation of art, and that in many respects it was just and right. No one, after reading half a dozen of Bürger's poems taken at random from his volumes, can dispute the justice of the

charge of grossness and vulgarity, and it is undeniable that his themes are too often worthless and low. But in his remarks upon the characteristics of a genuine poet of the people, Schiller betrays a singular lack of sympathy with the spirit of modern popular poetry. His temperament and his culture led him to the worship of the classical and the ideal in art. His eyes were always fixed upon the loftiest standards of human greatness, and in his poems he sought to give expression to the purest and noblest thoughts only of which his mind was capable. Grace, Beauty, Purity and Greatness, were the Divinities at whose altars he worshiped. He regarded poetry as a divine effluence, which must never be polluted by the dust and sweat and tears of human passion, sin, and sorrow. It was never to be made the utterance of importunate feeling. Sorrow must not be sung until the clouds have passed over, leaving the poet in serene sunlight, with the memory of the dark time playing softly on the chords of his heart, like winds dying through a forest after a storm. Natural poetry, the unidealized expression of the woes and joys that fleck the pathway of every man with light and shadow, was abhorrent to his very soul. He demanded that every poet should be a man of refined taste and elegant culture, and that the expression of feeling should be general and never individual. He denied the name of poet to the man who did not exalt every emotion which he sung out of the narrow limits of his own personality into the region of the ideal and the universal.

It is obvious that he was not the man to understand a poet like Bürger, whose lyrics are wholly passional, and right from a heart of strong and earnest but never refined emotion. They gushed out of his stricken soul like the water from the rock which Moses smote; and no wonder that the current should often be turbid and impure.

But Bürger's fame as a poet rests chiefly on his ballads, and of these the best and most widely known are Lenore, the Song of the Brave Man, and the Wild Hunts-

**man.** The first two have been translated so often and so successfully, that I need not stop to speak of them. Scott's imitation of the Wild Huntsman must not be taken as in any sense a reflex of the German poem; it omits many important and characteristic touches, and reads heavily, which cannot be said of the original. The translation by Mr. Taylor pretends to strict fidelity, with how much truth may be inferred from the fact that it is shorter by half a dozen stanzas! This ballad contains some of Bürger's most characteristic and effective poetry. The first part trails a little, but the description of the darkness suddenly falling upon the wretched huntsman, and the beginning of the infernal chase, is one of the finest passages of modern ballad-writing. As I am acquainted with no faithful translation of this poem, I have attempted to versify a few stanzas, from the twenty-sixth to the close, preserving as far as possible everything characteristic of the poet, even to the queer but expressive interjections which excited Schiller's contemptuous sarcasm. It must be premised that the Wildgrave going on a hunt of a Sabbath morning is met by two riders, one coming from the right, the other from the left, the first being a good and the latter an evil spirit, each of whom, according to his nature, urges him on or admonishes him to turn back. The evil spirit prevails. The Wildgrave rides over the fields of the poor, tramples down their flocks, kills a shepherd, until at length the hunted stag finds refuge in a hermitage. The holy man and the good angel remonstrate in vain; the evil spirit prevails, and the Wildgrave dashes on. The rest of the story is contained in the following verses:

He cracked his whip, his horn he blew:  
Ho, holla, comrades, up and on —  
But man and cell were swept from view,  
The huntsmen and the hounds were gone!  
Hushed clump and tramp and wild hallooing;  
The silence of the grave ensuing!

Struck and amazed he stared around;  
He tried his horn—no strain it blew;  
He shouted—but he made no sound;  
No snap from brandished whip there flew.  
He urged his horse with desperate spurring;  
But from the fatal spot no stirring!

Drear darkness closes o'er the plain,  
Dark, darker—as where dwell the dead;  
Low roars it, like a far-off main;  
From the cloud-blackness, overhead,  
Down to the shuddering wretch thereunder,  
This dread doom called a voice of thunder:

"Thou demon-hearted evil doer,  
Bold against God and man and brute;  
The cry of creature and the poor,  
Crushed by thy bloody-trampling foot,  
Thee loudly to the Judgment warneth,  
Where high the torch of Vengeance burneth.

"Fly, monster! fly in endless rounds,  
No rest nor breathing from this hour,  
Before the demon and his hounds;  
That evermore the great in power  
May know and dread the doom he beareth,  
Who creature nor Creator spareth!"

Then lurid flames sulphureous shone,  
Dim lightning through the forest gloom;  
Cold horror thrilled through flesh and bone,—  
So smothering all, so deaf and dumb!  
Grim terrors throng the forward hollow,  
Behind, deep, thunderous rumblings follow.

Surge the wild terrors,—fierce the rout!  
And from the gaping earth—hu hū!  
A swarthy giant-fist grasps out,  
And stretches wide, and clinches to;  
Ha! in the whirlwind towards him clutching!  
Away! back staring, forward crouching!

Spring flames about him high and higher,  
Of green and blue and blood-red glare;  
Heaves a tempestuous sea of fire;  
And hell-born creatures wallow there!  
Leap hell-hounds from the hollow surges;  
A ghastly huntsman fiercely urges!

He springs, he scours through wood and plain,  
And shrieks, and cries, and aye looks back;  
Through the wide world he flies again;  
Follow and rave the infernal pack:  
By day, to earth's deep caverns keeping;  
High through the air when men are sleeping.

He glares behind him as he flies,  
Harried and driven on like wind;  
Still on the hell-dogs fixed his eyes,  
Urged madly onward by the Fiend;  
Must see their grim jaws fiercely gaping,  
Must hear the gnashing and the snapping.

'Twas thus the Magic Hunt began,  
Which must endure till Judgment day.—  
Full oft by night some outlawed man  
Pales as it scours athwart his way;  
And many a huntsman (might he dare it)  
About the hearthstone could declare it.

Schiller's criticism was a severe blow to the poet, broken in spirit and enfeebled by sickness. It was the finishing stroke to a lifetime of misery, which has few parallels in the annals of literature. From

his very boyhood up he was always in trouble, and never grew wiser from his experience. Impulsive indecision and waywardness mark every step of his career. If he did not absolutely fling it away more than once when happiness was within his reach, he allowed it to slip through his fingers with fatal recklessness. When in urgent want and misery, he was capable of making noble exertions to clear himself from the fatal toils; but never learned how to keep clear of them. He never saw "the lion's shadow ere itself." It has been urged in palliation of his errors that Bürger inherited from his father an indolent disposition, from which it was impossible to rise with a heart never so willing. But in transient efforts he showed that he was able to rise above it, and that all that was lacking to make him happy and successful was moral purpose and noble principle. Lacking these, his life was—what it was. It is not only in practical life that this fatal lack of moral stamina is apparent; every page of his writings gives fatal evidence of it. It may seem strange that the impulse received in the society of the Göttingen friends had so short an existence, especially as during his residence there he seemed awakened to a noble sense of the part he might take in the glory of the new German era. But some men are like metals that grow hot in a strong fire, without being vitally kindled. Bürger could not work solely from within; he needed the influence of friends to keep him steadily to his purpose, and of course when beyond the reach of such influence he soon grew careless and indolent, until roused by calamity or want.

The wild freaks and irregularities of men like Bürger, Burns, Poe, and others, have often been laid to the score of talent and genius.

Even the light that led astray  
Was light from heaven.

But a more monstrous and degrading falsehood was never uttered in palliation of error. The mere thought of the great names in literature and art refutes it effectually forever. Dante, Shakspeare, Milton—these are enough. The soul of

a man of high and noble genius, stands nearer the throne of God than other souls, bathes in holier light, and finds strength for deeper seeing into the heart of nature and humanity; and such a man is therefore always earnest and religious. The licentiousness of men like Beaumont and Fletcher and Lord Byron, so far from resulting from their genius, shows that their lower nature was too strong for the higher. It is significant, too, that these very men never write their best except upon noble and pure themes.

Bürger's life was now rapidly drawing to its close. Every step of his way, with here and there a gleam of sunshine, had been under cloud; not the sweet cloud of summer rain, with its balm for flowers and thirsty roots, and rainbows and glorious light at parting, but such a dull dreary cloud as showered ashes and death over Pompeii. There was no hope of the sun after it, nor of sweet breathing. A sadder death-bed cannot be imagined. It is written that precious seed sown in tears shall be reaped in joy; but Bürger had sown only seeds of misery, and the abundant harvest threw a dark shadow across his dying hours. It is sad to know that extreme poverty increased the sufferings of his last days, and that but for the timely and unsolicited assistance of the government, he must have known what it is to hunger.

He died at Göttingen on the eighth of June, 1794. A few years later a simple monument was erected in his favorite garden-walk in that city, to the memory of one who had been a warm friend, a kind father, and except in one great error, an affectionate husband. His social qualities were generous and hearty in the extreme, and no one has ever questioned the goodness of his heart. But that fatal lack of moral principle rendered all his other virtues nugatory. Three ballads, a few lyric poems, one or two sonnets—not more than eight or ten in all—form the legacy of his talents to posterity. Alas, that on the tomb-stone of a man of his powers we must read the mournfullest of all mournful epitaphs:

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN!"

## PARTED.

THE broad, still moonlight on the river slept,  
 And marginward the shortening shadows crept,  
 As, brightening one by one the cloudy bars,  
 The moon climbed upward 'mong the paling stars.  
 We crossed the bridge upon our homeward walk;  
 A heart-full silence hushed our earnest talk;  
 So few the moments! oh, so near the end!  
 Then still and low thou spakest, O my friend:  
 "I may not henceforth tread life's path with thee,  
 But evermore, whate'er my lot may be,  
 Think of me always as at work for Him  
 Who lived and died for us." My eyes grew dim  
 With tears at thy last words beneath thy breath,  
 "I will be faithful even unto death  
 To Him—and thee!"

O my beloved! thou  
 Hast nobly wrought thy life's great work, and now  
 Thy weary hands and feet, thy lonely breast,  
 Are laid beneath the church-yard turf to rest.  
 And, lingering beside the hallowed stone,  
 Forlorn upon life's dreary path, alone,  
 I think of thee. Alas! my earth-bound thought,  
 Though it could follow, while thy task was wrought  
 On earth, with blessing and with loving prayer,  
 Finds pearly gates shut close between us, where  
 Thou workest now the unknown work of heaven.  
 Yet through their white, translucent sheen is given  
 This one dear glimpse of thee and what thou art,—  
 Thou workest still for Christ,—and on my heart  
 The echo of thy words falls soothingly,  
 Thou wilt be true to Him and true to me.  
 For, true till death means, surely, "true forever."  
 Death binds the faithful hearts it cannot sever.  
 Life could not change thee. On the changeless shore  
 Thou art no less my own. I ask no more.

## MODEL LODGING-HOUSES.

THE happiest sight to an economist's eyes ought to be poor men's homes. When one considers the immense product as well as moral value to the community of separate homesteads, how much each worker's force is recruited by returning to his own home, what independence of character the possession of a freehold is adapted to give, what high qualities may be cultivated by the responsibilities of the ownership of land and house, and how much the true prosperity of a country depends on its possessing a large class of freeholders, we can hardly over-estimate the economical or moral value of individual homes.

The great fortune of this country has been the fact that the agricultural class have not been "farmers," in the English sense, "letters," or tenants, but are almost entirely freeholders, or owners of house and land. It is the independence, the self-denial, the intelligence, industry, and morality cultivated by this possession of land in moderate parcels, and all the responsibilities going with it, which have thus far made good headway against the vices and ignorance, the speculative habits of business, and the luxury, begotten by the tenant-life in crowded houses, and the irresponsible mode of living and the overgrown fortunes of our large cities.

It is not too much to say that the small rural freeholders, by their sacrifices and labors, their intelligent votes, and their heroism, saved the country during the late civil war, and that they are still the safeguard of the cities from their own evils.

Some of the large towns of the Union are so fortunate in their position—such, for instance, as Philadelphia, Buffalo, and others—as to be able to expand on every side, and thus never to force the price of land beyond the reach of the wage class. The outskirts of these cities present the delightful spectacle alluded to, of poor men's separate homes. One city, San Francisco, has gained the same result by an ingenious device. The savings of labor have been accumulated and put into "Building and Loan Associations," who in return make loans to labor for building purposes, taking their security in liens on the land, and then on the building as it progresses. These associations have something like \$17,000,000 of capital, and are so carefully conducted that their dividends average ten per cent. annually; and the city is full of small houses of laborers and shop-keepers, built through their instrumentality.

The city of New York is peculiarly unfavorably situated in this regard. It is built on a narrow strip of land, between two considerable bodies of water. The water-fronts are becoming of priceless commercial value; the central portions must be used for its vast business of exchanging products, and for the residences of the wealthy and the well-to-do, so that the wage class are forced into comparatively small strips of territory on each side of the expensive portion, or into the somewhat broader region included in the widest part of the island. Land, of course, under such circumstances, becomes of immense value; far beyond the ability of the laboring or the artisan class to possess. But to add to its price, comes in the unfortunate effects of the "government of the lowest" which this city has so long enjoyed. Being mainly a commercial entrepot; the mass of the fortunate class being too busy or indolent to take

part in its administration; a considerable body of its voters being of foreign birth or extraction, and little permeated by American ideas and education, the management of the city affairs has become corrupt and inefficient beyond any experience of history. The waste, extravagance, and corruption of this ill-government have of course been felt at once in the price of land and house—in rent—and these have fallen heaviest on the poor.

The values of houses and of space have risen to such an enormous measure, that there can be no possibility of the laboring class ever possessing, in New York, their own homes. They must live in barracks—in large "tenement houses," each family renting a set of rooms. These huge houses become soon fearfully overcrowded, as each family desires to cheapen rent by sub-letting or taking in lodgers. Land being so costly, it is for the supposed advantage of landlord and tenant to put as many above a given space as can possibly be accommodated. The tenement houses are made very high, with great numbers of rooms, and every corner from garret to cellar is filled with occupants. The general result is a greater degree of overcrowding than is known in any European city. For the evidence we quote from the valuable report of the New York Council of Hygiene for 1865.\*

"That the rate of crowding in particular localities, and even throughout the entire region occupied by tenant-houses, is too great, is evident by a simple estimation of the facts relating to the subject. If we take into consideration only the so-called tenant-houses, that is, houses in which there dwell three or more families who hire their domiciles by a monthly rental, it will be found that these houses, being 15,309 in number, have been built upon about 850 acres of ground, including all the courts, alleys, and areas pertaining to them, exclusive of the paved streets in front of them. Including a proper *pro rata* of the entire area of the public streets, the total superficial area allotted to these 15,309 houses, 111,000 families, and the 480,368 persons that dwell in them, is

\* Report of Council of Hygiene, pp. 220, 221, 222.

about *two square miles*. That is, the tenant-population is actually packed upon the house-lots and streets at the rate of 240,000 to the square mile; and it is only because this rate of packing is somewhat diminished by intervening warehouses, factories, private dwellings, and other classes of buildings, that the entire tenant-house population is not devastated by the domestic pestilences and infectious epidemics that arise from overcrowding and uncleanness. As now distributed, the tenant-houses of the city are nearly all found within an area of less than four square miles. Even this rate of crowding, including the other classes of population, and other classes of buildings that are interspersed, is so great as to have justly become a subject of momentous importance, and it calls for a thorough sanitary inquiry in regard to existing evils and impending dangers.

"Such concentration and packing of a population has probably never been equaled in any city as may be found in particular localities in New York. In some entire districts, as in the Fourth, Sixth, and portions of the Eleventh and Seventeenth wards, the density of the population is far greater than in any parish or ward in London, or any other European city of which we have any definite knowledge. For example, in the Fourth ward, the tenant-house and cellar population, as distributed throughout the whole ward, is all included within an area of about 60 acres, including streets, &c. This gives a population of about 192,000 persons to the square mile. And to this number there remains to be added that portion of the population which is not included in the tenant-house class. At the same time there are twelve acres of the same area occupied by store-houses and factories. The results of our sanitary survey in the Fourth ward show that the tenant-houses and tenant-house population proper, *i. e.*, the class that averages upward of seven families to the house, are crowded upon a space of less than thirty acres, exclusive of streets, or less than forty acres including street areas; and that this class, which, in that ward, outnumbers 17,611 persons, is now packed at the rate of about 290,000 inhabitants to the square mile. In that ward nothing is plainer than the fact that the overcrowding of the population is perilous to public health."

In the Sixth ward the total population dwelling in tenant-houses and cellars amounts to 22,897, distributed over an

area scarcely exceeding seventy-five acres. While in the Eleventh ward there are 65,620 persons living in tenant-houses and cellars, and the rate of crowding is increasing throughout that ward with great rapidity, and in the Seventeenth ward there is an aggregate tenant-house and cellar population of 66,207 distributed over one of the most important districts of the city.

\* \* \* At a period when the great sanitary reform was begun in Liverpool, it was ascertained that in a particularly overcrowded and very unhealthy parish in the city, the packing of the population was at the rate of 138,224 persons to the square mile; at the same period there was a portion of the town of Manchester that was populated at the rate of 100,000 to the square mile; and all London "metropolis" had 50,000 to the square mile. In a recent report of a Royal Commission the following statistics are given respecting the most densely-populated districts of London:

LONDON.	
Total population to square mile.....	17,678
Districts.	Rate of population to the square mile.
St. James (Westminster).....	144,008
Holborn.....	148,705
St. Luke.....	151,104
East London.....	175,816
Strand.....	161,556
LIVERPOOL (West District).....	138,224
MANCHESTER.....	100,000

NEW YORK.	
Total population to square mile.....	60,000
Wards.	Population. Population to square mile.
IV.....	17,352.....133,477
VI.....	19,764.....151,954
X.....	31,537.....185,512
XI.....	58,953.....196,510
XIII.....	76,388.....155,224
XIV.....	23,382.....155,880
XVII.....	79,563.....153,606

Since the above report was written the number of tenement houses in New York has increased to 19,000, and the population in them to 650,000.

Of the effect of such overcrowding on the health of the city there can be no question. We quote again from the valuable report for 1866, of Dr. E. HARRIS, the former Registrar and present Superintendent of the New York Board of Health—a sanitarian, the value of whose



labors for the benefit of the city can scarcely be over-estimated.

In considering his remarks, it must be borne in mind by the "lay-reader," that an average city death-rate is 25 to 1,000; that a good country rate is 17, and that over 40 is very bad.\*

"The following are important observations made by the British Registrar-General, in his report issued on the results of the year 1865:

"The population of children in the 151 districts was 1,391,420 in 1861, and the annual deaths at the rate (3,348) of 28 healthy districts would be 46,585, while at the mean rate (8,013) it would be 111,494. Thus there is an annual sacrifice of about 64,909 children's lives by various causes (and especially from overcrowding) in 151 districts of the kingdom.

"1. Where the mortality (throughout England) was 14, 15, or 16, the population was in the proportion of 86 persons to one square mile.

"2. Where the mortality was 17, 18, or 19, the population was 172 persons to a square mile.

"3. Where the mortality was 20, 21, or 22, the population was of the density expressed by 255 to a square mile.

"4. Where the mortality was at the rate of 23, 24, or 25, the population was of the density expressed by 1,128 to a square mile.

"5. And where the rate of mortality was 26 and upward, the average density was expressed by 3,399 persons to a square mile."

"Some of these variations have a wide range. For example, the death-rate in the Sixth ward, as compared with that in the Ninth: The death-rate in the Sixth ward, in the second quarter of the year, was equal to 39.69 per one thousand annually, and in the third quarter it was 76.8 per one thousand, without including the large numbers of sick persons that were sent to hospitals in distant wards to die. In the Ninth ward, the death-rate in the second quarter was 25.45 per one thousand, third quarter 38.40 per one thousand. Each of these wards contains a little more than eighteen thousand poor people, in tenant houses, and in the Ninth there are twenty thousand more, who live in the plain style of the middle classes, artisans and

well-to-do inhabitants. The Sixth ward is a third more densely populated, and is vastly lower in the average of its social scale. Its degree of filthiness and sanitary want is, like its death-rate, excessive.

"At the one extreme of social, domestic, and sanitary want—in the Sixth ward—death takes, during the six summer months—in half a year—one inhabitant out of every thirty-nine and three-quarters, a yearly rate of 50.22 per one thousand; while in the Fifteenth ward, only one inhabitant out of every one hundred and thirteen was taken during those months—a yearly rate, during the epidemic, of only 17.52 per thousand."

The following statistics are given by Dr. Harris in a private note to the writer:—

24,889 persons died in New York in 1868; 4,315 of these died in hospitals, and were sent from tenements almost exclusively. 6,024 comprised all that died in all ordinary dwellings, hotels, boarding-houses, etc.; and 14,550 deaths occurred in the tenements proper, as defined in Tenement-House Act of last year. These tenement-house deaths have, in many places, something tragical about them. For example: on taking the duties of Sanitary Superintendent, three weeks ago, I handed to each inspector a list of the tenement houses in which 3 or more (from 3 to 13) deaths had occurred in the last nine months [report the mortality of every tenement house monthly]. There were 888 such houses. The inspectors made returns of *complaints* against those houses as violating health laws, and often as unfit for habitation.

It need not be said that the natural offspring of such homes are lewd, immodest girls, thieving, vagabond boys, and all the crops of young burglarious ruffians, gamblers, and murderers which are ripening now so plentifully in New York.

But what is the great remedy? How check this overcrowding, which is so fatal to public health and morals?

The first natural remedy is emigration, or the settling of the wage class in the suburban districts. This is being applied to a certain degree. Capital is becoming alarmed at the enormous expenses of pro-

\* Report of Metropolitan Board of Health, pp. 303, 304, (1866).

duction, and is removing from New York to the neighboring districts:—of course drawing labor after it.

Many artisans, moreover, are taking up their residences out of the city, and come in daily for their work. Still it is found by experience in England and France, that day-laborers, after a hard day's task, do not bear well the vibrations of a railroad journey. In New York, also, they do not like living over a ferry, (on no very reasonable grounds) and they naturally and inevitably cling to the quarters where they find their work. The demand for every kind of labor in the city will always fill the market with it, and the attractions and excitements of town-life retain vast numbers of laboring people here.

Of political remedies which may eventually lessen rent and thus check overcrowding in New York, we will not now speak; but taking the evils, as they exist, the most practical cure seems the course which has been commenced with such vigor in London: the enactment of a strict and scientific health legislation and then the founding of MODEL LODGING-HOUSES.

For the better understanding of these remedies and their application, we will present, what has not yet been furnished to American readers—a brief history of these humane efforts in England to improve the dwellings of the poor, believing that a correct comprehension of them will much assist similar undertakings in the United States.

#### MODEL LODGING-HOUSES IN ENGLAND.

In the year 1832 the poor of London had suffered greatly from the cholera, and in 1837 a violent epidemic of typhus fever broke out in the eastern districts. The Poor Law Commissioners requested Dr. Southwood Smith to inquire into the causes of these fearful epidemics. His different reports revealed a fearfully degraded and miserable condition of the London poor, with excessive disease and mortality, resulting especially from overcrowding. It appeared (we quote from Mr. Roberts) that "out of the 77,000 who in 1838 received in and out-door relief, 14,000 were the subjects of fever.

Associations were at once formed to endeavor to correct these evils, and various Commissioners were appointed by Parliament to inquire into this vital subject. Mr. Chadwick's Report in 1842, published by the Poor Law Board, is still considered one of the text-books in Sanitary Science. The general result of the reports was that the great mortality and disease of the London poor, and much of their degradation, together with the fearful epidemics which raged among them, were to be traced to the crowding of so many together in small rooms, without proper ventilation or sewerage for the houses, and with many appropriate stimulants to epidemics in the nuisances surrounding them.

The benevolent individuals who were striving to correct these evils, saw at once that merely opening a few improved houses to the poor was not a sufficient remedy, but that they must show the *landlords* it was for their interest to erect healthy dwellings, and then, by appeals and statements of facts, they must arouse the conscience and fears of the upper classes, to awaken them to their duty. They hoped, too, to induce the Parliament to protect the poor to a certain degree by legislation, both from the rapacity of the landlords and from the consequences of their own ignorance.

As the result of these views, two associations were formed, which have led the whole of the important enterprises since carried out in this direction. The first of these, the "Society for Improving the Condition of the Laboring Classes," was founded in 1844—Lord Ashley (now Earl of Shaftesbury) being Chairman. The other, "The Metropolitan Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes," was incorporated in 1835.

These two societies have constructed a large number of lodging-houses, both for single men and women and for families, but with no marked financial success, hardly averaging in their profits more than four per cent., and in some cases meeting with heavy losses. We will not present their statistics in detail, as

other and more successful companies have followed them.

There are many other lodging-house associations in London; some local and others general.

Several of the London clergymen have opened model houses, or renovated old houses, for the industrious poor. The "St. James Sanitary Association" founded its model dwellings in New Street in 1851. The "Windsor Royal Society" have erected model cottages, at an average cost of only £112 each; the net returns about 5 per cent. The "Marylebone Association" have expended about £12,000 for this purpose, though not with a very satisfactory financial result. The "Lambeth Association" have a range of buildings near the Southwestern Railway, and the Duchy of Lancaster have erected another in the same quarter. The "Strands Building Company" have also constructed an economical pile of dwellings in Eagle Court. A block for Jewish families has been erected near the Great Eastern Terminus. Other smaller though useful efforts could also be referred to.

Among the more important of enterprises are those of Miss Burdett Coutts, who has expended immense sums in various parts of London, in building improved dwellings. I visited one large model house which has been erected by her generosity in Bethnal Green, the architect Mr. H. B. Darbishire, who is also the architect for the Peabody dwellings and Rochester buildings. It is built around a square, each tenement containing from two to four rooms; the rents from 2s. 6d. to 5s. 6d. a week. In the upper story is a laundry and a play-place for children.

The following are the financial results of one of Miss Coutts' buildings in Columbin Square, containing 189 families, with 410 rooms. The cost is £40,765, equal to £9 8s. 6d. per room. Rent per room annually £4 6s.; weekly, 1s. 9d. The cost of housing each person of a family, containing on the average 4 1-13, £47 19s. Returns on the cost of building, 2½ to 3 per cent.

The Rochester buildings, built for Mr.

Wm. Gibbs, contain 168 dwellings, with 334 rooms; cost £22,437, or £67½ per room. Annual rent per room, £4 12s. 7d.; weekly, 1s. 9d. Cost of housing each person, £30 14s. 8d.; returns, 4½ to 5 per cent. on cost of buildings.

The architectural features of these latter, with a whole fifth floor given up to club-rooms and wash-rooms, have diminished the profits.

The "London Laborers' Dwellings Society," with a paid up capital of £8,600 in 86 shares of £100 each, has 108 houses, on which it returns 5 per cent. dividend.

It appears from all the information which one can get in regard to the older model lodging-houses of London, that many mistakes were made in the selection of sites. If a building was placed where the poor or laborers do not like to come, or where city improvements had driven away their neighbors, the rooms would stand empty, despite all their attractions. The houses, also, for the low-paid class—such as day laborers—were never as profitable as those for the better paid, and were much more liable to injury.

The profits, too, of each enterprise depended on the business-skill with which it was conducted.

As a general thing, it may be laid down as a principle, that no charitable undertaking can be made as profitable as a private pecuniary enterprise.

There will always be leakages under philanthropy, which selfishness will not allow. The original purchase of the ground often, of course, determined the rate of profit for years to come. Then the addition of any peculiar convenience for the tenants at once lessened the profits; as for instance the opening of a club-room, or fitting up one story as wash-rooms and laundries. Any attempt, too, at decoration cut down the income.

If the average profits of these associations seem low, it must be remembered that they were especially pioneer enterprises, and had to bear many things which no one beforehand could pronounce upon. The newer and later enterprises,

under Alderman Waterlow—as we shall show hereafter—have been much more profitable. In 1859, it was shown by Mr. Roberts, a competent authority in this matter, that the average returns on £200,000, expended in London on improved dwellings for the working classes, were equal to those on the nine great railways diverging from the metropolis, with an aggregate capital of £112,000,000—namely: about 4 per cent.

#### SUBURBAN DWELLINGS OR COTTAGE HOUSES.

These are a new feature in the London efforts of philanthropy. Owing to the greater cheapness of sites in the outskirts of London, a nice little cottage can be built with two stories, having two or three rooms each, for the same price which is paid in the town for rooms in a tenement house. The entrance to each set of rooms is entirely separate; and a small garden is attached to the house.

Thus light and air are gained for the poor, as they never could be in the city. Some of these houses let as low as 3s. a week. Among those thus erected, may be mentioned those of the Metropolitan Association, in Albert Street, Mile End, New Town; those near the Shadwell station of the Blackwall railway, which were built by Mr. Hilliard, to take the place of some miserable habitations he had received by inheritance; the cottages at Lower Norwood, built by a "Co-operative Building Company," and in various other localities.

The "Hastings Cottage-Improvement Society," (Dr. Grunhill, Sec'y) has a capital of £17,000, in 170 shares of £100 each. They own 155 dwellings. Their net profits for the last year were 6·24 per cent. on the total outlay; they divided 5 per cent. to the stockholders. Connected with the association is a Benevolent Fund, for the distribution of prizes to the best ordered cottages and gardens, and for occasional help to tenants in sickness or out of employ.

It will show the deep interest aroused in this subject in England, to mention the fact that a gentleman of fortune who devotes almost his whole time to this matter, Mr. T. Twining, has founded a Mu-

seum of Domestic and Sanitary Economy at Twickenham, where are exhibited every species of designs, models, and articles bearing on the subject of improving the homes of the poor.

Of the moral and sanitary effects of these model buildings on the tenants, we shall speak presently. But there is another result, not quite so tangible, but very important. Great numbers of landlords in London (as in our American cities) have never been in the habit of knowing anything about their tenement houses. They are wealthy and "respectable" gentlemen, and they left the whole matter with their agents who collected their rents, and took charge of their buildings. It never seemed to occur to them that they had any responsibility for the management of their property—for the morals and health of their wretched tenants.

The building of the Model Lodging-Houses and the public interest awakened, aroused these men to their duty. Then their interest was invoked, as these houses began to compete with their own. We are persuaded that the standard of tenement and lodging-houses throughout London has been raised by these efforts.

Their sanitary effects have been very obvious. In 1849, there were 18,423 deaths from cholera in London, 81 per cent. of whom were from the working classes—sometimes in houses adjoining the Model Houses, but in them *not a death* occurred.

In 1854, only one case appeared in these, and that did not originate in the building. In other parts of London, the mortality from cholera was, in

The Parish of St. James, Westminster.....	13 in 1000
Parish of St. Olave's, Southwark	14 " "
In Bermondsey.. ..	16 " "
Potteries, Kensington.....	26 " "

In the houses of the Laborers' Friend Society, the mortality for 5 years was 8 in 1,000, while in the districts round them it was from 25–33.

In all the model houses, the mortality from 1850–53 was 13·4 per 1,000, while in the surrounding districts it was 27–28 per 1,000.

Typhus and typhoid, which rage so in the poorer parts of London, are almost unknown in the Model Lodging-Houses. Of the model cottages at Shadwell, the Inspector reports that with an average population of 450, there has not been for three years a single death from cholera or diarrhoea, and in regard to epidemic disease, a great diminution, if not absence.

Of their moral influence, Mr. Roberts says in 1855, on the authority of the London Police Commissioners :

"The intemperate have become sober, and the disorderly well-conducted, since their residence in the healthful and peaceful dwellings which have taken the place of the wretched abodes, devoid of light and air, whose malarious state of atmosphere drove their occupiers to the beer-house or the spirit-shop. No charge of crime nor complaint of disturbance has been lodged at any police-station against a resident in the Model Houses.

"The neighborhoods in which several of the establishments are situated, amongst the worst in the metropolis, have also participated in their astonishing influence; they appear to act as silent monitors, reproving disorder and encouraging cleanliness and prosperity. One superintendent says: 'The nocturnal uproars in the adjoining streets, which constantly disturbed the inmates when first the houses were opened, gradually diminished, and finally ceased altogether.'"

Similar beneficial effects have resulted from the construction of Mr. Hilliard's improved houses, to which in Mr. Glover's report, dated 20th January, 1855, laid before Parliament, reference is thus made :

"The erection of these Albert cottages, provided with arrangements conducive to health, comfort, and morals, is producing the happiest results in the neighborhood. Tenants have become sensible of the discomforts and evils of their unwholesome dwellings, and will not remain in, or take houses, without many improvements which formerly they were content to do without, and landlords are finding it to their interest to improve their old houses, and in constructing new ones to provide superior accommodations and conveniences."

The whole number of the Model Lodging-Houses cannot be given precisely. In 1864, they held, according to Dr. Letheby, about 2,500 tenements, with proba-

bly 15,000 persons, and lodgings for 1,000 single men beside. There must be considerably more now.

#### MR. PEABODY'S BUILDINGS.

It is very obvious that the attempted reform in the dwellings of the poor by means of Model Lodging-Houses cannot be called a success until it is proved to be financially profitable. Any wealthy man may, indeed, erect a grand home for the laboring classes, where five or six hundred people may breathe pure air, and have far more healthy and comfortable residences than they could possibly get elsewhere, and yet where they would feel none of the evils of dependence. Perhaps by no one gift could a rich benefactor confer more human happiness on the immediate recipients, or better prevent disease and moral contamination; but it would be merely by the charity to those few hundred recipients of his bounty; his gift to the community would be only like the gift of an asylum or hospital—a generous and humane thing, indeed, but not a benefaction of profound and far-reaching influence. On the other hand, he who should found a "Model Home" with the idea of proving to all builders and inventors that it can be made for their interest to construct a well-ventilated, comfortable, healthy house for poor families, where they will be, to a degree, protected from disease, and secure against immoral company, and where they can have many conveniences—he will be aiding and conferring a benefaction upon thousands whom directly his charity never reaches. The one gives a good home to a hundred families; the other to ten thousand.

The great thing we want to show to owners of real estate, for instance in our American cities, is that it will *pay* to construct rooms on a proper system of ventilation, in houses well built, and, if you choose, with many common conveniences, such as laundry, wash-closets, etc. There is no question that many of the landlords would build such houses if they were sure they would be remunerative: and when they once began to be constructed as a matter of business, they would speedily compete with tenement

houses, and force them to be improved in order to attract tenants, as I have already shown was in part the result of "Model Lodging-Houses for Single Men" on the common lodging-houses of London.

There are two great benefactors in London, who are working in what we may call these two methods of charity. Mr Peabody, with his most princely gift, is causing to be built grand and comfortable model homes for the poor in various parts of the city. The arrangements for ventilation, though by no means perfect, are superior to any yet attained in any of these "Family Buildings;" the houses are well and tastefully built, under the supervision of an experienced architect, Mr. Darbyshire; they generally have a large and dry court, where the children can play undisturbed; a common and spacious laundry and drying-room; excellent closets; a common shaft and pit for garbage, so that none is collected around the premises, and each family has its two or three, plain but comfortable rooms for a price equal to what they would pay for the close and vile and filthy hovels which surround them, and where they formerly lived. Here a hundred families have a neat and pure home. No wonder that of such buildings and others like them in London, we hear of such moral and sanitary effects as we have detailed above.

There can be no doubt that they are great and beneficial charities to the laboring families who are in them. But they reach no further. They are too nicely and expensively built to be "models" for landlords. I cannot give exact statistics, as no report of the financial results has yet been made by the trustees, but we believe it is no secret that they are not expected to be *pecuniarily* successful. Our impression is that they will yield three or four per cent. on the capital, which profit is to be used in the erection of new buildings. This result is, of course, no matter of reproach to the trustees. They have preferred to make the institution a charity to its recipients, and to aim at nothing beyond.

The writer of this visited those in Spitalfield, and another in Islington. The first

is built on an angular lot, which compels a rather unfavorable plan, and the ventilation in some portions is not as complete as one would desire. But as each corridor opens to the free air, and there are holes in the bricks of the rooms, connecting both with the external atmosphere and the halls, much air gets in, though sorely against the will of the tenants, who stop up these holes wherever possible. As a general thing the bedrooms were rather poor, but immensely better than the laboring people would get outside. There were generally two or three rooms for each family, renting at 4s., 5s., and 5s. 6d. a week. The latrines and wash-rooms were at the end of each story; the men's and women's kept separate. All the upper floor was used as laundry and bath and drying-room, and sometimes as a grand play-room for the children. The tenants brought their own coals up to the attic, and each lighted her little fire when she wished to wash clothes. Each dwelling-room had a small range to cook with. The upper rooms, with their wide view, and the flowers in the windows, looked very cheerful. The tenants seemed to be of the better class of laborers, and mechanics and clerks; and like all true Englishmen, of course grumbled, but not with any good cause. One man said, rather grimly: "No one smokes in this building but the chimneys!"

The other building, in Islington, is not finished, but will be a very handsome and capacious model home, built around the four sides of a square. The corridors, being all open, give a great draft of air through the whole. The rooms seemed quite small and bare, (they have no paper) but the general arrangement was like the other. All the rooms will, undoubtedly, be taken as soon as they are opened.

#### SIR SYDNEY WATERLOW'S MODEL LODGING-HOUSES.

The houses which we shall now briefly describe are much superior to most of the model lodgings in London, and they present the especial point of interest in comparison with the best houses, such as the houses I have just spoken of, or those

of Miss Coutts, that they are a business venture and are financially remunerative. Their plan is evidently to be the one in future adopted, as the Corporation of the City of London is building some similar, and there are already twenty-two blocks of these houses. Sir Sydney Waterlow, a man of much practical ability and humanity, is the originator and founder of them.

They are named the "Langbourne," (the founder wisely avoids the name of "Model Lodgings") the "Cromwell," the "Cobden," and so on. The great external peculiarities of them are the outside stairway, which is adopted to save taxation; the flat roof for drying clothes, and the use of a new building material, which is claimed to save 25 per cent. of the expenses on ordinary stone or brick. It should be observed, however, that this material has not as yet been tested by a wear of many years.

The following is a description of it by Mr. Mayo:

"This new material is an extremely hard, durable and light artificial stone. It is composed of clinkers, culm, hard, broken coke, and similar rough porous calcined substances, in the proportion of four parts to one of Portland cement. Sufficient water is added to these materials to bring the composition, when well mixed up, to the consistency of ordinary mortar. It is then placed in moulds or troughs, for the purpose of giving to it any desired form, such as lintels, arches, chimney-pieces, stairs, window dressings and sills, slabs, &c., &c. In the composition of the tinted portions of the plan—the fireproof floors of the wash-houses, balconies and passages, and in the making of the flat roof—it is applied in the following manner: Bars of three-inch by half-inch iron are stretched edgewise across the building from front to back, at distances of 2 feet apart, and carried into the brickwork of the walls, so as to form ties, and bind the building into a solid mass. Half-inch iron rods, two feet apart from each other, pass through the iron bars already described, and beneath the network of iron thus formed a temporary layer of boards is placed, and then the patent material is filled in to a thickness of about 4 inches. In the course of a day or two the whole mass sets with suf-

ficient hardness to allow of the removal of the boards, and after a week or ten days' exposure to the air it becomes so hard and firm that it will stand any amount of pressure. Its extraordinary cheapness will be apparent when it is understood that the arches and lintels throughout the whole of the building have been supplied and fixed in their places at the cost of what would have been spent in labor alone if the ordinary brick arches had been employed. So that, practically speaking, the use of this material has effected a saving in the cost of the bricks and mortar that otherwise would have been employed in the arches, to say nothing of avoiding the loss of time that always takes place while an ordinary brick arch is being put in. With respect to the window-dressings and sills, it will, probably, be admitted that the use of the new material is a vast improvement on the ordinary York sills, and yet the moulded ornamental sill is actually the cheaper of the two. In the case of the chimney-pieces, too, a marked improvement is recognizable. The commonest Bath stone, got up in the plainest style, would cost about twice as much as those of artificial stone, with ornamental sunk panels, and as there are seventy fireplaces in the building, there is a great saving in the aggregate. The effect when these are painted to imitate marble is very tasteful. The Building Act renders it imperative to make the stairs of fireproof materials, and when we compare the cost of the stairs formed of this material with the price of ordinary stone steps, the saving is found to be enormous. The patent material possesses all the advantages of appearance and durability of a Portland stone staircase, at one-fifth of its cost, and at half the price of even the commonest York staircase."

It should be observed, however, that this material has not as yet been tested by a wear of many years.

The "Cromwell Buildings," near New Southwark Street, which seemed the poorest of any of these, netted the owner eight per cent. on 22 separate tenements. He confidently expects nine per cent., and even more, from most of them.

The Finsbury Square houses cost £110 for each family, or £2,200 for the whole twenty sets of rooms.

All the expenses, with double the usual ground rent, are only £120; the rents

£309 8s., leaving a balance in his favor of £189 4s., or a profit of  $8\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. The other blocks will certainly yield from 8 to 9 per cent.

The Corporation Buildings, erected in Farrington Road by the City of London much more expensively, though on a similar plan, at a cost of £38,000, will net five per cent.

Waterlow has certainly the credit thus far, of solving the great problem of improved dwellings for the poor, by proving that a first-rate laborer's home can be built, with good ventilation, many conveniences, perfectly healthy, and under a certain moral supervision, (which is of immense importance to respectable laboring families) and yet pay a fair profit (from seven to nine per cent.) on the capital invested. There are, of course, objections to packing so many people in one house, and, no doubt, many "model cottages" will be built to avoid this evil, (as have already been done with success) but at least for us in New York Sir Sydney Waterlow has proved that our great tenement houses (an unfortunate necessity) can be made healthy, neat, well-ventilated, and after the best styles of building, and yet be remunerative. On London, too, he has conferred an immense benefit, and we may reasonably look in future for a much improved style of houses for the poor, especially as large districts will have to be stripped of a low class of cottages, by the new city improvements, and new houses must be built.

Of the plan of the buildings, we quote again:

"Its general plan may be described as a parallelogram of 56 feet by 44 feet, divided into four sections by a party wall in the centre and the two passages in the middle of each wing. The two centre sections are set back about three feet from the line of frontage, for the purpose of giving space for a balcony of that width on each of the upper floors. Each section comprises one suite of rooms, to which access is obtained from the passage leading (on all the upper floors) direct from the balcony. The balconies are reached by a fireproof staircase having a semi-elliptical form, the entrances to which are shown on the elevation by the two doorways in the centre of the building. This staircase is continued

to and gives access to the roof. The larger lettings, consisting of three rooms and a wash-house, occupy the end sections of the building. The living-room is provided with a range having an oven and boiler. Leading out of the living-room is the washhouse or scullery, which contains in every case what may be called the accessories of the dwelling—water-cistern, sink, a small fireplace, washing copper, dust shoot, water-closet, &c. It is expected that the fireplace in the wash-house will conduce greatly to the comfort of the living-room in the Summer time. There is one comfortable bed-room having a fireplace; a capacious cupboard is arranged in the party wall between this room and the entrance lobby, and over the latter is a useful receptacle for the stowage of bulky objects. Passing out toward the front parlor is a series of shelves having an artificial stone bottom and back, intended by its proximity to the living-room to serve as a cupboard for provisions, &c. There is also a spacious handsome parlor having two windows: the fireplace is placed a little out of the centre of the room, so as to leave a convenient space in which to put an additional bed in cases where this would be required to be used as a bedroom. On the other side of the fireplace is a sideboard and cupboard.

The plan is the same on each side of the party walls, and every floor or flat is a repetition of the other. Close to the ceilings of all the rooms a ventilator is placed, which communicates with air shafts running through the centres of the chimney stacks. The air is thus constantly rarefied, and a system of natural ventilation is produced. Besides this, it will be seen that by setting open the windows, a current of external air can be at once passed through every room. The lower panes of the windows are filled in with ornamental ground glass, so that no window blinds are necessary. The windows are constructed on a somewhat novel principle, being made to open outward, like ordinary French casements, but the two lower panes are not made to open, so that the danger of children falling out, as well as the disadvantages of the ordinary window-sashes, are avoided. All the rooms are eight feet nine inches in height. Drainage is effected by means of four-inch stoneware pipes passing from the top of the building, down the corners of the wash-houses, directly to the common sewer. The dust shaft carries the dust to covered receptacles at the base of the building, and each shoot is provided with an iron



cover so as to prevent the return of dust and effluvia. The dust shafts are also continued to the top of the building, and act as ventilators to the dust bins. The greater part of the rooms, especially the living-rooms, have scarcely any external walls, so that they will be always warm and dry. All the rooms are plastered and papered, and the wash-houses are plastered and colored. Every tenant has his apartments entirely to himself, and nothing is used in common except the roof as a drying and recreation ground."

The rents are from 5s. to 7s 6d. a week and the rooms are accordingly designed for the better class of laborers, or even for mechanics earning good wages; the theory of Mr. Waterlow being that if you raise these, the class just under will take their dwellings, and so the whole scale be elevated.

Mr. Waterlow has formed a joint-stock company to build these houses, called "The Improved Industrial Dwellings Company," with a capital of £50,000, of which £30,000 have been subscribed in shares of £100 each.

This capital had increased during the last year to £93,250.

Under a recent law which empowers the Public Loan Commissioners to loan to corporations or associations a sum equal to the value of their property, and secured by it, they expect to secure immediately a loan of £6,000, and ultimately of £60,000 for 40 years, at 4 per cent. For the last few years, this company have divided regularly *five per cent.*—which for English real-estate investments is a very good profit, and they have a surplus of over £2,500.

They have either built or in process, 778 tenements, with 3,890 persons.

So successful is the plan of these buildings, that the Corporation of the city of London have built 168 tenements, and the Highgate Company 60, with an aggregate number of tenants of over 1,200—all of the same material, and a similar style and arrangement.

One excellent feature of some of the continental building associations, has not as yet (so far as I know) been imitated in England: we mean the making the tenant, by gradual payments, an owner of the tenement.

Such a plan is far better both for landlord and tenant, as the latter takes much better care of what he hopes to possess, and is elevated by the responsibility of owning—or by the hope of owning—his house. An association would thus, by charging every year an additional rent—which should be credited on their books toward the purchase of the house by the tenant—be constantly turning over their property, and be enabled to build new houses for the laborer.

The efforts in France to found Model Lodging-Houses suited for large cities, have been by no means so successful as the English experiments. In 1849 Louis Napoleon, then President of the French Republic, erected a block of buildings in the Rue Rochecourt. Soon after, the sum of 10,000,000 f. was allotted for the amelioration of the dwellings of the laborers in the great manufacturing cities. But all these buildings, and those built with the appropriation, proved failures, from defects of plan.\* Moreover, the French workmen object to being *casernés*, or barracked.

The Emperor, however, was not discouraged, but in 1866 erected some model dwellings in the Champs de Mars, on his own plan; and afterwards 41 more dwellings after the same plan, in the Avenue Dumesnil.

The Paris *ouvriers*, however, did not approve of them: they respectfully submitted that the Emperor might be perfectly familiar with the proper relations of States, but he was not with those of the rooms in a workman's house, inasmuch as in his plan the housewife had to go through the bedroom to get to her kitchen. The Emperor then graciously said that they should make their own plan, and granted them an allowance of 26,000 f. to make their own trials.

They accordingly constructed a model which was presented in the Paris Exposition, and proclaimed to be "*sans architecte et sans entrepreneur.*" The model is considered to be a decided success.

In the small detached dwellings or

\* Edwin Chadwick's Report on Improved Dwellings, in the French Exposition.

"cottage houses," the most successful experiment has been that at Mulhouse, by an eminent manufacturer, M. Dolfus. The method adopted is to put a cottage with four tenements under one roof, occupying each, however, a perfect quarter of a square, separated by a double wall, light and ventilation being received at the gable-end as well as the front. The ground occupied by each house is about 45 yards, and each has about 144 square yards of garden.

The sanitary advantage of the plan is in the free sweep of air around and through the dwellings.

The "Model Lodging-Houses of London for Single Men" have completely reformed the ordinary lodging-houses for this class, under the influence of competition and a vigorous sanitary inspection.

We believe that "Model Tenement Houses" in New York, with a vigorous execution of the Tenement House Act of 1867, and a much-needed amendment,

limiting strictly by law the number of persons to a given space in a tenement, would gradually reform the whole body of tenement houses, and compel the landlords to provide good ventilation, comfortable quarters, and a careful supervision of their tenements, while overcrowding would be checked.

If a Model Tenement House showed itself remunerative, (as the London experience proves possible) landlords generally would be impelled to construct houses equally healthy, convenient, safe and well supervised, and if they would not do so, the provisions of the Tenement House Act could be strictly applied to them.

Whatever capitalist will build a block of model tenement houses in New York, which shall pay ten per cent. profit, will have inaugurated a reform whose effects will be felt in the city, through all coming generations, in lessening human suffering and drying up the sources of crime.

## CHRISTOPHER KROY.

### A STORY OF NEW YORK LIFE.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

By much searching, the silver, missing from Miss Firm's silver-chest, was not found. Great was the disquiet of that lady's mind. She had not even the darling comfort of suspecting somebody. There was not one human being to whom she could walk up and say, "Give me back my treasures, that you have stolen." The theft was made known, a suitable reward was offered, but it was of no avail. No one was tempted to return the treasure; no one claimed the reward.

One night, when Dr. Firm had returned to his home through a pelting storm of snow and hail, and was in his office trying on pair after pair of the slippers that were cast about the room in such profusion, in order to find the pair which best suited the condition of his feet, he was interrupted by the entrance of Miss Jane.

"O Benjamin," said she, "I've just thought who took that silverware."

"Who, Jane? Tell me quick and I'll be after it."

"Of course you won't believe me, but I'm just as certain that she took it as though I had seen it in her hands."

"Who, Jane? Don't keep me so long in suspense."

"Why, the woman you brought here out of the tombs or somewhere" —

"Good use she could make of it in the asylum for the insane! I'll write to Dr. Butler at once and ask him if that patient provides her own 'knife, fork and spoons.' Did you miss any bed-linen, Jane? School-girls are required to provide that in some schools."

"Benjamin! You provoking old tease. I'll not give you one mouthful of supper this night," she said, and immediately went her way to the kitchen, where she had some tempting sort of cookery going on to perfection as fast as a cheery glow of coals could hasten it.

Dr. Firm drew up a leather-covered arm-chair in front of the fire in his "Franklin stove," and "toasted his toes" while waiting for the summons to supper.

No one could have comprehended more fully the gastronomic needs of a wandering physician, going anywhere at all notices and for any period of time, than Miss Jane Firm. She had been educated to the knowledge from her earliest years, and it had become a fine art under her practiced hands until she knew precisely what to prepare for her brother. She was governed not alone by the season in her selection of food. She consulted the sky, the clouds, the winds, the air, the earth, before she gave her hands to the work. One of the earliest memories that she owned was that of her mother going out into the raw, cold air of a December afternoon to find out what she should like to eat and then making ready for her father's evening repast, after a long day of hard service, for he also had wrought at the "healing art of healing" and gone down to his grave, full of years and with a golden record in the hearts of the poor. Miss Jane Firm's visits to the front-door had oftentimes a meaning and a purpose in them that the watchful eyes of gossiping owners never penetrated.

Dr. Firm started up once or twice from his comfortable seat and listened, doubting whether or not he had been summoned by human voice to his supper, so many voices had called to him in his reverie as he "sat toasting his toes." Dr. Firm was practical, and the sad realities and stern lessons of his professional life had forced him to the profound study of facts, simply as facts, but there came at times a third Dr. Firm, who was neither the counterpart of Dr. Firm, the man, nor Benjamin Firm, the physician. This third person came without ceremony or sound of coming and possessed itself of his individuality, his consciousness, his memory, his experience, and winding them up as it were with mysterious keys, set a new tune going, to which Benjamin Firm, the man, sat and listened, conscious of all things with a vague inner consciousness, while a veil seemed let fall between the world and himself. At intervals he would start forth, and, lifting the veil, by spasmodic effort, listen for some every-hour familiar sound that should restore

unto him the present. So, on the night of which I write, Dr. Firm started and drew in his toes from their toasting, to listen for the supper-bell. He had not heard it, and three times Miss Firm had rung the bell with her own strong hands. "Dear me!" she thought, "what if I have been taken at my own hasty words and he has gone out again this stormy night without his supper." Dismay filled the good, sisterly, *troublesome* heart of Jane Firm at the thought, and she hastened to the office to see if her fears were true. There he sat, lost, lost, lost, three fathoms deep in thought. She peeped in, opening the door noiselessly. Something in her brother's face or figure, or the impalpable third person was it that arrested her attention and kept her in silence. She watched him. It was Benjamin, her brother, and yet she gazed at him, wondering at the change and half afraid to disturb his reverie.

At length an odor of something burning stole along the passage and Miss Firm hurried to the kitchen,

Presently she returned. Dr. Firm had not moved. His eyes were buried as it were deep in the burning coals that were giving forth the life-story of the trees in a glowing record soon to be forever lost.

Half timidly Jane Firm trod the carpet of the room until she reached her brother's chair. She approached him with a vague uneasiness. Even then the man was not visibly conscious of her presence. I doubt if you would recognize Jane Firm should you see her. I think I have never introduced her by word of description, nor shall I do it now, except to throw a shadow of words over her as she stands behind her brother's chair. He is looking into the fire. She is looking at him with an intense longing to look into his mind. Something has separated him from her. That something she would send from her could she find it. I have never seen the family register of the Firms, therefore I cannot be accurate in regard to the years that rounded since she knew life. The fire touches a few webs of silver that shine across her broad head. I must own that the webs

are of time's weaving. The whole picture, knowing her life, strikes me so forcibly that I catch it as a whole and know nothing of the detail, therefore cannot describe Jane Firm to you. She is one of the women of New England that, speaking from the elevation of mortal sight, has been cast out of her sphere—by something, circumstance perhaps. Still, humanly speaking, Jane Firm should have married and been married twenty years ago. It was not public opinion; it was not fear of descending below her caste; it was not fear of poverty that led a good and great heart astray and left it forever to wander, seeking rest and finding none. These things governed the hearts and actions of her father and mother. Their *hearts* governed hers. Obedience to parental requirements was an article of her faith and an ordinance of her life; therefore she stood that night beside her brother, forgetful of the supper that was cooling on the table, forgetful of all things save the invisible something that seemed dragging at her best anchor to life.

"Benjamin," she said, and she bent over his bald head and touched his forehead with her lips. A wealth of love streamed forth from her face, making it beautiful then, showing how beautiful it might have been had not the growth been darkened.

"Jane! Is that you? I am hungry, Jane," he said, rising to his feet utterly confounded by his sister's kiss. She could scold him; she could fuss over him; she could do many things for him, and it all seemed natural and sisterly, but that kiss. Nothing in the whole course of her life had so shocked him as that.

It was months, years, possibly, since she had kissed him. It always came in as portion of the ceremony of going from home and returning thereto. But it was long time since Benjamin Firm had gone on a journey; beside, that kiss had neither the regret of farewell nor the welcome of return in it. To write the exact truth, it gave a tremendous shock to the nervous system of the respectable, staid, looked-up-to New Haven Doctor.

He had no idea that his sister Jane held in her whole nature the elements that were involved and evolved by that silent pressure of her lips upon his forehead. He took out a silk handkerchief and gave his head a vigorous polishing. Not of course to "rub off" the kiss, but because he felt the need for immediate action.

"Benjamin! Are you ill to-night? I called you three times, and then came to see what kept you."

"Well, well, Jane. May be I did hear you. I can't quite say. But, of course, I couldn't think a bell meant *me*, when you told me you wouldn't give me a thing to eat to-night."

"It isn't *you* I care for so much," she said, "but I know how you neglect your patients if I neglect you, and there is Fanny Mountjoy just now needs all your care, and I don't want her death on my conscience. So come and get your supper. I have no doubt it is as cold as a stone by this time."

"It is right out of the heart of Vesuvius," exclaimed Dr. Firm, seating himself at the table, having burned his hand carelessly against a hot platter.

Everybody who has not known intimately New England housewifery of the first magnitude, has tried to describe it, besides the few who have practiced it before attempting description, therefore, I need not to tell of spotless linen, irreproachable china, or burnished silver. You will please to believe that they were individually and collectively present, absorbing, shining, and reflecting according to the duty of each.

"What is the reason, Jane, that tea is not the same elsewhere to me as it is at this little table of ours?" asked Dr. Firm, who seemed that night to be fond of investigations.

"Simply because, Benjamin, you were born to take it here. I dare say there are five hundred families in New Haven who buy the same tea, and whose preparing of it is just as carefully done as it is in this house."

"Tut! tut! Don't an old tea-drinker like myself *know* when he gets a cup of tea by his plate? I hardly need to taste it,

in fact, I could count on the taste across the table; there is something, I tell you, and if I hadn't so much to do outside I'd turn chemist just to analyze it."

"I would, and then add Analyst to the title of M.D. For shame, Benjamin. I guess the water in our well comes from a better spring than our neighbors are supplied from; flows from some height especially smiled on by the sun."

"I shouldn't wonder one bit, Jane, if you had hit just the truth."

"Perchance I get at the truth sometimes without going so far around to hunt it up. Now you laugh at me because I think that crazy woman took the silver. I should really like to know who else there was to take it."

"You forget the robbers, Jane."

"True, but then they never would have left your room in such a state, and your watch untouched; in fact, I do not exactly believe that there have been any professional thieves about the house."

"To quiet your mind, Jane, I will tell you that all the commotion you saw in my room was gotten up by myself—no, not me, but a meteor that I saw. You see, I felt it coming and couldn't get to sleep, and so tossed things about without regard to appearances."

"Benjamin," was the sole word spoken for full five minutes. Then the door-bell rang, and Miss Firm went to admit the visitor.

She returned presently, saying, "It is one of the students, he who was so kind to young Kroy: Cloud, I believe the name he gave me was. He said he would go into the office and wait."

"Did he seem ill, Jane? Just ask him, because he might suffer, and I cannot finish my supper in peace unless I know."

When Miss Firm came back again she said, "He said he would return in half an hour; he was not in haste, and feared you would hurry to meet him."

"Humph! Sensible youth! Jane, tell me now, and answer thoughtfully, you saw the young fellow's face, didn't you?"

"Of course I did; that does not call forth very profound thought."

"Well, this question I am about to ask

will. Have you any where, at any time, seen any one who bears strong resemblance to him?"

"Yes, but I cannot think when or where."

"Give a little time to it. Think with care. Young Cloud's face is not of a type that can be met at every corner. Auburn eyes are not found in every family."

"Auburn eyes, Benjamin? You mean auburn hair, but that he has not."

"No, I meant just what I said, but you were not expected to see his eyes very well at the street-door; they are red-brown, positively *reddish*, they glow in the sunlight and deepen in the shadow. I will give you until to-morrow morning to bring to your memory a face like his. Come out to the office on some pretext when he is with me to-night; listen to the tones of his voice, watch his natural gestures, above all, note his face and eyes."

"Will he not think me impertinent to scrutinize him as you suggest?" she questioned, just as if her mind interpreted his words literally.

"I shall not mind if he does, so you discover what my eyes have seen."

"You won't lend me your spectacles, then?"

"Your discovery is what I want, not mine."

Morton Cloud had been in the Doctor's office long enough for the purposes of any ordinary call when Miss Firm ventured to go in. Her brother looked up from a "brown study," whatever that may be, just as if her presence were a trouble to him. His eyes he fixed on her, beseeching her to depart speedily.

Jane Firm made some little feminine maneuver to cover the fact of her presence gracefully, and retreated with but one glance at Morton Cloud. The look of pain on his face startled into action all the kindness of her nature, and she at once determined to watch his going and proffer her assistance, for visions of illness quite foreign to the occasion flitted across her brain, and Jane Firm had taken a fancy to Morton Cloud. She began to wonder why he stayed so long. Messengers came

and went through the night and the storm, and still her brother showed no sign of going out. Miss Firm turned low the gas in the sitting-room and sat where she could look across the angle into the office. Now and then the shadow of a hand, a face, a portion of a figure, flitted across the wall opposite. She knew by the signs thus given that they were still there.

Two full hours passed during the conference between Morton Cloud and Dr. Firm. Then the latter sought the beloved sitting-room. He threw himself upon the sofa where Dr. — had rested his weary head and gained repose at a vital moment; the sofa that had become intimately acquainted with many secrets of patients, beside a daily knowledge of all the aches and pains of Benjamin Firm, and Jane, his sister. That sofa was wiser than either concerning the secrets of the other. Miss Jane poured her complaints into it when no human ear was nigh, and it oft-times comforted her into rest.

Miss Firm had watched Morton Cloud's going, and quickly turned on the gas, taken up her work and gone on with it just as though no interruption had been in its progress during the evening.

When Dr. Firm entered the room, Miss Jane had said: "You had an interesting patient." He had not made reply, but had put himself with his face from her view on the sofa.

Full ten minutes were passed in silence. A shutter in a distant portion of the dwelling was slammed with violence by the wind. Miss Firm, always careful of window-glass, arose to go and secure it.

"Where are you going, Jane? I want to speak to you a minute; here, wait," as she was going forward, believing that the words that had been so long time in coming could not be of special import. Miss Firm stood still, the light of the candle she was carrying swaying to and fro in the current that penetrated everywhere that night. He went on immediately, not turning his face from the wall. "I say, Jane, have you thought yet?"

"What about?"

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"Why, the face to be sure, the youth's face."

"Thought about it! I should like to know if you didn't send me out of the room as quick as I got into it. I saw little but a pair of large eyes that looked as if they had been hunted up and down the world by some horror."

"Well, go on."

"I have nothing to say, Benjamin, my candle is burning out. I must go on: there goes that blind again."

"Never mind the blind, let it slam. Won't you help me?"

"Help you, Benjamin? What is the matter! You want me to tell you what other person in this great wide globe is like a certain college boy, whom I have had but two or three glimpses of. Why, I can't, for the life of me, think of anybody in the world that he looks like except that crazy woman you brought here. I don't see why you do not make a fuss about that piece of business. How do I know but you may be treating me in that way some day?"

"Go fix the blind, Jane. How the wind does blow to-night."

"Benjamin is getting queer, I do believe," she thought, as she went on her way to secure the shutter.

The door had no sooner closed on Miss Firm's retreating figure than Dr. Firm turned briskly about on the sofa, showing a face written all over with curious thoughts. Thought involved in thought gleamed out thickly like the layers of a bulb. He was not afraid to show his face to the fire. It would not question him. So he thought on after the following form: "Now Jane isn't imaginative. She saw, with her plain, sensible way of looking at things, just what I was afraid to trust my own eyes as having seen. This is the oddest bit of real life that ever I got mixed up in. I don't see what I am to do precisely. Well, well! if matters go on in this way a few years longer, there will be room enough in the world for a new profession, though what name it would bear is more than I could tell. Now what should I have done at his age, if I had all to encounter that this youth has? I

should have run away and gone a-seeing at the very least calculation. If we could make laws that would touch people, but some folks are just shrewd enough to stop short of the law. There is nothing wholesome and hearty in such sinners; they are like my meteor, and you might just as well try to overtake it and tie it up to a staid, respectable star, thinking you could keep it there, as to bring 'one of these artful pieces into any earthly court-room and make them face the music of justice. There is one thing comforting anyhow, and that is that there may be a place where they'll all get brought up at last. I ain't a Universalist *now* at any rate, and I don't want to be; what with this old sinner and that old sinner and the other old sinner, dear me! if I didn't think they'd get justice sometime, I should be up and at them without waiting to get a wink of sleep."

Dr. Firm had clenched his hands together, and if any of the "aforesaid" individuals had been between them, punishment of hot justice had been palmed in upon them. He was in the full flow of his indignation when he heard his sister returning. He winked hard once, twice at the fire, turned over and lay in the same position he was in when Miss Firm left the room. Seeing him thus, and thinking he had gone to sleep in her absence, she cautiously approached the sofa, let the window shade down to keep out the draught, and gently covered him from any treacherous current of air that the night might touch him with.

Dr. Firm felt guilty as he received the attentions. It was in his heart to turn his face toward her and confess his deception, but his head, or whatever contains the mind, warned him that he would lose supremacy by so doing; that thereafter she would never trust him. So he lay still, and in his effort to maintain silence fell asleep.

Meanwhile, Morton Cloud had gone his way to his solitary room in a "student's boarding-house." After much thought, he had acted upon a determination made some days earlier and gone to tell a story to Dr. Firm. He had selected him as

counselor, because he believed him to be less under the influence of his heart than was Dr. —, and Morton Cloud felt that he needed in just that crisis of his life more intellect than emotion; he had well-nigh spent himself in feeling and all to no apparent purpose.

#### CHAPTER XV.

MR. KROY had returned to his business the day after John was pronounced to be out of danger. With a strange, unwonted elasticity, this man sprang back into his congenial sphere. Wall Street never looked so inviting to him as it seemed in those days. Had he represented the working committee of Trinity corporation he would at once have removed Trinity Church from its guard over Wall Street. It loomed up there at all hours like a huge monument, reminding him from whence he had escaped, and of the contract he had entered into with his Maker, when bargaining for the life of his son. John was, he believed, just recovering, then why should he tremble so at every sudden sound that smote on his ear, as though it might be a knell to summon him from all his bright hopes. As the time wore on for the return of his family he grew more than ever nervous and perplexed. Grace Clear spent much of her time in trying to please him, when he was at home. This strange girl, with her deft ways and hidden thoughts, might be a study for any searcher into the mysteries of human nature. I do not think she could have found an answer to the question, had she suddenly been asked, why she watched the Kroy family so closely. I think she did it without positive motive of any sort. Being set apart from the great life of the world, for Grace Clear confessed to no kindred this side the ocean, and having an intense nature to gratify, she sent self out, as it were, to absorb as much as was possible of the Kroy life into it. Once or twice, while she was in the performance of some service in the presence of Mr. Kroy, he became uncomfortably conscious of her scrutiny, and on looking up had found her eyes fixed on him with a strange, half-dazed look in

them, much as if her sight had leaped out from her own eyes and penetrated into his being. The man had shuddered and sent her from the room, forgetting in a minute the fact and the effect. Grace Clear seemed not to notice his abrupt dismissal. She did not connect it with her involuntary notice of him, nor did former dismissals induce her to guard her observation from his notice in the future.

On the morning of the day when Mr. Kroy expected the return of his family to take place, the Kroy mansion seemed alive with preparation for that event. It awoke from its days of quiet lethargy, and was newly swept and garnished.

John Kroy, with his fresh, bright face, and his gay words and pleasant address, was a favorite with the household servants, and each one was anxious to do him honor in her own department; beside, had he not been ill and in danger of going where earthly comforts could not avail? or at least that was the spirit of the inquiry the cook made when Mr. Kroy gave his orders for the day. In view of the passing by of that forlorn time, the cook wished to celebrate, and therefore she reviewed in substance all the pet dishes that John, as a school-boy, had coaxed her to prepare for him. Mr. Kroy had yielded unlimited consent to all the demands from the kitchen, and then went to business.

He was more than ever indignant at Trinity Church that morning. The grand old structure seemed to rivet him like a magnet as he got down from a stage in front of it. The gates were open. The sunlight gleamed through the leafless branches of the trees, lighting up in vivid gleams the marble slabs in the church-yard. Christopher Kroy turned away from the magnetic influence that prompted him to enter in at the open gates. With a visible jerk of his shoulders, he made a right angle and crossed Broadway. He was so intent in his determination that he did not heed the outcry of danger until he found himself an inch or two from death. He was saved the narrow distance and walked on. He did not feel fully the narrowness of his escape until seated in his office a half

hour later. Then a vision of the rearing hoofs brought suddenly to the ground and planted close before him came, and the more vivid it grew the more was the man melted to give thanks for his escape. His hand began to grow rigid with horror. He could not dismiss the mood, and taking up his hat he hastily went forth upon the street. He met, at a little distance, Mr. Cloud on his way to see him.

"Come in again," he said, "after twelve you will find me in," and pursued his way toward Broadway. Something in that old church seemed still to draw him, saying with foundation, wall, and spire, "Come to me," and he went near and nearer, until he was fairly within the inclosure and under the arch of the entrance. The half-dozen carriages stationed near had not called his attention to the nature of the service going on within, so that he entered all unprepared for the living picture that the shadowed light gradually opened up to him. Scarce two score of persons were assembled near the chancel. They wore the dress of mourners. In front of the rail a coffin had been placed. One or two late comers were passing up the aisle to join the little band. A feeling of sympathy drew Christopher Kroy to follow them and seat himself near by. The burial service went on, the words dropping their majestic comfort, perchance, into hearts sorely touched with death. Mr. Kroy felt somehow as though he had been called to mourn. He seemed to see himself bowing as one of the bereaved ones in the near distance, and yet he could see no face of the number; he knew not even what loss had called them together there until the pall enveloping the coffin was lifted, and he saw that it was draped in the flag of the United States. It was no military funeral. A youth, not a year let free from a military school, sent to some fort on the far western frontier, had fallen, pierced by arrows from a wild Indian band, and the parents had journeyed to the east with the body of their son to leave it in the old home-lot of graves in the fair place, Greenwood. His comrades at the fort had forwarded the boy wrapped



in the mantle of his country, thinking, doubtless, the garment of honor should meet with due respect by the way. The flag was old; it had been pierced by winds from the Rocky Mountains and faded by suns on barren plains, and yet no hand had dared unwind it from that burial case.

"It might have been John! It might have been *my* boy," burst almost into words from the full heart of Mr. Kroy, as the clergyman announced the few plain facts that told the story, and the man hid his face and wept, wept tears such as had not been at his eyelids since boyhood. Half sheltered by a stone pillar, he was secure from observation, and, as if held by some invisible influence, he sat there and saw the coffin carried forth; saw the father and mother of the boy-soldier pass out; sat there until the place grew silent and dim, and the tread of the sexton awakened him to action again. Catching up his hat as though he had been caught in some uncouth act in unfit place, Christopher Kroy rushed out again. He had been caught up as it were by some Spirit of Good and overpowered by emotion. The "world peeped in" and won him again, but not until at least a dozen times the Good Spirit had pricked his memory with the remembrance of certain pledges he had made to his God in the College Green at New Haven. "I'll do it yet," he thought. "I've an engagement *now* to meet Mr. Cloud at twelve or after. There is time enough yet." Memory ceased to remind him again until the business of the day was almost at an end. Mr. Cloud had consulted him on plans connected with the Great Steamship Company, and it was all arranged that the following Saturday's steamship to Liverpool should carry out Mr. Cloud. He was to go professedly to attend to the trans-Atlantic interests of the company.

It was growing dark when at half-past four o'clock on that December afternoon Mr. Kroy emerged upon the street. Time had fled faster than he had taken note of it. His eyes glanced up at the face of Trinity's clock where the clear light shone with strength. "Half-past four!" he ex-

claimed to Mr. Cloud. "Why, I shall not be in time to meet my family. They come down on the five train this afternoon, and I intended to be at the station." The two men made haste to step into a stage that a score of hands were uplifted to reach, and the roar of the tide of travel soon put an end to unnecessary words.

"I meant to do it, I did indeed," said Mr. Kroy, mentally, to his monitor, who thundered with a still, small voice, that made his heart quake. Still the thunder was not appeased, the quake continued, and, half angry, he retorted, "Can't you keep still? I meant it all right, and there's time enough left to do it yet. There are more opportunities coming."

Grace Clear was watching from an upper window and saw Mr. Kroy get down and hasten to enter his dwelling. She ran down in time to open the door. "They, I mean Mrs. Kroy, hasn't come yet," she said, "the carriage waited for you until it was almost time for the train to get in."

"And it should have been here a half-hour ago. I will walk around to the station."

"Dear me," said Grace Clear to the cook, who had ascended the way from the kitchen to take a peep, thinking, may be, Mr. John had arrived, "if my heart didn't sink, to be sure," she said, going back and dropping into a half feint of a faint at the cook's side, "I thought, when I saw Mr. Kroy get down from that stage, that some awful thing had been happening, an explosion, a break up may be, or a bridge with a hole in it. Peter says the bridges on that road they're coming on, most all of them, have holes in them big enough to let a whole train down; he told me so just before he went off."

"You ridiculous thing, Grace Clear. If I was a black man, I could make you believe Africa was just the nicest place in the country, to be sure, to be livin' in, and I could take you off there with me just to pick up the 'nubs' of gold I'd be diggin' for ye. Ye believed him 'bout them holes in the bridges, did ye?"

"Why not, to be sure? He says the ships get up the rivers through the holes

in the bridges, and the trains shoot over the bridges. You know they do, or would, if ever you'd read a newspaper. I read the other day about a train that shot through a bridge like lightning: you see they get going so fast that they go right ahead and miss all the holes."

The cook retreated to the kitchen, there to announce that Grace Clear was the biggest blockhead for a Yankee that ever she heard of. Everybody that was not an Irishman or negro was a Yankee to the cook. Grace Clear picked herself up with alacrity, and immediately returned to her watch. In noticing the girl, one would infer that she was impelled to the watch by some urgent reason, so absorbed was she in the occupation. A second half-hour passed, and still no arrival. The dinner was spoiling in the Kroy kitchen, and the master of the mansion was spoiling his temper, pacing up and down the platform, and the Kroy horses were pawing impatiently at the stones of the street, making them cry out with the sound thereof. Still no train, and, what was yet more annoying, the wires of the telegraph line were down, and no news.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

ON the same afternoon on which Christopher Kroy exercised himself in waiting at the New York station of the New Haven road, Morton Cloud was likewise in waiting for the incoming train, but not from the same point, he had stationed himself at Forty-second Street. A few hours earlier a young girl was standing in a telegraph office in New Haven. She held a message in her hand, but the place was so besieged by a small crowd, every member of which seemed to have the most urgent need to use the telegraph at once, that she was well-nigh in despair of being able to get speech with an operator.

"Miss Kroy, let me aid you, if I can," said the very voice that gave her so much comfort on her entrance into the precincts of "Old Yale."

"Thank you. If you will I shall be so glad! The train is so late, not at Hartford yet, that mamma thinks we had bet-

ter remain until morning, and I am so anxious to get a message off. Papa dislikes to wait more than anybody that ever I knew. Poor John was quite exhausted by the time we got him back to the house, after his drive to the station."

Morton Cloud made his way through the little throng, and presently returned to tell Zilpha that the wires were down, and no messages could be sent. She stood a minute in thought, and then said, "It must go. They must manage some way to send it, if it has to go to Boston first."

Zilpha had made the exclamation, more as a relief to her anxiety than as an event which might be realized. She missed Morton Cloud from her side, and a few minutes later he returned to pour his thanks out in her hearing, as if the suggestion she had made were of the utmost importance to *him*. "I never thought," said Zilpha, "that a message might go in some such round-about way. I only felt that it *must* go, if possible."

"Ten thousand thanks, Miss Kroy; I am glad the train is detained. I am even glad that you are disappointed. Heaven must have sent you here to aid me in my great need, for neither one of those stupid operators would have thought, nor should I, of sending a telegram to Bangor to get it to New York. The messages will be there before the train will be due."

"Thanks to you, many of them," said Zilpha. The young girl and the college boy walked up Chapel Street together. Zilpha was quite unconscious of the flutter and airy toss of her floating hair. Morton Cloud was utterly blind to the fact of the increased precision and manliness of his air and tread, as his feet kept pace with hers. The way seemed all too short to Zilpha, as she contrasted it that day with the November night wherein, penniless as a pauper, she had beat her passage against wind and sleet up College Hill. As they went by Trinity Church a group of laughing girls emerged from the vestibule. They had been busy "tying greens," making ready for the coming of Christ in that year. Thoughtless chil-

dren on that day they were; and yet they were preparing for an event the most wonderful that the sun ever looked upon. So we tread, laughing and thoughtless, adown life's pathway, and yet we are pressing forward hour by hour, act by act, day by day, to an event of like magnitude, even the second coming of the Master, who shall come to see the garden we have kept. Let us gather up the briars and thorns, and plant in it all manner of beautiful things, that so it shall be worthy to be admitted into the New Eden.

"Will you come in and look at the church?" asked Morton, as they came to it. "The New Haveners take pride in this church as a specimen of what they call, I believe, the true Gothic, and Christmas greens have a way of showing it off well."

Zilpha hesitated. "I ought to go on and help mamma," she said, "or, at least, to learn if John is better."

"Then will you return?" he questioned. She promised.

It was nearly dark when Zilpha was ready. Through the windows of the church gleamed light as they went in. The place was brilliant with gas; it had been the fancy of the decorators to witness the effect of their work, and the organ was jubilant with fine sounds of coming anthem and choral. Zilpha did not speak. Her face was radiant. It seemed transformed by the place, the lights, the music. She trembled with exquisite delight. She feared to move or speak, lest the spell be gone from her. Suddenly the people were gone, the lights were dim, and only the old organ was pouring into the empty place volumes of sound that verily set the fibres of wood athrob with music. And still Zilpha Kroy stood there, forgetful of time, place, and her escort. Then her voice escaped into expression and arose in the fullest, sweetest notes, borne aloft as it were like the illuminated edge on the rolling masses of cloud-music that filled the air like incense. Too much astonished to give a sign, stood young Cloud, his eyes fixed on her face, that seemed to him to shine

out of the gloom in which she stood. A tremor ran through the arms of the organist. The boy who was "blowing" the organ screamed, "What's that?"

"Go on! go on!" ejaculated the organist, knowing full well every really fine voice in the community, and that this one was not of them. He went on to the end, Zilpha accompanying every note with enthusiasm of soul. The finale came. Silence restored Zilpha to consciousness of what she had been doing. "What will he think? What do you think?" she whispered "Let us run."

They went just in time to escape the organist, who was hurrying down to learn who had accompanied him. Zilpha felt that she was followed every step of the distance to the hotel. She was very glad to get once more into the shelter of their own apartments. The organist for Trinity Church in New Haven never knew whose voice so irradiated his playing that night before Christmas.

Dr. — went that evening to say farewell a second time. He was truly sorry to part from his patient. To Zilpha he wore the very face of a saint. She held him in her heart as precious beyond all physicians, as the very helper of her brother's life; and when he said at parting, "Miss Zilpha, don't forget me, or I shall think that you have not quite forgiven me for covering you up with that table-spread:" and added thereto, "Remember, now, if ever you need a friend, you will think of and come to me for that friend," and she had responded quite solemnly, "I will," a momentary silence had fallen on the little party, the offer and the pledge had in it so much of solemnity.

Morton Cloud also called the same evening to say his parting words. "Good-by, old boy; you'll be down in a day or two, and sure to come and see us?" said John Kroy, still too weak to make his grasp of hand as hearty as his words.

"No," replied Cloud, "I do not think I shall go home for the holidays."

"Not go home! Why, what can keep you from going?" asked John, not looking up, and therefore not witnessing the

marks of distress on the boy's face, or he had spared him the pain of the reply.

"It is best not. Changes are going on at home just now," he said, and made haste to complete his farewells.

"John! How stupid you are," said Zilpha; "couldn't you see that there was something wrong, without asking so many questions?"

"No, Zilpha, I could not. Do you think

I wanted to put him through the tortures after all his goodness to me? but I'll find out before long where the misery lies."

"I don't believe you will, John, not at least from him," said Zilpha; and there New Haven experiences had end to Zilpha for that part of her life, for the day following saw the Kroy family again at home in New York.

(To be continued.)

### CASTLE-BUILDING.

My childhood mimic castles wrought,  
Of fabled-ore from elf-land brought.

Who does not, when a child,  
Build castles of the widest scope,  
Through which child-fancies dimly grope,  
Enchanting, howe'er wild?

Each bell-flower, with its spreading dome,  
Was model of a fairy home,  
Where I would princess be;  
Each rolling cloud, a chariot wheel,  
With glowing colors to reveal  
My wealth of royalty.

Then girlhood clearer visions woke,  
Through wand of hope, with bolder stroke;  
This time, the castle-wall  
Was hewn from granite stores of earth,  
By knightly hand of regal birth,  
Whom love crowned lord of all.

No venture seemed too large or bold  
For love's transmuting into gold.  
With Love I walked a queen,  
Through envied halls of social pride,  
Wherein no evil could betide,  
Nor shadow be foreseen.

The earth seemed only made for such  
As we, to fashion to our touch!  
That God had other way  
To differ wide from that *we* planned,  
Or by our finite vision scanned,  
He did not then betray.

But steadily He overthrew  
Each castle as it proudly grew;  
Each venture on the sea  
By wind or storm in turn he wrecked,  
Till not a gleam the vista flecked,  
Of sails launched joyously.

No gilded palace now I tread,—  
No Midas-king is he I've wed.—  
But better far to me,  
The generous home I've learned to prize,  
Within his heart, beneath his eyes,  
Whose light beams tenderly.

No silken curtains richly fall  
 O'er diamond panes from pictured wall;  
 But never storm or sun  
 Beats on me harshly, for a veil  
 Of love, whose colors never pale,  
 He weaves till day be done.

Within its roseate folds I dwell,  
 Nor fear the world beneath its spell:  
 A loved and trusted wife  
 Of one subdued to Higher Will  
 Has joy beyond her hope to fill  
 The golden bowl of life.

The mimic structure of the child,  
 'Mid tangled fern and roses wild,  
 Or dream of maidenhood,  
 Floating adown the coming years,  
 In gilded barge her lover steers,  
 Is faint to later good—

Of love and life restrained to pray  
 For that mysterious, better way  
 Than ours, our once delight.  
 Truer the winds that fill our sail,  
 Clearer the skies which now prevail,  
 When steered by faith, not sight.

Faith that a Will encircles us,  
 All-perfect, though mysterious;  
 That if to it we yield,  
 It compasses our restless way,  
 Leading to rest and peace alway,  
 And treasures, Faith-revealed.

#### FROUDE ON UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

[THE views of so distinguished and influential a writer as the greatest of living English historians, on the subject of university education, cannot fail to interest our readers. We therefore lay before them his Inaugural Address, delivered to the University of St. Andrew's, on the occasion of his induction to the office of Rector of that time-honored institution. His views are none the less entitled to a candid and careful consideration because they materially differ from the pronounced views of many eminent thinkers and educators.—EDITOR.]

My first duty, in the observations which I am about to address to you, is to make my personal acknowledgments on the occasion which has brought me to this place. When we begin our work in this world, we value most the approbation of those older than ourselves. To be regarded favorably by those who

have obtained distinction bids us hope that we too, bye and bye, may come to be distinguished in turn. As we advance in life, we learn the limits of our abilities. Our expectations for the future shrink to modest dimensions. The question with us is no longer what we shall do, but what we have done. We call ourselves to account for the time and talents which we have used or misused, and then it is that the good opinion of those who are coming after us becomes so peculiarly agreeable. If we have been roughly handled by our contemporaries, it flatters our self-conceit to have interested another generation. If we feel that we have before long to pass away, we can dream of a second future for ourselves in the thoughts of those who are about to take their turn upon the stage.

Therefore it is that no recognition of

efforts of mine which I have ever received has given me so much pleasure as this movement of yours in electing me your Rector; an honor as spontaneously and generously bestowed by you as it was unlooked for, I may say undreamt of, by me.

Many years ago, when I was first studying the history of the Reformation in Scotland, I read a story of a slave in a French galley who was one morning bending wearily over his oar. The day was breaking, and, rising out of the gray waters, a line of cliffs was visible, and the white houses of a town and a church tower. The rower was a man unused to such service, worn with toil and watching, and likely, it was thought, to die. A companion touched him, pointed to the shore, and asked him if he knew it.

"Yes," he answered, "I know it well. I see the steeple of that place where God opened my mouth in public to His glory; and I know, how weak soever I now appear, I shall not depart out of this life till my tongue glorify His name in the same place."

Gentlemen, that town was St. Andrew's, that galley slave was John Knox; and we know that he came back and did "glorify God" in this place and others to some purpose.

Well, if anybody had told me, when I was reading about this, that I also should one day come to St. Andrew's and be called on to address the University, I should have listened with more absolute incredulity than Knox's comrade listened to that prophecy. Yet, inconceivable as it would then have seemed, the unlikely has become fact. I am addressing the successors of that remote generation of students whom Knox, at the end of his life "called around him," in the yard of this very College, "and exhorted them," as James Melville tells us, "to know God and stand by the good cause, and use their time well." It will be happy for me if I, too, can read a few words to you out of the same lesson-book; for to make us know our duty and do it, to make us upright in act and true in thought and word, is the aim of all instruction which deserves

the name, the epitome of all purposes for which education exists. Duty changes, truth expands, one age cannot teach another either the details of its obligations or the matter of its knowledge, but the principle of obligation is everlasting. The consciousness of duty, whatever its origin, is to the moral nature of man what *life* is in the seed-cells of all organized creatures: the condition of its coherence, the elementary force in virtue of which it grows.

Every one admits this in words. Rather, it has become a cant nowadays to make a parade of noble intentions. The application is the difficulty. When we pass beyond the verbal propositions our guides fail us, and we are left in practice to grope our way or guess it as we can. So far as our special occupations go, there is no uncertainty. Are we traders, mechanics, lawyers, doctors?—we know our work. Our duty is to do it as honestly and as well as we can. When we pass to our larger interests, to those which concern us as men—to what Knox meant "by knowing God and standing by the good cause"—I suppose there has been rarely a time in the history of the world when intelligent people have held more opposite opinions. The Scots to whom Knox was speaking understood him well enough. They had their Bibles as the rule of their lives. They had broken down the tyranny of a contemptible superstition. They were growing up into yeomen, farmers, artisans, traders, scholars, or ministers, each with the business of his life clearly marked out before him. Their duty was to walk uprightly by the light of the Ten Commandments, and to fight with soul and body against the high-born scoundrelism and spiritual sorcery which were combining to make them again into slaves.

I will read you a description of the leaders of the great party in Scotland against whom the Protestants and Knox were contending. I am not going to quote any fierce old Calvinist who will be set down as a bigot and a liar. My witness is M. Fontenay, brother of the secretary of Mary Stuart, who was resi-

ding here on Mary Stuart's business. The persons of whom he was speaking were the so-called Catholic Lords; and the occasion was in a letter\* to herself:—

"The Sirens," wrote this M. Fontenay, "which bewitch the lords of this country are money and power. If I preach to them of their duty to their sovereign—if I talk to them of honor, of justice, of virtue, of the illustrious actions of their forefathers, and of the example which they should themselves bequeath to their posterity—they think me a *fool*. They can talk of these things themselves—talk as well as the best philosophers in Europe. But, when it comes to action, they are like the Athenians, who knew what was good, but would not do it. The misfortune of Scotland is that the noble lords will not look beyond the points of their shoes. They care nothing for the future and less for the past."

To free Scotland from the control of an unworthy aristocracy, to bid the dead virtues live again, and plant the eternal rules in the consciences of the people—this, as I understand it, was what Knox was working at, and it was comparatively a simple thing. It was simple, because the difficulty was not to know what to do, but how to do it. It required no special discernment to see into the fitness for government of lords like those described by Fontenay; or to see the difference as a rule of life between the New Testament and a creed that issued in Jesuitism and the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The truth was plain as the sun. The thing then wanted was *courage*; courage in common men to risk their skins, to venture the high probability that before the work was done they might have their throats cut, or see their houses burnt over their heads.

Times are changed; we are still surrounded by temptations, but they no longer appear in the shape of stake and gallows. They come rather as intellectual perplexities, on the largest and gravest questions which concern us as human creatures; perplexities with regard to which self-interest is perpetually tempting us to be false to our real convictions.

The best that we can do for one another is to exchange our thoughts freely; and that, after all, is but little. Experience is no more transferable in morals than in art. The drawing-master can direct his pupil generally in the principles of art. He can teach him here and there to avoid familiar stumbling blocks. But the pupil must himself realize every rule which the master gives him. He must spoil a hundred copybooks before the lesson will yield its meaning to him. Action is the real teacher. Instruction does but prevent waste of time or mistakes; and mistakes themselves are often the best teachers of all. In every accomplishment, every mastery of truth, moral, spiritual, or mechanical,

Necesse est

Multa diu concreta modis inolescere miris :

our acquirements must grow into us in marvellous ways—marvellous—as anything connected with man has been, is, and will be.

I have but the doubtful advantage, in speaking to you, of a few more years of life; and even whether years bring wisdom or do not bring it is far from certain. The fact of growing older teaches many of us to respect notions which we once believed to be antiquated. Our intellectual joints stiffen, and our fathers' crutches have attractions for us. You must therefore take the remarks that I am going to make at what appears to you their intrinsic value. Stranger as I am to all of you, and in a relation with you which is only transient, I can but offer you some few general conclusions which have forced themselves on me during my own experience, in the hope that you may find them not wholly useless. And as it is desirable to give form to remarks which might otherwise be desultory, I will follow the train of thought suggested by our presence at this place and the purpose which brings you here. You stand on the margin of the great world, into which you are about to be plunged, to sink or swim. We will consider the stock-in-trade, the moral and mental furniture, with which you will start upon your journey.

In the first place you are Scots; you come of a fine stock, and much will be expected of you. If we except the Athenians and the Jews, no people so few in number have scored so deep a mark in the world's history as you have done. No people have a juster right to be proud of their blood. I suppose, if any one of you were asked whether he would prefer to be the son of a Scotch peasant or to be the heir of an Indian rajah with twenty lacs of rupees, he would not hesitate about his answer; we should none of us object to the rupees, but I doubt if the Scot ever breathed who would have sold his birthright for them. Well, then, *Noblesse oblige*; all blood is noble here, and a noble life should go along with it. It is not for nothing that you here and we in England come, both of us, of our respective races; we inherit honorable traditions and memories; we inherit qualities inherent in our bone and blood, which have been earned for us, no thanks to ourselves, by twenty generations of ancestors; our fortunes are now linked together for good and evil, never more to be divided; but when we examine our several contributions to the common stock, the account is more in your favor than ours.

More than once you saved English Protestantism; you may have to save it again, for all that I know, at the rate at which our English parsons are now ruining. You gave us the Stuarts, but you helped us to get rid of them. Even now you are teaching us what, unless we saw it before our eyes, no Englishman would believe to be possible, that a member of Parliament can be elected without bribery. For shrewdness of head, thoroughgoing completeness, contempt of compromise, and moral backbone, no set of people were ever started into life more generously provided. You did not make these things; it takes many generations to breed high qualities either of mind or body; but you have them, they are a fine capital to commence business with, and, as I said, *Noblesse oblige*.

So much for what you bring with you into the world. And the other part of

your equipment is only second in importance to it: I mean your education. There is no occasion to tell a Scotchman to value education. On this, too, you have set us an example which we are beginning to imitate: I only wish our prejudices and jealousies would let us imitate it thoroughly. In the form of your education, whether in the parish school or here at the university, there is little to be desired. It is fair all round to poor and rich alike. You have broken down, or you never permitted to rise, the enormous barrier of expense which makes the highest education in England a privilege of the wealthy. The subject-matter is another thing. Whether the subjects to which, either with you or with us, the precious years of boyhood and youth continue to be given, are the best in themselves, whether they should be altered or added to, and if so, in what direction and to what extent, are questions which all the world is busy with. Education is on everybody's lips. Our own great schools and colleges are in the middle of a revolution, which, like most revolutions, means discontent with what we have, and no clear idea of what we would have. You yourselves cannot here have wholly escaped the infection, or if you have, you will not escape it long. The causes are not far to seek. On the one hand there is the immense multiplication of the subjects of knowledge, through the progress of science, and the investigation on all sides into the present and past condition of this planet and its inhabitants; on the other, the equally increased range of occupations, among which the working part of mankind are now distributed, and for one or other of which our education is intended to qualify us. It is admitted by every one that we cannot any longer confine ourselves to the learned languages, to the grammar and logic and philosophy which satisfied the seventeenth century. Yet, if we try to pile on the top of these the histories and literatures of our own and other nations, with modern languages and sciences, we accumulate a load of matter which the most ardent and industrious



student cannot be expected to cope with.

It may seem presumptuous in a person like myself, unconnected as I have been for many years with any educational body, to obtrude my opinion on these things. Yet outsiders, it is said, sometimes see deeper into a game than those who are engaged in playing it.

In everything that we do or mean to do, the first condition of success is that we understand clearly the result which we desire to produce. The house-builder does not gather together a mass of bricks and timber and mortar, and trust that somehow a house will shape itself out of its materials. Wheels, springs, screws, and dial-plate will not constitute a watch, unless they are shaped and fitted with the proper relations to one another. I have long thought that, to educate successfully, you should first ascertain clearly, with sharp and distinct outline, what you mean by an educated man.

Now our ancestors, whatever their other shortcomings, understood what they meant perfectly well. In their primary education and in their higher education they knew what they wanted to produce, and they suited their means to their ends. They set out with the principle that every child born into the world should be taught his duty to God and man. The majority of people had to live, as they always must, by bodily labor; therefore every boy was as early as was convenient set to labor. He was not permitted to idle about the streets or lanes. He was apprenticed to some honest industry. Either he was sent to a farm, or, if his wits were sharper, he was allotted to the village carpenter, bricklayer, tailor, shoemaker, or whatever it might be. He was instructed in some positive calling by which he could earn his bread and become a profitable member of the commonwealth. Besides this, but not, you will observe, independent of it, you had in Scotland, established by Knox, your parish schools where he was taught to read, and, if he showed special talent that way, he was made a scholar of and trained for the ministry. But neither Knox nor

any one in those days thought of what we call enlarging the mind. A boy was taught reading that he might read his Bible, and learn to fear God, and be ashamed and afraid to do wrong.

An eminent American was once talking to me of the school system in the United States. The boast and glory of it, in his mind, was that every citizen born had a fair and equal start in life. Every one of them knew that he had a chance of becoming President of the Republic, and was spurred to energy by the hope. Here too, you see, is a distinct object. Young Americans are all educated alike. The aim put before them is to get on. They are like runners in a race, set to push and shoulder for the best places, never to rest contented, but to struggle forward in never-ending competition. It has answered its purpose in a new and unsettled country, where the centre of gravity has not yet determined into its place; but I cannot think that such a system as this can be permanent, or that human society, constituted on such a principle, will ultimately be found tolerable. For one thing, the prizes of life so looked at are at best but few and the competitors many. "For myself," said the great Spinoza, "I am certain the good of human life cannot lie in the possession of things which, for one man to possess, is for the rest to lose, but rather in things which all can possess alike, and where one man's wealth promotes his neighbor's." At any rate, it was not any such notion as this which Knox had before him when he instituted your parish schools. We had no parish schools in England for centuries after he was gone, but the object was answered by the Church catechising and the Sunday School. Our boys, like yours, were made to understand that they would have to answer for the use that they made of their lives. And in both countries, by industrial training, they were put in the way of leading useful lives if they would be honest. The essential thing was, that every one that was willing to work should be enabled to maintain himself and his family in honor and independence.

Pass to the education of a scholar, and you find the same principle otherwise applied. There are two ways of being independent. If you require much, you must produce much. If you produce little, you must require little. Those whose studies added nothing to the material wealth of the world were taught to be content to be poor. They were a burden on others, and the burden was made as light as possible. The thirty thousand students who gathered out of Europe to Paris to listen to Abelard did not travel in carriages, and they brought no portmanteaus with them. They carried their wardrobes on their backs. They walked from Paris to Padua, from Padua to Salamanca, and they begged their way along the roads. The laws of mendicancy in all countries were suspended in favor of scholars wandering in pursuit of knowledge. At home, at his college, the scholar's fare was the hardest, his lodging was the barest. If rich in mind, he was expected to be poor in body; and so deeply was this theory grafted into English feeling that earls and dukes, when they began to frequent universities, shared the common simplicity. The furniture of a noble earl's room at an English university at present may cost, including the pictures of opera-dancers and race-horses and such like, perhaps five hundred pounds. When the magnificent Earl of Essex was sent to Cambridge, in Elizabeth's time, his guardians provided him with a deal table covered with green baize, a truckle bed, half-a-dozen chairs, and a wash-hand basin. The cost of all, I think, was five pounds.

You see what was meant. The scholar was held in high honor; but his contributions to the commonwealth were not appreciable in money, and were not rewarded with money. He went without what he could not produce, that he might keep his independence and his self-respect unharmed. Neither scholarship nor science starved under this treatment: more noble souls have been smothered in luxury than were ever killed by hunger. Your Knox was brought up in this way, Buchanan was brought up in this way,

Luther was brought up in this way, and Tyndal, who translated the Bible, and Milton and Kepler and Spinoza, and your Robert Burns. Compare Burns, bred behind the plough, and our English Byron!

This was the old education, which formed the character of the English and Scotch nations. It is dying away at both extremities, as no longer suited to what is called modern civilization. The apprenticeship as a system of instruction is gone. The discipline of poverty—not here as yet, I am happy to think, but in England—is gone also; and we have got instead what are called enlarged minds.

I ask a modern march-of-intellect man what education is for; and he tells me it is to make educated men. I ask what an educated man is: he tells me it is a man whose intelligence has been cultivated, who knows something of the world he lives in—the different races of men, their languages, their histories, and the books that they have written; and again, modern science, astronomy, geology, physiology, political economy, mathematics, mechanics—everything in fact which an educated man ought to know. Education, according to this, means instruction in everything which human beings have done, thought, or discovered; all history, all languages, all sciences.

The demands which intelligent people imagine that they can make on the minds of students in this way are something amazing. I will give you a curious illustration of it. When the competitive examination system was first set on foot, a board of examiners met to draw up their papers of questions. The scale of requirement had first to be settled. Among them a highly distinguished man, who was to examine in English history, announced that, for himself, he meant to set a paper for which Macaulay might possibly get full marks; and he wished the rest of the examiners to imitate him in the other subjects. I saw the paper which he set. I could myself have answered two questions out of a dozen. And it was gravely expected that ordinary young men of twenty-one, who

were to be examined also in Greek and Latin, in moral philosophy, in ancient history, in mathematics, and in two modern languages, were to show a proficiency in each and all of these subjects, which a man of mature age and extraordinary talents, who had devoted his whole time to that special study, had attained only in one of them.

Under this system teaching becomes cramming; an enormous accumulation of propositions of all sorts and kinds is thrust down the students' throats, to be poured out again, I might say vomited out, into examiners' laps; and this when it is notorious that the sole condition of making progress in any branch of art or knowledge is to leave on one side everything irrelevant to it, and to throw your undivided energy on the special thing you have in hand.

Our old Universities are struggling against these absurdities. Yet, when we look at the work which they on their side are doing, it is scarcely more satisfactory. A young man going to Oxford learns the same things which were taught here two centuries ago; but, unlike the old scholars, he learns no lessons of poverty along with it. In his three years' course he will have tasted luxuries unknown to him at home, and contracted habits of self-indulgence which make subsequent hardships unbearable: while his antiquated knowledge, such as it is, has fallen out of the market; there is no demand for him; he is not sustained by the respect of the world, which finds him ignorant of everything in which it is interested. He is called educated; yet, if circumstances throw him on his own resources, he cannot earn a sixpence for himself. An Oxford education fits a man extremely well for the trade of gentleman. I do not know for what other trade it does fit him as at present constituted. More than one man who has taken high honors there, who has learnt faithfully all that the University undertakes to teach him, has been seen in these late years breaking stones upon a road in Australia. That was all which he was found to be fit for when brought in

contact with the primary realities of things.

It has become necessary to alter all this; but how and in what direction? If I go into modern model schools, I find first of all the three R's, about which we are all agreed; I find next the old Latin and Greek, which the schools must keep to while the Universities confine their honors to these; and then, by way of keeping up with the times, "abridgments," "text-books," "elements," or whatever they are called, of a mixed multitude of matters, history, natural history, physiology, chronology, geology, political economy, and I know not what besides; general knowledge which, in my experience, means general ignorance: stuff arranged admirably for one purpose, and one purpose only—to make a show in examinations. To cram a lad's mind with infinite names of things which he never handled, places he never saw or will see, statements of facts which he cannot possibly understand, and must remain merely words to him—this, in my opinion, is like loading his stomach with marbles; for bread giving him a stone. It is wonderful what a quantity of things of this kind a quick boy will commit to memory, how smartly he will answer questions, how he will show off in school inspections, and delight the heart of his master. But what has been gained for the boy himself, let him carry this kind of thing as far as he will, if, when he leaves school, he has to make his own living? Lord Brougham once said he hoped a time would come when every man in England would read Bacon. William Cobbett, that you may have heard of, said he would be contented if a time came when every man in England would eat bacon. People talk about enlarging the mind. Some years ago I attended a lecture on education in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester. Seven or eight thousand people were present, and among the speakers was one of the most popular orators of the day. He talked in the usual way of the neglect of past generations, the benighted peasant, in whose besotted brain even thought

was extinct, and whose sole spiritual instruction was the dull and dubious parson's sermon. Then came the contrasted picture: the broad river of modern discovery flowing through town and hamlet, science shining as an intellectual sun, and knowledge and justice, as her handmaids, redressing the wrongs and healing the miseries of mankind. Then, wrapt with inspired frenzy, the musical voice, thrilling with transcendent emotion—"I seem," the orator said, "I seem to hear again the echo of that voice which rolled over the primeval chaos, saying, 'let there be light.'"

As you may see a breeze of wind pass over standing corn and every stalk bends and a long wave sweeps across the field, so all that listening multitude swayed and wavered under the words. Yet, in plain prose, what did this gentleman definitely mean? First and foremost, a man has to earn his living, and all the 'ologies will not of themselves enable him to earn it. Light! yes, we do want light, but it must be light which will help us to work and find food and clothes and lodging for ourselves. A modern school will undoubtedly sharpen the wits of a clever boy. He will go out into the world with the knowledge that there are a great many good things in it which it will be highly pleasant to get hold of; able as yet to do no one thing for which anybody will pay him, yet bent on pushing himself forward into the pleasant places somehow. Some

intelligent people think that this is a promising state of mind, that an ardent desire to better our position is the most powerful incentive that we can feel to energy and industry. A great political economist has defended the existence of a luxuriously living idle class as supplying a motive for exertion to those who are less highly favored. They are like Olympian gods, condescending to show themselves in their Empyrean, and to say to their worshippers, "Make money, money enough, and you and your descendants shall become as we are, and shoot grouse and drink champagne all the days of your lives."

No doubt this would be a highly influential incitement to activity of a sort; only it must be remembered that there are many sorts of activity, and short smooth cuts to wealth as well as long hilly roads. In civilized and artificial communities there are many ways, where fools have money and rogues want it, of effecting a change of possession. The process is at once an intellectual pleasure, extremely rapid, and every way more agreeable than dull mechanical labor. I doubt very much indeed whether the honesty of the country has been improved by the substitution so generally of mental education for industrial; and the three R's, if no industrial training has gone along with them, are apt, as Miss Nightingale observes, to produce a fourth R of rascaldom.

(Concluded in the next number.)

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## A GLIMPSE.

### I.

'Twas but a glimpse through the veil of night,  
A glimpse, and nothing more;  
Yet it thrilled my soul with strange delight  
It ne'er had known before.  
And still, methinks, I see it beam,—  
The beautiful face I saw in my dream.

### II.

Oh, face so fond! Oh, face so fair!  
Sweet face that smiled on me:  
I wander, seeking everywhere,  
Yet ne'er that face can see.  
And so I know I caught the gleam  
Of an angel's face in my beautiful dream.

## SUNNYBANK PAPERS.

## No. II.

BY MARION HARLAND.

## POULTRY AND THEIR PERILS.

WE were too well versed in proverbial philosophy, to say nothing of the lessons learned from observation, and the dribbets of wisdom picked up by actual experience as to the uncertainty of doubtful issues, to count our chickens before they were hatched. But when, at one of our visits to Sunnybank, before the house was ready for our occupancy, our man-of-all-work displayed a dozen animated tufts of straw-colored, black, and speckled down, chirping and scratching in the warm earth outside the coop, or peeping at the visitors with a knowing cock of the head between the bars; when, before our rapturous exclamations subsided into calm satisfaction, he blew up a fresh hurricane by leading us to a rude pen, flanked by another coop, and having a cracked pudding-dish as a centre-piece, about the edge and within which waddled and plashed ten golden ducklings, we considered that we might, without presumption, hope to rear to ripe fowlhood a liberal percentage of the healthy, sportsome fledglings.

We moved into our cottage the following week, and for two days I enjoyed the novel sensation of tending my chirping broods, mixing their food and replenishing their water-vessels with my own hands, and watching, with an odd emotion of maternal proprietorship, the scramblings and fightings that went on over the same. On the third day five ducks only answered my call to the morning repast. The other five were not, and are not, unto this day. A close examination of the pen showed us sundry small apertures between the boards and the ground through which a very determined duckling, with great powers of compressibility, might have escaped, and our eyes were opened. It was not to be expected that a water-loving bird, who cherished within his plump breast one spark of ambition to fulfil the end of his creation, would

remain pent up in a six-by-ten quadrangle, with an ignominious imitation of a living pool for its sole ornament, when in the quiet of night and on breezy days he could hear the wooing voice of the waves as they broke, lazily or crisply, upon the gravelly beach. The silliest child might have foretold the end of our attempt to do violence to their instincts.

"They have gone to the lake!" I pronounced, excitedly.

"As naturally as ducks take to water," subjoined the dominie; "leave them alone, and they will come home"—and went whistling back to the strawberry-bed he was setting out.

The hapless hired man had a hard time of it that day. Having seen that all crevices were closed, and that the board ramparts were made twice as high and thick as had been the original walls, I sought an upper front window that commanded a sweeping view of the water, from shore to shore, and strained my eyes until the sparkling surface was a mass of floating motes, and instead of five, I beheld five thousand truant ducklings, swimming, diving, and swinging sleepily upon the cradling waves. This I knew was an optical illusion, but six times between breakfast and supper did I descend breathlessly from my observatory to call John from his work and despatch him in our swiftest boat to the spot upon the lake or upon the opposite bank where I was positive I had seen the wanderers the instant before. Seen them all—counted five, over and over, that there might be no mistake. • Of course they were nowhere to be found when he neared the point designated, and I had to fall back, with what faith and patience I might, upon the time-honored morsel of homely advice quoted by the dominie. Evening must bring them home. They were intelligent infants, and could appreciate the advantages of

the warm covert their mother held ready for the prodigals, above a bed unskilfully made up by themselves in the damp sedge. But that night passed, and three others without their return, and on the fifth morning three more were missing. In brief—and briefly forlorn looked the remnant to my eyes—but two of the famous ten waddled forth to be regaled with the corn-meal paste I had scalded overnight, and the sparkling water, fresh from the well.

My spirits deserted me, suddenly, and I fear my neighborly charity, as well. I insisted that the ducks had been stolen. They were of a valuable breed, and the temptation had proved too strong for—I forbore to mention names. Only—let nobody talk to me, hereafter, of the homely virtues—especially honesty—of rustics. Human nature was the same everywhere.

My tirade was checked by the appearance of our man-of-all-work. His face was lugubriously content, and he held aloft the headless body of a duckling.

"'Twas jammed in a weasel's hole under the barn!" he explained. "Bein' the biggest of the lot, you see, Mr. Weasel met his match. Couldn't budge it nyther way! Similar to a cork in an ale-bottle!"

We stopped up the weasel's hole with cement, vengefully trusting that we were consigning him to slow starvation in the midst of the fleshless bones of the seven innocents hurried by his rapacity to an untimely end. In less than a week he burrowed out at the other end of the barn and carried off, at one fell swoop, ten out of our dozen chickens. Since then we have heard nothing more of him. Perhaps he, for once, overdid the matter. Ten spring chickens taken upon an empty stomach, in a short summer night, may have proved to him what the shower of quails did to the lusting Israelites, and begotten in him a disrelish for the like dainties forevermore. Or, he may have disdained the meagre pickings he knew he would find in our poultry nursery.

Our stock in trade being thus reduced to two small ducks and an equal number

of chickens, we lowered our plumes of expectation; talked no more of Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners, and petted the quartette as sybilline treasures. Our next mishap was announced, one August day, by Flutter, the eldest of our human bantlings, who, bursting into the parlor, as is her style, with a whirlwind of words and gestures, told how the smaller of the brace of ducks had been set upon, for some unknown reason, by a termagant hen and ruffian rooster and, but for her—Flutter's—opportune intervention, would have been killed.

"Poor Ducky Daddles!" cooed the pitying benefactress to the shaking, gory head nestling within said benefactress' best hat. "See, mamma! they were as bad as wild Indians. They tried to flay her alive!"

They had so far succeeded that when "Daddles" was discharged from her wicker hospital beside the kitchen fire, she was quite bald from the nape of her neck to the root of her tail, and was blind in one eye. Her early affliction resulted in a nervous or morbid dread of barn-yard society that was painful to behold. Skulking was the business of her life thenceforward. She affected low bushes and out-of-the-way corners, and in other ways comported herself like one who had a rooted sorrow. The children—loving little souls—did their utmost to compensate to her for the unkindness of destiny. Her well-grown brother, in whose throat the infantine squeak was being exchanged for a wheezing quack, fat, arrogant, and whole of limb and skin, was not beloved and fondled as was "poor little Daddles." But of what avail was the sympathy of these representatives of a stranger race while she was shunned and maltreated by those among whom her lot was cast by Providence?

It ought not to have surprised me when the dismal report came, one evening, that Daddles could not be found. The children formed themselves into a patrolling party and beat all her accustomed haunts, making the grove echo with her pet name, so coaxingly uttered that misanthropy of the glumest type must have softened

at the sound. But she answered not. I had seen her at sunset limping across the lawn in the direction of the lake—I supposed to bathe in the sea of molten gold rippling in the awakening breeze. The day had been warm, and Daddles had drooped more disconsolately than usual, hiding, for the most part, beneath the piazza steps, and leaving untouched the food placed under her nose. Whether the plunge in the cold water had induced a rush of blood to the head, or she had been dragged to the bottom by bull-frog, turtle, or snake, or, as mamma privately feared, had, weary of existence and deformity, made of our rude pier another bridge of sighs, and, “rashly importunate,” hurled herself into the glowing depth, were questions often discussed, and never decided by our household.

Her brother froze to death the following winter.

N.B.—We kept no poultry-book that season.

The next spring we rubbed out—not the poultry—they had saved us the trouble—but the memory of past disasters, and began again. Before leaving town we had a present of three baby-ducks, barely a week old, whose hen-mother had deserted them. I confess, in passing, to a touch of compassion for hens in such cases. As we shall see presently, they are not so devoid of common sense and natural affection as not to know the difference between chickens of their own feather and the, to them, foreign monstrosities they have been tricked into hatching. It is the old story of the cuckoo's egg, repeated upon an extensive scale. Custom robs the practice of barbarity in our sight, but I question not that the duped fowl has her opinion, and a strong one, upon the subject. The one referred to had been set upon six of her own and three duck eggs, and when the mixed progeny stepped shivering from the shells and sought her embrace, she received her lawful charges warmly, endured the presence of the ungainly aliens for a few days, and then repudiated them utterly.

“They are of the celebrated Rouen

breed,” said the dominie, regretfully. “It is a pity they must die for want of proper care.”

“It is—but they will,” rejoined I. “We cannot supply a mother's place, but we will smooth their short pathway to the grave.”

Accordingly we laid a barrel on its side in a corner of the back yard, gave the doomed waifs a saucer of water and something to eat, and expected their decease hourly. They were still alive and hearty eight days thereafter, when they were thrust into a small basket and accompanied us to our country home. There they received less attention than ever, the thoughts of all being engrossed by poultry-raising in the legitimate way. Three dozen duck, forty-eight chicken, and twenty-eight Guinea-fowl eggs had been set after the most approved manner as enjoined by our text-books and other experienced authorities on this head, at varying dates during the past month.

Set, let me observe, under common barn-yard hens, brown, yellow, and black Biddies, with no “fancy” top-knots or rose-combs—who, not having learned to despise the customs of their grandmothers, or so much as imagined that they could crow and strut as well as roosters, if they were to try long and hard enough—went about singing their old-fashioned tunes, and picking up an honest living in the stables and fields, laying, on an average, five eggs per week, wholesome-looking ovates, most likely with a brunette tinge in the clean shell, pinkish at the small end. After depositing fourteen of these in the nest up in the hay-mow, or under a blackberry bush in the woods, Biddy expresses her willingness to contribute further towards the perpetuation of her species by clucking steadily and loudly—still following the example of her grandmother. She would like to have a young family of her own, she proclaims, without a thought of shame, and undismayed by the aristocratic and disdainful presence of Brahma, Black Hamburg and Spanish, Gold and Silver Pheasant, Darking and Chittagang, whom the desire to spend three weeks in the dull

seclusion that walls in a sitting hen, seldom seizes, and who, when the caprice does overtake them, make wretchedly uncertain sitters and worse mothers. To non-progressive Biddy, with her broad breast and big heart, was allotted the task of hatching the eggs of the afore-said "upper ten," and, in due time forth came forty-four chickens, healthy, pert, and likely to live.

Thanks to the exemplary foster-mothers and (possibly) to the judicious use of "Poulterer's Friend," we reared by the middle of October ninety odd chickens, of divers complexions, shapes, and temperaments. Pip and gapes were unknown maladies among them. Three or four fell—or arose—victims to a pirate hawk, a very Shylock as to hooked nose, sharp eyes, and greed; half-a-dozen were pecked to death as the penalty of straying uninvited into their neighbors' coops; two were drowned in the swill-pail, and three died from causes unknown. But we were justly proud of our marked success, and, so far from being mortified, I experienced a thrill of vainglorious complacency at the sensation produced out-of-doors by a glimpse of my wide-brimmed "sea-side." From house to garden, over lawn and meadow, I was attended by a clamorous retinue, many yards in length. If I desired a quiet stroll, or game of croquet, I had only to don another hat. For it was shortly apparent that the old weather-beaten "sea-side" personated their ideal Lady Bountiful. Beneath another brim, I, their purveyor and nurse-general—in effect—with profound respect for their cooped-up mammas, their temporal Providence—was no more to them than any other woman. This discovery was the more puzzling by reason of that other to which I alluded, a page or two back; to wit, their keenness of perception where their own kind was concerned. Their arithmetical powers are extremely limited. I have, upon several occasions, taken three or four newly hatched chickens from a careless hen, whose work of incubation progressed irregularly, and added them to the family of one who had been "out" a

day, or maybe longer, and the latter never detected the imposition; only scratched and clucked the harder, piped the call to meals oftener, and stretched her wings the more widely, without a stare of surprise at the sudden increase of her cares.

Acting upon this precedent, when the internecine warfare, waged by the occupants of the two unfortunately contiguous nests in which were our Guinea-fowl eggs, terminated in a terrible "muss," (I know there is no such word in polite dictionaries, but no other expresses the condition of *those* nests) and I arrived upon the field of action just in season to rescue from the *débris* of broken eggs, crushed embryos, and torn feathers, two of the prettiest, cunningest "Guineas" ever seen, I had few misgivings when I decided to withhold them from the angry contestants, and to slip them through the back way into the commodious dwelling of a mild-eyed gray Biddy, who had that morning presented us with ten chicks. She took kindly to the wee beauties; indeed, she paid them extraordinary attention as the youngest and the feeblest of the band. I waited to see her scratch up an inviting particle—vegetable or animalcular—from the mould and regale one of them with it, and left the peaceful scene, smiling, well pleased at the characteristic impudence of the other, who, without delay or doubting, had scaled his guardian's sleek side, and now eyed me roguishly from his seat upon her back.

"They are the gypsies of civilized fowls," I remarked, in turning away. "Akin to quails and pheasants and the like wild creatures. You can see a strain of game-blood in their delicately shaped heads, bright eyes, and scarlet legs."

In less than an hour a mournful procession ascended the piazza-steps. Five-year-old Brownie, three-year-old Belle, each with a dead and bleeding "Guinea" in her fingers, and Flutter the Irrepressible rushing in advance as spokeswoman—eyes, hair, and arms wild with indignant description of how that "wretch of a hen" had deliberately torn, with feet and bill, the heads from the bodies



of her lately adopted bairns and then hurled them from the coop. Their scarlet stockings had done the mischief. Her own bantlings wore yellow.

But all this time I am neglecting my ducks. The reader will please bear with me while I state that roast ducks—young, tender, and done to a turn, with a faint suspicion of sage, and a fainter suggestion of onion in the stuffing—hold the same place in our gastronomical regard as did the “crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted” pig in Charles Lamb’s. With the genial and intellectual author of “*Elia*,” but with a difference in the object of our eulogy, we say—“Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum*.” Nor do we demur when he further styleth his pet viand, with its “tender blossoming of fat, the cream and quintessence of the child-pig’s yet pure food,” and the “lean which is no lean, but a kind of animal manna,”—the “best of sapor.” All this—and more—we are ready to aver of our favorite. The turkey is well enough in his place, and chicken is not to be lightly spoken of, especially when broiled. Each makes a good, nutritious, and a palatable family dish, but the duck claims and holds proud pre-eminence in our gala-day bill of fare. I say gala-day, for even when masticated and delightedly swallowed, he is not to be tampered with as one may do with other meats less rich and savory. He will be digested gently and pleasantly, in restfulness of body and cheerfulness of spirit, or the chances are sadly against his being digested at all. In consequence of prevalent and inexcusable ignorance on this point, and the criminal recklessness bred of this, the noble bird is spoken of in medical and valetudinarian cliques with warning and obloquy; whereas, the fault is in the slanderer, not in the princely “sapor.”

Sunnybank digestions match Sunnybank appetites; and we went boldly and *con amore* into the business of raising ducks. Two of the most staidly respectable of our Biddies brooded over eleven eggs apiece. Another, equally reputable

in character, although inferior in size, sat upon nine, and under a fourth—a demure Quakeress in a drab satin coat and close white cap—we put six duck with five chicken eggs. The first eleven gave every sign of high vitality; frolicked in the water like yellow naiads; gobbled up every morsel of food given to them, and died at the rate of one *per diem*, without the least visible provocation, until but one remained—a self-willed, dwarfish fellow, with thievish proclivities and a very bad temper.

By the time the next brood came along, neighborly admonition and gratuitous advice flowed in upon us in abundant measure. Out of the thousand-and-one rules given to regulate our management of the successors to the maltreated deceased, we culled the following, as probably the most reliable, since they were endorsed by all our advisers:—

Imprimis—The six almost viewless feathers that were the feeble premonitions of a tail to be unfolded in ducky maturity, should be clipped off with a scissors. “They drew the cretur backward and made him tumble over.”

Secondly—I had erred fatally in penning up the sensitive things. They must have range, or they would pine themselves to death.

Thirdly—Their drinking vessel must be shallow—very shallow. Nothing was more injurious to a duck under a month old than to wet his back.

All of these injunctions were faithfully obeyed. They were given in honest kindness, and were assuredly, in one sense, merciful; this being, getting rid of a miserable existence in squads of two or three at a time. At the end of a week the hen-mother was released from her barred coop, her office having become a pitiable sinecure through the decease of the eleventh and last of her charges. Out of the nine, by some freak of fortune, or idiosyncrasy of constitution in the survivors, two grew apace, nowise disheartened by the gaping bills of mortality returned each day by their nearest of kin.

The ghastly drama had a fitting climax in the destruction that overwhelmed four

out of the six we had set last. Two of the mingled brood succumbed to the mysterious fatality which beset that portion of duckdom presided over by our non-plussed selves, and departed this life within forty-eight hours after they quit-  
ted their shells. The mother, from the outset, neglected them systematically, unblushingly, and without conscience—*malgré* her Quaker garb—lavishing her favors upon the roley-poley chicks who cared no more for the water than did she, and kept their beaks clean instead of continually dabbling them in the mud. Finally, seeing that she refused to cover them by night, as well as to feed them by day, we cast our eyes upon the Rouen waifs, now three-quarters grown, hardy and vigorous, and determined to repeat the experiment of their early education. The four foundlings were taken from their foster-mother, and accommodated with a barrel and saucer, and liberty to rove at their own sweet will—some one seeing that they were housed or bar-  
relled at sunset. The plan worked to a charm for some days. Then came an August storm, during which the rain fell all night, as only mountain rains can and do fall. And in the gray morning, the fated four were discovered heaped pa-  
thetically together, as for warmth or companionship, at the foot of a tree, drowned or chilled to death. The most plausible explanation of their presence in that locality—some twenty yards from their dry, if humble, abode—was that, unrestrained by parental counsels, inexpe-  
rienced in the treachery of the elements, they had run out into the rain for a “spre” —probably to sow their wild oats. Then I suppose their backs got wet, and my most intelligent neighbor assures me *that* “is sure and present death to young ducks.”

For my part, I believe the chief aim in life of the wrong-headed imps was to get their backs wet. Twenty times a day they contrived to tumble over, upside down, in the muddiest spot they could find, and once flat, there they lay, their legs sprawling forlornly in the air, until some compassionate passer-by—usually

one of the Lilliputian platoon—set them upon their awkward, splay feet again. If left too long in that position, they died of apoplexy. They had a genius for fits—and this was only one form of the pleas-  
ing pastime.

“All ducks has fits!” said John, con-  
solingly. “They be a monstrous resky bird—next to turkeys, the reskiest I knows on.”

I may say, *par parenthèse*, that we have little disposition to enter into com-  
petition with practiced turkey-fanciers until experience has taught us skill, or until our luck shall turn. Everybody hereabouts tells us, “there is everything in luck in raising fowls.”

To sum up the whole matter, we dined, on the dominie’s birthday, on three fat ducks of our raising, reserving the indom-  
itable Rouens to stock our duck-yard should we be tempted by appetite, or so far forget the past as to make a third venture in that direction. We fancy—and not without reason—that the Rouen may be less fragile than other breeds.

One unfortunate result of the practice of dying by wholesale, perversely culti-  
vated by our web-footed *protégés*, is the indifference to animal life engendered in the children’s minds by the sight and hearing of our misadventures. Crossing the yard one day, I espied baby Belle poking at something upon the grass with a long switch, and went to see what she was about.

“A yittle duck felled over, mamma, and I helped him up, and then he tumbled wight over again, and kicked—oh, ever so hard! and now I b’lieve he has gone and deaded. Isn’t he a goosey?”

Walking with the two in the woods, that afternoon, I picked up the empty shell of a locust—split down the back, as it is the custom of these gentry to get out of their unfashionable habiliments, when a newer style comes in—and I took this for the text of a simple sermon upon the immortality of the soul. My audi-  
tors listened with lively interest and, I thought, thorough comprehension of what I said. The next day was rainy, and, sitting in my chamber at work, I

overheard a spirited dialogue in the nursery.

"Brownie!" said Belle's tender treble, "you'll fall out of the window and b'eak your neck, if you yean out so far!"

"No, I won't, either!" retorted Brownie, stoutly. "And, if I do, I'll just be dead—that's all!"

"You *will* b'eak your neck!" shrieked the timid junior, tugging at her sister's dress, "and then somebody will come along, and take your skin off, and make an angel of *you*!" in threatening accents.

"I must repeat my lecture!" thought I, when I stopped laughing.

The children answered my summons with alacrity, and returned orthodox replies to the catechism which succeeded

the discourse, until I tried to make them understand the difference between the future of rational beings and that of dumb animals.

"Won't my kitty go to heaven?" Belle interposed here.

"What do you think, dear?"

"I don't know—" reluctantly, as she fondled the affectionate yet much-enduring plaything, "but—" brightening up, "I tell you what, mamma! I know that yittle duck that deaded yest'day did! Tause, you see, she had wings a'ready—*so, she could be an angel easy!*"

If this be also the ducklings' faith, it may account for the bias they display for dying.

### LEISURE MOMENTS.

A GREAT crowd down the street, and a man in the midst, singing. Let us draw nigh and see what it all means:

"I hope they'll lay us where we played just twenty years ago!" any other gentleman buy a bottle to night? If any of you are suffering from a pain anywhere, step right up here and I'll cure you in two seconds, although I don't say that severe cases won't take longer; I don't profess that the Magic Medicator will cure everything; it isn't none of your panaceas; but, gentlemen, I have papers to prove that it will cure rheumatism, putrid sore-throat, neuralgia, disordered gastric juices of the body, headache, heart-burn, sprains, lameness, nervous affections, and all kindred diseases, and I don't want your money if you haven't got any; if any of you doubt my word (here you are, sir, price one dollar, directions on the wrapper) I'll pay for a telegram to the Mayor of Corona, Mississippi, who was cured of rheumatism by the Magic Medicator, in less time than it takes me to tell you. Now Mr. Snowball, [to accomplish] why don't you get married?"—"O, my wife would have to be like an echo."—"Why like an echo?"—"Because she shouldn't speak till she was spoken to."—"Well, she'd always be sure to have the last word!"—"Ha! ha! I didn't think of that!"—"Now, gentlemen, we'll give you another tune and then the chariot will move on; but before we go, if any gentleman present wants a bah-ah-ah," clang, crash, toodle, oodle, boom.

The band strikes up a lively air, the cymbals sound, the bass drum thunders, and the crowd gathers up still closer about the gilded chariot and the four handsome horses; while some poor fellow with a pain in his back gets his spinal column rubbed down with the Magic Medicator, to the inspiring tune of "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines."

Look at those uplifted faces as the flickering torchlight falls upon them; some, here and there, wearing a quiet smile which tells of intelligence and a keen appreciation of the melancholy farce; others giving a shy, half-ashamed attention to the marvelous story, and others, O, so terribly eager, so gaunt, and despairing. And when the doctored man walked away grateful for and boastful of his "cure," what looks of wonder and surprise, what a rush for the Magic Medicator, only one dollar a bottle, gentlemen, and warranted to cure all cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, etc.

You who lurk in the shadows, and look and laugh—if laugh you can at a scene which shows forth so strongly and so sadly our humanity, suffering, longing, deceiving, deceived—are your souls free from the sin of the charlatan? The benzine and oil of sassafras he rubs upon the sprained wrist or aching back may afford relief for a time and do no lasting evil. But there are more dangerous quacks who vend no medicine in the streets for the body's healing or harming. And there are doctors who stand in the

high places of Church and State about whom the multitudes gather expectant, confiding, seizing upon their poisonous nostrums and swallowing them, to their everlasting hurt. They sing songs to the people in their dulcet oratory, they crack their mischievous moral jokes; they sell many bottles, and have their reward.

WE desire to enter a protest against our ungenerous and unwise treatment of our diplomatic representatives abroad. In the first place we pay them, in proportion, nearly as meanly as we pay our President. Almost wherever you go in foreign countries, you find the American Minister or Consul occupying lodgings, while the other foreign Representatives dwell in houses by themselves; the latter living in a style corresponding to their official positions, the former scrimping along on inferior pay, and exciting unfavorable comparisons on the part of the residents. Economy is a good thing in its way and place; but when it is carried so far as to bring discredit upon a great people, it should not be dignified by the name.

It is, however, very doubtful whether the small salaries upon which our servants abroad and elsewhere are kept, are due so much to a virtuous spirit of economy as to that ignoble Democratic jealousy we the people entertain in respect to each other. There is a secretly-cherished sentiment that "we are not going to let those chaps strut over there in their fuss and feathers, while we work at home to pay the milliner." It was suggested once to Mr. Seward that Congress be asked to take \$500 from the Canton Consulship and give it to the more important one at Hong Kong. "If you mention that to them," replied the Secretary, "they'll take it from Canton, but not a bit of it will they give to Hong Kong." Why should we not, in this and in other branches of the public service, carry out the principle of good pay and good men?

Not only are our foreign ministers poorly paid, but they are refused equal rank with similar representatives of other countries. The consequence is that on all state occasions abroad, the representatives of the foremost nation of the world have to play second fiddle to those of minor powers. "Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James" is a high-sounding title, but Minister Johnson has to fall in line behind the French "Ambassador," and the

"Embassadors" of even less formidable States. In the army and navy, although late, the principle of gradation has been carried out to the full extent, and in our diplomatic service we should either abolish rank altogether, or else make our ministers respectable in the eyes of the people to whom they are sent, able to hold their own among the representatives of the great powers of the earth.

WE CONGRATULATE ourselves upon the privilege of living in an age of intelligence and reform—in the purified atmosphere and intense, white light of the 19th century; yet in this year of grace eighteen hundred and sixty-nine the old barbarian lives in us still. To be sure, we do not use the scalping-knife and the tomahawk, or dance and whoop around our victims burning at the stake. But down in little Delaware we whip criminals at the post, or torture them for hours in the stocks, as in the good old days of the fathers. At Sing Sing, in our own State, we administer to refractory prisoners the agony of the cold shower bath, kindly permitting the presence of the physician in order that the punishment may not be carried beyond endurance. A Commission appointed by the New Jersey Legislature to examine the various systems of Prison Discipline and propose an improved plan, in one of their visits to the State Prison at Trenton found five men fastened in separate cells, in a prone position, straps of strong leather passing around both wrists of each convict, and secured to iron rings in the floor, allowing very little movement of the person. In one case a convict was kept in a dark, foul-smelling hole six days, another ten, another twenty-one. In some cases culprits were suspended by the hands or wrists, tied up with the arms elevated above the head and allowing the feet scarcely to touch the floor. Governor Ward soon put a stop to these things in New Jersey. Who will do this good work in Delaware, at Sing Sing, in the hundreds of prisons throughout the country, whose thick walls shut in the cries of the tortured from all save the ear of the just and merciful God.

THE GERMANS have a very funny name for a box on the ear, they call it an "ear-fig," forsooth. And just now the Bavarians are discussing a celebrated ear-fig that they choose to term historical.

The present Attorney of State, Wulfert by name, has just been making a very effective speech in a celebrated case, and his marked success has called general attention to his history. He is still a young man, and first appeared before the public in an open *rencontre* with the famous Lola Montez. He was the leader of the students who opposed this notorious lady, and "*chère amie*" of the late king Louis the First. She, greatly incensed at what she considered his arrogance in presuming to object to her influence over the king in matters of state, met him one day on the public promenade, and began to switch him with the dainty little riding-whip which she usually carried. He, in return, simply boxed her ears, and handed her over to the police. The authorities, however, were afraid to touch the powerful friend of the king, and Wulfert was obliged to escape to avoid persecution. But this so-called "*Historical Ear-frog*" gave the signal for the commencement of the great contest that ended in the discomfiture of Lola, and her final retirement from the scene of strife to this country.

Wulfert was banished for a long time and did not dare to return until the tempest was fully passed. His courage, however, was not forgotten by his friends; and this unique occurrence, together with his very decided talent, has insured to him the most prominent legal position in Bavaria, which he holds with great honor to himself and profit to the country.

NEW YORK was not long since favored with a grand German shooting festival, but the original Germans in the old Fatherland are still a great ways ahead. Vienna, last autumn, was the scene of a stupendous festival of this kind, to which the famous marksmen of all Germany were invited. The Austrian Germans, desirous of wiping out the mortification so recently received from North Germany on the battle-field, determined to show their old antagonists that there is an arena on which even Austria can carry off the palm.

The Viennese pride themselves on their hospitality, and this time they determined to outdo even Vienna. They made the most astounding preparations to entertain and amuse their expected guests. Private accommodations were secured for near 20,000, and the arrangements on the shooting grounds were imposing. The official organ of these brave "*shooters*" announced in advance, as a welcome to their

approaching guests, about the following programme:

"Near the festive hall, in a deep cellar, sheltered from the sun by a heavy layer of earth, and cooled within by tons of ice, lie the heroes of countless breweries and vineyards that are to be the foremost to extend their lips to approaching friends. 6,000 kegs of beer, 160,000 bottles of Archer's wine, 20,000 bottles of fine wines, 6,000 bottles of genuine champagne, and 4,000 bottles of sparkling wine, are to pour their precious contents into the throats of our shooting brothers while they stay with us, not to mention a mammoth soda-water apparatus, erected expressly for the occasion, that will yield not less than 6,000 bottles daily.

"At noon, when the shooting of the morning is over, a great bell will invite the guests to sumptuous tables, at which 700 male and 300 female servants will attend, to wait on the hungry brothers with food the most delicate and daintily prepared. May none of them neglect to visit the pandemonium where these immense supplies are boiled and broiled, are fried and roasted. In over one hundred ovens they will find the fowls and other dainties baking to a T, and mammoth kettles will be full of soup and beef. All day long there will be a steaming, boiling, and roasting, as if a meal were being perfected for a generation of men. For on the wings of the wind Galicia will send us 80,000 pounds of meat, while hundreds of hogs and calves are already doomed to death, and 20,000 fowls are ordered from the plains of Hungary. In short, there will be abundance to eat and drink. Brothers, come! " That we call a welcome. A monster festival it proved.

NEVER shall we forget the impressions of a night at sea in the South Atlantic. We take our place on the deck. A favorable wind is laying our good ship "*Race-horse*" far over on one side, filling her sails and speeding her homewards at the rate of eight or ten knots an hour. At the wheel is the Captain's son, a young man of eighteen, who hopes at some not far-distant day to take charge of a ship himself. The Captain is pacing to and fro, well pleased at the progress the ship is making. Profound stillness reigns around us. Not another object is in sight on the infinite expanse of water which rises and falls in a succession of little waves, which reflect the stars above, and sparkle as if they were composed of so many gems.

But just now deeper, broader, more marvelous is the glorious sight presented by what the Captain calls the phosphorescence of the sea. The crest of every wave is bright, and the appearance of the ocean is as if a host of stars of every dimension were dancing in the deep. Going to the stern of the ship, the brilliancy and beauty of the scene are enchanting. Here and there volleys of luminous balls come shooting up from the waters below, now glimmering and shimmering, now blazing, swelling, bursting, till countless lines of light and globules of living fire are seen whirling and flashing on every side. But just in the wake of the rudder, where the water is most agitated, there the burning globes and glittering lines are largest and brightest.

As we move on and the waters aft begin to return to their rest, these streaks and tongues and stars of light may be traced here and there, diminishing in number and brilliancy as they float farther and farther away, until at last they disappear in the distance.

While the ship's wake, through all its vanishing length, is marked by this line of ever-varying light, another magnificent scene meets the eye from above. The only thing by which our view of the heavens is obstructed is the sails of the ship, the snowy whiteness of which contrasts vividly with the deep blue sky against which they impinge. Not a cloud is to be seen; nothing to obscure the heavens, or dim the vision, while, with growing wonder, we gaze at stars of every magnitude, from those of the first class, which shine forth like so many little suns, down to the countless sixth-class stars, which can be seen here with perfect ease—all combining, the lesser and the greater, to crowd up and fill the sky.

To be sure, these Southern heavens do not give you so many of the larger, brighter stars at which to gaze, as do the skies of the Northern; yet the celestial vistas of the former have graces and beauties to which the latter are strangers. Each hemisphere has its own glory—that of the North is one, that of the South another. The vast region over our head is so thickly studded with the bright silvery points, that the otherwise dark background is nearly all hidden from our view.

The wonderful manner in which most of the spaces between the more magnificent and effulgent stars are sprinkled over with many

twinklers of a lesser magnitude makes some good amends for the absence of the Pole Star, and some of the other distinguished luminaries with which the North is favored; yet even here, the heavens are not all luminous. Here and there, we have a surprising blank—a gap of almost appalling darkness—the blackness of which, is made, as it were, doubly manifest and startling by the weird light which is seen to surround it.

Turning to the south-west and lowering the eye to the horizon, we see the far-famed Southern Cross, just sinking below the waves, and seeming to shine all the brighter because of its contrast with one of those deserts of intense blackness, of which we have spoken, in the immediate vicinity of the South Pole. Indeed, the entire neighborhood of the Southern Pole is itself a desert tract of blank mystery, where the close observer seeks in vain for some distinguishable point on which he may fix the mighty whirl of stars; and near at hand, in this region of obscurity, as if to enhance the weirdness of the mystery, there loom two ghostly spectra of far-away star kingdoms—remote islands of the illimitable firmament, which are called the “clouds of Magellan,” because their faint forms were first marked by the keen sight of that early navigator of the southern seas.

To all these we must, to night, say farewell, a long farewell; for our Captain tells us that, by to-morrow night, we shall probably be too far north to see them. But we are not left alone; for, on turning to another part of the heavens, we see the North Star and the Great Dipper, rising apparently out of the ocean to bid us welcome to more northern climes.

There is an indescribable charm in thus standing on the deck of a ship on a clear, starlight night, surrounded by nothing save sky and water, through which we can gaze until it seems almost as if we were looking into another world, and beholding the mysteries of a clime far superior to our own.

We could remain here for hours longer, but a glance at the watch reminds us that it is time to leave these beautiful scenes, and seek repose in our berths. This we do, yet only to see again in our dreams the beauties we leave behind, leave undimmed, ever vying with the wondrous sea to reflect the glory of Him who made them, and ever ready, all sparkling and bright, to greet the eye and charm the mind of the next nightly voyager in the South Atlantic.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS ABROAD.

LONDON, April 30.

THE lists of new publications are quite meagre, and scarcely present any work of substantial interest, with the exception of a few to be afterwards mentioned. The spring announcements, however, are just made public, and hold out the promise of some good books to come. A new work by John Stuart Mill commands a large circle of readers, and undoubtedly his treatise on *The Subjection of Women* will be eagerly looked for by students of one of the most perplexing of social problems. Mr. Mill is also the instigator of a book now in progress, a new edition of David Hume's *Essays, Moral, Political, and Literary*. They will be edited, with annotations and a critical account of the text, by F. H. Green and T. Grose, both of Balliol College, Oxford, and will be followed by a similar edition of the *Treatise on Human Nature, an attempt to introduce the Experimental Method of Reasoning into Moral Subjects*, with historical prefaces and annotations, by the same editors. Each work will be complete in two volumes, and may be procured separately, while together they will form a uniform edition of Hume's Philosophical Works. The *Human Nature* (as the author relates) originally fell dead-born from the press without reaching "such distinction as even to excite a murmur among the zealots." Its revival at the present day, under distinguished auspices, testifies to the enduring vitality of a book of talent, and the remarkable impetus lately given to metaphysical studies in England. Though Mr. Mill could not undertake the labor of editing, it is hoped he will contribute to the value of the work by a dissertation, etc.; but that is not yet settled. *Habit and Intelligence in their Connection with the Laws of Matter and Force, a Series of Scientific Essays*, by Joseph John Murphy, in two volumes 8vo; a new translation of the *Nicomachean Ethics of Aristotle*, by Robert Williams, of Merton College, Oxford; and *Symbolism, or Mind, Matter and Language as the Necessary Elements of Thinking and Reasoning*, by James Haig, are also to be looked for immediately. The literature of the fine arts will be enriched by *Albert Durer; his Life and Works, Containing his Journal in the Netherlands, Letters from Venice, Poetry, and other Writings, with complete Catalogues of his Engravings, Pictures, Sketches, etc.*, by William B. Scott, the accomplished author of *Half-Hour Lectures on the*

*Fine Arts*, the best manual ever published for their introductory study; and *Cadore, or Titian's Country*, by Josiah Gilbert, with *Numerous Illustrations, and a Fac-simile of Titian's original Design for his Picture of the Battle of Cadore*. These, together with a new posthumous series of *Contributions to the Literature of Art*, from the papers of the late Sir Charles Eastlake; a *Hand-book of Sculpture, Ancient and Modern, with Illustrations*; the completion of Messrs. Crowe & Cavalcaselle's *History of Italian Painting*, by the issue of the volumes devoted to the *Schools of Painting in North Italy*, in two volumes; and the *Catalogue of Sir Joshua Reynolds' Works, with Notices of their present Localities, Owners, etc.*, by Tom Taylor and C. W. Franks, may all be looked for during the present season, if there is any faith to be placed in publishers.

In books of travel we shall undoubtedly have a record of the progress of the Prince and Princess of Wales through the regions famous in history and song, from some of the distinguished men who have accompanied them; but nothing is yet made public on the subject. The greatest novelty will be a work by one of the three gentlemen members of the Alpine Club who, sighing for more mountains to climb, wildly adventured in the almost unknown regions of the Caucasus, and left records of their prowess on the snow peaks sacred to the myths of Prometheus. Its title is *Travels in Bashan and the Central Caucasus, including Ascents of Kazbek and Elbruz, and a Visit to Ararat and Tabriz*, by Douglas W. Freshfield, Esq. New editions of an old, and of a modern traveler, each among the best of their era, may also be looked for; the former is *Marco Polo*, a new English version of his *Travels*, with copious illustrative notes, original maps, etc., by Colonel Henry Yule; and the latter, the *Rev. J. L. Porter*, whose "Five Years in Damascus and Researches in Palmyra, Lebanon, and the Hauran," will be brought out in a new and popular shape, with illustrations. *The Ruined Cities of Zulu Land*, by Colonel Walmsley, has just appeared and is exciting attention among ethnologists and all who are studying the early history and antiquities of the human race. Besides a lively and stirring record of adventures common to sportsmen in tropical countries, it affords us glimpses of vast masses of ruins,—terraces—obelisks with colossal carvings—halls, etc., of hewn stone, or cut out of the solid rock, regard-

ed by the natives with mysterious awe, and secluded from strangers under the apprehension that no rain will fall for three years if these sacred precincts are intruded on. It is said, indeed, that these mighty works are sufficient to prove the existence of an ancient civilization in the heart of Africa, unknown and unrecorded alike in its existence and its disappearance. The analogies between some of the modern South African tribes and the ancient people of Egypt have already struck many observers, and it will be matter of the highest interest if these new discoveries afford a historical basis for a connection between the two. The subject leads one to notice that, in all human probability, the question of the interpretation of famous rock inscriptions near Mount Sinai is at last satisfactorily settled. Better opportunities than had formerly been at the command of casual travelers were enjoyed by Captain Palmer, a member of the expedition now employed in making a complete and exhaustive survey of the physical features and condition of the Sinaitic region. His collection of transcripts from Wady Mukatteb and other localities exceeds 1,500 in number, and he was much aided in the study of their meaning by finding several undoubted bilingual inscriptions where the Greek and Sinaitic characters occur together and express the same meaning. The result of four months' steady devotion to this object has given a complete alphabet of the latter, so that Captain Palmer can read and interpret any of the inscriptions with ease. Both the alphabet and language must have been employed by a late Semitic people—"in all probability a commercial community who inhabited, or at least colonized, the Peninsula for the first few centuries of the Christian Era." That many of the writers were Christians is proved by the numerous Christian signs used by them; but it is equally clear, from internal evidence, that a large proportion of them were Pagans. It is interesting to note that Captain Palmer's researches were pursued without the knowledge of Professor Beers' studies, though they mainly corroborate each other, and he bears testimony to the Professor's acuteness and penetration. In historical literature, we have promised *The Roman History* of Dr. Wilhelm Ihne, translated from the original German by the author, vol. 1, "From the Founding of Rome to the First Punic War;" *A History of the Norman Kings of England, drawn from a New Collection of the Contemporary Chronicles*, by Thomas Cobbe; and what will surely prove an in-

teresting addition to our knowledge of the Commonwealth times, a book entitled *The Lady of Lathom*. It consists of the newly discovered correspondence kept up by the famous Countess of Derby, of "Peveril of the Peak" notoriety, with her family, the noble house of La Tremonille in France, during the rebellion, and now edited, with a memoir of her life, by Madame de Witt, the daughter of Guizot. In literature proper is announced *The Life and Correspondence of Mary Russell Mitford*; and a book that will form a real belles lettres-treat, *The Works in Prose and Verse of the Right Hon. John Hookham Frère*, edited by his nephew, Sir Bartle Frère, late Governor of Bombay. It will form two volumes 8vo, with two fine portraits. Probably no scholar stood so high in the judgment of the judicious few, and was so little known to ordinary readers as Mr. Frère. This was partly owing to the fact that his life was passed mostly abroad, and his writings were the mere recreations of an elegant scholar who never courted publicity and was inclined to the enjoyment of learned leisure by the sensitiveness and delicacy of his tastes. The collection will comprise the "Whistlecraft" poem on King Arthur and his Knights (the model of Lord Byron's "Beppo" in versification, etc.); Mr. Frère's contributions to the *Anti-jacobin*, where it is now proved he wrote everything that has lived in remembrance; the famous translations from the Spanish poem of *The Cid*, with large unpublished annotations; the privately printed translations from Aris-tophanes, and the famous article in the *Quarterly Review* on Mitchell's Translation of that author—the only article he ever wrote, because he would not submit to the power assumed by the editor (Wm. Gifford) of interpolating and garbling accepted communications, and from this cause he lost the services of probably the most valuable writer for his purposes living. In poetry the only books of consequence announced are a new volume by Jean Ingelow, *Mopsa the Fairy*, and a translation of the Icelandic Grættar's Saga, *The Story of Grættar the Strong*, by William Morris, whose *Earthly Paradise* raised him at one bound to the highest rank of contemporary poets. Some day the world will see an edition of *The Earthly Paradise* unique in the annals of illustrated literature. A distinguished Pre-Raphaelite artist, Mr. Burne Jones, has made a very extensive series of drawings for the poem (over 300) to be cut on wood and inserted in the text after the manner of the ancient illuminations. It is intended that the edition shall be



in small folio, and probably each story will first be published separately. Mr. Morris' *last work*, however, assumes a more tangible shape than mere paper and print, and must be sought for at the South Kensington Museum, where the ornamentation of the new rooms is committed to the charge of eminent decorative artists; and Messrs. Morris, Marshall & Co. (the firm headed by the poet) have nearly completed one of the apartments devoted to "refreshments." It is severely mediæval (not ecclesiastic) in style, with windows in stained glass (Mr. Morris' forte). The upper wall surface is covered with a conventional design of olive branches and fruit in low relief, and the lower is wainscoted to about the height of six feet. Great richness is obtained by the insertion in this wainscoting of a series of panels of figures in colors on a gold ground, having the effect of a continuous frieze around the apartment, and the whole impression on the eye will be novel and striking. I give these particulars, because I know in the United States Mr. Morris has thousands of admirers as a poet who are interested in all that relates to him, and because they exemplify the simultaneous cultivation of the intellectual and the material faculties and pursuits in one person, a thing too much overlooked in America, where such a union should naturally be most readily found.

In theological literature, the fashion of publishing volumes composed of contributions from different authors, originally brought into vogue by the famous "Essays and Reviews," has taken deep root. Following the example set by the High Church, the Low Church, and the No Church parties, the Congregationalists or Independents (as they are generally called in England) have issued a volume, *Religious Republics*, six Essays on Congregationalism, its Polity, External and Internal Relations, Æsthetics, etc., by some of the most eminent men—both ministers and laymen of the denomination. A new volume is also announced by the standard orthodox party, *The Anglican Church, its Principles and Present Position*—a series of essays by Bishop Ellicott, Dean Hook, Dr. Irons, Professor Montagu Burrows, etc. Rev. Mr. Liddon's *Occasional Sermons* are still in preparation. The services under the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral (a measure for utilizing what was mere waste space of that noblest of Protestant churches, introduced by the late Dean Milman) were recently brought to a conclusion for the season, and the last sermon was preached by Mr. Liddon. He

is comparatively unknown, personally, in London; but for a full hour and a half he arrested the attention of the most miscellaneous possible of audiences, a proof that his sermons "tell" as much in the delivery as when submitted to paper and print. A most valuable book has recently been rendered more accessible in price to students, *The Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature*, known from its first projector as "*Kittos*," but in its present enlarged form, in three massive volumes, edited by Dr. Wm. Lindsay Alexander, in every respect an improvement on its original. By many competent judges it is preferred to Smith's Bible Dictionary, as the articles exhibit in their treatment a more uniform and reverent spirit, worthy of the best days of the Scottish Church. A more recent book, probably destined to excite controversy, is *The Jesus of History*, published anonymously, in an octavo volume. In speaking of questions to be decided, where the evidence is neither voluminous nor recondite, (as the date of the composition of the Gospel, etc.) the author says: "In such matters an Englishman, who has had some experience of men and things, may perhaps be as well qualified to judge as a German professor or divine." This description, however inadequate, is applicable to the writer, who is known (privately) to be a lawyer of great eminence, now on the judicial bench. His aim is to exhibit the teaching of Jesus, as it was understood by those to whom it was addressed, and to endeavor to depict him from the point of view of his contemporaries. A second part of Dr. Pusey's *Eirenicon* is nearly ready. It will comprise *Letters to the Rev. J. H. Newman on the Doctrine of the Immaculate Conception*, etc. Allied both to theology and history is a work (the first English one of any authority) on *The Catcombs of Rome*. It will be a condensation of the great work of De Rossi, by Dr. Northcote and the Rev. W. B. Brownlow, with the co-operation of the author. It will comprise numerous plates, colored illustrations, and an atlas of plans, all executed in Rome, under the superintendence of the Pope, expressly for this edition.

In old English literature, a beautiful edition of the Elizabethan dramatist, John Ford, is the last work of the veteran scholar the Rev. Alexander Dyce. For a long time Gifford's edition of Ford's works has commanded a very high price, and has passed for a sort of model edition of an old English classic. Mr. Dyce's more accurate researches have proved it to be swarming with faults, and utterly unworthy

of its reputation; so that this new impression is the first really accurate and trustworthy one that has ever been given of the dramatist. It forms 3 vols. post 8vo. The "large paper" copy, especially, is an elegant book. The number printed of both large and small paper is very limited, and both are sure to rise in price. A new edition of Robert Herrick's poetical works has also peculiar claims to notice. It has been carefully edited by Mr. W. C. Hazlitt, and, besides the "Hesperides," "Noble Numbers," etc., contained in former editions, comprises many poems now first collected from MSS. or from the poetical miscellanies of the day. No old English poet has been so frequently republished as Herrick; but it is noticeable that all the editions go regularly out of print, so that it would seem his works are really read and enjoyed, instead of being regarded (as many old books are) as mere curiosities. The scarce *Arte of English Poetrie*, by George Puttenham, 1589, is the last of Prof. Arber's excellent series of English reprints.

In the industrial arts must be mentioned some important books, as *The Elasticity and Tensile Strength of Iron and Steel*, by Knut

Styffe, of Stockholm, translated by Chester P. Sandberg, who is known in the United States as a man of science. *The Industries of Scotland, their Rise, Progress, and Present Position*, by David Bremner; the processes of manufacture founded on the best and most recent information being described mainly from actual observation; and a new enlarged edition (the third) of *Iron; its History, Properties, and Processes of Manufacture*, by William Fairbairn, C.E. There is no space left to speak of Leckey's *History of European Morals*, lately published. It sells rapidly and steadily, but will scarcely deepen the impression made by the author's first book, *The History of Rationalism*. His defence of the doctrine of a Moral Sense, in opposition to the prevalent Benthamite theory, is not considered satisfactory. Mr. Leckey's attitude towards Christianity is neutral. So far from regarding its triumph as exceptional or inexplicable, he considers "that never before was a religious transformation so manifestly inevitable." Mr. Leckey is an admirable writer, and his book shows varied and extensive reading, particularly among French authors, but it is wanting in weight, conviction, and original research.

#### LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

The Malay Archipelago: the Land of the Orang-Utan and the Bird of Paradise. A Narrative of Travel, with Studies of Man and Nature. By Alfred Russel Wallace. Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 638.

In our issue for April we noticed a highly interesting volume from the pen of Professor Bickmore, of Madison University, entitled "Travels in the East Indian Archipelago." We have now another stately work on the same region, by an English writer already favorably known as a naturalist and author. Mr. Wallace's researches in South America, where he spent a considerable period as the associate of Mr. Bates, and which resulted in the production of "Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro," and "Palm Trees of the Amazon," were a fitting preparation for his visit to the Eastern Archipelago, where he spent eight years, closing in the spring of 1862. The six years which have elapsed since his return have been profitably spent in arranging and describing the most important groups of specimens which he collected and sent home, and in working out some of the more interesting problems of variation and geographical distribution, of which he had only glimpses while collecting them. Mr. Wallace belongs to the Darwin school of naturalists, to whom the book is dedicated. No man could have been more industrious than he, for he sent home more than 125,000 specimens of natural history, among which

were nearly 3,000 bird-skins, of about 1,000 species. One of the main objects of the author's researches was the beautiful bird of paradise, which he found in great variety, and of which manifold beautiful illustrations are given. He succeeded in bringing several live specimens of them to England. He takes a favorable view of the influence of the Dutch Government on these remote colonies.

The work covers a much wider field of investigation than Professor Bickmore's—too wide, indeed, to do justice to the subject. It is little more than a sketch—accurate as far as it goes, but far from being exhaustive or complete. The narrative and descriptive portions, written mostly on the spot, are lively and highly interesting. The chapters on natural history are exceedingly valuable, though his generalizations are too sweeping, embracing the whole range of animated nature, including man, as well as the geological structure and phenomena of this great volcanic region. The illustrations, which are profusely scattered through the volume and give it additional value, were made from the author's own sketches, from photographs, or from specimens which he brought home with him. On the whole it is a highly creditable performance, and the scientific interest which it has called forth in Great Britain will be reproduced here.

Realities of Irish Life. By W. Stewart Trench. Roberts Brothers. Handy Volume Series. pp. 297.

This work has been received with signal favor in England, where, notwithstanding its high price, it has met with a large sale. The American edition is exceedingly neat, and at the same time moderate in price. Mr. Trench enjoyed peculiar facilities for forming an intelligent and correct judgment of the Irish people, and he here gives bold and fearless utterance to his opinion. The record is not at all a flattering one. It saddens the heart to read it. The condition of Ireland, according to his showing, is a wretched and pitiful one in the extreme. It will need much besides the Church Disestablishment reform to mend it. It is radically wrong, and nothing but a radical change—political, social, and religious—can ever redeem this unhappy kingdom from the thralldom which has so long oppressed her.

Woman in Prison. By Caroline H. Woods. Hurd & Houghton. 12mo, pp. 193.

This volume introduces us to a city penitentiary, of which the author was matron, the office and work of which she sought and performed from the sole impulse of Christian duty. It is a simple record of her experience and observation while in the institution. Graphically does she describe her round of duties in this novel position, and the influence of kindness and love over the wretched inmates of the prison. It will interest those who take an interest in prison life and prison discipline. It is not without its suggestions also. Who among our Christian women of leisure and means will seek and honor a similar mission? In such spheres there are more important and blessed opportunities for woman's power and work than the forum and the ballot-box can ever afford her. Her tact, patience, endurance, and winning sweetness and purity of soul fit her, as man is not fitted and never can be, to act the part of an angel of mercy and consolation in this world of sin and suffering.

The True Woman. By Rev. J. D. Fulton. Lee & Shepard. 16mo, pp. 264.

This book has the genuine ring. Its ideal of woman is that of the Scriptures—that which grows out of the fundamental laws of her being—and not the ideal of modern society or of the clamorous reformers of the day. A shallow and conceited philosophy, and a false public sentiment, may assail this ideal, and seek to change it; but there it is, as God made it in the beginning, and has perpetuated it during six thousand years in the imperishable record, and in his providential government; and man can never improve upon it. The law defining woman's sphere is a fixed and fundamental one, and until you can destroy the law of sex, and radically change woman's nature and the

whole family constitution, as God ordained them, you can never modify or abrogate that law. The whole tendency of the present movement in behalf of Woman's Rights, (we use the term in its technical sense) is to contravene the law of sex, the law of diverse yet supplemental constitution and sphere of power and duty. To make a man of woman, is to mar God's handiwork—to attempt the impossible—to rob woman of her peculiar character and greatest charm. To put her in man's sphere and devolve upon her man's duties is to take away the sceptre of her magic power, destroy her womanly delicacy of perception and feeling, and sweetness and purity of character, to annihilate the sentiment of chivalry in man, which now operates so powerfully in her favor, and to destroy, in fact, that respect and reverence and regard for woman as woman, which lies at the foundation of love and all the social affections.

We agree, therefore, with the author of this volume, that to attempt to invest woman with man's prerogatives—to give her the ballot, introduce her to the forum and the pulpit, and into the political arena—is infidelity to the ordination and word of God, and infidelity to woman herself.

He confines himself to the Scripture argument, and reasons sensibly and forcibly, to show that these modern notions concerning woman derive no support from the Word of God. In woman as God made her, we have the true ideal. Her mission is clearly defined in the word "help-meet," which he applied to her, as defining her special sphere, when he gave her to Adam. She is in every respect the equal, and yet the complement of man; unlike in qualities of body and mind, and yet the two conjoined making a harmonious and complete one; each personally independent, and yet socially mutually dependent; each fitted for and assigned to a special sphere, and yet neither accomplishing the highest end of their being singly and alone, but only when the sphere of each is properly filled, and the special work of each supplements and joins on to the other.

This is God's philosophy, and it is as legibly written on man's and woman's nature—alike in origin and yet so diverse in properties and in the purpose of the Creator—as it is in the Scriptures, and in the great book of providential and human development. We may find fault with it and resist it; but it will stand, we suspect, while the race endures. Irreligion and infidelity, a sickly sentimentalism, and the spirit of "progress," falsely so-called, may clamor and battle, but "God reigns, and let the earth rejoice!" Woman is yet to attain to her highest development under the dispensation of a divine Saviour's love and redemptive agency; but it will not be *man*-ward but *Christ*-ward; not in the way of political enfranchisement

and achievement, but of social and moral regeneration; not on the fields of social philosophy and public strife and turmoil, but amidst the sanctities of home, as an intelligent, earnest, right-minded wife, mother, sister, radiating her peculiar sphere with the love and irresistible influence of a true and noble womanhood, and making life, not a pastime, or a servitude, or an aimless and misspent thing, but a scene of tireless and joyful activities, full of Christ-like ministries in behalf of a world so constantly and greatly needing them. Without agreeing with all the author's views, we cordially commend his work as a valuable and timely contribution towards the settlement of one of the greatest social problems of the day.

*Tribune Essays.* By Charles T. Congdon. With an Introduction by Horace Greeley. J. S. Redfield. 12mo, pp. 406.

This volume is made up of leading editorial articles contributed to the New York *Tribune* from 1857 to 1863. They form a part of the political and social history of the times, and exerted, beyond doubt, considerable influence in producing the wonderful change of public sentiment which this country has undergone, in regard to Slavery in particular. The articles, for the most part, are ably written—terse, pungent, at times satirical and exasperating in the highest degree. While they lose much of the interest imparted to them by the occasion which drew them out, they will still be read with a relish.

*The Tennessean in Persia and Koordistan, being Scenes and Incidents in the Life of Samuel Audley Rhea.* By Rev. Dwight W. Marsh. Presbyterian Publication Committee. 12mo, pp. 281.

The subject of this sketch was one of the most gifted and devoted missionaries which the American Board has ever sent to the heathen world, and who was cut off in the midst of his noble labors at the early age of thirty-eight years. His memory is to-day precious among the Nestorians, for whose salvation he toiled so earnestly, and offered his life a willing sacrifice. His friend and fellow-laborer here sketches his short but deeply-interesting career, and details many thrilling incidents connected with missionary life in the East. The style of the author is quite too ambitious, and at times extravagant; still the book is one of great interest. The numerous illustrations add much to the value of it.

*Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical, on the Book of Psalms.* By Albert Barnes. Vols. II. III. Harper & Brothers.

These volumes complete the venerable author's labors as a commentator on the Sacred Scriptures. They are a fitting close to his important and eminently useful work in this field, extending over a period of more than forty years. The early hours of the day have been consecrated to it, and he has wrought on patiently, faithfully, prayerfully, till at the evening-time of a long life he finds his work accomplished, and he lays down his pen with a "Hallelujah." With fitting and

touching words does he allude to the completion of his work:

"I cannot close this work without emotion. I cannot lay down my pen at the end of this long task without feeling that with me the work of life is nearly over. Yet I could close it at no better place than in finishing the exposition of *this* book; and the language with which the Book of Psalms itself closes seems to me to be eminently appropriate to all that I have experienced. All that is past, all in the prospect of what is to come, calls for a long, a joyful, a triumphant HALLELUJAH."

His "Notes" will live while the English language lives. They are a monument to his learning, piety, and love for the Word of God, that time will never destroy. Sold by the million on both sides of the ocean, they will aid future generations, as they have the present, to a better understanding of the Scriptures. And we suspect this last work of Mr. Barnes will prove his best. The Psalms are characterized by a profound and varied Christian experience, and a heartfelt and mature personal experience of the life of God in the soul is a first requisite for interpreting them. The deep piety, the thoroughly evangelical spirit, and the mature Christian life of the author, added to his learning and life labors, pre-eminently qualify him for this his last labor of love.

*The Sunday-School Manual.* By Edward Eggleston. Chicago. Adams, Blackmer & Lyon.

The author of this little work is editor of the *National Sunday-school Teacher*, one of the best conducted and most useful of our Sunday-school papers. The author's views commend themselves as judicious, fitting, and practical. He is an enthusiast in the cause, but his enthusiasm is a consecrated one, and a sound judgment governs it. What he says in regard to Sunday-school literature, singing, and making a show of the children, etc., is all true, and we commend it to our readers, as we do this whole manual, wishing it might find its way into the hands of every teacher.

*Juliette; or, Now and Forever.* By Mrs. Madeline Leslie. Lee & Shepard. 12mo, pp. 416.

This book is not remarkable for literary merit, but it possesses in an eminent degree what too much of the fictitious literature of the day totally lacks—a high moral tone, and makes a salutary religious impression. It will benefit and not injure the one who reads it.

*Tommy Try, and what he did in Science.* By Charles Otley Groom Napier. With Forty-six Illustrations, engraved by J. D. Cooper, and others. D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 303.

This beautiful volume belongs to a class of books which we are happy to know is rapidly increasing; we mean books on popular science, prepared by thoroughly competent pens, adapted to the capacities of the young, and fitted not merely to amuse and

interest, but at the same time to instruct them in things wonderful and useful. In the form of a narrative the learned author, who is a naturalist of high reputation, takes the reader to various localities and objects of scientific interest, and in a familiar way explains and describes the thousand curiosities and wonders of science in a sensible, intelligent and charming manner, and at the same time illustrating many of them by admirably-executed drawings.

The same publishers have added two more volumes to the "Globe" Series of the Poets, viz., DRYDEN and HERBERT. Also Henry Kirk White's Poetical Works and Remains, with Life by Robert Southey, to the "Popular" edition of the Standard Poets.

Little Women: or, Meg, Jo, Berth and Amy. Part Second. By Louisa M. Alcott. With Illustrations. Roberts Brothers. 16mo, pp. 359.

Miss Alcott is justly a great favorite with young readers, and her "Little Women," in both its parts, strikes us as one of the best of her many productions. It is really a charming story, thoroughly natural, fresh and full of interest. It will delight and improve the class to whom it is specially addressed.

The Poetical Works of Charles G. Halpine (Miles O'Reilly). With a Biographical Sketch and Explanatory Notes. Edited by Robert B. Roosevelt. Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 352.

This is, so far as known, a complete edition of the author's poems not already published in book form. That Halpine was a poet of considerable talent none seem to doubt. Most of his poetry is humorous and political, sensuous if not sensual, and not a little of it amatory and sentimental. Still, there are poems of a serious character, like his "Vesper Hymn," which is beautiful, solemn, and touching. We give a verse or two:

"The evening bells of Sabbath fill  
The dusky silence of the night,  
And through our gathering gloom distill  
Sweet sparkles of immortal light;  
Such hours of peace as these require  
The labors of the weary week;  
When thus, with souls refreshed and bright,  
Forgiveness of our sins we seek!"

"Oh! help us, Jesus, to conform  
Our spirits, thoughts, and lives to thine!  
Beyond this earthly strife and storm,  
Oh! make Thy star of Love to shine!  
When we are sinking in the brine  
Of doubt and care—oh come, that we,  
As Peter did, may safe resign  
Our sinking helplessness to Thee."

The Wonders of Optics. By F. Marion. Translated from the French and edited by Charles W. Quin, F.C.S. Illustrated with seventy engravings on wood and a colored Frontispiece.

Thunder and Lightning. By W. De Fonvielle. Translated from the French and edited by T. L. Phipson, Ph.D., F.C.S., etc. Illustrated with thirty-nine engravings on wood.

Wonders of Heat. By Achille Cazin. With ninety illustrations, many of them full-page, and a colored frontispiece. 12mo.

The above are the titles of the first three volumes of the "Illustrated Library of Wonders," from the press of Charles Scribner & Co., which we announced in our March number as in course of preparation. They are brought out in a very neat, compact, and convenient form, and must achieve, from their high character, popular style, and the number and superiority of their illustrations, a wide popularity and extensive circulation here, as they have in France, where more than *one million* copies of them have been sold. The very highest scientific and artistic talent has been engaged in their production, and yet they are written in a style at once popular and entertaining, and adapted to interest the young and cultivate a taste for studies of this kind. We have not space to go into particulars, but refer our readers to what was said in our previous issue as to the subjects discussed in these volumes, and to the specimens of the fine illustrations they contain given in the same number.

The American Educational and Ecclesiastical Almanac for 1869. By Prof. A. J. Schem. F. Gerhardt, 15 Dey st., New York. 12mo, pp. 118.

An invaluable work for reference, containing the religious statistics of all Christendom, carefully prepared and brought down to the present time, and a vast amount of other figures and matter pertaining to the religious, educational, ecclesiastical, and philanthropic history of the age.

A Manual of General History. Being an Outline History of the World from the Creation to the Present Time. Fully illustrated with Maps. For the use of Academies, High-schools and Families. By John J. Anderson, M.A. New York: Clark & Maynard. 12mo, pp. 401.

He Knew he was Right. By Anthony Trollope. With illustrations by Marcus Stone. Paper cover. Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 172.

Memory's Tribute to Thomas H. Stockton. By Alexander Clark. S. R. Wells.

The Study of Languages brought back to its True Principles; or, the Art of Thinking in a Foreign Language. By C. Maroel. D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 288.

The Planet. A Song of a Distant World. By Larry Best. 12mo, pp. 161. Cambridge: Printed at the Riverside Press. For sale by Hurd & Houghton.

Letters of a Sentimental Idler, from Greece, Turkey, Egypt, Nubia, and the Holy Land. By Harry Harewood Leech. With a Portrait of the Author, Engravings of Oriental Life, etc. 12mo, pp. 473. D. Appleton & Co.

Moral Science. A Compendium of Ethics. By Alexander Bain. D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 327.

How to Read Character: A new illustrated Handbook of Phrenology and Physiognomy, for the use of Students and Examiners; with a Descriptive Chart for marking, and upwards of 170 engravings. S. R. Wells. 8vo, pp. 191.

That Boy of Norcott's. By Charles Lever. With illustrations. Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 73.

Phineas Finn, the Irish Member. By Anthony Trollope. Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 236.

The Tin Trumpet; or, Heads and Tails for the Wise and Waggish. A new American edition, with alterations and additions. D. Appleton & Co.

# HOURS AT HOME ;

A POPULAR

MONTHLY OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

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VOL. IX.

JULY, 1869.

No. 3.

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## SYRIAN RAMBLES.

No. V.

### A DAY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF JORDAN.

AT the bridge called Jisr el Mejmar, we were camped about 400 regulars. I called on the Colonel to ask for a guide and an escort to Um Kais, the Gadara of the New Testament. The Colonel came out of his tent and invited me to walk in and be seated, and remained standing near the door. Judging from his appearance I supposed he was the Colonel's valet, and returned his salutation of Kosh Geldün without entering upon conversation. Seeing no one else approach, I concluded that this individual was the chief in command and asked him to be seated. He evidently possessed no more intelligence than his face indicated, and I could get no information as to the condition of the country, nor any assistance from him. He seemed to have been thoroughly scared at something, from which he had not recovered, and he evidently did not wish to risk a squad of his soldiers as an unsupported escort on the east side of the river. We found a guide, however, near the camp—a grey-beard in sheepskin, from Nazareth, who agreed to take us to Gadara. Seeing our determination to proceed the Colonel kindly offered to send some foot soldiers—there being no horsemen; but these we declined. After smoking and drinking

the inevitable coffee, we thanked the Commander, and passed over the bridge to the other side. Our baggage had been sent down the river to Beisan—the ancient Bethshean, a deserted village in the vicinity of a great khan, which, we were told, was now occupied.

We crossed the Jordan at 9 o'clock, five hours south of Tiberias. Hermon was visible, and clouds of wild pigeon rose from the ground, while the blue-winged bee-hunters fluttered about their nests on the east bank of the river. Twenty-five minutes later we crossed the river Jarmuk over a bridge of eight or nine arches. This stream in some places is as large as the Jordan, and ran north across our path, enlivening our ride with its fine cascades, one of which has a fall of 15 feet. In less than an hour the snowy peak of the Lebanon-Sînin was visible, and Safed soon came into view. Our guide here insisted on making what we conceived to be an unreasonable détour, but we submitted to his representation of marshy ground, and passing a graveyard entered Wady Imkiat at 10.55. We saw nothing green in all this part of the Jordan valley. The soil was good, but nothing had been planted; and the young locust everywhere covered

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the ground. In our ride up the Wady we saw wild barley, too dry for the locusts; but everything else was scorched by the sun. An abrupt fall towards the river of 50 feet of precipitous trap, as if hacked off, attracted our attention to the limestone peering out ten feet above the bed of the river. At noon we reached the hot baths of Armath, and found there a multitude of Christian-Nazarenes, who hold a grand fair here every year, grouped under the surrounding bushes and trees. We now understood the *détour* of our guide, who, instead of taking us the shortest road, brought us this way, in order to meet his friends. I barely escaped stepping my horse on a woman making bread under a bush; many girls were going to and fro visiting their friends from bush to bush, where some were washing and others were sewing and talking, while the matrons were engaged in other domestic pursuits. The hot pool, 40 feet in circumference and 5 feet deep, called Hamman es Sheik, was occupied by the Arabs, some of whom were bathing up to their necks in the hot steaming water, while others, old men and young women, were standing by for their turn. This water is deemed by natives as very salutary for their camels, and as a certain cure for various female diseases. The smell of sulphur \* was unpleasantly strong. We had 14 hours of work to do on that 22d of April, and had no time to spare. We rushed across the hot current, and then the river itself, which is about 100 yards wide at this point, and toiled up a most tiresome and difficult ascent to the summit of the hill, 2,000 feet high. Arab horsemen—real Bedouins, with long lances and angry looks, passed us at intervals all day, but they did not stop to salute us, and seemed to be hurrying on to some rendezvous.

\* Dr. Porter says the water is so hot that the hand cannot be kept in it for any length of time. The notices of these springs by Eusebius and Antonius Martyr are in favor of the identity of Um Kais with Gadara—the former stating that they issue from the base of the hill on which the city stands; and the latter that they were 3 Roman miles distant from it.

It may be that we should not have fared so well if we had accepted the offered escort. After winding up the zigzag path for more than an hour we reached the wonderful ruin we had longed to see, upon an immense stretch of table-land 1,860 feet above the river and the baths.

After passing several broken columns on the road, the first thing of importance that met our view was the remains of an immense theatre on the east of the hill, the seats remaining in good preservation, facing the west; then thousands of sarcophagi. Caves with finely carved doorways, over which garlands of flowers were wrought in the rock, attracted our attention as we drew nearer, until we entered upon the famous colonnade, which extends one mile in length through the city of Gadara. One thousand broken columns, some of trap, but mostly of limestone, Corinthian capitals and Ionic entablatures, were scattered along the road. The ruins of another and larger theatre stood at the west end, but it was less defined and more in ruins than the first, in which the vomitories and places for wild beasts were well preserved. Between the two lines of columns, the trap-rock paved carriage-way was well preserved, and ten feet wide; and the worn *ruts of chariot wheels* were clearly visible. We saw no houses or walls standing, and no doors in the chambers cut in the limestone rock. There were several Arab encampments in sight, and pits were found at intervals for the storing of wheat, barley, and other provisions. Several of the Nazarenes who were feasting below had straggled up here, and were gathering grass for their animals without any indication of a sense of insecurity. We paced the colonnade while eating our lunch, and exhausted ourselves prying into every nook and corner of this wonderful ruin, which covers a space estimated at two miles in circumference.

Gadara is mentioned in history among the cities captured by Antiochus the Great, in the year B.C. 218. Destroyed in the civil wars of the Jews, it was rebuilt by Pompey, to gratify one of his freedmen who was a Gadarene. The city

was captured by Vespasian, and all its inhabitants massacred without regard to age or sex. The town and all its villages were reduced to ashes. It was the seat of an Episcopal see in Palestina Secunda, but since the Mohammedan conquest there is no appearance of its having been inhabited. But the principal interest attaches to the fact that here the miracle of Christ was performed in which the poor maniac was relieved—at the expense of the swine—of the devils that tormented him.

Tristram says the geology of this whole region is limestone of the early cretaceous age without a trace of igneous irruption, but exhibiting much local and irregular disturbance and dislocation. I was less interested here, however, in the physical configuration of Palestine than in the fact that it is pre-eminently a country of ruins.

The ruins in Greece, Italy, and Egypt are more grand, but in no country are they so numerous, in proportion to the towns and villages still in existence. The hill-tops of Judea, where villages are seldom found, are covered with ruins, to a greater or less extent, but always enough to suggest former habitation. In Western Palestine, the deserted cities remain standing in a wonderful state of preservation, and although exposed to the atmosphere, they are as perfect as the remains of Herculaneum and Pompeii. Baalbec, Gerash, Ammon, and Palmyra are unequaled by the ruins of Rome or Athens for magnitude. At Thebes only are they surpassed. All the details of Roman domestic architecture can be clearly discerned in the villages and in the "Giant Cities of Bashan"—whose wonders have been described by Graham, Porter, and others. The cause of this difference between the character of the ruins is found in the fact that "Eastern Syria has been for 400 years entirely, and 1,500 years nearly, deserted by civilized, almost by barbarian man. Western Palestine has always been occupied by a population, rude and scanty, but sufficiently numerous and energetic to destroy and to appropriate edifices which

in the less frequented parts beyond Jordan have escaped through neglect and isolation." The varied character of the ruins suggests the historical events and transitions through which the country has passed, for we have in different places, and sometimes in the same place, the Saracenic, Crusading, Roman, Grecian, Jewish, and even the old Canaanitish remains.

All these ruins suggest another thought. The ancient resources of the land should not be judged by its present desolate condition, for it is evident that Syria must have supported a population ten times greater than can now be found here, and consequently must have produced tenfold its present crops. That the East was always a land of ruins is clear from the four separate designations used for the several stages of decay and destruction, which were to be seen in the early stage of the Jewish monarchy. These are thus mentioned by Stanley: "The rude cairn or pile of stones roughly rolled together, *Gal* or 'rolling,' over Achan and the king of *Ai*, Josh. vii. 26; viii. 29; the mound or heap—*tell*—which, like the *Mente Testaccio* at Rome, was composed of the rubbish and débris of a fallen city; forsaken villages such as those in the Hauran: *Azubah*, Isa. vi. 12, etc.; and the true, standing ruins like *Baalbec* and *Palmyra*."

Porter, in speaking of the wonderful ruins in the Hauran, says in his recent work on Bashan:—"That one city, nurtured by the commerce of a mighty empire might grow till her people could be numbered by millions I could well believe; that two or even three great commercial cities might spring up in favored localities I could believe too. But that *sixty* walled cities, *besides unvalled towns a great many*, should exist in a small province, at such a remote age, far from the sea, with no rivers and little commerce, appeared to be inexplicable. Inexplicable, mysterious though it appeared, it was true. On the spot with my own eyes I had now verified it. A list of more than 100 ruined cities and villages, situated in the mountains alone, I had in



my hands; and on the spot I had tested it, and found it accurate, though not complete. More than 30 of these I had visited or passed close by; many others I had seen in the distance." The statement seems incredible, yet it cannot be disputed. Baalbec is equally impressive, though but a single ruin, and located in the fertile valley of Cœlo-Syria, for it is the noblest and most cyclopean in the world; and though Palmyra covers more space, it produces less effect.

The marks of the chariot wheels were full of interest on account of their extreme rarity in Palestine. The drive through that splendid colonnade must have been a place of great resort for the charioteers. Roads for wheeled vehicles are now unknown, in Syria and Palestine, except the fine macadamized French diligence road from Beirût to Damascus, and the wagon road from Jaffa to Jerusalem. The latter is still in an incomplete state, not having been macadamized; and the only vehicle used is a wagon belonging to one of the American colonists at Jaffa, who has been named by the pasha of Jerusalem as director of the road. The Canaanites are said to have been famous for their chariots, Jabin (Judges iv. 3) having possessed 900. It appears that they were not used as a general means of communication. The chariots of Jehu and Ahab drove only on the plain of Esdraelon. The Israelites were a nation of infantry, being without horses; and even after their settlement in Palestine, horses and chariots were unknown as a national possession until the reign of Solomon. There was a chariot road from Jerusalem to Gaza, where the Ethiopian met Philip—a Roman road, no doubt; and there are traces of another near Cæsarea on the coast. The descent from Gadara is also paved with the remains of a Roman road, and is marked by the ruts of wheels. The atrocious condition of the roads of the present day is an unceasing cause of wonder and complaint on the part of travelers; but the residents of the country adapt themselves to the existing state of things, and enjoy picking their way over the stones—preferring the old paths to the

new roads where a few piasters are required as a toll for their use. It has been said that the word road occurs but once in our English Bible, and is then used in the sense of raid or airroad; paths and ways are mentioned, but not roads, "which must be regal works, the offspring of art, the production of a settled peace." Roads were made by the Greeks and Romans, but not by the Arabs or Jews. A great road seems a great peril to an Oriental people. The Orientals have been considered a nation of horsemen, but this is not true of the townspeople. The safety of the Bedouin depends on his speed in the desert, but the common people feel a respect for the noble beast, says Dixon, which prevents him from associating it freely with his daily doings; and if we may judge from the wall paintings of Egypt, the warriors of Pharaoh, though they yoked their horses to chariots, never got on their backs. Priests ride on donkeys, pashas on mules. The commander-in-chief of the Egyptian army was met riding through the desert on a mule. Ibrahim of Egypt, who captured Syria, rode from Cairo to Konieh on an ass. While therefore his homely beast trots nimbly over the broken stones, what call has an Oriental to mend his road?

This colonnade must have been the principal street, for like some other large cities of Syria, Gadara had its straight street lined with columns. The "straight street" of Damascus and those at Palmyra, Apamea, Antioch, and Samaria were similarly adorned. The sight of this ruin whets the appetite to see more of these trans-Jordanic wonders, but we must return to our tents on the other side.

We started for the bridge at half-past two by the most direct path, and passed an old ruin called the "Castle of the King's Son," and a large pool on its western front in which were many animals bathing. We had been without water since the morning, and suffering from thirst. We entered an Arab camp to ask for water, which was detestable, and served in a foul wooden vessel. Hadj Muheyedin, clever fellow, who had lived

among the Bedouins before he entered my service, called loudly for leben, and the bright-eyed slave girls, black as midnight, sprang with alacrity to the great earthen bowl and dipped us out each a tin cup of the most delicious sour milk I ever tasted. It was cool and refreshing, and we looked gratefully down from our saddles upon these poor bondwomen, who suggested Hagar, and who seemed to feel a real pleasure in offering hospitality to thirsty travelers. The bearded Bedouins, with guns in their hands, their spears stuck in the ground, urged us to dismount and drink coffee, and looked greedily upon our horses, with a calculating eye, which seemed to indicate a willingness, if not an intention, to violate the laws of hospitality. Bidding them adieu, after resisting their entreaties to exchange our Arab mares for their horses, we pushed on for an hour down the hill, till we struck the locust-smitten plain, where some of our men had set the prairie on fire to kill the all-devouring insects. In another hour we reached the bridge, without seeing anything of game but one gazelle, which I chased fruitlessly, on the morning ride near the Mandhour bridge.

Our thirsty souls were greatly refreshed by the waters of the Jordan near the Turkish camp, and our horses, which had had no sour milk, were more appreciative of the sacred river than ourselves. The forty tents, the cordon of pickets, the stacks of arms in the centre of the camp, and the soldiers sitting on the river bank, kicking their heels over the water, made a lively picture, after our lonely ride through a deserted country. The guide refused to go with us to Beisan, pleading fatigue, so we pushed on down the main road, parallel with the river, without any assistance, and reached the ruined *khan* at half-past seven, where the tents were ready for our reception. We had turned west from the Jordan an hour before reaching our camp; we found no village, and the *khan* was not occupied in the sense we supposed. Parasite crabs were there, clinging to its walls inside and out, like swallows and bats. A wounded stork, which had been shot by our cook, stood near the tent door on

its well foot, with drooping wing and its beak lowered on its breast. It remained there motionless and silent; it seemed like an accusing conscience until we could bear it no longer, when it was delivered over to the Arabs.

Insects of every detestable kind beset us at Beisan; it was impossible to use our candles on account of the moths and innumerable other winged pests that flew towards the light, so that we were soon obliged to close our tents tightly and go to bed, to escape their torments. But spiders were on the bed, and other things within the sheets, and the night was passed in discomfort. The next day, Sunday, was to be spent in this place, but the animals were in danger from the wild nomads of the Gher, and the muleteers and servants were in no condition to appreciate the advantages of a day of rest in this locality.

Our tents were near the *khan*, the walls of which were plastered over with mud hovels like wasp nests; and armed men were passing in and out through the great front entrance and over breaks in the ruined walls. Women too—hags with foul hair, blue lips, and coarse shrill voices—went to and fro with long black oval pitchers on their heads, to the nearest of the four runs or creeks which irrigate the valley of Jezreel.

The heat and the flies were overpowering, and the quiet Sunday morning became one of intense discomfort. We strolled off, or rather sweltered away in search of shade, but found none until we reached the bridge over the Doway, or, as it is called elsewhere, the Saceban, a tributary of the Jordan, which drained the plain of Jezreel. Here we found two men fully armed with Bedouin guns, six feet long and covered at intervals with ornamental bands of brass; and pistols stuck in the belt which served as a girdle to their single white cotton garment. We sat down with them underneath the bridge and greatly enjoyed the refreshing sound of falling water from the little cascade. The long guns with eleven brass bands on each of them in the hands of these cutthroats beside us, added interest

to the scene without spoiling the effect of the cool shade. They did not inspire much terror, though we were unarmed and far from our camp, but when two men joined them and followed us from place to place, walking behind us, I confess I grasped my cane with a nervous hand, for what was to prevent them from an attempt, at least to rob us. They were robbers by profession; we were but two against four, and entirely at their mercy. We strolled, with them at our heels, a mile and more away from the camp to enjoy the shade of several fine large trees. My friend seated himself on a stone, while the Arabs, each holding his gun, sat down around him, while I climbed on to a low branch of a terebinth, where I could lie down and enjoy the scene and listen to their conversation about the ancient history of the place and its ruins, the customs of the Arabs and the Franks compared, and the probability of the return of Akiel Agha, the great chief, who had been driven away to the southeast, among the Bedouins of the desert.

To the right of the group was the tomb of a saint called Halebi, *i.e.*, from Haleb or Aleppo, who came with the Saracens from that place at the time of the Arab conquest. The usual rags and tassels were hung around the tomb, but what was rather singular, I noticed that the overhanging trees were filled with ploughs, 100 or more, and all around it the ground was honey-combed with pits for the storing of wheat, barley, etc. On inquiry we learned from one of the Arabs, a tall, stalwart negro, whose bright eyes, high forehead and intelligent face, indicated a superiority over his companions, that the sanctity attached to this tomb protected everything in its immediate neighborhood, so that the ploughs and provisions placed around it were safe from all prowling bands, who respected this locality, when they respected nothing else. This respect for tombs is not confined to the border thieves; the superstition is almost as widespread as the race, and prevails extensively in Asia, among the Chinese, Jews, Moslems, Druses, Metawalies,

Kurds, and other non-Christian people, as well as among every sect of Christians in the East. Saints' tombs may be found in every village, if not on every hill-top, and constitute places of resort for the fanatical followers of their respective creeds. Even the stern law of Moses, who made mere contact with a grave or a bone pollution, has not prevented the Jews from worshiping dead men's graves. Tombs in Syria and Palestine may be considered—to use an Americanism—as an institution. The cave of Machpelah at Hebron is still closed, and the tomb of David on Mt. Zion is still watched with a most jealous eye by its Moslem guardians. Generally the reputed sites of tombs are not so easily identified as those just mentioned, and no inscriptions are found upon them; the Phœnician writing found on the sarcophagus at Sidon being a famous exception. Those most easily identified by local tradition are those hewn in solid rock. The cave at Mt. Hor is said to be the tomb of Aaron, and that of Joseph is pointed out near the opening of the vale of Shechem. The tomb of Rachel, “a little way from Bethlehem,” is generally recognized as correctly located. The Moslem conquerors of Syria caught the infection and erected tombs over all their saints, real and imaginary—such as the tombs of Seth and Noah in the Lebanon, of Moses beyond Jordan, of Samuel near Jerusalem, of Ziden and Zebulon near Sidon and Tyre, of Hosea in Gilead, and of Jonah thrice over in India, Phœnicia, and in Nineveh, not to mention a fourth bearing his name near Iskanderun, on the plain of Issus.

And this reverence for the dead in this land is hardly to be wondered at, for in its dust lie the remains of a hundred generations, from the Turk and the Frank of the present day back to the Saracen, Persian, Roman, Egyptian, Macedonian, Syrian, Hebrew and Jebusite, of ages past. Some of the tombs near Jerusalem, known as those of Absalom, St. James, Jehoshaphat, and Zachariah—not to speak of the tombs of the kings—are among the oldest monuments in the land.

But the Arabs around us did not talk

of these things; they had one pipe which they smoked in common, each in turn replenishing the pipe-bowl from the stock of tobacco tied in the corner of his loose flowing sleeve, while the conversation turned upon Turkish politics. My friend purposely talked of great pashas and consuls as our personal friends, in order to impress upon them the sanctity of our persons. Women came out of the mud-holes near us, and while shaking the haw bushes to get at the berries, they stole curious glances at us, without making any attempt to conceal their faces or their limbs. It soon became evident that agents of Akiel Agha were here in communion with these thieves of the border, and that the black Egyptian was his principal agent or spy in this section. From the spot where we were sitting, the valley of the Jordan was visible, and he could see and report to his chief through the medium of the "grapevine telegraph" passing events, such as movements of troops, cattle, etc. Here was ample material, I thought, for Scott, or one like him, to learn and weave tales of the border, of clans, smugglers, river pirates, robber chiefs, castles and ruins, plots and counterplots, Akiel Agha and the Harfush Emirs, the Druse rebel chiefs and Sheik Yusef of the Lebanon being the outlaw chiefs, Baalbec and the Jordan the border, and the Arab tribes flitting here and there no mean imitation of the rival clans.

An uncomfortable piece of information reached us here of the descent of Arabs upon the ford and the destruction of the village of Abadyieh, our camping place on the Jordan, the night following our departure. It was stated that the officer who drank our coffee and five of his men, some of whom guarded our tents, were killed in the attack. But the question of most practical interest to us that April morning, was: How shall we get away from these fellows, and back to the camp? "Oohm (arise) yu Sheik," said I, touching the man at the foot of the tree with my cane, and jumping down, we started at a slow pace for our tents, the men of the dark face and the long guns walking

silently behind us. We sauntered over the ruins of the tell, conical in shape, and partly artificial, through the débris of the great gate, which opens to the north and overlooks the great plain of Jezreel. Eight columns lay imbedded in the rubble-work of the gate-posts, and we sat down to rest under their shade. I was asked for tobacco in a most civil manner, but I had none to give. As we walked on toward the camp, one after another of our Arab escort dropped off at intervals, until we were left alone to pursue our walk unmolested to the tents. Lunch was served, and we tried to read and sleep, but found both impossible, the heat being intolerable.

The monotony of the afternoon was interrupted by a lady and gentleman of youthful appearance, who dashed round the khan, and, led by a Beirût dragoman of our acquaintance, they dismounted at our tent, and introduced themselves as Mr. and Mrs. Smith, of England. They had been to Jerash, where they left 3,000 Turkish troops surrounded by a cordon of Bedouin tribes—and somewhat embarrassed and anxious to get back to their barracks at Damascus. Three messengers, they said, had been shot while trying to get through the Arabs to the town. This enterprising couple had camped at the bridge, and were going next day, if possible, to Gadara. Our guide of the day before, in sheepskin, was with them. They had been to Petra, paying £10 each, black-mail, to the Arabs. They had been out sixty-six days in tents, and being young, fresh, and hearty, they seemed to look on travel in Syria as the one great good. Madame, in parting, exclaimed, "If we can only get to Palmyra, we shall be so very happy." I thought then that this was, perhaps, their wedding tour, but I learned subsequently that they had left seven children at home. Think of that, lady readers, who have pale faces and feeble constitutions, who wear thin shoes, and who have no inclination for long walks, rides, and an out-door life! and weep that American women, while out-rivalling their sex everywhere in ethereal beauty, are degenerating in those physi-

cal qualities in which their English cousins so greatly excel. Mr. and Mrs. Smith, lightly clad, and buoyant in spirits, regardless of fatigue and indifferent to the heat, mounted and dashed off to the ruins, leaving a breezy influence behind them, which nerved us up to a higher tone of vitality, so that we were able to endure the annoyance of our forced inaction with an approach to cheerfulness.

There was no sign of a crater visible in our morning's walk, but there were indications in the basalt that this district had a volcanic character. Trap rock covered the ground; indeed, the ancient theatre of Beisan, or Bethshean, was wholly built of black basaltic stones, as were the houses generally. We were on scriptural ground; the castle on Mt. Gilead visible in the distance, one day south-east of Mt. Gilboa; Jabesh-Gilead and the site of Pella across the river. We were in the track of Jehu's famous chariot ride to Jezreel, and were approaching the battlefield of Saul and Gideon. Bethshean, our camping ground, one of the Canaanite strongholds, which had never been taken by the Israelites, fell a victim to the victorious Philistines after the defeat of Saul at Gilboa. Here the body of the dead king was dismembered, when the head was sent to the great temple of Dagon, the armor to the temple of Ashtoroth, and the headless body, with the corpses of his three sons, fastened to the wall of the street of Bethshean. After taking a satisfactory photograph of Bethshean, the order to decamp was given, and all was bustle and stir. Sunday night had been more uncomfortable than its predecessor. What we saw and heard on Sunday aroused suspicions of possible foul play; time had been given to the robbers around us to arrange and perfect any plan for the stampeding of our animals, if nothing worse. Three of the Jordan Arabs, including Said the Egyptian, had been retained to watch our property during the night, because they were the most suspicious characters in the neighborhood, not neglecting, however, to keep watch ourselves. In the dusk of the evening, armed men went out as pickets in various

directions, ostensibly to keep off all prowling Arabs. Their real object we were really at a loss to discover. It would have been easy for them to say, the next morning, that the animals had strayed away in the night, and could not be found. But the morning light found everything in its place; nothing missing. The black Egyptian Said had shown our servants a fine English double-barrelled gun, with the maker's name, "West," upon it. Where the rascal got it, he did not say, but he told the janizary Hadj something of his life. An Egyptian slave, he came to Syria with Ibrahim Pacha, and after remaining in slavery for a time at Gaza, he fled to Abu Goosh, the robber chief of Sharon, who had long been known as a thorn in the side of Jerusalem. Finding him a hard master, he fled again and entered the service of a Moslem family at Nablous, and subsequently joined the redoubtable chief, Akiel Agha; and here he is, doubtless having left behind him a long red wake of crime. I have frequently noticed among the border Arabs, and, indeed, among Turkish troops, that the most intelligent man in the company was an immense black, who by his courage and intelligence, and brutality perhaps, had gained an ascendancy over his comrades. It is not uncommon to see a black officer in command of a squad of soldiers. These blacks are Abyssinians, and are mostly refugees from slavery, seeking equality among the lawless Bedouins, where every man finds his level.

When our tents were struck the male population of the district gathered around us, but not a gun was visible. They watched every motion of the muleteers, the servants, the artist, and ourselves. They sat silently on the ground near us, while their women were grouped on the walls of the ruined khan—also silent spectators. After a tedious hour of tying and loading, surrounded by these curious barbarians, we mounted our horses. The giant black intimated that a guide would be furnished, if desired, and one of his companions modestly asked for a little gunpowder. With parting salutations we turned westward, and the crowd, long

visible on the plain, after gazing at us to their hearts' content, and counting over the money received from us for the barley and water their women had brought us, then slowly returned to their mud-holes, and the women descended from their lofty perch. We were glad to turn our backs upon the Jordan valley and Beisan; the air was redolent of crime and insecurity. The birds did not sing there, the boys did not play, the women did not talk, and the men did not quarrel over prices and piasters: all was unnaturally still, and there seemed to be that calm which indicates a coming storm.

We learned as we rode away, that the black and two others were in truth agents of Akiel Agha, that ours were the first tents pitched there, and that the people were astonished beyond measure to see us. But we were treated with respect by them all, and retain no ill-will against any of the population of Beisan, except the insects, which were pestiferous. The people refused us milk, but they said a portion of their cattle had died of the Egyptian plague, and that the balance had been sent westward beyond the reach of the Bedouins. Ere long we reached Shutta, a village apparently built on a dunghill; one house on the S.W. corner was built of the stones found on the ancient site. We found good water here, and this was deemed a great luxury after the saline unsatisfactory water of Beisan. The women of this village had light in their eyes, their faces were not utterly brutish, their hair was not a stranger to the comb, and there had been some attempt at a head-dress like that in use at Nazareth.

The few cattle we saw here looked friendly, and convinced us that we had

reached the border of a settled land, the interests of whose people were attached to the ground, and not wholly to robbery and deceit.

We now struck across that part of the vast plain of Esdraelon called the plain of Jezreel. We passed over the battle-ground of Gideon, who with his 300 men, went with lamps in their pitchers and with trumpets to assault the Midianites, who were put to flight by the "aid of the Lord and the sword of Gideon." This day (April 24) of intense heat was made more intense by the hot sirocco, and we were very glad to reach the friendly rock, out of which flows the copious fountain, El Jallûd—of Jezreel. The water rushes out from its base in a generous stream and makes a pool of clear water, covering nearly two acres of ground. Shepherd boys were swimming and sporting in the water, while the flocks were grazing, sleeping, or drinking along the edge of the pool. We stopped here for lunch, and though the sun lacked an hour of its mid-day march, we concluded to rest, and take a picture of the goats on the rocks.

This quiet scene was in striking contrast with the stirring events recorded in Scripture and located on this smiling plain—such as the battle between Barak and Sisera, the victory of Gideon, near this fountain, the defeat of Saul by the Philistines, and the battle of Megiddo, when King Josiah was shot by an arrow of the Egyptian archers. The battles of the Crusaders, and those of Napoleon, in more modern times, have added to the number of the slain and kept up the bloody celebrity of this place, but all was quiet and calm on the plain of Esdraelon when we stopped to rest by the fountain of Jezreel.

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## THE ROMANCES OF ARTHUR.

### SECOND PAPER.

#### THEIR INFLUENCE ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.

THE influence of the Arthurian romances on English Literature is of two kinds. A portion of the stream of influence flowing from them into the main current of general literature, has thoroughly mingled with it, and given to it, in proportion to

the size of the tributary, a tinge of its own color. Another part has flowed down within the same green banks, but remained distinct and unmingled, just as a little brook, colored by clay or mineral, will sometimes slip in at the side of a great river and flow on miles towards the

ocean, with its water still distinguishable from the mass. The measure of an influence like the first, it must always be difficult to estimate. In the present case perhaps it is impossible. Had it entered at a later period, after our literature had worn for itself a deeper channel and assumed a definite character, the problem would be much more easily solved. But, as it is, it is impossible to get above the junction and compare the waters there with those below.

And where the influence is detected, it is something to be felt by each person, rather than described. It is of a nature so slight and delicate, so immaterial, a mere light playing over the features, that it cannot be caught and told. It is like the softest rose tint on a statue, caused by the light streaming through colored glass. You may not think of it at all; you may be pleased without knowing exactly what pleases you. Or, if you know what it is, to separate it from the statue itself, to analyze and measure it, and get it in form to exhibit it to another, would be a no less impossible task than to bind a bundle of sunbeams for exhibition. On some of the works of Wordsworth and Shelley, for instance, we imagine there rests just this faintest rosy tinge from the red light of romanticism. Of course, we speak now of those, the subjects of which are not drawn from the romantic legends; they belong to the second class, to which we shall come presently. Again, on Coleridge the light is a little stronger; while on the works of Walter Scott and Tennyson the glow is very perceptible, even warm. But, if we go back to Spenser and Sir Philip Sidney, it becomes almost a blush—the full red of life; and we involuntarily lift our eyes to the window above, to see whence it comes. It would be interesting to go through the whole list of English authors with the single purpose of tracing the influence of the early romantic literature. Through the entire works of many we should search in vain. In many more would be found but the faintest perceptible tinge here and there. But a long list would remain of those who have

stood more or less directly within this colored light. The pleasure, however, of making such an exploration must be deferred for the present.

If we turn now to that part of our literature which is composed entirely of matter drawn from the Round Table romances, we shall find no inconsiderable amount awaiting our investigation. Milton, in his *History of Britain*, determined “to bestow the telling over even of these reputed tales,” as he says, “be it for nothing else but in favor of our English poets and rhetoricians, who by their art will know how to use them judiciously.” In this Milton saw clearly, as he did in all matters of poetry, in which his “triple sight in blindness keen,” as Keats called it, never failed him. Our English poets, both before and since the time of the great Puritan scholar and bard, have found “these reputed tales” an exhaustless mine, whence they have dug and coined an uncounted wealth of allusion, story, and song. The mass which had already grown from this source before the time of Chaucer would require more than the limits of a single paper to investigate. We must, therefore, be content to consider all that as a part of the diffusion of the original romances. Besides, though there is much in it that is beautiful and interesting, it is only the gray light of the dawn. The sun of English literature first appeared above the horizon in Chaucer. And a glorious sunrise it was—a fit morning to prelude the long bright day which was to reveal him who showed us “the heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb”—him who told the sweet, sad story of “the gentle lady married to the Moor”—him who even in youth learned and sung,

“If virtue feeble were,  
Heaven itself would stoop to her”—

him whose very beggars talked wisdom like Solomon—and, we will hope, many more, yet to come, worthy of their sacred companionship.

We begin, then, with Chaucer. It is not strange that, as that little world, the *Canterbury pilgrims*, all dragged their memory for the best story which they

had ever heard, more than one should bring up some portion of these old romances. The Frankelein gives the origin of his tale thus :

"These olde gentil Bretons in hir dayes  
Of diverse aventures maden layes,  
Rimeyed in hir frste Breton tonge;  
Which layes with hir instruments they  
songe,  
Or elles redden hem for hir plesance,  
And on of hem have I in remembrance,  
Which I shall sayn with good wille as I can."

The Squire, too, who is

"A lover and a lusty bachelor,"

with curled locks, and garments gayly embroidered,

"as it were a mead  
All full of freshe floweres white and red,"

tells a wonderful story of chivalry and magic—of a horse of brass, which at the touch of a spring would fly like an eagle, and bear its rider to the farthest part of the world in twenty-four hours; of a ring which made its wearer understand the language of birds and the secret virtues of plants; of a mirror in which might be seen all approaching danger. This machinery belongs rather more to the legends of Charlemagne than to those of Arthur. But Spenser represents Merlin making a "glassy globe" for king Ryence, which has the same property as this mirror. It could reveal treasons, and

"never foes his kingdom might invade,  
But he it knew at home before he heard  
Tydings thereof."

This fiction, in different forms, is very wide-spread. Every scholar will remember Plato's fable about the magic ring of Gyges. Gower, too, describes a mirror erected by the enchanter Virgil at Rome, which revealed everything for thirty miles around. And the Spanish historians report, that, some years before the Spaniards entered Mexico, the Mexicans caught a monstrous fowl on a lake in that region, in the crown of whose head was a mirror, or plate of glass, in which they saw their future invaders and all the disasters which afterward happened to their country.

The Wife of Bath, also, who is represented as rather a jolly dame, but whom Chaucer declares to have been

"a worthy woman all her live;  
Husbonds at the church door had she had  
five,"—

finds her subject

"In olde dayes of the King Artour,  
Of which that Bretons speken gret honour."

Gower, in his *Confessio Amantis*, has told the same story with some variations. Let a short account of it suffice for both authors.

The garrulous old lady (for the length of her prologue fully justifies this epithet) first refers very prettily to the time when, as she says,

"All was this lond fulfilled of faerie;  
The elf-quene with hire joly compaignie,  
Danced lul oft in many a grene mede."

And she attributes the disappearance of the fairy-folk to the great number of priests,

"That serchen every land and every streme,  
As thikke as motes in the sonne-berme,"

and their practice of blessing everything—halls, chambers, kitchens, cities, towns, castles, towers, and even sheep-pens and dairies. She says,

"This maketh that ther ben no faeries;  
For ther as wont to walken was an elf,  
Ther walketh now the limitour himself."

The story is as follows: A knight of Arthur's court, for some misdemeanor, is condemned to death. The queen and many other ladies entreat in his behalf. The king at length gives him over into their hands, to dispose of the case as they shall think best. The culprit is summoned, and informed by the queen, that, if he can answer a certain question which she will put to him, he may go free; but on condition that, if he fail, he shall voluntarily yield himself to the execution of the judgment. That he may have time to reflect and seek the advice of others, a year is allowed him before the answer is required. Having promised to return in a twelve-month, he sets out in search of a correct answer to this question:

"What thing is it that women most desire?"

And among the last things from the queen that ring in his ear as he goes, is the injunction,

"Beware, and kepe thy nekke-bone from yren."



He inquires of everybody; but no two agree.

"Som saiden, women loven best richesse,  
Som saiden honour, som saiden jolinesse,  
Som riche array."

So the answers vary. One ventures to suggest marriage, another praise and flattery. Another bethinks him of what is still a common joke, about women's keeping secrets.

"And som saiden, that gret delit hav we  
For to be holden stable and eke secre,  
And in o purpose stedfastly to dwell,  
And not bewreyen thing that men us tell."

The year passes, and no satisfactory solution has been reached. As he journeys back toward the court,

"Within his brest ful sorweful was his gost."  
But on his way he finds an unsightly old woman by the roadside;

"A fouler wight ther may no man devise."

She accosts him, learns his trouble, and offers to give him the correct answer, on condition that, when it shall have been found to be correct, he shall grant her any request within his power, which she shall choose to make. With this he hastens on and stands before the queen. He gives several answers, which he himself had devised, but none is accepted. Then he makes the reply which his female Ther-sites had taught him, that

"Women desiren to hav soverainete,  
As well over hir husband as hir love,  
And for to ben in maistrie him above."

We fear that, did the young knight's safety depend on such a reply, to-day, he would hardly keep his "nekke-bone from yren." But the fair ladies of Arthur's court smiled approvingly, and

"ne was ther wif ne maide  
Ne widewe . . . . .  
But said, he was worthy to hav his lif."

But no sooner has he escaped from this trouble, than he finds himself in another tenfold worse; for forward comes his unsightly wayside adviser, unkempt, ugly, "olde, foule, and pore," and claims her reward, which is nothing less than his hand in marriage. He beseeches her, for the love of God, to "chese a new request;" but she declares, that not all the

metal and ore that are under ground, or have been dug from it, will satisfy her.

"He walweth and turneth to and fro;"

but she insists on the fulfilment of his promise. So in the end, with much heaviness and sorrow, he marries her;

"And all day after hid himself as an owle,  
So wo was him, his wif loked so foule."

But she, with gentle, beseeching tones, answers his complaint of her low birth, her poverty, and her ugliness. And her sentiments are very beautiful. Here is her definition of true nobility:

"Loke who that is most vertuous alway,  
Prive and apert, and most entendeth ay  
To do the gentil dedes that he can,  
And take him for the grettest gentilman."

And what finer thing could be said about poverty than this, because of its simplicity?

"Glad poverte is an honest thing certain."

She quotes from Juvenal:

"The poure man, whan he goth by the way,  
Befour the theves he may sing and play."

But this is better than either:

"Poverté ful often, whan a man is low,  
Maketh his God and eke himself to know;  
Poverté a spectakel is, as thinketh me,  
Thruh which he may his veray frendes see."

Having thus showed him his folly in being so affected by things by no means essential to true worth, she asks him to choose, whether he will have her fair, or good—a true, humble, and virtuous wife, or simply beautiful. He is so much subdued by his grief, and so affected by her words and manner, that he is wholly unable to decide. Finally he leaves it with her to say which will be best and most honorable to both. This is just the point which was to be gained. In an instant she stands before him fairer than a lily.

"Sweet blushes stayned her rud-red cheek,  
Her eyen were black as sloe,  
The ripening cherrye swelled her lippe,  
And all her neck was snow."

And he is informed, in a most affectionate manner, that truth, fidelity, and love, shall never be wanting in her. The mystery is easily explained. She was under the charm of a wicked magician, and could be released on no other condition than the

seemingly impossible one of her marrying a young and handsome knight, who should yield his own will to her wishes. The condition being fulfilled, her youth and beauty are restored to her. So the story closes, leaving the happy knight, after so much tribulation, with

“His herte bathed in a bath of blisse.”

She had saved his life: he had raised her from a state more loathsome than the grave.

I do not know, that in these tales more is meant than meets the ear; but this one has long been to me a beautiful allegory. Many a man and woman, consciously or unconsciously, go searching up and down the world for the solution of some hard problem, some dark mystery, on which depends more than life—on which depend character, success, and growth of soul. And they meet by the wayside the ugly deformity of some great sorrow. Ah, how they shrink back from it! How they try to escape it! How they writhe and groan under it! But it fastens upon them; it will not let them go. Then it begins to speak to them with its soft, sad words. It reasons with them; and its tone is subdued and tender. It woos them gently and kindly. And when they yield to it, lo! in an instant it is transfigured before them. It is more beautiful than light, more beautiful than joy. It lulls them more softly than music, caresses them more tenderly than a mother. They wed it; they bear it on their hearts. They go among their fellows stronger and wiser than others. It lifts them to heights at which before they had only gazed. It opens to them depths of which they had not dreamed. It rounds the sharp angles of life. It diffuses the golden haze of autumn over all the year. Beautiful is the mission of sorrow, and happy is he who receives it submissively, as a teacher and a friend. Like the shadow of night, through its darkness shall come out stars of glory.

Between Chaucer and Spenser, more than two hundred years intervened, though we are liable to think of them as almost contemporaries. They are like two

stars nearly in range with the eye, the immeasurable distance between which seems but a few feet. Of the use made of the Arthurian romances by writers during this period, there is not space to speak. A careful examination would show that this literature was by no means forgotten.

Spenser's imagination reveled in the scenes of the “olden minstrelsie.” Knights and fair ladies, tournaments and fights with giant and dragon, enchanters and their spells, are ever before his eyes. His patron was as truly a knight as any that graced the Table Round; and, if history has not been partial to him, he might have ventured even to take the Perilous Seat. It was he who defined Chivalry to be “high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy.” Spenser declares him “worthy of all titles both of learning and chivalrie.” And he in turn says of his poet, in sufficiently bad verse, it must be confessed:

“Of me no lines are loved, no letters are of price,  
Of all which speak our English tongue, but those of thy device.”

The fame of Spenser rests on the work which he framed from the legends of Arthur. The Shepherd's Calender, Astrophil, Colin Clout, Mother Hubbard's Tale, and all the rest, are known only because they were written by the author of the Faerie Queene. This poem is too long to be analyzed here. The author says: “The generall end therefore of all the booke is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline”; and that, for this purpose, he has chosen “the historye of King Arthure, as most fitte for the excellency of his person.” The plan is told by the author in a single sentence, in a letter to Sir Walter Raleigh. “I devise that the Faerie Queene kept her annuall feaste xii. dayes; upon which xii. severall dayes, the occasions of the xii. severall adventures hapned, which, being undertaken by xii. severall knights, are in these xii. Books generally handled and discoursed.” The first book is devoted to the adventures of the Red Cross Knight, or Holiness, who goes forth clothed in the

armor recommended by Paul. His adventures are undertaken at the instance of the fair Una, who accompanies him,—

"The gentle Una of celestial birth."

The second book describes the exploits of Sir Guion, who represents Temperance; and so on, each book showing the struggles and triumphs of some personified moral virtue. Many short stories from the old romances are woven in here and there; such as the contest with the giant, when he demanded Arthur's beard, to complete the robe which he was making of those manly appendages. No criticism is necessary. It is the greatest poem which the old romances have yet inspired. It is enough in respect to it to call to mind the fact that Milton, Gray, Thompson, Beattie, and others, read the *Faerie Queene* as a preparation to write, because of its exquisite melody and perfection in rhythm.

Perhaps Michael Drayton's verse, celebrating Arthur's feat at Mount Badon, ought to be mentioned.

"They sung how he himself at Badon bore,  
that day,  
When at the glorious goal his British scepter lay;  
Two daies together how the battle stronglie stood;  
Pendragon's worthie son, who waded there in blood,  
Three hundred Saxons slew with his own valiant hand."

Shakspeare drew little from this source, although two of his great dramas are taken from the same old works in which these romances first appear. In the second part of *Henry Fourth*, act ii. sc. 4, Falstaff enters singing the ballad of Sir Launcelot of the Lake:

"When Arthur first in court began,  
And was a worthy king."

The ballad describes the contest between Sir Launcelot and Sir Turquine, when they "hurtled together like two wild bulls, rashing and lashing with their swords and shields, so that sometimes they fell, as it were, headlong. Thus they fought two hours and more, till the ground where they fought was all bepurpled with blood." And in the second scene of the third act of *King Lear*, the

Fool adds to his prophecy, "This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time."

Among the plays sometimes ascribed to Shakspeare, is one entitled "The Birth of Merlin; or, the Child hath found his Father." The title-page of the edition published in 1662, contains the words, "written by William Shakspeare and William Rowley;" and the German critics, Horn and Tieck, have tried to show that Shakspeare, without doubt, had some part in its composition. But, we believe, very few concur in this opinion. It is quite unworthy of the least touch of his pen. It is childishly extravagant in plan, and no better in execution. A single passage, in which the mythological origin of Stonehenge is given, may be worthy of quotation. Merlin shuts up the devil, his father, in a rock, for some offence of his sooty majesty against his mother. He then proposes to her to retire to a solitary place which he has prepared for her,

"To weep away the flesh you have offended with;  
And, when you die, I will erect a monument  
Upon the verdant plains of Salisburie,—  
No king shall have so high a sepulchre,—  
With pendulous stones, that I will hang by art,  
Where neither lime nor mortar shall be used,—  
A dark enigma to the memory;  
For none shall have the power to number them;  
A place that I will hallow for your rest,  
Where no night-hag shall walk, nor were-  
wolf tread,  
Where Merlin's mother shall be sepulchred."

Milton found the subject of none of his works in the old romances; but that he read and admired them is well known. And when he was reflecting on the choice of a subject which should adorn his native tongue, and which posterity should not willingly let die, he turned toward these, among other things, and doubted "what king or knight, before the Conquest, might be chosen, in whom to lay the pattern of a Christian hero." He refers to Arthur in *Paradise Lost* and in one of his Latin poems; and, in his *L'Allegro*, he characterizes Chaucer by a tale of this kind, when he wishes to

"Call up him who left half-told  
The story of Cambuscan bold."

Contemporary with Milton, and equally remarkable for his immense learning, but an antipode in religion, politics, and modes of thought, lived the author of *Hudibras*. This poem, which takes its name from Sir Hugh de Bras, like Cervantes's great work, could not have existed in its present form, had not the institution of Chivalry preceded it. And, perhaps, this is all that need be said about it. It draws none of its subject-matter from the chivalric romances.

Blackmore, an author now almost unknown, but who gained some reputation in his day, wrote two endless epics, one twenty books long, on Prince Arthur and King Arthur. Dryden wastes a squib on him, and Pope has his shot in the *Dunciad*; but Addison's kind heart dropped a few commendatory words in the *Spectator*. He died in 1729.

Robert Hinkley Messenger, in a poem having the mellowness and richness of old wine, entitled, "Give me the Old: Old Wine to Drink, Old Wood to Burn, Old Books to Read, Old Friends to Converse with," places the Round Table romances in such honorable company, that we must quote one stanza:

"Old books to read!  
Ay, bring those nodes of wit,  
The brazen-clasped, the vellum-writ,  
Time-honored tomes!  
The same my sire scanned before,  
The same my grandsire thumbed o'er,  
The same his sire from college bore:  
The well-earned meed  
Of Oxford's domes,  
Old Homer blind,

Old Horace, rake Anacreon, by  
Old Tully, Plautus, Terence lie;  
Mort Arthur's olden minstrelsie,  
Quaint Burton, quainter Spenser, ay!  
And Gervase Markham's Venerie;  
Nor leave behind

The Holye Book by which we live and die."

Much space ought to be given to Scott, since many of his works partake so largely of the spirit of this old literature. No man loved more, or could better describe, the glittering armor of knights, the sweet influence raining upon them from ladies' eyes, the dancing plume, the streaming scarf, the spear in rest, the rush, the shock, the overthrow, and all the gay splendor

of the tournament. We think that *Ivanhoe* contains the best prose description of a tournament ever written. And the warm light of the old romantic literature lies upon all his works. The only one, however, in which he has drawn directly from the legends of the Round Table, is his *Bridal of Triermain*. The poem tells two stories—one a pretended (or real) account of his own love, courtship, and marriage; the other, a true tale of chivalry,

"Of Britain's isle, and Arthur's days," which, at intervals, he relates to his bride. The hand of Arthur's daughter—"a slip of wildness"—is made, according to a promise before her birth, the prize for which the knights of his court contend. The dropping of her scepter is to conclude the contest, and declare the victor. Blood flows in streams, and death whitens many a countenance; and still the obstinate beauty will not lower her hand. At length, Merlin, fearing that none will be left of all the famous band, rewards the maiden for her cruelty by throwing the mantle of sleep upon her, and bearing her away to an enchanted castle, where she can never be awakened but by the kiss of some daring knight. After "many a hundred year," Sir De Vaux forces his way through opposition of every kind to the place, where,

"Deep slumbering in the fatal chair,  
He saw King Arthur's child."

The kiss is given, and with a crash the whole castle vanishes; but

"Safe the princess lay—  
Safe and free from magic power,  
Blushing like the rose's flower,  
Opening to the day."

Some passages in this poem are very fine; but, as a whole, it is much inferior to Scott's more popular works. The few lines which describe the maiden's effort to resist Merlin's spell of sleep paint an exquisite picture; and what follows, when she yields to its influence, and

"Slow the dark-fringed eyelids fall,  
Curtaining each azure ball,  
Slowly as on summer eves  
Violets fold their dusky leaves,"

is all very beautiful.

It would be impossible to convey anything like a correct idea of Wordsworth's romance of the Water-Lily, without reading some portion of the poem. Though walking but once in this field, he moves with the sure step of a master, as he does in the field of classic mythology in *Laodamia*. The daughter of the Egyptian king, on her way to Arthur's court to become the bride of one of his knights, is drowned in a storm by the very shore of Britain. She is borne by two swans through the air to the court at Caerleon, and the burial service is just about to begin, when Merlin discovers, by his glass, that some good will result by first determining who would have been her husband. And he tells King Arthur, that,

"approaching one by one,  
Thy knights must touch the cold hand of  
the virgin;  
So, for the favored one, the flower may  
bloom  
Once more: but, if unchangeable her doom,  
If life departed be forever gone,  
Some blest assurance, from this cloud emerg-  
ing,

May teach him to bewail his loss,  
Not with a grief that, like a vapor, rises  
And melts, but grief devout that shall en-  
dure,

And a perpetual growth secure  
Of purposes which no false thought shall  
cross,  
A harvest of high hopes and noble enter-  
prises."

The trial was made, but no responding sign was perceived, until Sir Galahad stepped forth.

"He touched with hesitating hand,—  
And lo! those birds, far-famed through  
Love's dominions,  
The swans, in triumph clap their wings;  
And their necks play, involved in rings,  
Like sinless snakes in Eden's happy land.  
'Mine is she,' cried the Knight;—again they  
clapped their pinions.

"'Mine was she—mine she is, though  
dead,  
And to her name my soul shall cleave in  
sorrow.'  
Whereat, a tender twilight streak  
Of color dawned upon the Damsel's cheek;  
And her lips, quickening with uncertain  
red,  
Seemed from each other a faint warmth to  
borrow.

"Deep was the awe, the rapture high,  
Of love emboldened, hope with dread en-  
twining,  
When to the mouth relenting Death  
Allowed a soft and flower-like breath,  
Precursor to a timid sigh,  
To lifted eyelids, and a doubtful shining.

"In silence did King Arthur gaze  
Upon the signs that pass away or tarry;  
In silence watched the gentle strife  
Of Nature leading back to life;  
Then eased his soul at length by praise  
Of God, and Heaven's pure Queen,—the  
blissful Mary.

"Then said he, 'Take her to thy heart,  
Sir Galahad! a treasure that God giveth,  
Bound by indissoluble ties to thee  
Through mortal change and immortality;  
Be happy and unenvied, thou who art  
A goodly Knight that hath no peer that liv-  
eth!'"

The nuptials are immediately performed, and a chorus of invisible angels break forth in a beautiful carol above their heads.

One of our American poets has sung of knightly exploits. And he has taught us the noblest of lessons in the sweetest of words. Lowell's *Vision of Sir Launfal* is an apple of gold in a picture of silver. We need not give the plan of a poem which is so familiar to all. It is founded on the romance which relates the search for the Holy Grail, and teaches what is true charity—that

"The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,  
In whatso we share with another's need,—  
Not that which we give, but what we share,  
For the gift without the giver is bare."

The two descriptions of summer and winter, which appear in the preludes, are among the finest in the language. Take this for a June day:

"And what is so rare as a day in June  
Then, if ever, come perfect days;  
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,  
And over it softly her warm ear lays."

And not even Chaucer, whose pages are so full of beautiful things about the birds—for a sparrow's song would fill his heart to overflowing at any time—has excelled this:

"The little bird sits at his door in the sun,  
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,  
And lets his illumined being o'errun  
With the deluge of summer it receives

His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,  
 And the heart in her dumb breast flutters  
 and sings;  
 He sings to the wide world, she sings to her  
 nest,—  
 In the nice ear of Nature which song is the  
 best?"

We mention but one more author, Alfred Tennyson, who has drawn more largely from the romance literature than any other poet of the present day. Our words will be very few; for, to discuss at all satisfactorily those only of his works which are founded on the old romances, would require, not a paragraph, but an entire paper. What must at best be left so incomplete, may as well be passed with slight notice.

The Lady of Shalott and the fragment on Lancelot and Queen Guinevere, are examples of a wonderful perfection in finish and rhythm; but not better than Sir Galahad, one of the most exquisite of Tennyson's poems. Indeed, the whole material in which his muse works takes on a finish like Carrara marble. The *Mort D'Arthur* is a poem by which one may test his love of poetry. If he fails to appreciate it, he may safely conclude that something is wanting. It follows closely the original story,\* frequently preserving even the words. If the prelude to it is anything more than a pleasant fiction, the poem is the eleventh part of a great epic, the first ten parts of which were destroyed by the author, as unwor-

thy of the subject. And if they possessed anything of the merit of the part which he has given us, we have much to regret in their loss. That they did not, is by no means certain; for, notoriously, authors are incapable of judging of the relative merit of their own works.

The *Idylls of the King* is the last and longest of Tennyson's poems drawn from this source. The stories are told with his usual finish and felicity of expression. Although the name of Arthur is scarcely mentioned, it is evidently intended to represent in him an ideal of a perfect ruler and gentleman, or, to use his own verse,

"A selfless man and stainless gentleman."

It is the same sentiment which is met constantly among the early collections of these romances. We found somewhere this sentence: "And in short, God has not made, since Adam was, the man more perfect than Arthur."

The romances themselves—for, surely, a single word ought to be said in reference to them—though somewhat monotonous, cannot fail to interest one who has kept still in his breast a fresh child's heart, uncontaminated by the wise follies of the world—who still loves to read fairy stories, and all such precious, good-for-nothing stuff—whose heart, like our autumn woods, even in sunless days, has a sunshine of its own. We hail such an one as a brother, and wish him joy.

#### A KNIGHT IN ARMOR.

THERE are few subjects of deeper interest to us, and few that present greater difficulties, than the precise relation in which man stands to that creation, which was assigned him by the Creator as his domain, and which "groaneth and travaileth in pain together" with him in a common cause and a common hope of redemption. When little was known about the lower creatures, judgment was easy; but as information increased and wonder after wonder was reported concerning the rare powers and strange sagacity of many animals, increased interest led to deeper research, and finally skill, instinct, and even reason were assigned to certain

families. The most recent theory, the favorite of German savants, is to divide all created beings, endowed with animal life, into classes independent of their outward form and nature, according to their inner, psychical life.

There can be no doubt that the universe was created not for man alone, but for that "whole creation" with which he finds himself by divine will indissolubly connected. But this great world is not equally open to all, and its unnumbered inhabitants are most variously endowed with means of contact. Some have numerous organs by which they place themselves in communication with the world

around them; others appear almost hermits, unwilling to enter into relations with others. But it is evident, even to the superficial observer, that no outward organs are ever given without an inner sense to render the perceptions of the former useful. How the connection is established between the outer sense and the inner reflex is a mystery of mysteries in the most perfect of beings, in man himself—how much more in the animal of whose soul we know so little! This secret belongs to the things which were too wonderful for the wisest of wise men, to the “way of an eagle in the air, the way of a serpent upon a rock, the way of a ship in the midst of the sea.” It is the secret which has led the materialist, in his despair, to deny the existence of a soul altogether, which makes the trifler content with the term Instinct, that says nothing, and which leads the faithful believer to the one great source from which alone come wisdom and knowledge.

This much, however, has been ascertained, that each organism is fearfully and wonderfully adapted to the life of the owner, and yet also in complete harmony with that part of the outer world with which it is placed in rapport. Organism, soul, and world, constitute thus an indissoluble trinity, and nothing excites the marvel of the student of natural history so much as the infinite wisdom displayed in this union. The smallest of infusoria is, considered in this light, as perfect as the eagle that soars in the clouds and gazes undazzled into the face of the sun. Every class is equally perfect in itself; no instinct ever grows, no powers of discrimination are developed; man, animal, and plant are, as far as their relations to nature are concerned, made, once for all, after a perfect pattern. *Poeta nascitur, non fit*, is here as true as in poetry. But with every class new powers are seen to be given, new bonds established between their inner life and outer nature. The worm in our intestines discerns nothing but food or starvation; the butterfly knows colors, the eagle distinguishes men and animals, and man himself knows the

past and the future as well as the present.

According to this principle, the lowest animals are those which know least and distinguish least; others, more favored, have more numerous points of contact with the world, and the highest orders distinguish, comparatively speaking, all that surrounds them. As there are even among men whole classes who cannot hear certain very high notes, or see some of the colors familiar to others; as some minds soar freely and intelligently into the highest regions of thought, while others are unable to rise above the common things of the earth, so there are, no doubt, still higher beings around us, who discern much that escapes our duller senses and our inferior mental powers.

But where is the line to be drawn, and what symptom is to be chosen as the standard by which to measure the rank of each class of beings in the great realm of nature? Here it has occurred to some of our savants, that, with all the marvelous diversity of form and endowment, no creature yet comes forth fully made and developed, when it first enters the world of life. All, on the contrary, must begin at the lowest end, and painfully, slowly, make their way upward. Man himself, made after the image of the Most High, and but a little lower than the angels, begins his career as an almost invisible atom, a shapeless egg. Nor is he alone in this. Every living being commences the earthly existence as a germ or an egg, and is then asleep! Here was found the common feature of all creation—sleep. Sleep is the first condition, from which dates all life. It is not death; for there is in sleep already some power of discernment, not from reasoning but from sensation. Men and animals alike turn towards heat when they feel cold, and towards the cold air when they are hot, although in deep sleep. A person, fast asleep, carries instinctively, as we call it, the hand to the point where he is unduly touched. Others, suffering from thirst, will go to drink and yet never awake nor remember afterwards what they have been doing. Man, being the

highest, shows also in profound sleep the finest distinctions. When two persons suffer or do the same thing in their sleep, they yet act not alike but show even then the difference in temper and character. Sleep, however, is almost passive and the child of darkness. It has nothing in common with light, but shares with its brother Death the love of night. There is but a short step from sleep to death—do we not all fall finally asleep, when we leave this earth? Hence sleep has no active powers; vegetation, reproduction, and nutrition alone continue as long as it holds the living being captive. Now there is a class of animals who sleep during all their life; to awake is to die for them. These are the lowest in the scale of beings; they merely exist, feed, and reproduce themselves, but their soul is dormant. Such are intestine worms, beautifully made in their adaptation to their peculiar mode of life, but doomed to live in eternal darkness and seclusion. Bring them to the light, let the free air of heaven blow upon them, and they die at the instant.

The dreamer is no longer fast asleep. His fancy is excited and certain powers of his inner being are actively engaged in forming images of the real world without. But not the imagination alone is at work; there must be more, since it is possible to make mistakes in dreams. The impossible is strangely mixed up with the possible. The dreaming hound runs madly after the fox without advancing; the horse becomes excited in dreams, and snorts as if it sniffed the battle from afar. Men perform mental feats in their dreams, of which they would be incapable when awake, and even the Lord spake of old in dreams to his favored children on earth. Dreams, however, are as yet nearer to sleep than to waking life; they prefer, if not absolute darkness, the more genial twilight. They represent the first budding forth of the tree of knowledge. Hence children begin to dream in their earliest infancy—some say they dream in their mother's womb. But their activity is as yet dim and instinctive; they see the outer world only as through a bright-

colored veil and respond only faintly to impressions from without. As a pressure upon certain parts of the body produces invariably the same dream, so appeals to the ear are understood by the dreamer; he replies to them or he embodies them in his dreams. Hence his intelligence is at work; he is by turns a king and a beggar; and the dreaming animal, like the cat under the influence of valerian, evidently uses its highest powers. Here also the correspondence with the state in which large classes of animals perform all their functions is striking. They live in a dream, and become only vaguely conscious of their relations to the outer world.

Higher than the dreamer stands the somnambulist—not the man with the diseased mind and disordered functions, who is exhibited to a gaping crowd by a charlatan—but the man endowed with the mysterious gift of performing, while apparently asleep, actions which require the wisest judgment and the soundest reflection. His condition is no longer merely passive; he becomes active, and the outer world is evidently quite apparent to him, though he walk with closed eyes. He writes at his desk and arranges his books, or he milks his cows and carries the pail indoors; he walks on the frail gutter hanging from the eaves of a house or along the brink of a precipice, where no waking man would dare to venture. There are somnambulists who even speak through half-closed lips, and answer rationally to well-considered questions. The link, which here connects the outer world with the inner consciousness, is as yet altogether beyond the ken of man, since even the senses are locked in apparent sleep, and yet impressions are made on the mind and the heart.

There is a large class of animals, those most intimately in contact with men, who are genuine somnambulists. The bee builds her cell, the ant works at her house, the bird fashions his nest by some such power. It is this manner of life which, no longer a sleep nor a dream, but neither as yet a full waking activity, makes them cling to man and attaches



the horse and the dog to their owner. It is this mysterious power, which we most commonly call instinct, by which the brute knows its owner, discovers untaught the remedies it needs, when sick, and which finally culminates in the second sight ascribed to dogs and to horses.

The highest state of life which we know is the waking life, in the full blaze of noon. Man himself, capable of becoming a Plato or a Newton, and striving to follow the example of Him, who became the Light of the world, still sleeps and may be a somnambulist. But he does so only because his body requires it, and the inspiration of the poet, the energy of the statesman, or even the determined will of the lowest amongst us, gives us strength to remain awake for days and nights together. Man alone forms this class of created beings, and yet he dreams of still higher modes of life, given to invisible fellow-creatures of his, whose existence he merely presumes, but whose influence he is willing to acknowledge under the name of evil spirits or guardian angels.

Whatever the merit of such a division may be, there can be no doubt that it leads to a more careful investigation of what may not inaptly be called the inner life of animals, and as we have seen that this is invariably represented outwardly by corresponding organs, it lends a new interest to the study of certain individual characters among the different classes. As we have on a previous occasion endeavored to sketch the life of one of the best-endowed of higher animals, we propose here to give an outline of one of the lowest, in whose remarkable form and strange character we yet find new evidences of the Supreme wisdom that made him also useful to others and endowed him with sources of happiness and simple enjoyment.

He dwells far down in dim twilight, among sorrowful brethren, whose homes are the dark earth and the great deep. There is no beauty of color in the dismal waters in which he spends his checkered life; there is no comeliness of shape to be

seen in his friends and neighbors. The bright light of heaven never penetrates to the dark caves in which he makes himself a rude home after his own fashion, and weird, wayward life surrounds him on all sides. The diver comes back to the welcome day above, his heart beating high with fearful excitement, and his fancy filled to overflowing with quaintest shapes and hideous horrors. Misshapen lumps of quivering flesh, bloated bladders shining in sickly colors, oddly twisted ribbons with gloating eyes where you least expect them, roll blindly and limbless through the murky waters. Sharp pricks threaten on all sides, long slimy threads slowly and silently wrap themselves around the intruder, and fearful arms of great length, and set with long rows of suckers stretch eagerly out to catch the welcome prey. Here glassy, colorless eyes stare with dull imbecile light, there deep blue or black eyes glare with almost human sense and unmistakable cunning. And all this world of beings is incessantly at strife; through every submarine bush and thicket glide hosts of fierce, gluttonous robbers. For the calm of the sea is a treacherous rest, and under the deceitful mirror-like peace reigns eternal warfare. Infinite, unquenchable hatred seems to dwell in the cold, unfeeling deep, amid the "things innumerable, both great and small, that are there."

It must needs be a comfort, therefore, to many denizens of the great deep, to be well protected against the restless spirit of destruction. Happy are the tiny sea-snails, and the countless mussels, who dwell in safe houses of marvellous beauty, presenting to the astonished eye such a variety of turrets and cottages, of staircases and winding passages, of pinnacles and buttresses as were never dreamt of by human architect. There is an endless variety of stony flowers, now waving to and fro amid the silent currents of the ocean, now rigid and firm forever, when left by the short-lived owner. But all these present but the gorgeous mosaic of the great submarine palace; the animal within has little to attract us, and when

we draw them up from their dark homes below, it is the house only we value and not the tenant.

Far different is the case with the knight in armor, who leads a strange life, not without humor, in their midst, and blushing bright red for his disgrace adorns our table. His undersized cousin, a mere landlubber, is the familiar crawfish, who dwells in deep miniature caves, next-door neighbor of the bald-tailed water rat, beneath the overhanging network of willow roots and elder bushes on the banks of little streams and brooks. He also is always armed cap-a-pie; his helmet and cuirass in one piece, but the heavy armor below skillfully jointed together and ending in a graceful finlike rudder. The heavy burden is borne by numerous pairs of stout feet, a very host of legionaries painfully pushing forward the weighty machine that rests on their broad shoulders. Before him he bears on high a sharp pair of shears; the first foot has been changed into a hand, consisting only of a first finger and thumb, but clever beyond expectation in seizing and holding whatever it may desire. By the side of the bold prick which adorns his nose, as knightly horses wore of old a steel point above the nostrils, rise the two long, lithe feelers, and upon two delicate pillars appear the bright, black balls of his eyes, twinkling and twisting with ludicrous energy towards all sides. Far down in his innermost recesses he hides a precious stone, the precious gift of Æsculapius, resembling, with the aid of a lively imagination, a human eye, and endowed with magic powers. The common people, especially the lower Russians, still use these so-called stones for many medicinal purposes, and gather thousands of poor crawfish on the banks of the Volga, to die a miserable, slow death in the burning sun, merely to extract from them the highly prized "white eyes."

Thus strangely accoutred and formidably armed, the hermit broods all day long in his dark home, a dreamer in every sense of the word, and a child of dim twilight; for when night begins to lay her dark mantle upon the earth, he sallies

forth, and, in spite of his weighty armor and his ungainly shape, he swims about swiftly and catches many a frog or sleeping fish. Even the water-snail, in its firm, well-secured house, falls an easy prey to the great warrior. But, alas! he prefers the dead body of an animal to all other dainties, and where a poor pike has died a natural death, or a trout has been left wounded sorely by a heron, a whole host of crawfish are soon seen to revel in the feast. Nor do they spare one another, and like many a savage tribe of Africa, they also relieve the sick and the aged of their race from the troubles of life by despatching them speedily.

Little valued in this country, the crawfish is looked upon as a dainty dish on the continent of Europe, and hundreds are caught during the bonny month of May, on every creek and every river. But it is not easy to take hold of him; he slips treacherously between your fingers, and if you seize him by one of the claws, he gives it up heroically, like another Scævola, and flees backward into his home. The unwieldy body seems all of a sudden endowed with marvellous agility; he bends the broad tail like a well-tempered spring under the body, and beats with it the water so powerfully that he darts through it like an arrow. His ear is prominent and powerful. The crawfish is the lowest animal endowed with a distinct organ of hearing, and careful observers insist upon it that he is a lover of music. More certain is his love of light, for he is generally caught at night by means of a burning torch; and still more susceptibility does he show for the electric powers of nature, for when a thunder-storm breaks out, he rushes forth from his safe retreat and rages wildly about, as if he feared the end of the world, and vainly sought for a place of refuge.

But what is this pigmy after all to the giant cousin in distant ocean? The lobster is a true knight in armor, fully equipped and of colossal proportions. Some have been found nearly a yard long, true mammoths of long gone-by days, with enormous rods for feelers, and feet covered with knotted hair, while on

their broad back a close carpet of mosses and mushrooms had clad the ancient ruin, and snails had found a safe home!

His armor shines like blue steel, unless he should have found a home on rocks strongly impregnated with copper, when his new coat assumes the livery of the sea and changes to green. It is one of the mysteries connected with this strange animal, that he turns bright red when boiled; for no satisfactory explanation has yet been found of the change, and it is not even known whether the new color is the result of a mechanical or a chemical process. Painters love him, therefore, and there are few still-life pictures of the Dutch school that have not a lobster in the foreground, now blue amid bright-colored flowers and vegetables in the centre of a market, and now brilliant red by the side of a sparkling glass of wine, and crowned with finely contrasting parsley.

His home lies far down at great depth in the briny waters near rocky coasts, from which he rises only occasionally to lay his eggs and provide for his posterity; for the crustacea have, almost all, curious fancies about that time; the nautilus fastens himself to the back of a sea-turtle and travels on this safe conveyance through the wide world, while another crab sets forth alone and often wanders over enormous distances. It may be remembered that one of these eccentric creatures was picked up by Columbus in the open sea, when he was yet eighteen miles from land, and gave new courage to his despairing crew, as they saw in the encounter a sign that the new continent was within reach. So true is it that the smallest of beings in His hand may gain an unforeseen influence on the gravest events that regulate the welfare of mankind. He produces eggs, the so-called berries which enrich our lobster salad, and carries them for a while attached to finger-like projections on the lower surface of his tail. These receptacles, in the male animal but short and imperfectly developed, are in the female quite large and full of clusters of eggs during the season. Hence the fishermen

know at a glance the sex of their prey, and value their capture accordingly. But the lobster represents in the sea the mar-supial tribes of the land, and as the kangaroo carries her newly-born young in her pouch, the lobster also keeps the tender offspring for a while under the secure shelter of the broad rudder-like tail. The eggs are amazing by their number, for not less than twelve thousand have been counted in a single female, and yet the enemies are so numerous and so voracious that, without this gift of parental affection, bestowed even upon a creature so low in the scale of beings, the race would have long since become extinct. They love their young very manifestly; for the younger Buckland tells us, in his *Curiosities*, that fishermen of Cornwall frequently see lobsters surrounded by their young, even when already over six inches in length. Or the mother would be noticed lying with her head peeping from under a rock, with her large claws extended, while the young ones were playing merrily between them; when danger approached, the old one would rattle her claws and the young ones at once seek shelter under the rock.

The numerous legs are but feeble and barely able to drag the heavy armor slowly over the ground, but far down in his own element, the lobster glides rapidly over the rocks and reefs. His many-linked tail, well jointed and yet extremely pliant and agile, possesses great power, and with a single blow a full-grown lobster will dart to a distance of fifty feet and instantly escape pursuit. To aid him in his movements, he is endowed with a marvellous instinct, which enables him, though moving backward, always to hit exactly the entrance to his little cave, distant as it may be and barely large enough to admit his body.

The lobster, however, is not only larger and stronger than his cousin on shore, but he shows also superior faculties. Far from all tendency to cannibalism, he lives in friendly union with his brethren, and often joins a merry company on a common excursion to distant seas. When in his warfare strength does not avail him,

he resorts to stratagems and shows great cunning. Thus he never despairs of conquering the stubborn resistance of shell-fish; patiently he lies in wait for hours and hours, until the poor animal, lured into security, timidly opens the shell. Quick as lightning, he shoots up and places a tiny pebble between the two valves, and the oyster surrenders. Nor is he less susceptible to electricity; for the thunder of the clouds or the roar of cannon affects him in his remotest caverns, so that he wildly rushes out and in his terrible fright casts off his claws. Freebooters are reported to have taken advantage of this idiosyncrasy, to threaten poor Norwegian fishermen with the firing of their guns, if they were not willing to share with them their loads of lobsters.

Their claws are the result of a most ingenious and yet marvellously simple device of nature. The first foot is inserted sideways in the second, and thus forms a kind of shears; the changed foot becomes, of course, unfit for locomotion, but in return extremely useful in seizing the prey, in resisting an attack, and overcoming an enemy. With them the common lobster also carries food to its mouth, and skillfully skims the water to catch all particles of food that may float on the surface. These claws, as well as the feet, can be thrown away under the influence of fright, or be lost in the heat of the combat, without causing pain or special discomfort. The mutilated animal runs away on the remaining legs as if nothing had happened, and soon sees a new limb replace the lost one; nor does the cast-off claw seem to be much missed until a substitute has grown out again. The latter, however, is never the same size as the old one, and hence lobsters are so frequently found with one claw much larger than the other. Here, also, we cannot help admiring the benevolent wisdom which has endowed animals so constantly in danger of having their limbs snapped off by countless enemies, and yet so entirely dependent on them, with the power of reproduction. The time for the latter is not always the same; it depends much on the warmth of the season and the sup-

ply of food, as well as on the part which has been lost; the tail is never replaced, and the animal that has lost it dies without fail.

But by far the most interesting feature in the life of the lobster is the change of his armor. This coat of mail is of one piece, and consequently incapable of extension or alteration; hence the lobster, having once grown up to the size of his house, could never hope to grow beyond the tight uncomfortable garment of his youth, if an all-wise Providence had not provided a way, by which he may change his armor at least once a year. At the proper season, generally towards the end of spring, when food is plentiful, the knight begins to feel ill at ease in his close armor, and seeks some dark cleft in the rocks, or other dark place of retreat, where he may undergo, in seclusion and security, a change that exposes him to great suffering in body, and much danger from abroad. Here he begins to agitate his limbs, to move in violent contortions, and to swell out his body. After a little while the shell bursts, like the cracked bark of a tree, splitting exactly down the centre of the head portion, so that a slight pull would tear the two parts asunder. The shell then comes off in two halves, exactly as the cuirass of a modern cuirassier or a Horse Guard's man; then follows more pulling and jerking till the legs also come out, and at last the tail even follows the example, and slips out quietly, like a hand withdrawn from a glove. But the process is not so easy with the claws, broad as they are at the end, and very narrow at the points of juncture. Fortunately the flesh of the animal has become, at this season, quite soft and as elastic as India-rubber; by long continued efforts the broad hand is drawn slowly through the narrow wristband and soon spreads out again into its former shape. Sometimes, to be sure, an impatient creature pulls too suddenly, or too violently, and the hand remains in the glove, but they seem to mind the loss but little. When the whole operation is over, which generally takes three days, the knight sinks into a state of utter exhaustion; the

limbs are so soft and limber, that they bend like pieces of wet paper, and only on the back the flesh has retained some firmness. Yet not a particle is wanting; every delicate feeler has shed its outer coating; the eye has lost its covering, and even the stomach has cast out its lining membrane. A shining secretion moistens the whole body and helps during the painful process.

Now the poor animal wants rest, and, above all, a place of perfect security; for he is a knight in armor no longer, but utterly helpless and defenceless. After a few days, however, the outer covering begins to harden, and in a short time the happy lobster, about one-fifth of his size larger than before, enjoys the bliss of being young and beautiful once more, and feels, in his bright and strong armor, no doubt, as happy as a lobster well can feel. What would man not give for this most enviable power to renew the outer coat from time to time, and even to restore the stomach to primitive power and freshness!

Now he sallies forth, once more, armed cap-à-pie, and ready to encounter all adversaries and to overcome all enemies.

He is starved, and fearful is the havoc which he makes among small fry, and all weaker animals that can serve him for food. Now also he shows the most marked evidences of the acute sense of smell with which he has been endowed. Nine miles out at sea, says Buckland, off Lyme-Regis, in Dorsetshire, there is a ledge of chalk rocks which abounds in lobsters, and here this remarkable instinct has been most accurately observed. They will smell a putrid object, down in the water, at a distance of more than a hundred yards, and when a shipwreck occurs, it becomes at once known to the horrid epicures. A vessel thus once perished off the island of Portland and many persons were drowned; soon afterwards a great number of prawns and lobsters were noticed in those waters, and hundreds of the latter were caught. The good people of Weymouth refused to buy them, as they were suspected, and very justly, to have fed on the bodies of the drowned people, but they did not hesitate to send every one of them to London, for the benefit of those who knew nothing of their sad history!

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### THE DIVINE CHILD.

SUGGESTED BY RAPHAEL'S FAMOUS PICTURE OF THE MADONNA DI SAN SISTO IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF DRESDEN.

TREMBLING I hold a little hand  
On childhood's sunny height,  
And try to look across life's sea,  
Whose waves are now so bright.

My boy's fair locks, of amber hue,  
Are filled with morning rays,  
And eagerly his eye looks forth  
To greet the coming days!

The breeze, which comes across these waves,  
Breathes gently on his brow;  
And fresh and pure the cool, sweet winds  
Of life play round him now.

His hand is restless held in mine,  
He strives to leave my side,  
And longs to dip the shining oar  
In yonder flashing tide.

His eye discerns no threatening cloud,  
Filled with the lightning's wrath,  
For over life's tumultuous waves  
He sees a shining path.

But thou, fair child, of birth divine,  
 Whose hand sweet Mary holds,  
 Dost watch the rising storm of life  
 No other eye beholds!

Athwart the glory of thy brow  
 The cross its shadow flings,  
 And in thine ear, attuned to praise,  
 The cruel death-cry rings.

Each step before thee, of thy way,  
 From cradle to the tomb,  
 Is plain to thy prophetic eye,  
 With all its pain and gloom.

And e'en thy sleep, dear blessed child,  
 By vision is oppress'd,  
 For thou canst see the piercing crown—  
 Though on thy mother's breast!

Unchildlike boy! in thy deep eye  
 Divinest wisdom lay,  
 Yet thou didst never seek to shun  
 Thy sad and lonely way.

Thou didst not stand upon the brink  
 Of this dark sea of life,  
 Unknowing what its griefs must be,  
 And what its bitter strife!

Thou wast not lured upon these waves  
 Deceived by dazzling gleam,  
 Nor didst thou seek for earthly bliss  
 In joy's unruffled stream.

O, holy child, I kneel to thee,  
 And kiss thy blessed feet,  
 For thou didst walk with willing step  
 The scourge and cross to meet!

#### REMINISCENCES OF ENGLISH LAWYERS.

##### MR. JUSTICE MAULE.

PROBABLY the best known of the English judges of late years was Mr. Justice Maule. His well-known figure, his gaunt sallow visage, his bright piercing eyes, the whole of the lower part of his face covered with a thick muffler—for he suffered continuously from asthma—out of which came out a hollow, deep voice, broken by a hacking cough—will not soon fade from the memory of Westminster Hall.

He was a profound lawyer, and it is related of him, that once when on his circuit—for the fifteen judges of England divide the land for a progress three times a year, to try both civil and criminal

causes in the provinces—Judge Maule decided a very important case at Manchester, which was brought up to be reviewed in Error before the Court of Common Pleas, consisting of the Chief Justice and three others, beside himself. It is usual for the judge who tried the case to take no part, but Maule, when all his colleagues affirmed his reading of the law which came by a recent statute, "The Municipal Corporations Act," elaborately argued against his judgment, which he said upon mature consideration appeared to him to have been wrong, and the case being carried up to the Supreme Court, the whole bench of fifteen gave judgment on his second argument against his first.

But his mind was irresistibly inclined to the comic. I remember a young councillor, with a first brief, asking leave of the Court for a commission to issue to examine witnesses. "For a what?" said Maule. Now lawyers write commission short, thus, common; so the young lawyer, looking on his brief, said, "A common, my Lord." "Are there many of your witnesses?" "O yes, a great many." "Then take Salisbury Plain."

On another occasion Justice Maule was trying a case between a silk handkerchief manufacturer at Macclesfield, and his agent in London, who pleaded that the goods were not equal to the sample. The plaintiffs replied that, by a custom of the trade, well known to defendant and acquiesced in, the top piece was always better than the body of the bale. On which Maule said, it was a custom that ought to be done away with, like another we were very familiar with in London—the strawberry trade—where the top fruit of the pottle by no means represented the bulk.

But perhaps the best specimen of his caustic humor was shown in a trial which excited a great deal of interest in London, from the character of the parties engaged. A firm of well-known lawyers had sued a client, on a bill for services performed by them in the way of their profession, and given, as is required by English law, one month's notice of action. They proved incontestably that the instructions to proceed were given to one of the partners, who had long transacted their client's business, that he had done all that was required in its working, which was satisfactory to the client, and that the charges made for all this were reasonable and fair, according to the scale and custom of the legal profession, and closed their case. There was no case for the defence; but the advocate was not unmindful of an old maxim of the Courts, which says, "When you have nothing to say abuse the opposite attorney," and as in this case the opposite was not only an attorney, but also the plaintiff, the orator went at him with a will. He opened with the ordinary repugnance of ignorant

men to the chicaneries of law, and showed the sound reasons which induced all good men to beware of bad professors of it. Then, warming in his eloquence, he denounced the facts of this instance, and finished by saying that the confidence reposed by a client in the breast of his attorney was one of the most sacred trusts ever committed by one man to the breast of another, and the man who could turn such a deposit to his own personal and pecuniary advantage, ought to be repudiated by the common honesty of all mankind. In fact, cried the orator, I cannot characterize such conduct as that of a man, but of a fiend. Justice Maule quietly asked, Did he call any witnesses, and being answered in the negative, at once turned to the jury-box. "Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "the counsel for the defendant has branded the action of the plaintiff with the name of a fiend. Now the only fiend known in a Christian country is the devil, and there is an old proverb, well known to us all, which enjoins us to give the devil his due. I find the due in this case to be the sum of £87 14s. 6d., which you will be kind enough to give the plaintiff by your verdict, gentlemen;" which was done accordingly, at once, and without turning round to deliberate, amidst the roar of the whole Court, in which, however, Justice Maule did not join, even by a wrinkle in his face.

Poor Maule, after his sixteen years of full service had expired, was pressed to resign. His intellect was in full vigor, and his bodily infirmities, though great, did not interfere with the execution of his duties, as was apparent to every one. He protested that his removal would kill him, as he should have nothing to do, and he was too old to bear transplanting; but he yielded, and his prediction was fulfilled. Othello's occupation was gone, and he died three months after. Peace be to his ashes.

SIR FREDERICK THESIGER, ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

No one who has once witnessed the elegant manner of Thesiger, Lord Chelmsford, can ever forget the grace of his ad-

dress to the jury. Thesiger was a midshipman in the Royal Navy, and there is a legend that when a mere boy he carried the celebrated letter of Lord Nelson at the battle of Copenhagen, which Nelson refused to send till he had sealed it with wax, that no one should say he had been hurried. Certainly, to look at Lord Chelmsford, one would hardly suppose it possible, for his hair is still black and luxuriant, and his tall figure upright and pliant, and in his domestic and political life he is the same, ever courteous and friendly; and probably no man at the English Bar has made and retained so many friendships. He has always been an expensive man, and at one time reports were current that he was seriously embarrassed. At that time Sir David Dundas was Solicitor-General, and in court pushed a letter across the table to Thesiger and immediately rose and left. Thesiger read it, as well as picked up a bank cheque for £2,000, which fell out of it, and rushed after Dundas, who positively refused to receive it back, saying he was rich and a bachelor, while Thesiger had a large and expensive family. In vain Thesiger assured him he did not need his generous aid, and that the reports were wholly unfounded. Dundas insisted, and Thesiger was obliged to pay the money into Dundas' banker's hands, as he could not get him to take it.

His witticisms were always piquant. Once when Godson, member of Parliament for Kidderminster—a hot, vulgar demagogue—was vaunting the pleasures of his country house, where he had been taking a week's pleasure during the vacation of the court, and saying he had enjoyed himself so much in making 'ay, Thesiger said: "While you were about the alphabet you might have made an H or two, for you want them sadly, Godson." Again, when sitting in the Judicial Committee of the House of Lords, Campbell, who expected a new appointment as Lord Chancellor, was fidgeting over a whale fishery case, until he could stand it no longer, and begged the Committee to excuse him, as he had an appointment with a high official per-

sonage, Thesiger said: "Is it quite fair, Campbell, you should leave the whales to go and look after the seals?" which, by the way, Campbell did to good purpose, for he got them, and died in harness at the ripe age of 82: the same time allotted to his great chief, Palmerston, who died in the full vigor of intellect and master of the position.

Thesiger was particularly ready in court, and generally won his verdicts by happy points, over even his superiors in legal knowledge. Such was his conduct in a case which made some stir among the Clubs of London, on a question of liability. A fraudulent arrangement for wines having been made by the steward and a wine-merchant, they were obliged to subpoena one of the committee, who alone have the right to order goods for the Club, this particular member of the committee having been alleged to have ordered the wines. This gentleman had no special knowledge of the wine, and did not believe it was either ordered or received; but they risked putting him into the witness' box to prove the liability of the Club. Thesiger remained perfectly passive, but when the oath was about to be administered he rose and said, "This gentleman is liable to the whole debt as a member, and I require he should be indemnified." The bait took, and the plaintiff's counsel handed the witness a release in full of all claims from the action. Upon which Thesiger demurred that the whole action was barred, for a release to one partner was a release to the whole firm, for goods supplied to all of them in common; and the court so held it and directed a nonsuit.

In another case, where an old woman had been induced by the relative with whom she resided, to give him her property away from her more immediate and legitimate heirs, who sued him for its recovery, alleging undue influence and conspiracy, there happened to be a small boy of 13 or 14 years old, a son of the defendant, to whom the old woman confided her sorrow and her repentance, and who blew up the whole story in court. The defendant, a very sanctimonious



shoemaker, was called to contradict his son, and stated the case in the most diametrically opposite complexion. Thesiger rose to cross-examine him. "You have heard, sir, the evidence given by your son here in court?" "I have, sir, God help me." "His testimony is now precisely the same story as he told you and others immediately on the occurrence of the old lady's death?" "Alas sir, it is so." "And you swear that it is wholly false and unfounded?" "He is a bad boy, sir." "Then, I suppose, when you found him telling such a wilful and wicked lie against you, you took a stick and thrashed him well?" "God forbid that I should lay my hand upon my son." "What! did you say nothing to him in condemnation of such abominable misconduct?" "Oh, sir, yes. I chastised him severely." "How! I thought you repudiated laying a finger on him?" "With my tongue, sir, with my tongue." "In fact," said Thesiger, "you *licked* him;" and the sneaking scoundrel was laughed out of court and lost his case.

It is as well to add that Lord Chelmsford is one of the most honored of the Judicial Committee of the House of Lords, the highest judicial tribunal of Great Britain; that his son won the Victoria Cross, and is one of the most distinguished of the Crimean army officers; and that his daughter, Lady Inglis, accompanied her gallant husband in his heroic defence of Lucknow, during the worst period of the terrible sepoy mutiny in India in 1857.

#### MR. JUSTICE WILLIAMS.

Among the many curious characters that successful competition brings to the front of the bar of England, there never was one more remarkable than the late Mr. Justice Williams—"Johnny," as he was nicknamed in the very earliest days of his practice at the bar, and as he was called in affectionate remembrance, when he was on the bench, and after he had been gathered to his fathers, after many years of faithful and laborious service. "Johnny" was a Welshman—an entirely self-made man. He owed nothing to birth, friends, fortune, or even to the

graces. He was a little, dry, ugly, cantankerous, caustic, choleric fellow, who to his friends alone showed the bright, kind, and generous side of his character—the kernel contained in his very rough husk. But his principal characteristic was his sound and unvarying common sense. This was illustrated in one of his earliest contests, which arose in this wise.

The Recordship of Liverpool is one of the great prizes of the bar. This post is always held by a Queen's counsel of high standing, and requires the possession of no mean order of intellect, as well as thorough knowledge of judicial practice as well as dignity. In Johnny's day it was filled by Gilbert Henderson, one of the kindest, most educated, and dignified men that ever graced that proud position. He had an instinctive horror of trickery and baseness, and when in a case that was tried before him he unfolded the baseness of an attorney, who had been discovered during the conduct of it as having been guilty of misconduct of that kind in no small degree, Henderson withered the man by his well-merited scorn and disapprobation. The attorney waited for Henderson outside his retiring-room after the cause had been decided and the court had been closed. He began by excusing himself and tendering reasons for his conduct. Henderson bowed. The attorney got angry. Henderson never uttered a word. At last the man broke out, and Henderson quietly walked past him without a syllable, upon which the man screamed, "You blackguard! I'll"—but before he had time to speak out what he was going to do, Henderson seized him by the shoulders and swaying him round gave him a tremendous kick behind and left him. The attorney rushed home and commenced an action for assault and battery.

Scarlet was at that time Attorney-General for England, and one of the most finished advocates that the bar ever produced. He is, by the way, the original of Mr. Subtle, of Warren's immortal story of "Ten Thousand a Year." The attorney retained Scarlet as his counsel in the case, and the pleadings went on. When

the trial was approaching, Gilbert Henderson went to Johnny. "Williams," said he, "Scarlet is coming down to the Assizes at Liverpool to conduct that case against me, and I want you to undertake the defence for me." "It is quite impossible and absurd, Gilbert, to pit me against such a giant of advocates as Scarlet," said Johnny. "I am no orator. Get Dundas, or any of the other fellows, who would be only too proud to serve you." "Look here, Johnny," said Henderson, "I do not want any oratory, or indeed advocacy in my case. I want common sense, and no one has got more of it than you have. We are friends, and if I am satisfied in putting myself into your hands you ought to be." "Well, if you will have it so, you must take the consequences," and Johnny took the brief.

Imagine the court crammed to suffocation. Not only the citizens of Liverpool crowded to hear a case, regarding so nearly their chief magistrate, but the bar were on the tiptoe of expectation. Nor did Scarlet belie his well-earned reputation. In a speech of three hours' duration, he exhausted every artifice of his well-stored repertoire of legal tact and learning, and glozing over the difficult and tender parts of his case he sailed away in a triumphant burst of eloquence to his conclusion, and sat down, saying, "Such, gentlemen of the jury, is my case."

Johnny, who had sat immovable in his fuzzily wig, with his dry leathery face twisted in knots, not even cross-examining a single witness; and, apparently, an indifferent spectator—though he had watched Scarlet like a cat does a mouse—rose at once and said, "And, gentlemen of the jury, such is my case. When one gentleman chooses to call another gentleman a blackguard to his face, it is an immediate kick on the breech and a farthing damages all the world over." And he gravely reached a pen from the table and wrote on his brief, "Verdict one far-

thing," which the jury at once gave him, telling the Judge that their minds were made up without the case being carried further.

Scarlet used laughingly to say, It was the biggest beating he ever had during his forty years' experience of forensic chances.

Some years ago a terrible tragedy was enacted in London between two officers of rank—brothers-in-law—who fought a duel in the neighborhood, in which one of them was left dead on the field. The surviving principal and the seconds fled from justice, but a doctor of the regiment, who was on the spot and was taken, was tried, and Johnny was the Judge whose turn on the *rota* it was to try him at the Central Criminal Court at the Old Bailey. The Common Sergeant of London—a judicial officer who has the charge of the Criminal Court and who sits in judgment with the Judge of Assizes—told me that he found Johnny sitting in his robe waiting to be summoned to the bench, and with his funny bright eyes glancing out of his voluminous wig. "Good morning, Bullock. Are they going to try that unhappy doctor for murder?" "Yes, my Lord; you see the act was a felonious one, fighting a duel, and when death results all persons concerned are indictable, the agents as principals in the first degree, and the aiders and abettors in the second." "I do not see," said Johnny, "why a man who was there for the purpose of saving life should be tried for his life." "Well, my Lord, such is the law of England." "Put the case," persisted Johnny; "suppose the Archbishop of Canterbury had been there for the purpose of administering *extreme unction* to the man who died; would you hang him for that?" And though Johnny's *supposition* showed that he was no great theologian, his common-sense view of the law prevailed with the jury, who acquitted "the unhappy doctor," to Johnny's great satisfaction.

#### PALESTINE EXPLORATIONS.

THREE hundred years ago, science took no interest in the Holy Land, and all that Christians cared to know were the few

localities to which pilgrimages could be made, without asking whether these sacred places were what they claimed to be.

Now there is a strong desire called forth, in God's providence, from the heart of mankind, carefully to explore that land where "the documents of our Faith were written," and the most momentous events of human history were enacted.

The successful excavations in Egypt and Assyria, in Athens and Rome—countries having far less hold on the great heart of the race than Palestine—have strengthened this desire. It has received, perhaps, its most prominent embodiment in the labors of our countrymen, Drs. Smith and Robinson. Since their researches the interest has spread beyond the religious to the scientific world; as contributions from the treasuries of scientific societies, and the personal interest taken in Palestine researches by such men as Owen, Layard, Rawlinson, and De Vogüé, abundantly testify.

The object of this paper will be simply to sketch, from published plans and reports, the history and prospects of the explorations made, and now in progress, under the direction of the Palestine Exploration Fund.

The origin of the recent movement was the generous resolve of Miss Burdett Coutts, of England, to supply the city of Jerusalem with water, at her own expense. In order to determine how this could best be done, it was found necessary to make a complete and scientific survey of the city, which had never been made, and this was ordered done under the direction of competent men. Out of this generous individual undertaking arose the proposal of Mr. George Grove, to form an association for the accurate and scientific investigation of the whole land. Accordingly, at a public meeting called in London, June 22, 1865, by Mr. Grove, the Archbishop of York, Dean Stanley, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Mr. Layard, and others well versed in Biblical and Oriental subjects, such an association was formed under the name of the Palestine Exploration Fund.

Its operations are carried on under the direction of a Committee, comprising members from both houses of Parlia-

ment, including clergymen of all denominations, eminent men of science, and leading men of different sections of the mercantile community; thus giving the best security to those who contribute to this Society, that the explorations it proposes will be thoroughly made.

The lines of investigation marked out by the Committee are four.

1. The pursuit of archæological researches by means of excavations, copying inscriptions, making plans of ancient edifices and ruins, taking accurate photographs of monuments and other objects of antiquarian interest.
2. An accurate topographical survey of the country, so as to fix localities and distances, and furnish a correct description of the general aspect of the country.
3. The observing and describing of the flora and fauna; the geology and meteorology of the country.
4. The collecting of authentic information, as to the manners and customs of the native population of Palestine.

In the last two lines of investigation nothing as yet has been done, because the Committee have not the means.

In the prosecution of the other objects of investigation, Captain Wilson, of the Royal Engineers, who so successfully conducted the ordnance survey of Jerusalem ordered by Miss Coutts, was sent out, in company with others, on a preliminary expedition, to make such a general survey of the whole country, as would enable the Fund to fix on particular localities for further investigation. This exploring party landed at Beyrout, and proceeded to Damascus. Thence they travelled south through the land, constantly occupied in the survey of the country, from December, 1865, to May, 1866.

The result of this expedition was the construction of a series of detailed maps, (one inch to the mile) of the whole central part of the country from north to south, between Beyrout, Banias, and Hebron, by means of which several important questions about the locality of places have been nearly, if not quite satisfactorily answered. Certainty was, also, almost, if not altogether, reached,

as to the site of Capernaum at Tell Hum, and Chorazin at Kerazeh. The disputed points about the junction of the Jabbok with the Jordan and the course of Wady Surâr, were likewise settled.

Materials were also obtained for making about fifty plans, with detailed drawings of tombs, ancient churches, synagogues, mosques, temples, cities, and other sites of great interest. A large number of inscriptions, (several of them previously undiscovered) have been copied. One of these inscriptions is in Hebrew, and several are in the Samaritan dialect. Interesting information was also gathered concerning the synagogues of the Holy Land. Dr. Robinson makes allusion to these synagogues belonging to the Christian era, or later; but Captain Wilson and his party have furnished the first reliable account of their arrangements and construction. So far as discovered, these are oblong in shape, and entered by three gateways. The interior space is divided into five aisles, by four rows of seven columns each. The exterior wall is adorned with pilasters and a cornice. The style of their decoration varies; sometimes the capitals are a mixture of Corinthian and Ionic, and sometimes they have a peculiar character in architecture. The lintels over the gateways are variously ornamented; one bears the representation of the seven-branched candlestick, and another of the Paschal Lamb. A pot of manna and the lamb decorate the gateways of the White Synagogue at Tell Hum. But the usual ornaments of these buildings are a scroll of vine leaves and bunch of grapes.

In excavations little was done at Jerusalem beside discovering that the gate Gennath, (so called) which was supposed by some to be connected with the question of the course of the first wall of Jerusalem, is a comparatively modern structure, and that the passage from the gate el Burak, in the Haram wall, was doubtless one of the entrances of the Herodian Temple.

The excavations on Mt. Gerizim were more extensive. In the ruin called "the Castle," the foundations of an octagon

church were laid bare, probably the one known to have been built on Gerizim, (about 487) by Justinian. On the eastern side of this church is an apse, on the northern, the main entrance, and on the other sides doors leading to small side chapels. In the interior are piers of a smaller octagon, apparently intended to carry a dome. Both church and "Castle" were found to be built on a rough platform of large stones laid together without mortar. Of this platform, on which the old Samaritan Temple may once have stood, the so-called "twelve stones" form a part. No trace of large foundations were found on the southern portion of this platform. Near the "Holy Rock" of the Samaritans, human remains were dug up, but no clue was obtained to their age or nationality.

On the return of Capt. Wilson to England, his report excited great interest in the Christian and scientific world. Accordingly a second expedition was organized under the direction of Lieut. Warren, R. E., an accomplished engineer of large experience in similar work in Algeria and Gibraltar, which is still at work.

Beginning operations in Feb. 1867, he made his last report at the annual meeting of the Fund in London, June 11, 1868.

During this time he thoroughly surveyed the Philistine plain, as far south as Gaza, together with a large tract of country s.w. of Jerusalem; also that part of the Jordan valley lying between Kuru Surtabeh and the Dead Sea, and an extensive mountainous region lying to the n.e. of the Dead Sea.

Of the ruins in this last region, at Jerash (Gerasa) Es Salt (Ramothe Gilead) Amman (Rabbath Ammon) he sent home a large collection of interesting photographs, which, with antiquities, sacred and domestic, with specimens of natural history, and all that can be gathered from the Holy Land to illustrate the Bible, are to be kept in a "Biblical Museum" at London.

But Lieut. Warren's main work has been confined to excavations in and around Jerusalem. The working force, by which they were carried on last sum-

mer, was two corporals of Engineers and about 70 Mussulmen of various races. The difficulty of managing these Mussulmen is not small. But by means of a good dragoman, Jewish overseers, and parties of three working together, one a Nubian, and the other two fellaheen from hostile villages, "we create," says the Lieut., "such a jealousy that anything going wrong easily crops out."

The smaller objects discovered in the excavations are, so far, very few; consisting chiefly of bronzes, nails, coins, pottery of many different dates, and glass, apparently of the third and fourth centuries. The coins are generally Cufic, though a few are Hebrew. One exceedingly interesting relic was found, near the s. w. angle of the Haram Area, 22 ft. below the surface—a seal inscribed in Hebrew, "Haggai the son of Shebaniah," supposed to be of the time of Ezra.

In prosecuting these researches Lieut. Warren has made excavations at the Damascus Gate, the Hospital of the Knights of St. John, on Ophel and along the south wall of the Haram Area, and in the Kedron and Tyropœon valleys.

(1) At the Damascus Gate, outside of the wall and just east of the road, there was discovered a wall, 10 ft. 6. in. in thickness, running east and west. Beveled stones, like those at the "Wailing Place," were found in this wall, mingled with those of later date. This, and the fact that at the foot of the wall there was found a stone with a Templar cross on it, indicate that the wall belongs to the Crusaders' time. (2) The digging at the Hospital has, thus far, resulted in nothing but "confusion in the shape of old walls running at each other in all directions," and the reaching of rock 70 ft. below the surface. (3) At the s. e. angle of the Haram Area, Lieut. Warren discovered that the foundations of the present wall rest on solid rock, 53 feet below the surface, so that the present wall now stands at the immense height of 130 ft. above its rock foundation.

From the same angle of the Haram Area, he discovered and traced for 300 feet in a south-westerly direction, a wide

wall which must have enclosed Ophel. Under the triple gate of the south wall and below the level of the underground arches of the Haram Area, Lieut. Warren came upon an aqueduct, leading northerly, and apparently filled up, in order to furnish a support for the arches above. It has been suggested that the entrance to this aqueduct may be the water-gate mentioned by Nehemiah. (Neh. iii. 26.)

(4) The excavations in the Tyropœon valley are mainly at three points; the s. w. angle of the Haram Area, Robinson's Arch, and Wilson's Arch. At the s. w. angle, 40 feet along the south wall, the excavations laid bare the side of the wall. After the first ten courses of stone, the face of this wall is unlike anything seen above ground at the present day. The stones appear as when brought from the quarries, roughly dressed into three faces, projecting, in some cases, 18 inches beyond their bevells, 4 to 6 inches wide. And these stones are fitted together with such superior workmanship, that the blade of a knife can scarcely be thrust into the joints. The height of the wall, at the s. e. angle, is also marvelous, being 180 feet above the bottom of the Tyropœon; thus confirming the hitherto doubted statement of Josephus, who says of the lofty portico along the south wall, "if from its roof one attempted to look down into the gulf below, his eyes would become dark and dizzy, before they could penetrate to the immense depth."

At Robinson's arch, by a series of shafts sunk across the Tyropœon, there was found, *in situ*, a handsome pier of beveled stones. Between the base of this pier and the wall, 40 feet east, there is a pavement on which are resting the fallen wedge-shaped stones of Robinson's Arch. For 23 feet below this pavement, nothing was found but masonry and *débris*. Then came a cutting in the rock, 13 feet deep and 6 feet wide, running north and south, apparently for carrying off the water: on this are lying the *voussoirs*, or wedge-shaped stones, of an older arch. "Originally, it would seem," says Warren, "that when this arch was de-

stroyed and so filled up the gully some 20 feet, a new bridge (Robinson's Arch) was built, and a pavement made under it, in order to conceal the confused heap of rubbish below." This older arch, coeval with the Haram wall, must have formed the most ancient communication with Zion yet known.

Farther up, the valley is crossed by a causeway at Wilson's Arch. The excavations under it are best described by an attempt to build it up from the beginning, as far as can be judged by existing remains. When it was proposed to connect Mount Zion with Mount Moriah, some important buildings, next the Haram wall, appear to have been arched over from wall to wall, and then again arch upon arch was built, till a sufficient height was obtained for a sloping road from Zion to Moriah, at the height of 120 feet over the lowest part of the valley. At first this causeway was only 20 feet wide, and fresh houses were built on either side. At some later period, it was found necessary to widen this causeway by adding another of the same width, both reaching to the Haram wall within 42 feet. This intervening space was bridged over by one handsome arch, which still exists, and is generally called after Capt. Wilson.

As time rolled on, it seems that this upper causeway was insufficient, and a secret passage, 12 feet high and 14 feet wide, was made on the south, alongside of it. This passage had an arch, and appears to have been used for conveying troops from the west to the Temple, and its lower part may have served to bring water to the same place. If it led from Herod's Palace, then its site may be determined. This passage also appears to be in connection with the first wall of Jerusalem; if so, then the question of the site of the Holy Sepulchre may be settled, and one of the entanglements of the "Eastern question," so called, removed. Whatever the passage may be, it is, therefore, necessary to find out whence it comes, whether from the Jaffa Gate, or the n. w. angle of the city.

(5) Down the Kedron valley, at a place

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called by the Arabs the "Well of the Steps," the ground was opened, and, 12 feet below the surface, the diggers came upon a large stone, which suddenly rolled away, revealing a staircase cut in the solid rock, and leading to a rock-cut chamber, and to an aqueduct running north and south. This aqueduct, 6 feet by 4 feet, was cleared out to the north for 100 feet. From a sanitary point of view, we may suppose it built for carrying off the sewerage; from a military point of view, for secretly carrying off any superabundant water. But, looking into the Bible, we find that the refuse of the burnt offerings was carried down the Kedron by a subterranean channel, and as water would be needed to force it down, it may be supposed that this aqueduct was used for that purpose, and thus will furnish a clue to the Altar of the Temple. Or it may prove the hidden spring of Hezekiah, which, if found, may again supply the city with living water. Only further excavations can settle this and all the other disputed points in Jerusalem topography.

With regard to a "supposed passage" leading from the winding aqueduct which connects the Virgin's Fount and the Pool of Siloam, and going towards Mount Moriah, the statements of Dr. Barclay and Sig. Pierotti, now copied in the articles on Jerusalem and Siloam in "Smith's Bible Dictionary," Lieut. Warren has found to be incorrect. On clearing out this passage for seventeen feet, it was found to be in a straight line with the aqueduct from the Virgin's Fount, and to open into a perpendicular shaft cut in the solid rock. Ascending this shaft, six feet by four feet, for the distance of forty-four feet, Lieut. Warren discovered an opening into a high cavern, whose floor, lying at an angle of 45 degrees, was covered with large loose stones, seemingly just ready to slide. As the starting of one of these stones would have carried the whole mass, with the Lieutenant and his party, to the bottom of the shaft, nearly 50 feet below, the passage over them was very dangerous. After creeping along for 30 feet over this perilous

way, Warren reached a landing-place, where the cavern branches to the s.w. and to the n.w. The s.w. branch was explored for 15 feet, with no results. After the same distance, the n.w. branch opened into a horizontal passage, 8 feet high and 3 or 4 feet wide, with the roof in the form of a depressed arch, all cut out of the solid rock. Along the sides of this passage were loose stones and three glass lamps, placed at intervals, as if to light up the passage to the upright shaft. After 40 feet the passage is crossed by a wall of rough masonry, having a hole just large enough to creep through, and then rises at an angle of 45 degrees. By means of toe-holes cut in the hard soil and pressing against the depressed roof, he climbed up for 50 feet. After crawling through another wall of masonry blocking up the passage, he found himself midway on the side of a vaulted chamber, 20 feet high. On the floor of this chamber he found a little pile of charcoal, as if for cooking, another glass lamp, a vessel for water, and another glazed on the inside, for heating food—thus giving evidence that it had once been used for a place of refuge. In this floor was a pit, 20 feet long and 20 feet deep. Descending into this by means of ropes, he found a smaller pit, 8 feet deeper, in which he saw what he took for a blocked-up passage. Beyond this no discovery has been announced, though this vaulted chamber has been opened from the outside on Ophel.

Now the question arises: Why were these vaulted chambers and passages constructed? Lieut. Warren supposes, with much probability, (though all may not accept his theory) that the Virgin's Fount is one of the fountains closed by King Hezekiah, to prevent "the King of Assyria from finding water." Hence, "this secret passage was made at the time the fountain was closed, in order that, from within the walls of the city, the people could go down and get water unknown to the enemy." On this and other mooted points, in connection with the topography of ancient Jerusalem, the time has not come for definite theories.

More facts are needed, and these can be obtained only by such explorations as are now being prosecuted by the Palestine Fund.

Hitherto, we have only explored the surface, or, at most, only the vaults and cisterns immediately below it, and nothing but confusion and controversy has been the result. Beyond Mount Moriah one cannot mention a name in Jerusalem without encroaching on the field of some dispute. But the excavations of the Palestine Fund have determined a few things of importance, and give promise of determining many more.

In the Tyropœon valley, large chambers and underground passages, hidden for centuries, have been brought to light. The Tyropœon itself has been discovered to be very different from any thing hitherto supposed, viz.: tolerably flat for the greater part of its width, with ample space for the "lower city," of which Josephus speaks, and then suddenly breaking down close below the Temple wall to a narrow gully of great depth, whose lowest point is now proved to be some 60 feet inside the Haram wall.

For 30 years it was a matter of controversy whether the arch discovered by Robinson belonged to a buttress, a bridge, or some unknown adjunct of the Temple wall. Now the uncovering of the opposite pier on which the arch rested, has proved it to be a bridge, and in all probability a magnificently arched bridge, between Zion and Moriah—one of the features of ancient Jerusalem in full view of Christ and his disciples as they went in and out of the Temple. Not till these excavations did we know the impressive grandeur of the heights on which the city and Temple once stood. Now, if the south wall, buried for more than half its depth beneath an accumulation of rubbish—probably the ruins of successive buildings which once crowned it—were bared to its foundations, it would present an unbroken face of solid masonry nearly 1,000 ft. long and for a large part of the distance more than 150 ft. high. Such dizzy heights lend new and startling force to the scene in which the Tempter point-

ed our Lord to the depths below the Temple towers, and give ample justification to the praise which the Psalmist gave to "the walls" and "bulwarks" of Zion.

Enough has been accomplished to warrant us in expecting the most important results, especially in Jerusalem.

In Palestine, the natural features of the land furnish the great attraction to travelers, but in Jerusalem the natural features themselves are concealed under the ruins. Thirty or forty feet below the surface lie the hills and valleys, the streets and fountains, of old Jerusalem. These, still living though buried witnesses of the past, we may recover.

The royal sepulchre of David and of the Kings of Judah, cut in the limestone rock, must also remain hid beneath the rubbish. By a singular privilege granted to David and his family alone, he and his descendants were buried, not like other Jews outside the city, but within its

walls. Not the so-called Tomb of the Kings can be this sepulchre, for it is outside the city; nor the Mussulman shrine, for it has no extended catacomb where the departed kings could sleep, as the Scriptures say, "with their fathers, each lying in glory, and every one in his own house." The last time it was seen by mortal eyes Herod the Great broke it open for its treasures. "May it not be worth hoping for," says Dean Stanley, "that it is reserved for our age to see it once more,—that original of all royal, consecrated burial-places, the first model of St. Denys, of the Escorial and Westminster Abbey."

If we dig deep enough, and explore thoroughly enough, we may reach the very streets Solomon, and a greater than Solomon, once trod; and we may even find the Temple itself, and the fountain within the Temple vault, from which the prophets, and a greater than the prophets, drew their vivid imagery.

#### THE CASTLE-RUIN OF CLISSON.

It was on a crisp, bright autumn morning that we set out, in a "one-horse shay," to visit the remains of what was once probably the most picturesque of the medieval castles of France.

And of all the seasons, Autumn is that which one should choose in which to make a jaunt over the smooth roads and across the gently rising and falling hills of that country; for in autumn both Ceres and Bacchus celebrate their triumph over the yielding soil. You, my readers, whose eyes are rejoiced by the narrow limits of a hot-house graperly, who gaze with delight on a few yards of trellis-work which mayhap surrounds the paternal cottage, clad in their limited wealth of vines—how would it seem to you to find yourself surrounded by vast vineyards—so that, looking north, south, east, and west, as far as eye could reach, you would behold nothing but limitless fields, hills and valleys, laden entirely with vines and huge clusters of many-colored, luscious grapes? On either side of the road, as we rattled along, hung temptingly the bounteous harvest, just ready to be plucked; for miles and

miles the long rows of vines hung out their luring spoil, and beckoned us "to come and take" so saucily, that continuous mental repetitions of the commandment alone kept us self-denyingly agoing. The air was laden with the delicious perfume of the grape, and seemed to have conspired with the vines to make the temptation yet less resistible.

But we rolled on, adamant, feasting only our eyes; gazing with amazement at the limitless extent of grapes, remarking how the vines spread over many a hill and valley, till they faded into the haze of the horizon itself.

A change even from this monotony of thick-clustering fruit is a relief; and here we are, climbing a steepish hill. Just above the trees at the top is a queer old spire, with its cross and weathercock—modestly musty in its age; and now our one-horse shay begins to bob rudely up and down, for we are entering a village—the funniest old, drowsy, tumble-down village you can imagine—and the angular stones of its single street are at war with our wheels. We are beyond the reach of railways—in the midst of pure



primitiveness. It is a single, jagged street, eccentrically staggering from end to end; we ride along by a line of tottering huts, moss-clad, mud-plastered, and straw-thatched; here, at the further end, is the little hunch-backed parish church, its tower leaning Pisa-like, its cross rusted, its windows shapeless, its roof obstinately undulating, like waves of the sea; and, to complete the picture, and make it a *tableau vivant*, out comes the priest, just as we are passing—a worthy man, to appearance, sleek, kindly, red-cheeked—and doffs his broad-brimmed hat to us. Quaint children, looking for all the world like little old men and women, mites of girls in long caps and with long, waistless dresses, mites of boys in huge hats, jacket and vest, and paternal cast-off boots, are playing about on the little patches of turf here and there, and stop to gaze at us with perfect wonder as we pass. So astounded are they at a civilized being that, when we throw out to them a penny or two, they make no motion to secure them, but stand gaping still. The older inhabitants are quite as curious in appearance, quite as wonder-stricken at beholding two sight-seeing Americans turn up in their tranquil neighborhood. We were doubtless the sole topic of conversation in honest Vertou for the next fortnight.

Out into the open country once more; endless vineyards again; clusters of blue, purple, yellow, red, white—almost a rainbow of grapes; and here there is to be seen something new and interesting. Over in the vineyard we observe a multitude of peasants, men, women, maidens, youths, and little children, huddled together. They are gathering the luscious harvest!

While right here, by the roadside, are piled up the heaping baskets and barrels, the juice prodigally oozing from the crevices, so full that long clusters hang down in festoons or singly over the basket and barrel sides. Ever and anon, a procession issues from the field, bearing hitherward their voluptuously smelling burden. What Stoics they are; for not one of them is partaking! They are as grim-

faced and business-like as if it were coal or raw potatoes they were garnering; not even on the faces of the smallest children is to be described the tell-tale, honest daub of the purple juice!

"Come, we'll have some!" exclaims Wiggles (my fellow sight-seer). How he made the bargain, I can't tell; for he knew not a word of French, and if he had, the peasant's *patois* would have baffled him; but certain it is, that for five cents, he brought back a huge pile of grapes, of all hues and flavors—quite enough to last us the rest of the day. But, however luscious the feast, it effectually deprived us of our delight in seeing the wide-extending vineyards, and as a consequence we reached our destination the sooner; for we made our somewhat crazy-legged horse amble the faster.

The nearer we approached to Clisson, the more beautiful and varied was the landscape. There are many places in Europe well worth seeing, that you do not find recorded in travel-books; and one section which presents many a sweet view, and which preserves, perhaps, more numerous relics of the olden time than any other of France, is this extreme western province of Brittany, in the midst of which stands Clisson. It is about 18 miles due south from Nantes, and is only distant from the coast of famous Biscay Bay about 20 miles; whereas from Paris it is some 300 miles. So, if you go down to Clisson, you get far away from the traveled routes in France, entirely out of sight and hearing of the elegances and politenesses of modern society; and find yourself in the midst of primitive rural districts, which change not from one century to another. This primitiveness, taken in connection with the gentle beauty of the scenery and the old moss-grown castles, the decaying monasteries, the villages many centuries built, with here and there a grim old medieval fortress—in a word, the relics of feudal times—shows you what an interesting ride we had of it.

There was one old castle which we could hardly avoid tarrying at—the *Château de Goulaine*. It is a fine old edifice, surrounded by lawns and vast parks, built in

the 16th century. There is the bust of a woman there, which shows marks of the bullets and bayonets when the revolutionists attacked the Château in 1791; and the interior still bears the evidences of the splendor and luxury in which the ancient barons lived. Here, too, they show you a chamber wherein bold Henry of Navarre, and the Magnificent Louis XIVth reposed their royal limbs.

The way was scattered everywhere with just such interesting places; but by far the most interesting of all was Clisson, which was at the end of our journey.

It would be difficult to find a spot more enchanting than that whereon Clisson stands. Nature seems to have united there beauties of every sort, and significant of almost every age. A most lovely little river glides swiftly, but noiselessly, between two steep and somewhat craggy hills; on one hill-top lies the modern, on the other the ancient, town. Over the river stretches a superb viaduct, modeled after those Roman aqueducts, the ruins of which one sees in the suburbs of the Eternal City; and several others, antique bridges, connect one part of the town with the other. On either side the town stands on the very crest of the hill; while on the slopes, beautiful gardens, orchards and rows of trees, interspersed with terraces, descend to the water. Standing on the viaduct, and looking southward, one sees the river curving in and out, sparkling, and, what is especially charming, wide umbrageous trees lining the banks on either side, and bending over gracefully so that their lower branches sweep the placid waters. A quiet town, nestled in the midst of a luxuriant and striking landscape, parks, and gardens, fountains, orchards, vineyards, here and there statues, picturesque villas, meeting the eye; and on the further bank, grim, dusky, and still frowning, the once stout old castle rearing its crumbling towers!

You have heard much of Kenilworth and its beautiful ivy-clad towers and halls—perhaps you have shed a tear, too, over the romantic tale of sweet Amy Robsart, and her horrible fate. Well, you will be

surprised to hear that this ruin of Clisson, of which you likely enough never heard, (for I don't believe more than a dozen Americans ever beheld it) is far more beautiful than Kenilworth, its towers nobler and more picturesque, its situation far more imposing, its extent much vaster, and the feelings it inspires more romantic and sentimentally suggestive. Besides, its history teems with tragic and romantic stories, as touching, possibly, as that of Leicester's ill-fated bride; and it has played a part in actual events such as few of the old feudal edifices can boast.

I am quite resolved you should take an interest in this old ruin—which is so great a favorite of mine, that I never tire of going there, and wandering in under its crumbling arches, climbing its half-fallen, ivy-covered bastions, sitting beneath the ancient trees in its wide courts, and looking out from the huge and still perfect window of its donjon turret upon the exquisite, almost fairy, landscape below. So, let's take up a tradition or two, and find out a few of the romantic incidents of which it was once the scene; and whose ghost it is that is said to sit and sigh through the long night in one of its darkest and dampest dungeons.

Far back—in days which, to our eyes, appear to be one continuous chain of romances—there lived in the stout old castle, (it was then aged two centuries) a certain stout old Count, who resembled in more than one respect his ancestral stronghold. Albeit bluff, he was also sly; he did not have an over-reverence for truth and honesty, as will appear. Somehow or other, old Oliver became Governor of Vannes, a curious antique town in the north of Brittany. The English, who were then, as later, fond of interfering with their neighbors' affairs, and were eager to get all the power they could over other people, made an excursion into Brittany, and captured Vannes, and stout Oliver, and all his soldiers. Instead, however, of biding his time like an honorable cavalier, the Knight of Clisson sat down with the English General, and coolly agreed to turn traitor, if he should be released. "Do you let me off," said

the perfidious old heathen, "and I'll go down to Nantes, and deliver up to you that town."

And go he did.

Whereat bold Phillip of Valois, then King of France, was mighty wroth; and cast about how to bring stout Oliver to grief. "Aha!" thought he, "I'll beat him at his own game"—meaning he'd give treachery for treachery. So he invited the Count of Clisson to a grand tournament at Paris; feasted him; treated him with superb hospitality—and had him arrested, and his grizzly head lopped off, in the very midst of the festival! Now Oliver had a wife, who was one of the strong-minded women of those days. When she heard that her lord was dead, and that his head was set up on a pillar at Rennes, she took her two little sons, seven and five years old, to that town, and pointing to the ghastly face of their father, made them both swear vengeance. Then she bought and equipped a ship of war, and sailing out upon the sea, heroically declared war against France—this single stout-hearted woman, with a single ship! But a tempest arose, and for five days she was cast about between life and death, and her youngest boy died in the midst of it. Finally she got to land on the northern coast; and there, as luck would have it, she found another strong-minded countess, who, like herself, had vowed vengeance against the French King. Their children were brought up together, and afterward caused much trouble to the common enemy.

But Oliver the younger, heir of Clisson, when he had grown up, and had long acted against the King, was finally reconciled to him, and became, in time, Constable of France, a very exalted office in those days. And now he got into a very fierce quarrel with his neighbor, John of Brittany; and, in order to strengthen himself against him, he espoused his only child, Marguerite, to the young Count of Blois, also an enemy of the Duke of Brittany. The latter slyly suspected a plot against him; so, dissembling his animosity, he thought to entrap Oliver, by inviting him to visit him at

Vannes. The lord of Clisson suspected nothing, and hastened to accept the invitation. One day, during his visit, Duke John said something in this wise to his guest:

"By the by, my lord, wouldn't you like to see my fine castle of Hermine? 'tis but a short distance hence."

"By my troth, I would," responded the trusting Oliver.

So they went to the castle; and when they had reached a dark, grim tower, separate from the rest, the Duke politely asked Oliver to pass in before him. The moment his foot was upon the threshold, the Duke, with a taunting laugh, pushed him in, head over heels; the Duke's myrmidons seized the poor Count and loaded him with chains, and he was like to have had the same fate of his father before him. But the King of France forthwith made war with the Duke of Brittany, conquered him, and so Oliver of Clisson went free again.

This was the most famous of the lords of Clisson, the same who was assassinated in the streets of Paris in the year 1407.

Now for the story of the ghost. I should like to see the old man or child, the young man or maiden, who doesn't like a ghost story! Veritable history tells us that Marguerite, the only child of the Count last described, was alike beautiful and brave. She was one of those heroic women, who, in the olden time, were wont to fight their own battles, and who went to war as gracefully as our mothers and sisters now take to house-keeping. Her husband died when she was very young, so that she was left to defend herself in her huge old castle of Clisson as best she might. 'Twas no light task; for the neighboring barons, who had rather a contempt for female prowess, and were covetous of so noble a pile and so fair a domain, were continually attacking the castle and waging war upon her. The lovely and courageous young Countess, however, *manfully* withstood them; and not only so, but she made frequent attacks upon her enemies in turn. Among those who sought to seize on Clisson was the young Duke of Brittany, son of him who employed the stratagem to imprison Oli-

ver. He was a handsome and sprightly young cavalier, and ambitious withal. In one of the struggles between Marguerite and the young Duke, it happened that the Countess took the latter prisoner, and forthwith had him brought to Clisson, ordering him to be confined in a deep, dark dungeon, several feet thick, and underground. Owing, however, to his high rank, she treated him with more respect than the rest of her prisoners; had him often to sup with her in the banqueting hall above; visited him not seldom in his cell; invited him, occasionally, to the jousts and games which she celebrated in the spacious court-yard of the palace.

The consequence was—can you guess it? What *ought* to happen when two young, beautiful, and spirited people get together?

It *did* happen.

Still, the Duke was kept close prisoner, and by and by his friends came in great force to release him, not knowing that he had fallen in——

The castle was besieged. Marguerite gathered together her adherents and made stout defence; held out grandly. Among her allies was a fierce young Breton noble, who was mightily smitten with her; he soon discovered how matters stood with her and the captive Duke, and resolved to free himself of his rival. So, when the siege was at its height, he slipped noiselessly down to the dungeon, and made an end of the Duke with his poignard.

Marguerite, perfectly infatuated with her love, and unable to keep away from him in the midst of this battle hurly-burly, soon after, in her turn, as noiselessly slipped down to the dungeon, for a brief *tête-à-tête*.

The day passed on; evening came; the foe had been repulsed, and had completely failed to take the castle; when it occurred to the friends of the Countess that she was missing, and had not been seen since noon.

The tradition goes on to say that search was made for her everywhere, but in vain; that the defenders of the castle,

disheartened by her disappearance, no longer fought with vigor; and when, two days after, the adherents of Duke John took the stronghold, they ordered the immediate release of their chief. It was night; and as several knights, guided by a retainer of the castle, and lighted by flickering torches, descended to the dungeon where he was imprisoned, they distinctly heard groans, and then a shriek, issue from it. When they burst open the door, and at the very moment they entered, they distinctly saw a shadowy form, with uplifted hands, which instantly vanished in the wall.

There, upon the damp ground, lay the murdered Duke, ghastly and bloody; right across his breast lay the Countess, her dark hair partially covering his face, her arms about his neck. She was dead. A small dagger, jeweled and enameled, was found, buried deep in her breast. She had destroyed herself! But the shadowy form—the shrieks? Marguerite had been dead two days; 'twas not herself, then, but her phantom!

The tradition ends by saying that from that night, the spirit of the poor self-murdered Countess—the last of the family of Clisson—has haunted that black and dismal cell; that at the deepest hour of night her wails may be heard, and her voice frantically repeating the name of her beloved; and that, occasionally, her shadowy figure is seen threading the decaying bastion, grasping with both hands the head of the Duke's murderer!

This is the ghost story of Clisson, which the primitive folk about the place more than half believe, and which the old crone who shows you through the magnificent ruin tells with so much earnestness and pathos, that if one is at all nervous, he had better not hear it from her lips, for fear of dreams not the pleasantest at night.

Well, the ruin of the Castle where, according to the tradition, the ghost of the fair Marguerite still pursues its troubled promenade, rises straight and majestic from the edge of the little river, so that the main part of it stands on the slope of the hill. It is by far the most striking

feature of the landscape at Clisson; rearing itself, as it does, grim and hoary, just over the old town, and confronting the newer settlement on the opposite bank, as if still to defy modern civilization.

We put up the one-horse shay at the little tavern in the new town, and after indulging in a cozy rustic French dinner, we descended the steep street, and found ourselves on a quaint little old bridge, which bulged out here and there somewhat warningly, intimating very clearly how too old for much more service it was. Right above us rose the donjon keep—the look-out tower—of the castle, still perfect to outward appearance, though we afterward discovered it to be nearly a shell within. 'Twas but a moment's walk to skirt its huge, moss-grown, and dampish foundation wall, to ascend the curious winding street which led to the "way in."

Here was a long flight of broad steps, so steep, too, that we had to pause many times before reaching the summit; Wiggles, who is a very boastful climber, making the excuse for his resting, that he had just dined. Reaching, at last, the top of the hill—where, by the by, we were beset by sundry begging old crones, one of whom horrified Wiggles by seizing his hand, and offering to tell his fortune—we found ourselves face to face with the vast and noble portal of the castle—a stone entrance, ponderously built, elaborately carved, but now nearly closed up by boards. At one side we found a little door, which ushered us at once into the court-yard of the castle. I do not think that any one, who has not seen one of these venerable feudal castles, has an idea of their great extent. Why, you might build a good-sized New England village in this court-yard where we stood. It was irregular, and covered with a soft, velvety lawn of grass, interspersed by large and wide-spreading trees. On all sides of it were the superb ruins of the castle, which enclosed it everywhere; and how beautifully were the ruins wreathed with the ivy and kindred parasites, with long and gracefully hanging mosses, and shrubs growing eccentrically

out slantwise from the crevices! Here was a moat and ancient drawbridge; there, a beautiful arch, leading to the remains of some noble apartment; here again, a high tower rising up, only two, or perhaps three of its sides remaining, with its grim loop-holes still menacing the country around, and of its chambers, only the great open fire-places, one above another, left; in another corner would be a black-looking aperture, which, if you approached, proved to lead, by a narrow flight of steps, to pitchy dark and rankly damp dungeons; on another side, built a little above the court-yard, stretched a broad and ornamented terrace, where knights and dames of yore, mayhap, were wont to walk in the moonlight, and plot wars, or tell soft tales of love.

The two of us were already, in fancy, transported far back into the bygone centuries, when we were recalled to the nineteenth century by the nasal *patois* of a withered old dame, who came out of the little porter's lodge, with a bunch of heavy keys at her girdle, and addressed us:—

"Aha! Isn't it a noble *château*, good gentlemen?"

I knew well enough what she was after; there's nothing like knowing "the customs of the country;" so, after assenting to her obviously just remark, I expressed the hope that she would *chaperon* us about the place. Whereat she, delighted, nodded, gave a satisfied jingle with her keys, took a huge pinch of snuff, cleared her throat, and began, parrot-like, to tell the same story which she had told, nobody knows how many hundreds of times before; namely, a history of the castle, the adventures of the two Olivers, and the ghost episode of the fair Countess Marguerite.

"And that," said she, pointing to a great oak which stood nearly in the centre of the court, "is the tree under which the fair dame plighted her love to Duke John of Brittany."

"Ah, that's the tree, is it?" said Wiggles, to whom I translated the valuable information. "Well, then," added he, taking our basket of cold chicken and ale,

and placing it just under the historic tree, "if that's the case, we'll lunch under it."

You will have some idea, alike of the extent and the interest of the old castle, when I tell you that it took us some two hours to go over it. The old dame was prolix, and in her way kept us informed of the significance of every apartment, corridor, and tower which we visited.

First, we passed over an old drawbridge, which spanned a moat now for centuries dry; so on under an exquisitely carved arch into the "banqueting hall." Here, but faint indications remained of the once superb apartment, where the medieval barons were wont to hold orgy and carousal, to pass, with merry shouts, the wassail cup, and to sit mellow after their repast, and listen lazily to the war and love songs of the troubadour and minnesinger. The four walls were still standing, and in the centre of the further wall might still be seen the huge open fire-place, "eighteen feet by nine," as we were assured. There was the chimney, still intact, making a huge vein from the fire-place to the top. There was no roof; the sun shone down uninterrupted into the ruined chamber; and where was once a thick oaken floor, now grew, half-choked by the fallen stone, brick, and plaster, shrubs and weeds, and here and there a wild flower—the only feasters in the long-forsaken banquet hall. One could discover where, along the walls, rude frescoes and more elegant cornicing had been; and the windows, arched and crossed by heavy, rusted iron bars, were still sufficiently preserved to show how luxurious was the taste of the rude old feudal lords. Beams protruded abruptly from the broken walls, showing where the edifice (for, indeed, the castle consisted of many entirely separate edifices) had been divided into upper and lower stories. On clambering up to one of the windows and crouching in it, I was able to measure the thickness of the wall, and found it to be *ten feet!*

Out of the "banqueting chamber" we passed through a very small door at the further end, and found ourselves in a passage so low that we had to stoop to go

along in it. It was dark as pitch, and presently, the old crone lighting a match, we found ourselves at the top of a narrow flight of steps. Descending these we came upon a *secret passage-way*, and going some distance emerged into a garden below the castle. This was where the old Knights used to come in and out when they wished to do so secretly. Next, we visited the boudoir of a dame of the olden time, and by a door leading from it we passed into her sleeping chamber. 'Twas now a cold, dreary place enough; the leaves of the trees which shaded its narrow windows had fallen within for many autumns, and completely covered the floor (or where the floor once had been) of the boudoir; and there was a pile of them quite up to the window-sill. Of course the plastering was mostly gone, and the rude wall protruded here and there; yet there were not wanting evidences of the luxury in which the little apartment had whilom been fitted up. The window was adorned by stone carving, and looked out upon an extensive and lovely landscape; and now and then appeared a broken piece of cornice, or, in patches of plaster, faded paint, showing that the room had been frescoed. On one of the walls was a square panel of oak, still glossy, with a pious inscription cut in it. How this room brought up to one's fancy glowing pictures of the olden time! We imagined all sorts of forlorn maidens, pining for love, languidly gathering up their tresses in the little boudoir, or perhaps kissing their tapering hands to some gallant, far beneath the castle walls! Or it might have been that some old Countess, who had offended her lord, was shut up here, till her spirit was properly tamed to obey the conjugal will—indeed, I think the old guide mumbled some such story about it. We then visited the kitchen—the veritable old kitchen where the feasts of the olden barons were wont to be prepared! You may well believe it did not much resemble our prim New England kitchens; it was a gloomy, dungeon-like apartment, with a brick floor, and huge holes in the wall where the great fires used to burn, and cook

enormous haunches of venison, quarters of beef, and entire pigs; otherwise there was little of interest to detain us.

Passing through the ancient castle garden, which was laid out on the top of a high, broad bastion, and was surrounded by turrets, our conductress led us to a door, which she unlocked, and from which we descended, on an inclined plane, underground. The passage-way was pitchy dark, and there was a damp and stagnant smell about it; every now and then we found ourselves wading through puddles, or slipping about in slime. It was a long passage, I should say several rods in extent. At last the guide told us to stand still; and, lighting a long wax taper which she had brought with her, she showed us that we were standing in a close, narrow dungeon, perhaps ten feet by ten. A single slit in the thick wall was the only opening, except that by which we had entered. The walls were composed of huge stones, from the crevices between which trickled little jets of water, which, meeting in the centre of the cell, formed a green, putrid pool. It was a horrid place, full of damp odors and unhealthy air; and so confined that a man could but just lie down in it.

"This," said the guide, "was the dungeon of Duke John, where his body and that of Countess Margaret were found; and here her phantom is said to come at night, to lament over the murder of her lover."

Wiggles looked about—I thought he fancied he should see the ghost; but he strenuously declared he was only trying to read a rude inscription on the wall!

The last apartment which the dame showed us was a large and deep dungeon, where executions used to take place. From an iron ring in the centre of the ceiling hung an enormous iron hook, rusty and bent; how many a poor rebel had swung from it in the cruel old days of the barons! Why, the fierce lords of Clisson used to hang a man as easily as they would eat their dinners, and enjoy it as much; let one of their servants neglect a duty, or be insolent—let them but make a batch of an enemy's soldiers, and this

dark dungeon and ominous hook was sure to be their fate. Just above was a little round room where the barons sat in judgment—where they held their court, without law or jury; and a great stone seat still remained, upon which the lord of Clisson himself was wont to sit.

But one thing, that interested us as much as any other, was the genuine old well, which they used so many centuries ago; it stood at one end of the court-yard, under an umbrageous elm, was built of very large stones, and was very deep, and the moss and creepers which hung over it and all along down its sides as far as eye could reach, gave it a very venerable and picturesque appearance. Just beside it was the ancient trough, where the gallant steeds of the barons were wont to drink; it was a very ponderous affair, of stone.

And what use do you suppose they make of it now—this antique trough? When we came to it, we saw a great lubberly peasant boy hopping frantically up and down in the trough, from one end to the other; by its side, on the ground, stood a large bucket. Approaching, we discovered the trough to be full of grapes, and the bucket nearly full of grape-juice. The boy was "pressing the vintage;" that's the way they make wine. He had on thick wooden shoes; and when, a moment after, he jumped out of the trough, he fell to wiping the mashed grapes which clung to them on the ground. Then, his shoes all dirty and grassy, he got back into the trough again and pursued his work.

"And so that's the way they make wine here. Hu-um!" said Wiggles, turning away with a disgusted look. "Come, let's have some lunch. Those dirty shoes have taken all the romance out of me."

"But not your appetite? Insatiable palate!"

"Now," said Wiggles, seating himself under the historic tree, with an expression of infinite complacency, and drawing the cork of a bottle of ale, "Isn't it lucky I brought ale, instead of wine?" Then a sudden and terrible doubt seemed to seize him.

"But I say, Tom, do you know how I hope I have given you some slight  
*ale is made?*" idea of one of the most interesting spots

I reassured him on the point, and we I have ever visited; but if you find your-  
left the castle in a kindly spirit, having self in its vicinity some time, don't fail  
lunched. to go and see it.

◆◆◆  
A BARGAIN.

HE asked me for the choicest gift

'Twas in my power to give;

I could not say my lover nay,

And so I bade him live

Within my heart.

O, loving heart!

Thy faith on faith was stayed;

On bended knee, he promised me

A price—he has not paid!

He pledged his honor, and his truth,

To love till death should part;

With love he bought the prize he sought,

And thus obtained my heart.

O, happy time!

O, happy clime,

Through which we idly strayed!

What joy was ours, as through the flowers

A fragrant path we made!

But soon we reached the outer edge

Of this our Eden land;

Where love had reigned, and haply feigned

To do the King's command.

O, loving heart!

O, trustful heart!

How was thy trust betrayed!

With love he bought the heart he sought,

—But has the price been paid?

If I should live a thousand years,

I ne'er again should know

The same regret; or could forget

Those days of long ago,

When first my heart,

This foolish heart!

Its choicest wealth displayed;

With love 'twas sought, with love 'twas bought,

—But has the price been paid?

The careless tone—the unkind word—

The changed and chilling mood,

Are these the things affection brings,

To prove its promise good?

O, foolish heart!

Be loth to part

With love, though love entice;

So sharp a trade with hearts is made,

That few will pay their price!



## THE BOOKS WE READ.

If, as has sometimes been said, the laws of a nation indicate, with much accuracy, its progress in civilization, and intellectual and moral culture; the remark, we think, might now be made with more pertinency of its current literature. For whatever may have been true of the legislation of past times, it certainly would not be safe at present to draw very broad inferences concerning the real condition of a people from the laws enacted by their legislators. The rich and influential in the community have come to regard modern legislation much in the same light as did King Philip of Macedon the walls of the cities he wished to conquer. It was enough for him, he said, if he could only succeed in making a breach in them large enough for an ass laden with gold to pass through. And this is all that now seems necessary, in most instances, for either an individual or a particular interest or party, to secure just such legislation as the exigencies of the occasion may require. The barriers and defences of law are of but slight account when a bribe—which may assume as many shapes as the fabled Proteus—can find so ready a passage through them.

But the books of a nation are at this day a more reliable index of its character than its legislation. Here comes into operation the great law of demand and supply. Books are produced, as a rule, to meet existing and known wants. This is not, however, invariably the case. Some are written more to gratify an author's love of fame than at the behest of the public. A young poet, for instance, feels that he has only to display his genius in print in order to win the renown of a Byron, a Tennyson, or a Longfellow; and the result is, he spoils many reams of white paper, and assures the book-stalls of a new supply of heavy stock. Other men have succeeded in convincing themselves, and believe they can convince others, that their opinions on matters of finance, philosophy, or government are of importance to the world, and must therefore be embodied in a book, which will hand down their name to posterity. At least

the burden lies so heavy upon their hearts, that they can find no rest until a public judgment is passed upon their pet theories; and should they fail to secure that wide recognition to which they think their opinions justly entitle them, they can safely count upon the praise of a few admirers. This of itself is a sufficient stimulus to their industry—an ample reward for their efforts. Others still, cherish the belief that they have a peculiar aptitude to shine in the field of fiction, and the result is that they contribute to swell the long list of novels that make up the huge auction catalogue.

But such writers as these are no proper index of the popular demand for current literature. Still it will not do to pass them over in silence, or ignore their existence. Their individual significance may be small, yet the aggregate is by no means contemptible. They indicate the rills, however obscure or turbid the fountains from which they take their rise, that help to swell the great stream of literary production. Their vagaries may not inaptly be compared to the comets of the solar system, completing while slightly disturbing it. At intervals their odd or fanciful opinions, especially if connected with the subject of religion, ignite the tinder element in society much as a spark will the dry leaves of the forest, and produce a combustion more or less extended. Sometimes these work sad havoc among the weak-minded, and those of unstable principles, but possibly harming only their authors.

A journalist is oftentimes entertained, but more frequently saddened as he notices the books which are submitted to his critical judgment. He soon learns that, as a general thing, their external appearance betrays somewhat their internal character. For books have a physiognomy as well as men. There is the ponderous 8vo in black muslin, containing a serious discussion of grave themes—an elaborate commentary on Scripture, or perhaps a compendious history—which belongs to the conserva-

tive, aristocratic class of books, and which will be honored with a conspicuous place in the library of the theologian or scholar. There is the subscription book, portly and plethoric, reminding one by its large, staring type, of an octogenarian with his big spectacles, seemingly very wise and profound; or the sprightly looking, gilded volume, in blue, or green, or red, and for which we have a personal friendship growing out of long familiarity, and to which we feel like saying, in the language of Webster to the veterans of Bunker Hill, "Venerable men, ye have come down to us from a former generation." Then there is the spruce 12mo, which we at once see was designed to be read with ease, at the fireside or in the railroad car, and treating of some matter of popular interest, but in its dark muslin covers leaving the critic quite in the dark as to its real merits, and forcing him to do as much at least as to read over a single chapter before expressing an opinion as to the nature of its contents. These may stand as the type of a class of men, who with closed lips are often a difficult problem to their neighbors, and whose words are necessary for the revelation of their true character.

Then comes another class that is known at first sight, the 12mo novel, with a profusion of tinsel, and infinitely varied in shades and color. These are the dread of critics who have any conscientious estimate of the value of time. They form, however, an interesting study for the philosophic mind. Such an one knows full well their general worthlessness, but he knows also that they form the staple reading of thousands; and as he sees with what eagerness they are devoured by the youth of both sexes, he can scarcely repress the frightful calculation of the amount of money that has been wasted in their production, or the time squandered in their perusal. These serve to entertain their possessors for a few, vacant hours, and are then cast aside like old clothes, which a change in fashions has rendered useless, and on their way to oblivion find a temporary shelter in some corner book-stall.

There is still another class of books, which carry their characters on their very face. These are paper-covered romances or novels, ranging from the modest 12mo to the Victor Hugo huge 8vo, with hues varying from brick to orange, and ornamented or disfigured with woodcuts, portraits, mottoes, &c., designed to arrest the attention and gratify the perverted taste of those who find pleasure in such productions. Books like these—if indeed they deserve the name in their undignified *dishabille*—are on the whole perhaps the most nauseous things for a sober-minded critic to encounter. He instinctively turns away from them. They are not gold leaf, beaten thin from a single grain of the precious metal; they are rather tin foil or lead rolled down to such tenuity that a single breath would rend them, and possessing no intrinsic value. The idea that tens of thousands read such stuff as this by the light of the midnight lamp, to the detriment of sight, health, peace of mind, and frequently principle, is simply appalling. The market should be closed to all such productions. Or if sold at all, they should be labelled, as are certain poisonous drugs, so that no one can mistake their character. Though they contain more opium than strychnine, still wherever they go they can work nothing but mischief. What false ideal worlds do they create, to which the feelings, the tastes, the imaginations and the purposes of the reader adjust themselves! And just in proportion as they accept as real the painted images of the author, are they unfitted for the stern realities of the world in which they dwell. So far as the soul yields to these influences, it becomes distorted and mis-shapen. It creates for itself inevitable disappointments, and the discontent which springs up sours the temper, and disqualifies the individual for the proper duties of life. Many of the heroes of our popular romances and novels are of just that peculiar and impracticable class whom peaceable and orderly society would be thankful to dispense with. It disowns them as models for the everyday expe-

rience of mankind, and recognizes them as simply abnormal, when they are not detestable.

Now works of this kind are not to be ignored or passed by, on the ground that they produce no appreciable influence. On the contrary, it is widespread and disastrous. They are extensively read, as published statistics prove, and as their own soiled and well-worn appearance testifies. Ainsworth's "Jack Shepherd" has made a multitude of heroic thieves, as their own confessions witness, having educated them in their youth to the false belief that the highest virtue is to bid defiance to all the restraints of law, and trample on all the common virtues on which the welfare of society depends. The susceptible age of the readers of this class of fiction, renders it the more pernicious. Were they persons of mature years, or independent thinkers, they might discriminate more readily between the chaff and the wheat. But they are the young and inconsiderate—those whose tastes are unformed, whose characters are still plastic, and who are at that transition period in life, when the impressions received are apt to become permanent, with the strong probability that they will carry their distorted notions through all their future years. They thus become not only unfitted for the responsibilities of practical life, but it will be well if, dissatisfied with their condition, and with their morals vitiated, they do not prove in the end a pest to society.

A scarcely less severe judgment, in some respects, many would be disposed to pronounce upon the class of books designed especially for youth, which are written with a laudable purpose, and which frequently contain good moral or religious instruction. Some few may be read with profit, but their warp and woof are fiction, and as they are so rapidly multiplied by the press of the country, their infliction is only less grievous than the plagues of Egypt. Their standard style is the 16mo, with variously colored muslin covers, set off by a few indifferent wood-cuts, and with well-leaded pages, whose perusal leaves neither a sense

of weariness nor satisfaction to the reader, who has, perhaps, already devoured scores of equally flimsy productions.

Now it is not difficult to predict what must be the result where youth are trained to a fondness for this kind of literature. They read merely for the sake of the story, and for nothing else. The goodness of the book is the salvo to their consciences for perusing it on the Sabbath, just as it has served to recommend it to Committees as worthy a place on the shelves of the Sunday school library. Most of these books contain the smallest possible amount of profitable truth, and but little, if anything, to form a truly manly, robust Christian character. Read hastily, and in great numbers, each can only leave the faintest ripple mark on the memory; and if at the end of a year, more than the mere name can be recalled, it is a marvel. The minds of our children are thus made a beaten path for many hoofs, and each succeeding one tramples out the track or impression of its predecessor. A taste, moreover, is thus formed that rejects more substantial food. Facts and principles are too dry and uninteresting to secure attention; and the mind wearies of every subject that requires thought, and never acquires the muscle and gristle of robust, manly strength. It is an education that enervates, and leaves it weak and infantile. We doubt not that we express the feeling of thousands of parents in wishing that nine-tenths of the books in even our Sunday-school libraries were committed to the flames, and the youthful mind left more free to deal with themes and scenes in which more of Scripture truth is embodied, and to be brought face to face with the trials, and struggles, and triumphs of those who are living or have lived the life of faith in the Son of God. What we would have, is more of the Spartan element in our processes of education, only of a Christian, not a heathen type. The favorite scheme of too many now seems to be that youth shall be kept blissfully ignorant of the stern, uncompromising principles and duties which they must sooner or later encounter, and be borne to heaven on

"flowery beds of ease;" and consequently the granite points of duty and of doctrine are covered over with all the picturesque beauty and prettinesses of style that prove so attractive to shallow minds.

We know the excuse is made that the public demand these juvenile works of fiction, and that if one publisher declines to furnish them, others will do it. This may be admitted, and still not furnish the justification sought; since those who now offer the plea have, by their own acts, largely created the taste which they claim the privilege of gratifying. Our difficulty is not specially with the multiplication of juvenile books, but with their *character*, and the unbecoming concession made to the vicious popular demand. There are some writers whose names give assurance that the right kind of literature is attainable, and that the public is capable of appreciating it—books in which the reader finds all the necessary interest in the story, but which convey truth—the truth of fact, history, doctrine, or a wise experience, and that too in an impressive manner. The attempt to name the writers of this class of books would be considered invidious, since some worthy of honorable mention would inevitably be overlooked. Surely the success of the few proves, however, that the world, at this late age, is not so deficient in genius, that if parents and teachers should use a proper discrimination and assert their just prerogatives, such a demand might not be created for a better class of children's books, as would stimulate our authors to supply it. We might not be favored with another inimitable allegory, such as Bunyan penned, or a new and more perfect story of the Robinson Crusoe type, but we might at least have books almost equally adapted to charm and instruct, with vivid pictures of truth and life, which would fix themselves in the memory of children. As it is, we are pained when we think of the bran instead of the wheaten-flour that our youth must eat, or else go hungry; and of the vitiated taste that calls for the present enormous supply of skim-milk literature

that deluges our Sunday-schools and our homes.

It were easy to show that others feel quite as deeply as we do on this subject. A discriminating writer "on Sunday-school literature" says: "We have often been pained to find so large a proportion of these books of a wholly fictitious character. Now we know that books for children ought not to be too didactic and elaborate, but simple and childlike in spirit and style. But must we then draw so largely upon the imagination for religious juvenile instruction? Our Sunday-school libraries are crammed with moral chaff, where it requires all the powers of mature wisdom to find the few grains of truth concealed therein. These little volumes usually purport to teach a certain moral by detailing the life of some good being, which the author's fancy has made. They speak of men, women, and children who have never lived, of good deeds never done, of a piety which the writer has made. The little particle of gold is hammered and beaten out into a leaf inconceivably thin, too delicate for any one to grasp. The little drop of wine is diluted with so much 'milk and water,' that all the flavor and virtue are lost. They excite a great passion for reading, but only this kind of reading. Children eagerly pore over one and two books every week, sometimes read at one Sunday afternoon-sitting, and so far as our experience goes, we cannot find one in ten who can give us two ideas from a whole volume. The great mass of these books have nothing to remember, nothing to nourish, only a pious tissue of fancy's weaving, a dish of moral 'floating island.'"

One of the most imperative needs of our current literature is a class of books, which, while keeping clear of the license of fiction on the one hand, and dry, general statements on the other, will combine a genial humor with pure morals, and a proper reverence for sacred things. Of theological treatises and volumes of sermons we have a large supply, but we fear the day has gone by when these can form the staple of popular reading. The

vast majority hear all they want of these subjects on the Sabbath, and could scarcely be tempted to peruse books of this character, though set off by the eloquence of a Chalmers or a Robert Hall. The old Puritan taste for such things is dying out, if not already dead. But what is to take the place of that which was the standard literature of our fathers is a serious question, and not easily answered. We can say, however, it must not be a literature that falsifies Christian history, or decries the doctrines of the Bible. Nor must it be a literature exclusively religious on the one hand, nor atheistically secular on the other. The journalist looks almost in vain for that class of books, which, were they only plentiful enough, would soon create a demand that would make them popular. Occasionally a volume is given to the world like that of "Rab and his Friends," or like Hugh Miller's "My Schools and Schoolmasters," and he feels that these and similar works are entitled to popular recognition; and he deeply regrets that this class of productions appear so infrequently as to resemble angel's visits, and as a consequence fail to make that impression on the public that would follow a larger and fuller supply.

The popular taste at present runs, perhaps, too much in the line of broad humor, to relish the more genial and refined article. Orpheus C. Kerr, Petroleum V. Nasby, Josh Billings, or Artemus Ward, find a host of admirers, where the author of "Rab and his Friends" would have to wait long for a hearing. We would not be understood as finding fault with a limited amount of the condiments which these men so lavishly furnish; but we do object decidedly to being set down, day after day, to a table furnished with no better and more invigorating food than they supply. Laughing gas may have its place, but it is not the kind of atmosphere we wish to breathe always, nor the kind of air which we wish to see diffused through the homes of our land. It is not a good or wise thing to keep a man ever on a grin. The evil is not so much that it is undignified and indeco-

rous, as that it is low-lived and morally depressing. We do not want any element taken from the air which healthy lungs demand, nor are we willing that any single element should exist in such undue proportions as to neutralize the proper influence of the others. The fact that a certain class of books have multiplied so greatly within the past few years indicates an unhealthy demand which needs to be checked.

We do not believe in the wisdom or justice of leaving all the wit or humor in the world to be monopolized by a godless secularism; since here is a field which sanctified genius may profitably cultivate. As human nature is constituted it cannot safely be abandoned. The cause of truth has not unfrequently been greatly indebted to those who could laugh down error, or hold it up to merited contempt. These have shown that there is nothing weaker or more vulnerable than wickedness when punctured by a witty retort, for the moment it is rendered ridiculous its power of evil is well-nigh destroyed. But the wit here, as elsewhere, must be combined with wisdom, and humor should be the flavor of, not the substitute for truth.

But it is far easier to discern what the world needs in the way of literature than to supply that need. We can better state our impressions as to the character of the reading that would be best for the community than furnish the precise quality for its right education. Still, this is no reason why the journalist should not point out the deteriorating influence of much of what is constantly issuing from the press, and which takes a form oftentimes too minute, or too humble, to command general attention. He may turn away with disgust from books of which he questions the propriety of giving even the title, and the perusal of which he would regard as an unpardonable waste of time; but he is aware that these books will have a wide circulation through railroad cars, news-dealers, libraries, and second-hand book-stalls, and accomplish a work of mischief that figures cannot compute. While the few are laboriously building

high the banks and levees to keep back the swollen tide of evil passion and vice, the dam they build is undermined, or honey-combed by some insidious publication, which the good and virtuous consider beneath their notice. Thus the mischief is working unseen and in the dark, and ere the public are aware the evil is done, and the foundations of morality are swept away.

We oftentimes deprecate, and that justly, the pernicious influence of one corrupt, bad man. But in a single book may be embodied the power of a *legion* of profligates and robbers. While innocence sleeps, hundreds of lamps are shedding their sickly rays upon the pages of works of fiction, which glow with scenes of passion and guilty intrigues, by which the

tastes and principles of thousands of our youth are corrupted. These processions or ranks of literary forces are heralded by no drum-beat or trumpet-blast, yet their march is strewed by the wrecks of those whose moral life they have extinguished. There is something almost sublime in the scope as well as the method of the evil they effect; at one time wrenching away the pillars of principle from the soul, and again imperceptibly undermining at once both youthful promise and immortal hope. The mischief of a bad man's example may possibly be estimated by its visible effects upon the society around him, but who can compute the evil wrought by a bad book, as it traverses the land from one end to the other, and passes 'down from generation to generation!

### FROUDE ON UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

(Continued from page 179.)

BUT it is only fair, if I quarrel alike with those who go forward and those who stand still, to offer an opinion of my own. If I call other people's systems absurd, in justice I must give them a system of my own to retort upon. Well, then, to recur once more to my question. Before we begin to build, let us have a plan of the house that we would construct. Before we begin to train a boy's mind, I will try to explain what I, for my part, would desire to see done with it.

I will take the lowest scale first. I accept without qualification the first principle of our forefathers, that every boy born into the world should be put in the way of maintaining himself in honest independence. No education which does not make this its first aim is worth anything at all. There are but three ways of living, as some one has said; by working, by begging, or by stealing. Those who do not work, disguise it in whatever pretty language we please, are doing one of the other two. A poor man's child is brought here with no will of his own. We have no right to condemn him to be a mendicant or a rogue; he may fairly demand therefore to be put in the way of earning his bread by labor. The practical necessities must take precedence of the intel-

lectual. A tree must be rooted in the soil before it can bear flowers and fruit. A man must learn to stand upright upon his own feet, to respect himself, to be independent of charity or accident. It is on this basis only that any superstructure of intellectual cultivation worth having can possibly be built. The old apprenticeship therefore was, in my opinion, an excellent system, as the world used to be. The Ten Commandments and a handicraft made a good and wholesome equipment to commence life with. Times are changed. The apprentice plan broke down: partly because it was abused for purposes of tyranny; partly because employers did not care to be burdened with boys whose labor was unprofitable; partly because it opened no road for exceptional clever lads to rise into higher positions; they were started in a groove from which they could never afterwards escape.

Yet the original necessities remain unchanged. The Ten Commandments are as obligatory as ever, and practical ability, the being able to do something and not merely to answer questions, must still be the backbone of the education of every boy who has to earn his bread by manual labor.

Add knowledge afterwards as much as

you will, but let it be knowledge which will lead to the doing better each particular work which a boy is practising, and every fraction of it will thus be useful to him; and if he has it in him to rise, there is no fear but he will find opportunity. The poet Coleridge once said that every man might have two versions of his Bible; one the book that he read, the other the trade that he pursued; he could find perpetual illustrations of every Bible truth in the thoughts which his occupation might open to him. I would say, less fancifully, that every honest occupation to which a man sets his hand would raise him into a philosopher if he mastered all the knowledge that belonged to his craft.

Every occupation, even the meanest—I don't say the scavenger's or the chimney-sweep's—but every productive occupation which adds anything to the capital of mankind, if followed assiduously with a desire to understand everything connected with it, is an ascending stair whose summit is nowhere, and from the successive steps of which the horizon of knowledge perpetually enlarges. Take the lowest and most unskilled labor of all, that of the peasant in the field. The peasant's business is to make the earth grow food; the elementary rules of his art are the simplest, and the rude practice of it the easiest; yet between the worst agriculture and the best lies agricultural chemistry, the application of machinery, the laws of the economy of force, and the most curious problems of physiology. Each step of knowledge gained in these things can be immediately applied and realized. Each point of the science which the laborer masters will make him not only a wiser but a better workman; and will either lift him, if he is ambitious, to a higher position, or make him more intelligent and more valuable if he remains where he is. If he be one of Lord Brougham's geniuses, he need not go to the *Novum Organon*; there is no direction in which his own subject will not lead him, if he cares to follow it, to the furthest boundary of thought. Only I insist on this, that information shall go along with practice,

and the man's work become more profitable while he himself becomes wiser. He may then go far, or he may stop short; but whichever he do, what he has gained will be real gain, and become part and parcel of himself.

It sounds like mockery to talk thus of the possible prospects of the toil-worn drudge who drags his limbs at the day's end to his straw pallet, sleeps heavily, and wakes only to renew the weary round. I am but comparing two systems of education, from each of which the expected results may be equally extravagant. I mean only that if there is to be this voice rolling over chaos again, ushering in a millennium, the way to it lies through industrial teaching, where the practical underlies the intellectual. The millions must ever be condemned to toil with their hands, or the race will cease to exist. The beneficent light, when it comes, will be a light which will make labor more productive by being more scientific; which will make the humblest drudgery not unworthy of a human being, by making it at the same time an exercise to his mind.

I spoke of the field laborer. I might have gone through the catalogue of manual craftsmen, blacksmiths, carpenters, bricklayers, tailors, cobblers, fishermen, what you will. The same rule applies to them all. Detached facts on miscellaneous subjects, as they are taught at a modern school, are like separate letters of endless alphabets. You may load the mechanical memory with them till it becomes a marvel of retentiveness. Your young prodigy may amaze examiners, and delight inspectors. His achievements may be emblazoned in blue-books, and furnish matter for flattering reports on the excellence of our educational system; and all this while you have been feeding him with chips of granite. But arrange your letters into words, and each word becomes a thought, a symbol waking in the mind an image of a real thing. Group your words into sentences, and thought is married to thought and produces other thoughts, and the chips of granite become soft bread, wholesome, nutritious, and invigorating. Teach your boys subjects

which they can only remember mechanically, and you teach them nothing which it is worth their while to know. Teach them facts and principles which they can apply and use in the work of their lives; and if the object be to give your clever working lads a chance of rising to become Presidents of the United States, or millionaires with palaces and powdered footmen, the ascent into those blessed conditions will be easier and healthier, along the track of an instructed industry, than by the paths which the most keenly sharpened wits would be apt to choose for themselves.

To pass to the next scale, which more properly concerns us here. As the world requires handicrafts, so it requires those whose work is with the brain, or with brain and hand combined—doctors, lawyers, engineers, ministers of religion. Bodies become deranged, affairs become deranged, sick souls require their sores to be attended to; and so arise the learned professions, to one or other of which I presume that most of you whom I am addressing intend to belong. Well, to the education for the professions I would apply the same principle. The student should learn at the University what will enable him to earn his living as soon after he leaves it as possible. I am well aware that a professional education cannot be completed at a University; but it is true also that with every profession there is a theoretic or scientific groundwork which can be learnt nowhere so well, and, if those precious years are wasted on what is useless, will never be learnt properly at all. You are going to be a lawyer: you must learn Latin, for you cannot understand the laws of Scotland without it; but if you must learn another language, Norman French will be more useful to you than Greek, and the Acts of Parliament of Scotland more important reading than Livy or Thucydides. Are you to be a doctor?—you must learn Latin too; but neither Thucydides nor the Acts of Parliament will be of use to you—you must learn chemistry; and if you intend hereafter to keep on a level with your science, you must

learn modern French and German, and learn them thoroughly well, for mistakes in your work are dangerous.

Are you to be an engineer? You must work now, when you have time, at mathematics. You will make no progress without it. You must work at chemistry; it is the grammar of all physical sciences, and there is hardly one of the physical sciences with which you may not require to be acquainted. The world is wide, and Great Britain is a small crowded island. You may wait long for employment here. Your skill will be welcomed abroad: therefore now also, while you have time, learn French, or Russian, or Chinese, or Turkish. The command of any one of these languages will secure to an English or Scotch engineer instant and unbounded occupation.

The principle that I advocate is of the earth, earthy. I am quite aware of it. We are ourselves made of earth; our work is on the earth; and most of us are commonplace people, who are obliged to make the most of our time. History, poetry, logic, moral philosophy, classical literature, are excellent as ornament. If you care for such things, they may be the amusement of your leisure hereafter; but they will not help you to stand on your feet and walk alone; and no one is properly a man till he can do that. You cannot learn everything; the objects of knowledge have multiplied beyond the powers of the strongest mind to keep pace with them all. You must choose among them, and the only reasonable guide to choice in such matters is utility. The old saying, *Non multa sed multum*, becomes every day more pressingly true. If we mean to thrive, we must take one line and rigidly and sternly confine our energies to it. Am I told that it will make men into machines? I answer that no men are machines who are doing good work conscientiously and honestly, with the fear of their Maker before them. And if a doctor or a lawyer has it in him to become a *great* man, he can ascend through his profession to any height to which his talents are equal. All that is open to the handicraftsman is open to



him, only that he starts a great many rounds higher up the ladder.

What I deplore in our present higher education is the devotion of so much effort and so many precious years to subjects which have no practical bearing upon life. We had a theory at Oxford that our system, however defective in many ways, yet developed in us some especially precious human qualities. Classics and philosophy are called there *literæ humaniores*. They are supposed to have an effect on character, and to be specially adapted for creating ministers of religion. The training of clergymen is, if anything, the special object of Oxford teaching. All arrangements are made with a view to it. The heads of colleges, the resident fellows, tutors, professors are, with rare exceptions, ecclesiastics themselves.

Well, then, if they have hold of the right idea, the effect ought to have been considerable. We have had thirty years of unexampled clerical activity among us: churches have been doubled; theological books, magazines, reviews, newspapers have been poured out by the hundreds of thousands; while by the side of it there has sprung up an equally astonishing development of moral dishonesty. From the great houses in the City of London to the village grocer, the commercial life of England has been saturated with fraud. So deep has it gone that a strictly honest tradesman can hardly hold his ground against competition. You can no longer trust that any article that you buy is the thing which it pretends to be. We have false weights, false measures, cheating and shoddy everywhere. Yet the clergy have seen all this grow up in absolute indifference; and the great question which at this moment is agitating the Church of England is the color of ecclesiastical petticoats.

Many a hundred sermons have I heard in England, many a dissertation on the mysteries of the faith, on the divine mission of the clergy, on apostolical succession, on bishops, and justification, and the theory of good works, and verbal inspiration, and the efficacy of the sacraments; but

never, during these thirty wonderful years, never one that I can recollect on common honesty, or those primitive commandments, Thou shalt not lie, and Thou shalt not steal.

The late Bishop Blomfield used to tell a story of his having been once late in life at the University Church at Cambridge, and of having seen a verger there whom he remembered when he was himself an undergraduate. The Bishop said he was glad to see him looking so well at such a great age. "Oh yes, my Lord," the fellow said, "I have much to be grateful for. I have heard every sermon which has been preached in this church for fifty years, and, thank God, I am a Christian still."

Classical philosophy, classical history and literature, taking, as they do, no hold upon the living hearts and imagination of men in this modern age, leave their working intelligence a prey to wild imaginations, and make them incapable of really understanding the world in which they live. If the clergy knew as much of the history of England and Scotland as they know about Greece and Rome, if they had been ever taught to open their eyes and see what is actually round them instead of groping among books to find what men did or thought at Alexandria or Constantinople fifteen hundred years ago, they would grapple more effectively with the moral pestilence which is poisoning all the air.

But it was not this that I came here to speak of. What I insist upon is, generally, that in a country like ours, where each child that is born among us finds every acre of land appropriated, a universal "Not yours" set upon the rich things with which he is surrounded, and a government which, unlike those of old Greece or modern China, does not permit superfluous babies to be strangled—such a child, I say, since he is required to live, has a right to demand such teaching as shall enable him to live with honesty, and take such a place in society as belongs to the faculties which he has brought with him. It is a right which was recognized in one shape or another by our ancestors. It must be recognized now and always, if we are not

to become a mutinous rabble. And it ought to be the guiding principle of all education, high and low. We have not to look any longer to this island only. There is an abiding place now for Englishmen and Scots wherever our flag is flying. This narrow Britain, once our only home, has become the breeding-place and nursery of a race which is spreading over the world. Year after year we are swarming as the bees swarm; and year after year, and I hope more and more, high-minded young men of all ranks will prefer free air and free elbow-room for mind and body to the stool and desk of the dingy office, the ill-paid drudgery of the crowded ranks of the professions, or the hopeless labor of our home farmsteads and workshops.

Education always should contemplate this larger sphere, and cultivate the capacities which will command success there. Britain may yet have a future before it grander than its past: instead of a country standing alone, complete in itself, it may become the metropolis of an enormous and coherent empire: but on this condition only, that her children, when they leave her shores, shall look back upon her, not—like the poor Irish when they fly to America—as a stepmother who gave them stones for bread, but as a mother to whose care and nurture they shall owe their after prosperity. Whether this shall be so, whether England has reached its highest point of greatness, and will now descend to a second place among the nations, or whether it has yet before it another era of brighter glory, depends on ourselves, and depends more than anything on the breeding which we give to our children. The boy that is kindly nurtured, and wisely taught and assisted to make his way in life, does not forget his father and his mother. He is proud of his family, and jealous for the honor of the name that he bears. If the million lads that swarm in our towns and villages are so trained that at home or in the colonies they can provide for themselves, without passing first through a painful interval of suffering, they will be loyal wherever they may be; good citizens at home, and still Englishmen and Scots on the Cana-

dian lakes or in New Zealand. Our island shores will be stretched till they cover half the globe. It was not so that we colonized America, and we are reaping now the reward of our carelessness. We sent America our convicts. We sent America our Pilgrim Fathers, flinging them out as worse than felons. We said to the Irish cottier, You are a burden upon the rates; go find a home elsewhere. Had we offered him a home in the enormous territories that belong to us, we might have sent him to places where he would have been no burden but a blessing. But we bade him carelessly go where he would, and shift as he could for himself; he went with a sense of burning wrong, and he left a root of bitterness behind him. Injustice and heedlessness have borne their proper fruits. We have raised up against us a mighty empire to be the rival, it may be the successful rival, of our power.

Loyalty, love of kindred, love of country, we know not what we are doing when we trifle with feelings the most precious and beautiful that belong to us—most beautiful, most enduring, most hard to be obliterated—yet feelings which, when they are obliterated, cannot change to neutrality and cold friendship. Americans still, in spite of themselves, speak of England as home. They tell us they must be our brothers or our enemies, and which of the two they will ultimately be is still uncertain.

I beg your pardon for this digression; but there are subjects on which we feel sometimes compelled to speak in season and out of it.

To go back.

I shall be asked whether, after all, this earning our living, this getting on in the world, are not low objects for human beings to set before themselves. Is not spirit more than matter? Is there no such thing as pure intellectual culture? 'Philosophy,' says Novalis, 'will bake no bread, but it gives us our souls; it gives us Heaven; it gives us knowledge of those grand truths which concern us as immortal beings.' Was it not said, 'Take no thought what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, or wherewithal ye shall be clothed?

Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things. Behold the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin. Yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' Is this a dream? No, indeed! But such directions as these are addressed only to a few; and perhaps fewer still have heart to follow them. If you choose the counsels of perfection, count the cost, and understand what they mean. I knew a student once from whose tongue dropped the sublimest of sentiments; who was never weary of discoursing on beauty and truth and lofty motives; who seemed to be longing for some gulf to jump into, like the Roman Curtius—some 'fine opening for a young man' into which to plunge and devote himself for the benefit of mankind. Yet he was running all the while into debt, squandering the money on idle luxuries which his father was sparing out of a narrow income to give him a college education; dreaming of martyrdom, and unable to sacrifice a single pleasure?

Consider to whom the words which I quoted were spoken; not to all the disciples, but to the Apostles who were about to wander over the world as missionaries.

High above all occupations which have their beginning and end in the seventy years of mortal life, stand undoubtedly the unproductive callings which belong to spiritual culture. Only, let not those who say we will devote ourselves to truth, to wisdom, to science, to art, expect to be rewarded with the wages of the other professions.

University education in England was devoted to spiritual culture, and assumed its present character in consequence; but, as I told you before, it taught originally the accompanying necessary lesson of poverty. The ancient scholar lived, during his course, upon alms—alms either from living patrons, or founders and benefactors. But the scale of his allowance provided for no indulgences; either he learnt something besides his Latin, or he learnt to endure hardship. And if a University persists in teaching nothing but what it calls the humanities, it is bound

to insist also on rough clothing, hard beds, and common food. For myself, I admire that ancient rule of the Jews that every man, no matter of what grade or calling, shall learn some handicraft; that the man of intellect, while, like St. Paul, he is teaching the world, yet, like St. Paul, may be burdensome to no one. A man was not considered entitled to live if he could not keep himself from starving. Surely those University men who had taken honors, breaking stones on an Australian road, were sorry spectacles; and still more sorry and disgraceful is the outcry coming by every mail from our colonies: 'Send us no more of what you call educated men; send us smiths, masons, carpenters, day laborers; all of those will thrive, will earn their eight, ten, or twelve shillings a day; but your educated man is a log on our hands; he loafs in uselessness till his means are spent, he then turns billiard-marker, enlists as a soldier, or starves.' It hurts no intellect to be able to make a door or hammer a horse-shoe; and if you can do either of these, you have nothing to fear from fortune. 'I will work with my hands, and keep my brain for myself,' said some one proudly, when it was proposed to him that he should make a profession of literature. Spinoza, the most powerful intellectual worker that Europe has produced during the last two centuries, waving aside the pensions and legacies that were thrust upon him, chose to maintain himself by grinding object-glasses for microscopes and telescopes.

If a son of mine told me that he wished to devote himself to intellectual pursuits, I would act as I should act if he wished to make an imprudent marriage. I would absolutely prohibit him for a time, till the firmness of his purpose had been tried. If he stood the test, and showed real talent, I would insist that he should in some way make himself independent of the profits of intellectual work for subsistence. Scholars and philosophers were originally clergymen. Nowadays a great many people whose tendencies lie in the clerical direction yet for various reasons shrink from the obligations which the office imposes. They take, therefore, to litera-

ture, and attempt and expect to make a profession of it.

Now, without taking a transcendental view of the matter, literature happens to be the only occupation in which the wages are not in proportion to the goodness of the work done. It is not that they are generally small, but the adjustment of them is awry. It is true that in all callings nothing great will be produced if the first object be what you can make by them. To do what you do well should be the first thing, the wages the second; but except in the instances of which I am speaking, the rewards of a man are in proportion to his skill and industry. The best carpenter receives the highest pay. The better he works, the better for his prospects. The best lawyer, the best doctor commands most practice and makes the largest fortune. But with literature, a different element is introduced into the problem. The present rule on which authors are paid is by the page and the sheet; the more words the more pay. It ought to be exactly the reverse. Great poetry, great philosophy, great scientific discovery, every intellectual production which has genius, work, and permanence in it, is the fruit of long thought and patient and painful elaboration. Work of this kind, done hastily, would be better not done at all. When completed, it will be small in bulk; it will address itself for a long time to the few and not to the many. The reward for it will not be measurable, and not obtainable in money except after many generations, when the brain out of which it was spun has long returned to its dust. Only by accident is a work of genius immediately popular, in the sense of being widely bought. No collected edition of Shakespeare's plays was demanded in Shakespeare's life. Milton received five pounds for 'Paradise Lost.' The distilled essence of the thought of Bishop Butler, the greatest prelate that the English Church ever produced, fills a moderate-sized octavo volume; Spinoza's works, including his surviving letters, fill but three; and though they have revolutionized the philosophy of Europe, have no attractions for the multitude. A real-

ly great man has to create the taste with which he is to be enjoyed. There are splendid exceptions of merit eagerly recognized and early rewarded—our honored English Laureate for instance, Alfred Tennyson, or your own countryman Thomas Carlyle. Yet even Tennyson waited through ten years of depreciation before poems which are now on every one's lips passed into a second edition. Carlyle, whose transcendent powers were welcomed in their infancy by Goethe, who long years ago was recognized by statesmen and thinkers in both hemispheres as the most remarkable of living men; yet, if success be measured by what has been paid him for his services, stands far below your Belgravian novelist. A hundred years hence, perhaps, people at large will begin to understand how vast a man has been among them.

If you make literature a trade to live by, you will be tempted always to take your talents to the most profitable market; and the most profitable market will be no assurance to you that you are making a noble or even a worthy use of them. Better a thousand times, if your object is to advance your position in life, that you should choose some other calling of which making money is a legitimate aim, and where your success will vary as the goodness of your work; better for yourselves, for your consciences, for your own souls, as we used to say, and for the world you live in.

Therefore, I say, if any of you choose this mode of spending your existence, choose it deliberately, with a full knowledge of what you are doing. Reconcile yourselves to the condition of the old scholars. Make up your minds to be poor: care only for what is true and right and good. On those conditions you may add something real to the intellectual stock of mankind, and mankind in return may perhaps give you bread enough to live upon, though bread extremely thinly spread with butter.

I have detained you long, but I cannot close without a few more general words. We live in times of change—political change, intellectual change, change of all

kinds. You whose minds are active, especially such of you as give yourselves much to speculation, will be drawn inevitably into profoundly interesting yet perplexing questions, of which our fathers and grandfathers knew nothing. Practical men engaged in business take formulas for granted. They cannot be for ever running to first principles. They hate to see established opinions disturbed. Opinions, however, will and must be disturbed from time to time. There is no help for it. The minds of ardent and clever students are particularly apt to move fast in these directions; and thus when they go out into the world, they find themselves exposed to one of two temptations, according to their temperament: either to lend themselves to what is popular and plausible, to conceal their real convictions, to take up with what we call in England humbug, to humbug others, or perhaps, to keep matters still smoother, to humbug themselves; or else to quarrel violently with things which they imagine to be passing away, and which they consider should be quick in doing it, as having no basis in truth. A young man of ability, nowadays, is extremely likely to be tempted into one or other of these lines. The first is the more common on my side of the Tweed; the harsher and more thoroughgoing, perhaps, on yours. Things are changing, and have to change, but they change very slowly. The established authorities are in possession of the field, and are naturally desirous to keep it. And there is no kind of service which they more eagerly reward than the support of clever fellows who have dipped over the edge of latitudinarianism, who profess to have sounded the disturbing currents of the intellectual seas, and discovered that they are accidental or unimportant.

On the other hand, men who cannot away with this kind of thing are likely to be exasperated into unwise demonstrativeness, to become radicals in politics and radicals in thought. Their private disapprobation bursts into open enmity; and this road too, if they continue long

upon it, leads to no healthy conclusions. No one can thrive upon denials: positive truth of some kind is essential as food both for mind and character. Depend upon it, that in all long-established practices or spiritual formulas there has been some living truth; and if you have not discovered and learnt to respect it, you do not yet understand the questions which you are in a hurry to solve. And again, intellectually impatient people should remember the rules of social courtesy, which forbid us in private to say things, however true, which can give pain to others. These rules forbid us equally in public to obtrude opinions which offend those who do not share them. Our thoughts and our conduct are our own. We may say justly to any one, You shall not make me profess to think true what I believe to be false; you shall not make me do what I do not think just: but there our natural liberty ends. Others have as good a right to their opinion as we have to ours. To any one who holds what are called advanced views on serious subjects, I recommend a patient reticence and the reflection that, after all, he may possibly be wrong. Whether we are Radicals or Conservatives, we require to be often reminded that truth or falsehood, justice and injustice, are no creatures of our own belief. We cannot make true things false, or false things true, by choosing to think them so. We cannot vote right into wrong or wrong into right. The eternal truths and rights of things exist, fortunately, independent of our thoughts or wishes, fixed as mathematics, inherent in the nature of man and the world. They are no more to be trifled with than gravitation. If we discover and obey them, it is well with us; but that is all we can do. You can no more make a social regulation work well which is not just than you can make water run uphill.

I tell you therefore, who take up with plausibilities, not to trust your weight too far upon them, and not to condemn others for having misgivings which at the bottom of your own minds, if you look so deep, you will find that you share

yourselves with them. You, who believe that you have hold of newer and wider truths, show it, as you may and must show it, unless you are misled by your own dreams, in leading wider, simpler, and nobler lives. Assert your own freedom if you will, but assert it modestly and quietly; respecting others as you wish to be respected yourselves. Only and especially I would say this: be hon-

est with yourselves, whatever the temptation; say nothing to others that you do not think, and play no tricks with your own minds.

Of all the evil spirits abroad at this hour in the world, *humbug* is the most dangerous.

This above all. To your own selves be true, And it will follow, as the night the day, You cannot then be false to any man.

### MID-DAY IN SUMMER.

Lol lying in the fierce meridian heat,  
The beauteous earth looks like a thing that dreams,  
And, all o'ercome with stupor strangely sweet,  
She wholly in the warm sun's clutches seems.  
Cows seek the shed's cool shade; in sober wise,  
So lazily through the languid noontide air,  
A crow flies from the high green hill that lies  
Aback beyond the flat. The heat, the glare  
Chalks out the white highway that runs along  
The distant upland. Not a bird makes choice  
To warble even the fragment of a song,  
And Nature would not own a single voice  
But for the restless brooks that, all alive,  
Murmur like bees content in honeyed hive.

### COMPTON FRIARS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY POWELL."

#### CHAPTER I.

#### AN OLD RELIGIOUS HOUSE.

I seem like one  
Who treads alone  
Some banquet hall deserted,  
Whose lamps are fled,  
Whose garlands dead,  
And all but he departed.

O THE merry days at Compton Friars! At that time between daylight and dark, called "blind man's holiday," when people sit round the fire before candles are lighted, chatting or thinking of old times, I often recall memories of the dear family that lived once in that old country house. I see its gray moss-grown walls, its heavy roofs, its many gables, its glittering vane, its ancient sun-dial, its tall, dark, weird pines, its crooked cherry-trees and apple-trees—the old place seems steeped in quiet, till the silence is broken perhaps by the chattering of jays, the caw of a rook, or the sweet, sudden laugh of a lovely little boy running out of the house and brightening the whole scene with joy and life. I sit and think on this

scene, I say, till surprised into a smile, or, it may be, into a tear.

This mansion, as may be inferred from its name, was monastic; or, as Crashaw says, "An old Religious House." The oldest part dated from the time of king Edward the Fourth, when it had been a lesser monastery of Cistercian monks; but later additions, made at widely different times, rendered it what I knew it—a good, substantial, and very quaint old family house.

I seem to see it now, as I first saw it, on a fine October evening. There had been a school-girl friendship between my mother and Mrs. Hartlepool, though their marriages placed them in spheres widely removed. They saw nothing of each other for many years, nor did they often exchange letters. But Mrs. Hartlepool was kindness itself; and when she heard I was drooping a little, she invited me for a month to Compton Friars. I need not say how delighted I was—I had never

had such a treat in my life; for we lived in a small house in a small street, looking out on the dead wall of a great brewery, where my father was clerk.

Bright and gladsome, like a cluster of Sir Joshua's cherubs, were the faces that greeted me at the lodge gate of Compton Friars. Urith, a girl of eighteen, was the eldest of the group. Then came Helen and Marianne, girls of most sweet and engaging aspect, pliant and graceful as sweet-peas; two younger still, and still prettier—Eva, a perfect Hebe, with fair, flowing hair and starry eyes, and Blanche, who had something serious and heavenly in her face, as if she were listening to the whispers of angels. Thus, the younger they were, the prettier they were (for Urith was not pretty). Lastly, little Edwin, who truly might be called Edwy the Fair. Soon we were all trooping towards the house, friends at first sight, one carrying my bag, another my umbrella, Edwy walking backwards before me, as if I had been the Queen. Presently he ran off to open a gate. "Thank you, master Neddy," said Eva, as we passed. "Neddy's a donkey, which I am not," said he, giving her a playful blow, and then running off, while she ran after him. At the same moment something dark and swift flew noiselessly past, almost brushing my face. I said, starting, "Oh! what is that?"

"Only a bat," said Marianne, laughing. "Did not you see Ariel on his back? I suppose he was too fine for mortal sight. Bats are curious creatures—useful too—they live entirely on gnats and other night-insects." And she hummed

"On a bat's back do I fly."

It was almost too dark to see the house when we approached it, but the streaming yellow lights from one range of windows, and the ruddy fire-light from another, while a flickering gleam from story to story showed that some one was coming down stairs, had an inexpressibly pleasing effect on the imagination. In a minute or two Mrs. Hartlepool was kissing me in the hall, and saying cheerfully, "Why, Bessy, you are your mother

all over, though you have blue eyes and light hair. Welcome, my dear, to Compton Friars."

Oh, what a genial, large-hearted woman she was!—the light of the house, the blessing of the neighborhood. At that time she was only in middle life; tall, comely, benign, with fine teeth and a most delightful smile—a lady every inch, yet not disdaining the meanest offices, if need were, for the sick—equal to every household emergency, knowing how to direct everything to be done, because she knew how to do it; fertile in resources; admirable for presence of mind; pervading the whole establishment with her healthful influence.

The Hartlepoos were not rich. Nor did they enter into county society, though the best county families visited and valued them, for the sake of something intrinsic, seemingly, that they could not help recognizing. Mr. Hartlepool's moderate means resulted from close application to business. That his family might enjoy the benefits of a country life, he was content to forego much of their society. It was his wife's charge to exercise a wise economy and give her children a good home training. County balls and large dinner-parties found no place in their scheme, though they loved plain hospitality.

"Let me show you your room, Miss Lyon," said Urith, running up some wide, shallow stairs covered with crimson drugget.

"Don't call me Miss Lyon, please—call me Bessy."

"I will, if you will call me Urith. This is your room."

And what a dear little room it was! Very, very small—one of the so-called "cells"—and very old and quaint; with uneven floor and creaking door and antiquated furniture; but still there was an aroma—Marianne would have said from the apple-room beneath—but, in short, it was Compton Friars.

Afterwards, when I saw it by daylight, from without, I perceived that it projected several feet into mid-air, propped on a couple of stout pillars; so that I

could not help likening it to the Prophet's "chamber on the wall;" and truly the plenishing was much the same—a bed, a stool, a table, and a candlestick. In addition, however, I found a most comfortable chintz-covered chair, a mirror that might have been coeval with Anne Boleyn, and a book-shelf, which I suppose the prophet had not. I ran over the titles of the books, before I left the room, and found some enticing ones among them.

The first evening was spent in frank, unlimited chat, truly refreshing and recreating. It was entirely female talk, for Mr. Hartlepool and his eldest son, Basil, were not to come down from London till the end of the week. By bed-time we seemed to know each other as well as if we had been long acquainted—how soon one understands one's *con-geners*! Their conversation refreshes instead of fatiguing.

When, at bed-time, I tried to lock my door, I found the key turned round like a windmill. I went to the casement and peeped behind the white curtain. An orchard of cherry and apple trees lay beneath me, silvered in fitful moonlight. All at once I heard a plaintive cry that terrified me. I heard it again and again! Hastening to Urith's room, I tapped for admittance and said, "Oh, do you know I think somebody is being murdered in the orchard."

She listened for a moment, and then said laughing, "Oh, it is only the old white owl; but will you come and sleep with me if you are frightened?" I declined with thanks, for I was ashamed of my silly fears, and wished I had not betrayed them.

The next two days I was made acquainted with some of the sylvan beauties of the neighborhood, now in the glory of autumnal coloring; and in the evening we read aloud the latter part of the Huntingdon Peerage, while Mrs. Hartlepool filled in the grounding of a chair-back representing "Lapdog and lambkin with black staring eyes, and parrot with twin cherries in its beak," devolving on Eva and Blanche the duty of filling her needles.

On Friday and Saturday, as two blithe young cousins, familiarly called Tom and Phil, were expected, in addition to Mr. Hartlepool and his eldest son, great preparations were made for them in the culinary department, in which all more or less assisted. While, with much complacency, I was frothing cream with a whisk, entered to us Mrs. Hartlepool with a letter in her hand.

"Your papa is going to bring down Mr. Liddell."

"Oh!"—a prolonged, general groan of dissatisfaction.

"Where are we to put him, when the house will be so full already?" "Who is to entertain him? Bessy, we'll make him over to you—you shall take him off our hands."

"Much obliged," said I, laughing.

"What is the matter with him?"

"He is an old crony of papa's—a regular old bachelor."

"Nonsense, no such thing, Bessy," said Mrs. Hartlepool. "He is in the prime of life."

"O mamma! Fifty, if a day!—"

"My dear, you are talking of what you know nothing about. You are no judge of age. Don't be set against him, Bessy. These children know nothing of him but by hearsay—they will like him very much when they see him. I daresay they will all be scheming to sit next to him before he goes."

"What could make papa think of bringing him?"

"What but natural kindness to an old friend whom he is going to lose sight of for a long time, even if he ever sees him again? I expect you all to be on your best behavior to Mr. Liddell, and make much of him. He is a sensible and estimable man, and he is going out to Demerara, so this is the last opportunity we shall have of showing him attention."

There was plenty of laughing about this Mr. Liddell, who was expected to spoil everything and be a complete wet blanket. The arrival of the three youths—for they were mere lads, though they considered themselves young men—gave us pleasanter things to think about. Mr.



Philip Augustus Meggot was a schoolboy of the upper form, soon to prepare for Oxford. Mr. Thomas Hartlepool was a midshipman: the first was tall and lank, the second stout and broad: both had plenty of fun in them. Mr. Basil Hartlepool was extremely gentlemanlike and quiet—his destination was India.

I now subsided into a bystander, and had little to do but observe and listen, which was quite sufficiently amusing. Oh the droll things said, that I can no more recall than that summer's flies and flower-blossoms! Mr. Meggot had a dry way with him that was infinitely diverting. Mr. Tom Hartlepool (I may as well call him Tom like every one else) was never at a loss for repartee or retort. I think he had the most native wit of the two, though he may have been behind the other in Greek and Latin. Mr. Basil seemed to have come home chiefly to be amused, and contented himself with listening and laughing. All these young people were on the best possible terms, without a shadow of flirtation: they might have passed for brothers and sisters.

When the time for the stage, that left London at four o'clock, drew near, it was dusk, almost dark; but the window-shutters were left open and the curtains undrawn, because Mr. Hartlepool loved to see the blaze of firelight stream out to welcome him. Urith presently left the fireside circle and began to play a lively tune on the piano—the other young people sprang up to dance! Mrs. Hartlepool and I sat enjoying the lively, pretty scene. Tom danced like a sailor, with more vigor than elegance. Meggot and Marianne moved with perfect grace—reminding me of the couple at the top of Hogarth's Country Dance, a print or which I had noticed on a folding screen. Suddenly I became aware that other eyes were looking on—eyes that, from outside the window, momentarily rested on me—and with indifference. I started a little, and saw another pair of eyes, shining with good-humored mirth, that I knew must be Mr. Hartlepool's. At the same instant Mrs. Hartlepool cried, "There's your father!"—The music and dancing

abruptly ceased, and the children, crying "Papa! papa!" flew to open the window. A sudden blast of cold fresh air rushed in, as a tall, burly man with short curly black hair and ruddy face stepped in among them, and a general welcoming ensued, which Mr. Liddell, a little aloof, seemed to witness with amusement. He too had a kind though less demonstrative reception—the window was closed, and soon we were all seated at a substantial meat-tea.

I am quite sure the girls had plotted to seat me near Mr. Liddell; but they did not succeed; and Helen, promoted to that honor, gave me such a look across the table, that I could hardly keep my countenance. It was a very merry meal—I remember there was some fun made about Sally Lunn, who, Mr. Liddell said, must have been the Wellington of pastry-cooks, and that she deserved a statue raised to her memory. Marianne immediately said: "A pie-crust statue, stuffed with mincemeat, with a currant for each eye. Suppose we open a subscription for it—I'll be the treasurer!"

"No, no, I'll be the treasurer—you'll be running away with the public money!"

Later in the evening, when all were very lively, a renewal of the interrupted dance was proposed; and as I knew myself to be a useful player though a homely one, I offered to play that Urith might dance, which she gladly did.

Mr. Hartlepool stood before the fire, looking at the blooming young people with fatherly pleasure, and his wife looked equally happy. They were, at that time, a family untamed by sorrow or misfortune, unthinned by death. I thought of it as I played, and wondered what their future would be. Presently Mr. Liddell came and stood soberly beside me. In a pause at the end of the quadrille, as he continued to stand beside me, I said, for want of something better to say, "Don't you dance, sir?" He smiled pleasantly enough, and said that he had done nothing so vivacious for a very long time, but that he would if I would be his partner. I shook my head and said I never danced; and then we had a little

chat that was rather agreeable than otherwise, till Tom clapped his hands and cried, "Music! music!"

## CHAPTER II.

## A DEED WITHOUT A NAME.

Oh! 'tis the melody  
I heard in former years!  
Each note recalls to me  
Forgotten smiles and tears.

Though I was only twenty-three, I know very well that those impertinent youngsters thought me on the borders of old-maidism, and took liberties accordingly, such as impertinent youngsters *will* take with their elders and betters. I did not mind it, of course; it was part of the fun of the game.

At bedtime I was shut up in my chamber on the wall, and musing a little before I undressed, when there was a tapping at the door, and it was gently shoved open (thereby displacing a chair set against it) by Helen and Marianne, who first put in their smiling faces and then came in altogether, closing the door behind them.

"Oh, Bessy dear! will you grant us such a very, very great favor?"

"Yes, to be sure. What is it?"

"We always take a walk after church. It is one of papa's Sunday treats, which he would not miss on any account. He will walk with mamma. Poor Urith will have to walk with Mr. Liddell unless you do—"

"Why not poor Helen or Marianne?" said I, laughing.

"Oh, that's not to be thought of," cried Helen, eagerly, "and besides, you have said you would, so you must!"

"No such thing—"

"You did! you said 'Yes, to be sure;' so that's quite enough—"

And away they flew, without giving me time for a stronger protest. I could not help laughing; but it seemed quite unlikely that Mr. Liddell would trouble me with his attention. He was certain to walk beside Urith, or Mr. and Mrs. Hartlepool, unless he started off somewhere with the young men.

Mr. Liddell, however, was not a good walker, nor, seemingly, fond of striplings; so he stuck to the side of Mr. Hartlepool,

talking with him on mannish subjects, while I securely brought up the rear with two of the girls. All at once the hill-path narrowed and grew steeper; I found we were walking in single file. When the path brought us to a turfy table-land, I saw Mr. Hartlepool between his wife and Urith; looking round, I saw the younger girls chasing their little dog back towards the house; and, before they returned, panting and laughing, Mr. Liddell was walking beside me and sedately praising the scenery. I could not help feeling amused when there was no obvious cause for amusement, and was afraid I must seem very easily set smiling, but it was not my fault. In fact, our dialogue was soon grave enough, for Mr. Liddell mentioned his intended voyage to Demerara, and his reluctance to leave his country and all his friends. Before long, we joined the party in advance, and the talk became general.

We went to church twice, and in the evening Mr. Hartlepool read us a sermon. Afterwards there was much pleasant conversation. Next morning, Basil Hartlepool and Mr. Liddell returned to London, while Mr. Hartlepool remained a day longer, and the cousins went out rabbit-shooting. There was some nice glee-singing in the evening.

The morning post came in while we were yet in our bedrooms. A letter for me was pushed under my door, which I picked up in some surprise and anxiety, lest it should be to summon me home. It had the London postmark, sure enough; but instead of being from either my father or my mother, it was signed William Germaine Liddell!

It took away my breath!—it was an offer of marriage! It apologized for the abruptness and incoherence, which the writer's approaching departure must excuse—but said that an indelible impression had been made on him by the exquisite frankness and simplicity of my very first address to him—"Don't you dance, sir?"

The blood rushed to my face. I felt absolutely giddy. What could have given the man the boldness thus to address me?

How hastily he must be accustomed to draw conclusions, if, on such a very short acquaintance, he could decide on my being a suitable companion for life!

After the first surprise, my next impulse was to laugh. I looked at the letter again, and saw that he spoke of suitable provision for me, and all my own property settled on myself. "Ah, poor man," thought I, "he little guesses that I have not a penny—that we are as poor as can be." This consideration made me serious. I wondered how my parents would approve my rejection of this offer, which might appear to them too good to be refused, in spite of the odd manner in which it was made. But Demerara! that would entail a melancholy separation, the mere idea of which alarmed me. I was persuaded they would not hear of it.

The breakfast bell clanged! Oh, what a guilty start I gave! I was not half dressed—my hair was rough; but I would not be too late for the world; for I felt as if everybody would guess what made me so. As I hurriedly made ready, it occurred to me that, however disagreeable it would be, I ought to make this extraordinary step of Mr. Liddell's known to Mr. and Mrs. Hartlepool; and I determined to screw my courage to the sticking point directly after breakfast.

When I joined the family, I was received just as usual; but Tom and Phil looked inquiringly at me from head to foot, and then full in my face, as if something were amiss in my appearance. I took the first opportunity of a furtive look in the glass, but could see nothing out of its place. I suppose, however, there was some flurry in my manner, for Mrs. Hartlepool kindly said, "I am afraid you were hurried this morning, Bessy. There was no occasion."

I said, "Oh no," very carelessly, and scalded my mouth with hot tea.

After breakfast, all were dispersing to their several avocations; and Mrs. Hartlepool was leaving the room, when I said in a low voice, "Can I speak to you for a minute or two, please?"

"Yes, certainly; come in here," said

she, opening the door of a little room appropriated to her special use. Mr. Hartlepool was there already, in his slippers, reading the newspaper.

"Shall I send him away, my dear?" said Mrs. Hartlepool.

"Oh, it does not much signify," said I, trying to speak carelessly, "only I've had a very extraordinary letter—"

"A letter?" said Mr. Hartlepool with surprise, turning round and looking full at me. I colored up and put the letter into Mrs. Hartlepool's hands, saying, "Perhaps you can explain it."

The moment Mrs. Hartlepool began to read it, I saw a very odd expression on her face. Mr. Hartlepool saw it too, and stretched out his hand for the letter without speaking, but she did not give it to him till she had read it quite through, and then she handed it to him, looking odder still.

I never saw a man's face work in such an extraordinary manner as Mr. Hartlepool's the next moment. The two words "Those boys!" burst from him, and then he exploded with laughter. Mrs. Hartlepool began to laugh a little too, but as if ashamed of doing so and in pain for me. I stood motionless, my ideas in the greatest perplexity.

"I'll flay them alive, the young rascals; I'll give them a famous good trouncing," cried Mr. Hartlepool. "To take such a liberty in my house, indeed! with a guest of my wife's! you did quite right to let me deal with them, Miss Lyon, instead of giving it them yourself"—patting me kindly on the shoulder as he went out. "I'll soon settle them. Hallo, you young rascals!—"

"I thought it was best"—said I faintly, inly congratulating myself that no one guessed how I had been taken in. But motherly Mrs. Hartlepool had a woman's eye and a woman's intuition. *She* saw through me and gave me a little caress, though only saying lightly, "Young sauceboxes! too bad of them. But you took it very well, Bessy." And then I gave a little, forced laugh.

A moment after, the door opened, and Mr. Hartlepool appeared, more like a

constable than his usual self, with a couple of malefactors in charge, over whose heads he looked at me with determination in his set lips but a twinkle in his eye, as he said gruffly, "Down on your marrow-bones."

Phil had a truly hang-dog look, though he was such a tall fellow, but Tom, though his color was greatly augmented, looked anything but really contrite, and there was such a funny gleam in his bright dark eye, and such a twitch at the corners of his mouth, that it was difficult not to laugh in his face.

Down he plumped on his knees, crying "Oh, do forgive me—Oh, I'm so abject."

"Yes, we're both abject," said Phil in a sepulchral voice. "Do forgive us."

"I don't know that I shall," said I, determined now to have some fun out of it. "I think you ought to be kept on bread and water for several days."

"Only an April-fool trick—" pleaded Tom.

"April nonsense," interrupted Mr. Hartlepool. "Why, this is October—what are you talking about? You are a couple of young scamps, and if Miss Lyon forgives you, it will be a great deal more than you deserve."

"Please, sir, I wasn't as bad as he was," said Tom in a confidential whisper meant to be heard.

"Please, sir, I wasn't as bad as *he* was," retorted Phil.

"Well, you're both bad enough in all conscience," said Mr. Hartlepool. "Be off with you, now, and let us have no more practical jokes. They are in exceeding bad taste, and argue a very low tone of mind."

This was said with a sternness that sent them off without another word; but directly the door closed on them, he took up the letter and read it again with a silent grin. "Such a shallow affair!" said he, tossing it on the table. "Not a bit like Liddell. They gave you too little credit for discernment, Bessy. The young scamps!—they won't soon forget the lesson I read them."

Again I felt thankful he did not know I had been taken in.

"Boys will be boys," said Mrs. Hartlepool, taking up her work, "but really this was going too far. It might have made you very uncomfortable, Bessy."

"Oh, she took it very well," said Mr. Hartlepool. "I'm glad that Basil had no hand in the—the—"

"The deed without a name," said Mrs. Hartlepool.

"But it *had* a name—the honest, honorable name of Liddell. If I were to hand them over to his tender mercies, they would not soon hear the last of it."

"Only that he is soon going to Demerara," said Mrs. Hartlepool.

"Aye, poor fellow. I hope he won't catch the yellow fever. He himself rather thinks he shall. And when one is predisposed, you know,—has presentiments and so forth—I don't know, upon my word, that it would be a bad thing to take a wife out with him."

"To catch the yellow fever too?" said I.

"No, to keep him from catching it, of course."

"I don't know that she could," said Mrs. Hartlepool. "And really it would be very sad for the poor thing to come back in a few months a widow—even with Tom's 'good settlement.'"

"I wonder what Tom would think a good settlement," said Mr. Hartlepool. "Pity he stuck to generals. He might have put down a good round sum while he was about it."

"Only to increase my disappointment," said I, "like the fox and the grapes."

"Oh! *your* disappointment!—No danger of that. If they must have their joke, they could not have played it on a safer person, nor one more good-tempered, Miss Lyon."

"Really, sir, if you say such kind things, I shall be glad the trick was played."

"Plain truth, I assure you. I never say insincere things, nor play hoaxes. 'The exquisite sweetness with which'— 'Don't you dance, sir?' Ha, ha, ha!—"

When he was gone, I told Mrs. Hartlepool I thought the less that was said of the silly trick, the better. She agreed with

me—said by-gones should be by-gones—it was always a pity to take up jokes seriously. I said I hoped the girls would hear nothing about it. She said she thought there was no harm in Urith's knowing; but the younger ones certainly need not. It was not desirable that they should hear their father's friend turned into ridicule. Such an honorable man, too. And she related some traits of him, which certainly were much to his credit; and I could not help thinking that to have had the refusal of such a man would have been a credit. But then I thought of his middle-aged appearance, his sober demeanor, and felt that he was not exactly the person to go with to a distant and perhaps unhealthy place at a moment's notice, to live and die with.

When I next encountered the lads, their deference and propriety were exemplary; almost over-acted. For I feared it was acting; I did not believe the penitence to be more than skin-deep. In passing under my window, I had heard Phil mutter, "tremendous wiggling," and I heard Tom surreptitiously warble,

"Hey, diddle, Liddell!  
The cat and the fiddle—"

*That* did not look much like remorse.

#### CHAPTER III.

##### DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

"Have you conspired? Have you with these contrived

To bait me with this foul derision?"

*This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.*

—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

I have not done with the affair yet. After a few days, (which, by the bye, were very pleasantly spent) Mr. Basil Hartlepool returned to us. I must here say, once for all, that he was a highly honorable young man, whose pale, intellectual face betokened those high qualities which were afterwards fully developed. Directly we met, I saw by his heightened color, that he knew about the deed without a name. In fact, he had posted the letter, though, at Phil's request, he had abstained from looking at the address, and had not the least idea it was to me.

Some pedestrian excursion had been planned, which, on the young men's ac-

count, caused us to breakfast an hour earlier than usual. Hence the post came in just before we finished breakfast, and the letters were laid before Mr. Hartlepool. He began to look them over—there were but two or three—and presently, clearing his throat loudly, said, "Ahem! a letter for you, Miss Lyon."

I gave a little start, and, as I stretched out my hand for it, I met Tom's big eyes, rolling in their orbits, directed towards me over the edge of his breakfast-cup; and immediately felt sure that he had had something to do with it. Without formal apology, I hastily opened the letter, glanced at once at the signature, saw "William Germaine Liddell," and indignantly flung it open across the table, saying, "Once, I might be taken in—a second time is too much to expect."

"What—what—what—?" began Mr. Hartlepool, catching up the letter almost fiercely, while Tom looked unutterable things, and all the rest were at a pause. Then, glancing hastily over its contents, and turning very red, he exclaimed, "By George,"—the first time, Urith afterwards assured me, she had ever heard her papa begin a sentence with "By," unless "by the by," or "by the way."

"Tom, this is too bad of you," said Mrs. Hartlepool in displeasure.

"Upon my honor, aunt, I've no hand in it. I don't know what it is."

"It's you, then, Phil, and I take it very much amiss of you."

"Upon my word, ma'am, it isn't."

"You think it fun, I suppose," said I, in a voice which I vainly tried to steady, "as the boys thought of stoning the frogs, but I must say I think it uncivil and unkind; a joke is no joke that is only on one side."

"Upon my soul," "Upon my life, Miss Lyon," chimed they in together, rising from their chairs and coming round to me, and trying to take my hand. But I would not be appeased. I held it firmly to my side, and pressed my nails close into my palm, and turned away my head, that they might not see the tears of wounded feeling that *would* start—but Tom did see them, and looked full of concern.

"Bessy, forgive them," said Mr. Hartlepool, in a strangely softened voice, "they have nothing to do with it. Here, take your letter, my dear, and carry it to 'mamma's room' and read it quietly—and enjoy it; if you can: we will come to you presently," adding, in a loud whisper, as he gave it me and shook my hand, "*It's the real thing, this time, Bessy.*" I hastily withdrew, upsetting my chair in my agitation, which Phil replaced with as studious care as if it had been brittle as glass, while Tom flew to open the door for me, and gave me a most expressive look as I passed.

When I got into the little room and sat down in Mrs. Hartlepool's great easy chair, I was in such a flutter that at first I could not read a word. I was soon able to do so; and what a manly, fine-hearted letter it was! What a different one from Phil's! I have them both before me now. Worthless relics to keep, some may think—ah! they are not so to me.

It was a most extraordinary affair, certainly. The hoaxing letter had had nothing to do with the authentic one—at least, so it appeared to me. "Coming events cast their shadows before." It really seemed so in this instance.

Well, here was a salve for wounded feeling: an honorable, eligible match offered to me, by a man who had learnt on his journey to London with Basil that I was humbly born and portionless—a man in a position greatly superior to my own, of great worth and estimation. I could not help dwelling pleasantly on all this, and the weight it would have with my father and mother. But then—ah! I felt it was but a dream—a shadow. He was *not* a man with whom I should care to pass my life, for whom I could give up my family, home, and country.

"Well, Bessy?" said Mrs. Hartlepool in her gentlest, kindest voice; while Urith stole in after her and closed the door. I immediately left the great chair.

"Oh, Mrs. Hartlepool, he is very kind, but—it cannot be."

"Well, so I supposed," said she calmly; "but before you quite settle it so, I

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think you owe it to him and to your parents to think it well over."

"Yes, of course," said I. So there were we in conclave, a council of three.

"It is really settled already," said I. "It is quite out of the question. My parents would never consent."

"Are you quite certain of that? He is an excellent man. They could but think him unexceptionable."

"No doubt; but, dear Mrs. Hartlepool, they would never let me go to Demerara!"

"That might depend on yourself, Bessy. Supposing they knew you were really attached to him—"

"But I'm not," I interrupted. "How could I be, in three days?"

Mrs. Hartlepool smiled—"The time was as short for him as for you."

"I suppose it suddenly occurred to him that a wife would be desirable," said I, "and that he had no time to look out for one who might be expected to raise difficulties."

"Well, granting it so—in addition to that, he thought *you* desirable; and if you thought him so, the question would be settled."

"No," said I, "for my parents would not let me be snatched from them in such a sudden way."

"Almost as suddenly as Abraham's servant carried off Rebekah," said Urith, "and yet, you know, she went willingly."

"That was in the East, and in patriarchal times," said I. "It is not done now."

"Oh, it is sometimes," said Mrs. Hartlepool. "There was Miss Jones—"

"I should not like to be quoted for a precedent like Miss Jones—"

"Well, you know best," said she, laughing a little. "I only wished you clearly to understand your own mind, and not to refuse in haste and repent at leisure. Nobody could have been more surprised than I was—"

"I think *I* was more surprised."

"Hardly; for I know him better than you do. I know him to be slow in forming conclusions."

"And I am very quick; so you see, our characters are opposite."

"Diverse, not opposite. If there were diversity or opposition of principle, that would be a serious obstacle; but I believe you would suit each other well in that respect, and like each other better and better every day."

But I shook my head, and said smiling, "It won't do."

"Well, I suppose not. I can understand your objection to leave your parents—"

"Oh, so can I," said Urith warmly.

"But parents are apt to think more of their children's welfare than of themselves. You know, Bessy, I have lost sight of your mother for many years. Your father I never knew. I know nothing of your affairs, my dear, but from your mother's letters. They are always cheerful and contented; still she is naturally anxious for your future; and if she and your father knew you were well provided for—"

"But I should not be," said I, with tears in my eyes. "If I were away from them I should be miserable."

"Oh, I can quite feel with you," said Urith.

"Well then, nothing remains for you but to answer the letter," said Mrs. Hartlepool, rising. "We will leave you here to do so in quiet, and Mr. Hartlepool, who has started off the boys and is going up by the ten o'clock stage, will post your letter for you in town."

"Thank you—I will write it directly."

It seemed a formidable task, but, on the contrary, I made quick work of it, and finished it in six lines. I showed it to Mrs. Hartlepool, who said it would do very nicely. I then asked her to be so very kind as to give it to Mr. Hartlepool, which, with a smile, she engaged to do.

Urith was superintending her sister's practicing. As the day proved rainy, I had little to do but to dream over my needlework, while the children did their lessons; and the uniformity of my home life made me think more of this occurrence, strange as it was, than I need have done. Could I have foreseen it, I should have been dismayed at the thoughts of visiting Compton Friars, whereas the

visit had been a treat in prospect and was a treat in reality. My musings were cut short by a summons to a general game of shuttlecock, in which various substitutes for battledoors were extemporized, including a saucepan-lid.

The pedestrian party returned late, wet, dirty, tired, hungry, and as if they had had enough of each other's company. Their talk was disjointed and not very entertaining. Tom, who was brightest, made one attempt at amusing the others, but it proved a failure.

"I say, let's cap verses. Here goes:

"'A Grecian youth of talents rare'—

Go it, Phil."

But Phil said drearily, "It's no go. We should only use the old ones."

Next day they left us. What a difference it made! and yet, after a little while, we felt additionally cosy and comfortable. We drew closer round the fire, had long, delicious, intimate talks, and were in no hurry for bedtime. Mrs. Hartlepool told all about the early love and early death of Tom's father and mother, which was new to me, but seemed of equal interest to the girls, who knew about it already. She spoke of Phil, and of the high expectations formed of him by his parents, but said he had not been judiciously brought up.

"He's nice, but I don't think him very clever," said Marianne. She was told, that was because she knew nothing about it.

"Tom's cleverer," said Marianne.

"Tom's cleverness is of a different sort," said Mrs. Hartlepool. "He has a good deal of mother-wit, but is ready rather than deep. His disposition is good, but he has not much application."

"If he passes his examination, won't that prove that he has application?" said Marianne.

"If he passes. We don't know that he will."

"I think he will; I feel sure that he will," said Marianne.

"I'm afraid he won't; I'm almost sure that he won't," said Helen.

Then they talked of Basil, of whom they instanced numerous pleasing traits; and

I wondered how Mrs. Hartlepool could contemplate sending such a son to India so calmly, since it involved losing sight of him for years—perhaps for life.

I think nothing else happened. Oh yes—I wanted to speak to Urith, and thinking to find her in the study on the stairs, I opened the door, when she hastily called out, "Don't come in! O yes, you may, though—I'm only writing. Now and then, by way of relaxation after lessons, I scribble a little."

"Do you mean you are writing a book?"

"Well, I am trying; but no one knows anything of it."

"Oh, do let us hear what you have written!"

At first she said no; but in the end I persuaded her; so in the evening the manuscript was read, to our no small delectation. It was a cheerful, pretty little story, with plenty of light dialogue; but Mrs. Hartlepool said, "My love, there are too many characters."

Urith confessed the fault, but we all agreed that the story deserved printing. The question was, what was the established course to take?

We were all profoundly ignorant; but I declared my readiness to take any amount of trouble in making inquiries, on my return to London, provided I received full instructions; and this offer was joyfully accepted.

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## SUNNYBANK PAPERS.

### No. III.

BY "MARION HARLAND."

AFLOAT.

N. P. WILLIS, in a whimsical yet charming sketch of a visit to Niagara, is eloquent in his praises of "water in large quantities." Nothing less than a dozen miles of tumbling waves will suffice, according to his theory, to cause us to lose the idea of commonplace utility in that of beauty, while a thousand leagues of ocean, or the perpendicular leap of a mighty river into a chasm two hundred feet deep, leaves little of impressive grandeur for the imagination to desire. "Here"—is his conclusion—"is a health (in wine) to water!"

My humbler taste finds more grateful refreshment in the dripping bucket, that makes many beneficent journeys, this warm weather, from the bottom to the curb of the well. My ears recognize the welcome music of long ago in the tinkling fall of the drops that, as it rises, dimple the darkly clear surface far below. And my eyes—less ambitious and less critical than those of the traveled poet—are usually more than content with the changeful loveliness of what he would account but a pocket edition of a lake—bound, in harvest-time, in green and gold. It is the most notable feature of our landscape, and our study of it is, perforce, frequent, since it is visible from all parts of

our domain, yet we are continually discovering new attractions, and have never yet been able to decide at what hour of the day, and in what aspect, it is fairest.

It was blue-black yesterday, and boiled like a caldron, with wrathful streaks of foam racing across it before a thunder-gust, which broke upon us through the mountain gorge to the north. This morning, aroused by the bird-call at five o'clock, I arose to shut out the broadening light, threatening the baby's slumbers, and saw the folds of a rose-colored gauze veil part to let in the first ray of the sun upon the lake; watched, while they swayed and were lifted and vanished in the cool, pale blue above, and the sleeping beauty awoke with a smile. As to sunsets and moonlights, we make a specialty of them here in the mountains. But all the beauties of our favorite—various and ever-fascinating—I am content to view from my upper window, or the piazza, or, at the nearest, from the summer-house upon the point. I have a decided, and, I am beginning to believe, an obstinate predilection for the steady stay of terra firma beneath my feet. I dote upon water-scenery, and am a devotee to aquatic sports—as beheld from the shore.



Charitably attributing my peculiarities in this respect to my inland birth and education, the Dominie set about correcting the defects in the latter by the time we were fairly settled in our lake-side domicile. I was to learn how to row, to fish, and to swim—be inoculated for amphibiousness—and to the proposition, I, albeit with a secret shudder, at once constitutional and prescient, assented.

Rowing is excellent exercise, developing, as it does, the muscles of arms and chest, and forcing into lungs unused to full and healthful inflation, deep bracing draughts of fresh air, pumped into half-closed and collapsing cells, and banishing unwholesome secretions. It is a graceful pastime, after it becomes pastime to the oarsman, and the spectator is accustomed to the exhibition of a human being moving upon the top of the water as the lobsters and crabs are doing at the bottom. It looks easy, too, and I took my seat for the trial lesson with the assurance of certain and speedy success that intensifies the smart of defeat in the souls of so many rash novices. Assuming a professional *pose* upon the seat, I grasped the handles, polished by the friction of other palms, and looked to my chief for orders. It was only to dip the wide oars into the water—well down—give them a vigorous pull and take them out again. Which manœuvres I proceeded to execute with so good a will that, in a twinkling, the boat spun around like a drunken butterfly; I saw the blades flashing high, if not dry, above my head, and was only saved from a hard backward fall by the prompt interposition of my companion.

"You turned them as they went under!" he said, trying to speak distinctly between his fits of laughter. "See! so!" and the obedient barque darted forward under the impulse of one masterly stroke.

Again and yet again, upon that and succeeding days, did I address myself to the task of copying the motion that cost him no more effort, apparently, than did breathing, but with such lamentable results that my patient and sanguine tutor was, at last, fain to acquiesce in my de-

spairing proposal to abandon the attempt. The boat, renowned among her kind for steadiness, behaved as tipsily at my last as at my initiatory lesson, and the possessed oars invariably flew up after my downward pull, as do empty spoons, side-lining fans, and edgewise battledoors, and generally shed their surplus moisture in the faces of teacher and would-be learner, in their crazy evolution. It was clear that the joy of plying the feathered oar—and the flightiest of feathers it was in my clutch—was never to be mine. Humbled, yet relieved, I subsided into the position of life-long passenger, and an inoffensive, if somewhat ignominious position in the stern or bows, as my weight was required to trim the boat.

But stupidity in the capacity of oarsman need not hinder me from learning to wield a fishing-rod with dexterity that should compel forgetfulness of my late idiotic essays. I stipulated, however, that I should accompany the fishermen as a looker-on before my maiden effort in this direction. There could be no such unattainable sleight-of-hand as had recently put me to confusion, in flinging a baited hook into the water, and when the fish tugged at one end of the line, in imitating his example at the other. Still, a practical hint or two would not be amiss. Experience had taught me that it was wise to find out how a thing was done before trying to do it.

"A lovely day" in the angler's parlance means gray, low-hanging heavens, a southerly breeze, moist and mild, just enough to warm the languid bosom of the pond and stir it into "a fair fishing ripple." Nobody complains, but the rather rejoices, if presently the thickening mists settle downward in gentle showers or a fine drizzle that still further blurs the surface, and obfuscates the wits of the finny race. The drizzle had commenced, and the wind was propitious, when the "Brownie"—our second daughter's namesake—quitted her cove for the channel. John, detailed for this "kind of promiscuous chore," officiated as rowman. The observant novice, enveloped in water-proof cloak, dress and hood, already

beaded with wet, sat in the bow, and the Dominie in rubber cloth armor—coat-of-mail, greaves, boots and helmet—stood in the stern, pole in hand, toying affectionately with the slender cane, and waiting for something—but for what the novice could not determine. She hazarded a guess at length.

"Have you any angle-worms along? Didn't you forget them? Or, are you going to dig for them on the other side?"

"We don't troll for pickerel with worms," looking over his shoulder, with a smile, compassionate of novice's ignorance. With that, he, with a dexterous wave of the pole, deposited in her lap an odd construction—a flattened teaspoon to which was attached a triple hook, a deceitful and a deadly-looking thing, she forbore to handle save with the tips of her gloved fingers.

*Novice.* "And are there really dumb creatures so devoid of sense, or so avaricious as to bite at a bare hook? I thought such evidences of intolerable folly were confined to the human race."

*Dominie* (overlooking the latter clause, in his zeal to impart knowledge). "The pickerel is eminent among his fellows for sagacity. Next to the trout, he is the most difficult to catch, being both wild and wary. But he mistakes the gleam of the spoon for the shining scales of a smaller fish, and darts at it with an eagerness that transfixes him upon the barb of one hook—sometimes two. Genio C. Scott—a noted authority upon these subjects—affirms that fish are near-sighted, and sustains his position by citing such instances of blindness or recklessness as I have described."

*John* (with a smothered chuckle). "They're uncommon partial to spoon victuals, you see, ma'am."

The boat was, by this time, so far away from the reedy flats that no entanglement need be feared, and the rower bent him to his task, heading the craft upstream, the glittering lure revolving just beneath the surface in our wake, until a silvery sparkle from below flashed up to meet it, and it disappeared. The easy line was taut—then strained, and the

Dominie set his jaws preparatory to tossing into the bottom of the boat a floundering, flapping, convulsed fish—his "silver skin laced with his blood," oozing from the wounded gill, above which protruded the hook.

"A three-pounder, at least!" quoth the Dominie, coolly, extracting the ugly tool, and back it whizzed into the trough left by the "Brownie."

*Novice.* "Poor thing—see it pant and tremble! Can't you shorten its agony?"

*Dominie* (not withdrawing his gaze from the swift spoon). "You must not gauge his sufferings by what you know of those of warm-blooded animals. What appears to you like anguish is probably a comparatively easy struggle—something like galvanic action, in fact."

An abrupt compression of the lips, and in came a second cold-blooded outcast, which evinced the same lively emotion—let us hope it was only overpowering amazement—that had, a minute before, animated his fellow, now feebly wagging his tail in less and less frequent galvanic spasms.

Sheltered from the rain by the bridge spanning the upper arm of the lake, sat a man in a boat, his eyes upon a green-and-white buoy, no larger than a champagne-bottle cork, bobbing among the ripples ten feet off. His gaze was vacantly steady, his countenance and attitude characterized by the stolid patience which is the prime requisite of a successful angler. He nodded silently to the Dominie's hearty, "Good morning."

"What luck?" queried the latter as we shot by.

"Quite some!" bovinely phlegmatic.

*Dominie* (explanatory to novice). "He is still-fishing."

*Novice* (looking back). "So I see, and shows no intention of leaving off before night."

*Dominie.* "I mean that he is fishing with live bait, and sitting still—not trolling."

*Novice* (sententiously interrogative). "Worms?"

*Dominie.* "No, with small fish—minnows and shiners. They are in a perfo-

rated pail, hung over the boat-side that they may remain alive and vigorous."

*Novice* (nervously). "You don't mean that they are living when he sticks the hook into their tender bodies?"

*Dominie*. "Certainly—the more lively the better."

*Novice*. "And your sagacious pickerel cannot discern the difference between their contortions when impaled, and the merry waltz of a free, happy fish in his native element! This is more egregious stupidity than the spoon-snatching. Mr. Scott's charitably ingenious theory will hardly excuse it."

"There is another way yet of taking them," remarked the disciple of Walton, when eight or ten fainting wretches were added to the heaving pile in the boat, that had for the spectator a ghastly fascination. Wishing, as she did, that they would die and be done with it, she could not help looking at them every other minute. "One requiring more skill than any other. The hook is jerked rapidly along on the top of the water, somewhat as we whip a trout stream, and the glutton is quick to seize it. The bait," he continued, selecting the smallest of the predestined fry, "is a piece cut from the underside of the pickerel."

*Novice* (imploringly). "But you will—you *will* choose the deadeest of them? That little fellow is the latest caught."

*Dominie* (indulgently argumentative). "The deadeest, as you call him, is altogether too fine a specimen to be mangled even for the chance of capturing a larger."

*Novice* (seeing him take out a wicked-looking jack-knife and open it with his teeth, still holding the flapping innocent). "But reflect, the palpitating morsel you cast upon the waters may entrap one of the small pickerel's nearest of kin—perhaps his own mother. The practice is cannibalistic, subversive of natural affection, heathenish, Abyssinian! And," rising excitedly at the laugh raised at the expense of her heroics, "rather than lend my countenance to it, I demand to be put instantly on shore."

But your regular sportsman would scorn

to secure his game by other than legitimate means—earns it honestly by the sweat of his face—at least in these murky June days. He has no compunction, as the dramatic fragments just given testify, in adopting every lawful method of cheating the sagacious prey on to his doom; no compassion for the infirmity of sight under which he labors. He does not force him to believe in the specious attractions of spoon, writhing minnow, or sentient pickerel cutlet as an article of diet. If the Yankee-like acuteness for which the sharp-nosed patrician is famed does not teach him to discriminate between the glimmer of a scrap of plated metal and the arrowy glance of a living shiner; if he mistake the mortal throes of a pretty minnow for the fantastic gyrations of the same before the iron has entered the pit of his stomach; if gluttony so far transcend maternal, fraternal, or cousinly instinct as to urge him to regalement upon the before-mentioned Abyssinian viand, the consequences are his lookout, not the scientific Isaak's. While pickerel and bass rank high in the list of our New Jersey game fish, the angling fraternity will troll, still-fish and skitter. And in proportion to the zest with which they pursue the practice of these modes is the vehemence of their condemnation of the conscienceless and inhuman irregulars who depredate upon their preserves.

While seated upon the piazza, some nights since, my attention was attracted by a couple of sparks, large and lurid, moving slowly down the lake.

"There are no Hindoo maidens in the neighborhood to set afloat spice-boats with a lamp in the prow of each," said I, aloud. "Isn't it unusual to take a pleasure sail by torchlight in these prosaic days?"

"They are a gang of miserable pot-fishermen!" returned my companion, warmly. "Happily, the law protects this, with many other sheets of water in the State, from nets and weirs, but these miscreants cannot be hindered from spearing the helpless things as the glow of their torches shows them asleep or hiding upon the bottom of the pond. Conrad" (John's

successor) "tells me they took two hundred in one night, last week, of all kinds and sizes—catfish, eels, bass, perch, and more pickerel than anything else."

"Dear me!" said I, in innocent admiration. "That was excellent fishing—wasn't it?"

"Excellent fishing! It was absolute and inexcusable butchery! vulgar and wholesale slaughter, for the sake of a few dollars! I should like to have the privilege of sentencing the depraved, unfeeling villains to three months' hard labor in the State's prison. And I cannot even hinder their piracy in my own cove!"

After this ebullition of righteous and professional wrath, I gave up the attempt to comprehend the exceeding nicety of the distinction between honorable and illegal methods of piscatorial destruction. I have an uncomfortable impression that I hail the appearance of a goodly supply of fair-sized fish at my door, less through appreciative sympathy in the exultation of him whose skill has procured them, than because they are acceptable additions to my larder. Bass and perch are savory pan-fish, while Sir Pickerel, fried—not dried to a cinder and swimming in fat, as erst he floated in the water—or broiled, and buttered while hot, or, best of all, baked in cream, as they dress salmon-trout in the Adirondacks, are tempting enough to excuse, to her who feels it, the ignoble satisfaction I have confessed. I was mightily comforted for my vulgar preference by a passage in "The Complete Angler," which I picked up, the other day, from the grass to which it had fallen from the Dominie's pocket. Says the pleasant master of the art, over the supper partaken of with his brother anglers: "Come, my friend Coridon—this trout looks lovely. It was twenty-two inches when it was taken; and the belly of it looked, some part of it yellow as a marygold, and part of it white as a lily, and yet, methinks *it looks better in this sauce!*"

We cannot boast ourselves of twenty-two inch trout, but our sporting calendar for the past month records the capture of

166 red-speckled brook fairies, beautiful to behold, before they were cooked and afterward, and, to the taste, of a delicate and sweet flavor, that cannot be imagined by those who have only made the acquaintance of fresh-water fish through the medium—and a foul one—of city markets. Already we have begun to collect treatises upon pisciculture, and we project digging in the fullness of time (and pocket) a trout pond to be supplied with water from one of four or five springs we have discovered on our land, and stocked by means of draughts made, at the proper season, upon neighboring streams. It is to be girdled by willows, birches, and certain fast-growing shrubs that shall soonest exclude the garish sunlight, and give to the pool the blackish-green shadows the coy elves love; and there shall be no lack of love-vine, ferns and drooping grasses upon the brink, nor mosses and maiden's hair clinging to the rocky sides; neither of tangled vines, forming arbors, in the recesses of which our Dominie can test the truth of the ancient angler's assertion:

"Of recreation there is none  
So free as fishing is alone;  
All other pastimes do no less  
Than mind and body both possess:  
My hand alone my work can do,  
So, I can fish and study too."

The unflattering fact that squeamishness shut me out from the enjoyment of this time-out-of-mind honorable recreation, as awkwardness had prevented me from learning how to row, being established, there yet remained the lazy luxury of gliding up and down our lakelet at my ease, another acting as motive power. I rather liked it—really—when the sun was not too bright, nor the wind too strong, nor the air from the water too chilly, until one memorable evening, two summers ago, we touched at the landing, on our return from a sail down to the falls, and a slight accident occurred which made a coward of me for life. Our flotilla consists of three boats—the "Genesaret," a well-modeled and stylish craft, built to order by a "first-class" boat-carpenter, sitting the water like a duck,

and much admired by strangers; the "Brownie," a brunette country sister of the former, a thought less janty, and clad in Spanish brown with a blue zone, instead of in white with red and green ribbons; and lastly the "Sunnybank," constructed under the Dominie's eye, after a pattern of his own devising, and painted the same color as the house.

"She'll tip you out, soon as you put oar on to her, without you part your hair in the middle and be careful always to wink with both eyes at onst," said a rustic wag, shaking his head warningly over the slim cutter. "She's a fancy nutshell and tricky, as you'll find when you come to use her."

The architect shows his respect for the prophecy by using no other when his excursions are made *solus*. But it was a party of pleasure to which I referred, and the spacious Gennesaret held a freight of women and children, all sitting still as for their lives—as feminine passengers are always enjoined to do—yet reasonably alive to the pleasing influences of the summer weather, and the smooth motion of the barque through the waves. My seat was in the stern, but no sooner had the keel grated upon the beach than I arose to overlook the disembarkation of the babies, laying my hand carelessly as I did so upon a rail guarding the adjacent pier. In the hundredth part of a twinkle the treacherous duck slid from under my feet and I was in the water, without having the remotest idea of how I came there. The oarsman was on shore, making fast the chain of the boat; but he turned, alarmed by the chorus of infantine shrieks, echoed shrilly from the environing hills, while one brave young girl—dear to me as are my own offspring—uttered not a sound, but leaning over the side with a blanched and rigid face I can never forget, seized my hand and held it tight. Had I struggled, she would have suffered herself to be drawn overboard before she would have let go; but I had caught, in falling, at a lower bar of the railing, which the Dominie says did all the harm, and hung there, my head above water. Secure of

not drowning until this gave way, I was conscious of but two things—I was growing heavier with terrific rapidity, as my clothing became soaked, and the children must be removed instantly from that abominable and deceitful boat.

"It isn't deep enough to drown you! Let go! You will feel the bottom and can walk on shore," commanded the masculine element of our otherwise demoralized band.

The involuntary mermaid is an exemplar of obedience—upon occasions—but the exigencies of this seemed to her to warrant the terse, if undignified, rejoinder to her superior officer:

"Not if I know it!"

Like the magnanimous man he is, he acknowledged the propriety of the refusal, on the morrow, when we ascertained by actual measurement the depth of the lake at that spot to be eight feet.

Seriously, the instability of water is a fearful thing. If any one has an ungratified curiosity on the subject, and would know further of it for himself, as well as of the avidity with which it swallows its victim; the remorseless gravitation that surrounds him, like a myriad greedy imps, pulling upon every square inch of his sodden clothing—even tugging at his feet—he can be satisfied, and more than satisfied, unless he can swim, by standing up in the safest round-keeled, duck-breasted boat he can find, and inclining a hair's breadth from the perpendicular. If he do not forever after speak in tones of awe and *very* distant respect, of water in large quantities as the most ravenous and pitiless force of nature, his nerves are stronger than mine and his courage of stancher stuff.

The sky is one blush of color, this afternoon. The half-disk of the sun visible above the mountain-ridge, is a quiver of golden arrows tipped with fire. The bedazzled eyes that meet these see vivid scarlet fruit strung thickly upon the boughs of oak, chestnut, and cedar, and the waters glow redly as did those in the valley of Edom when the rising sun showed them to the host of Moab.

A year ago, I sat in this window, and watched a scene that is present with me now as it was then. The sunset hush is broken in upon by the fierce, quick beat of the waves against the bank, the sure token that swift oars are at work not far off. And while I lean forward to see who comes in such furious haste, the whole of our mimic fleet sweeps into view from behind the upper curve. The Gennesaret and Brownie are ably manned, and are doing their work well, riding high under light weight, and impelled by strong, true strokes, the keels cutting straight white furrows in the water. But two boat-lengths before them flies the Sunny-bank, lithe and keen as a greyhound, leaping, not ploughing, and seemingly not swaying or trembling under the long, even sweep of the oars. As she passes the cottage the occupant swings his cap, his eyes brimful of merry light; the flush of healthful exercise making brighter the smile upon his happy face. He loves the much-belied boat as he might a genial comrade in this, his summer vacation, and

handles her as no one except her owner has ever done before.

"All's well!" is his ringing cheer—and ere the echoes cease to repeat the sound, the friendly race is out of sight and hearing—the waves are settling again into crimson repose.

Between my vision and the picture a veil has fallen. They have fairer and eternal sunlight, and softer airs than ours, up *there*—lips that never whiten into dumbness, or moan the sorrows they cannot articulate; eyes that know not tears. His have looked upon the sea of glass mingled with fire, and he has learned the new song. All is well with the lad—more gloriously well than when he filled our home with gladness by his visit, and our souls with prideful affection—with joy in his noble nature, his great loving heart, and the talents that promised him renown and us enduring delight—*how* well we cannot know until we walk with him the sweet fields beyond the flood that took him away.

And yet—and yet—God knows the rest!

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### THE NIGHT WATCHES.

HER robes yet skirted with the sunset glimmer,  
 Into the twilight brown—  
 Into the twilight ever growing dimmer,  
 Calmly the world goes down.

Without a fear she seeth shut behind her  
 The iron gates of night.  
 The morning sun hath never failed to find her,  
 And lead her forth to light.

And friendly is the darkness, grown thus wonted;  
 With night, as well as day,  
 Is the eternal covenant appointed—  
 In both she knows her way.

So in the solemn darkness of this hiding,  
 That seems so like His frown,  
 A planet which the sun unseen is guiding,  
 Calmly my soul goes down.

When, on the dreamer, angels without number  
 From the still skies look out,  
 The revelers cannot know how sweet the slumber  
 He draws the dark about.

O, if through grief a solitary waker  
 In faith's pale starry light,  
 None knows how precious unto God my Maker,  
 My songs are in the night!

## CHRISTOPHER KROY.

### STORY OF NEW YORK LIFE.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

NEARLY five weeks were past since the time of the great meteor and Dr. Firm's adventure at the cemetery entrance. At that time Dr. Firm had made a promise to the woman he had sheltered; during the interim he had made two or three promises to Morton Cloud. From day to day Dr. Firm had quieted the impatience of the youth by asserting that time was to him, in the interest he had at heart, an advantage; but at length Dr. Firm was prepared to move, and on Christmas morning he shocked his good sister by requesting her to defer the dinner until nine o'clock in the evening, on the penalty of not having him for host at the table.

"Benjamin Firm!" she said, too much stricken with surprise to say more.

"Jane, my sister, it is a matter of importance," said he. "If you knew how long I had put it off you would hate me for not having gone earlier."

"I do this minute, but if it has waited so long, all I have to say is that it must wait a little longer; for I cannot eat Christmas dinner without you; besides, what will our friends think?"

"Tell them my absence is professional, Jane."

"They will want to know who is so ill. What shall I tell them, Benjamin?"

"That it is none of their business, if you please," he said, and then instantly repenting, as he saw the signs of pain quivering along that face which had watched, waited and worked for him so many years, he went up to her, and putting his hand kindly on her shoulder, whispered, "It is your business, Jane, and I will tell you. I am going to Hartford to learn something about the body I found one night, you know where."

"Why will not to-morrow do as well?"

"That I may not tell you; but you must trust me, Jane. Can't you, when you know I have never missed a Christmas dinner with you since we two were left alone; I don't think I shall enjoy my visit so very much that you need to think I prefer it to being at home to-day."

"There! there! I won't Bennie," she said. It was many years since Jane Firm had called her brother by the old childhood's name, and it touched him so tenderly that he thought of it many times on the railway that morning.

Poor Morton Cloud! He did not look much like a gleeful college boy, going home to holiday festivities, as he sat by the side of Dr. Firm in the car that morning. Every mile the youth dreaded more and more. A vague, undefinable cloud of something terrible approaching seemed to fill the air he breathed, until he seemed like one in physical suffering, and two or three times, nay more, Dr. Firm watched him closely, and kindly words of encouragement were poured into his ear at intervals.

"There is Dr. —," exclaimed Morton, when they were leaving the train at Hartford. "I am certain that I saw him this very morning in New Haven."

"You did without doubt, for he came on the same train—"

Time for further information was not granted, for so soon as he could reach Dr. Firm, Dr. — joined him and Morton, and with them proceeded to the asylum for the insane.

Poor Morton was left in a reception-room for full half an hour while the physicians from New Haven were in consultation with the physicians of the asylum. He looked out from the windows, but

there was nothing pleasing in the view to him that day; he listened with all his powers of hearing, but no sound of insane cry or laughing maniac smote on his hearing; the place was as quiet as a village burying-ground. He walked up and down the room, sighing as he went, and quite determined in his own mind the important fact that he did not care to live long, if his life was to be made up of the days and cares that had lately formed the sum of it.

At length they came in, a stately array, to the youth—four physicians as opposite in type and spirit as the four cardinal points of the compass, and they seemed to stand about the boy for a minute in silence, making him feel as if he were in the very midst of a compass-saw. Then Dr. Firm introduced Morton to the asylum physicians, and they began to question the youth, asking him of places and points in his life so apparently without connection with the subject he had at heart, that at last Morton burst out with the words, "Let me see my mother first and question me afterward."

"We would, were she here," was the reply.

"You do not mean that she is dead!"

The look of the youth touched the hearts of all, for with one voice they made haste to tell him that his mother had been removed from the asylum because no reason for her confinement there had been found; that she had gone to New York two days earlier, and been consigned to the care of her husband by one of the physicians of the asylum. Furthermore, that the advice to his father had been to take her to new places and new scenes.

Morton then underwent a catalogue of questioning longer than any catechism, and quite as comprehensible to him as catechism to infancy. He was so relieved to find that his mother was no longer an inmate of that dreaded place, that he replied to every question with exceeding patience and care. Morton Cloud was a truth-teller, and his statements made the physicians doubt their own wisdom in so speedily dismissing the woman.

The substance of the story was like unto the following statement: Mrs. Norman Cloud was the possessor of a comfortable fortune inherited from her father, together with some of his own personal peculiarities. This fortune was represented by certain plots and parcels of real estate, improved and unimproved. To this land, with a kind of allegiance that some natures owe and seem determined to pay to mother earth, her father had bound himself in life, and, at death, had most solemnly warned his daughter not to alienate. Inherited tendency and dying request falling into the same parallel, their combined strength assumed the appearance of obstinacy.

Norman Cloud was a speculating adventurer from his cradle, he having even in the days of his infancy whittled himself out from it, evidently with a view to finding out its construction. Life was with him one grand, gayly-colored bubble, that, toss it howsoever he might, would, if it broke, shower down on him all manner of brilliances. He had married the young lady, who was known to be the possessor of many roods of soil, believing that he had only to bring such treasures as he would out from the earth. He dreamed of finding therein mines of gold, and house lots without number. He thought he loved the possessor of this fine property, and he did, *as a part of it*. The lady, witnessing the love he had for, and the interest he took in her lands, mistook the love and interest, and applied it to the wrong account—of self. The gold mines did not appear above the surface, for want of capital, possibly; certain it is, that the husband spent hours and days in the vain effort to convince his young wife that the needed capital, for great plans of improvement that he made in his brain to become realities, lay in her inherited acres. "Then it must lie there," she said. "But it does not remove the lands to mortgage them," he said, "and the returns will readily remove the encumbrances."

The wife was firm, obstinate, ugly, a monomaniac, by turns, as the firmness



grew, and the time lengthened, until, at the period when Norman Cloud and Nathan Wave launched their great steamship enterprise on the highways of finance, her temper had positively reached, in her husband's view, the limit of reason, and he delighted to announce to himself that she was insane, yes—really insane. "The thing had been growing upon her for years; indeed, ever since his married life began," he stated to the doctors, and in fact, by reference to those persons who had been acquainted with his wife's father and familiar with his grasp over property, he had reason to believe that the madness was inherited. Norman Cloud did not narrate to the medical gentlemen the number of weeks he had devoted to the enterprise of trying to induce his wife to sell some portion of her property and invest the amount thus obtained in steamships. Then, when entreaty had failed, he likewise omitted to mention that he had tried a course of absence from home with no better effect—that he had added thereto the discipline of silence and inattention, in fact he had revolved himself around the circle of her nature, trying to find some weakness, some door of attack, by which he could conquer and wave his flag of manly victory over his wife. Over all these minor details the man drew the curtain of silence; *they* appertained alone to the privacy of home. His last method to win the sweet "I-will-write-my-name-there," was the incarceration in the gloomy vault. If she would say that sentence, he would take her back to New York with him, he promised. She did not say it. Norman Cloud did not desire to kill his wife, as was evidenced in his concealment in the cemetery on the night Dr. Firm passed by and found her. He had no especial dislike for her, either as an individual, or as the wife that he had chosen because of her acres, but every other will, and motive, and power of his nature had given way before the mighty pressure of his desire to speculate. He did not want any few-dollar affair on his hands; it must be something which should command the

attention of the world, his world at least. This great aim could not be carried on to success without money, more money than the stockholders cared to pay in until further evidence of its future greatness revealed itself. To that end it had been voted that each person should contribute according to his ownership; a measure, be it known, that was carried at a meeting held during the absence of Christopher Kroy and Mr. Cloud from the city.

To compel acquiescence in his wish to obtain the desired amount, Mr. Cloud had exhausted all measures before he resorted to that of the confinement in vault and asylum. It is true that his wife had dwelt upon the idea so long, that it had outgrown, overshadowed, and absorbed her ideas to such extent, that the theme of this property was almost the only subject that had chance to present itself before the imperial court of mind in her person. It was always before her by day and it led the succession of her dreams by night, until the poor lady was in a condition "requiring change," as the physicians at the asylum had suggested, and which her good, kind husband seemed only too anxious to carry out, for before the advice came, he had engaged passage for her with himself in the Liverpool steamer for a certain Saturday in December of that year.

That Saturday preceded the Monday wherein Dr. Firm and Morton Cloud had gone to Hartford. The very train which carried them from New Haven had borne on its way from New York to that place a letter from Norman Cloud to his son. The son found it awaiting his arrival in New Haven.

The dinner bell rang at precisely two o'clock in the Firm house. The invited individuals were all prompt and were seated at table, Miss Jane combining the duties of her brother with her own. She was in the midst of the said duties when suddenly down went her knife and fork, and the noise of the falling of the same caused a silence, in which silence Miss Jane spoke. "I hope there hasn't anything happened to Benjamin," she said,

"for as certainly as I live I heard him sneeze just now, and he is in Hartford."

They all laughed at her fancy, but somehow Miss Firm's firmness was departed from her. She was confused in her duties, and in less than two minutes she cried out again, "There! did you hear that?" but no ear save her own had been acute enough to catch the note.

Miss Firm was a lover of order. She thought it a semi-divine institution, and very rarely permitted herself to pass its boundaries, but on this occasion she arose from the table and left the room. She went through the hall and looked out from the front door. The street was still and deserted, for it was the Christmas dinner hour throughout the little city. Involuntarily she looked at the hat-rack in the hall, but it was already so laden with hats and coats that one more or less did not signify. A little rustle of sound from the region above caused her to go up and investigate the cause. There, with his door standing open, stood Dr. Firm, brushing his hair. He was so intent on the occupation that he had not heard a sound, nor did he until it was accompanied by a rush of arms and a flow of words quite bewildering.

"Benjamin, did you sneeze twice, and how in the world did you get here, and what on earth did you want to frighten me so for?"

"Don't kill me with words and I'll answer every question. I can't tell how many times I did sneeze, railway or insane dust, I reckon, and I came by rail and my own feet, and I did not want to frighten you, nor was I conscious that I had done so until you pounced upon me. Now, Jane, run back to your guests, and I'll be down at my post in less than no time."

"No! you don't escape me that way; besides they will believe that I have seen a ghost unless I present you in person."

In vain the brother insisted; Miss Jane resisted, even although her guests were sitting around the table, until he was forced to tell her that he was waiting for a very particular guest to arrive; that he had invited Morton Cloud to dine with him.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

On a day, your nature being specially polished to receive certain moral influences passing by, you take up a chance bit of printed matter and find therein a gem of emotion, rounded into form, and thereto initial letters appended. How, in after days, you pick up the thread of that soul by the token of the initial letters and unwind it, hoping to find anew the pleasure you well remember, and, like a pleasant entrance into some enchanted ground, the initial letters seem to you. Though many times doomed to disappointment in following up the clew, you yet trace it, trusting still to find yourself led into a garden of beauty.

To Mrs. Norman Cloud the days wherein she first met Mr. Cloud were initial days, leading into a golden vestibule. She had entered through it and found the temple cold and the worship colder. For years she had tried to get back into the golden vestibule. To that end she waited and watched, and when she thought she saw the initial letters she tried to follow their leading, but never again had they guided her to the enchanted ground of early days. She was always watching and listening, hungry for a word of affection from the lips of Norman Cloud; so that when, on the steamship, he gave to her the simplest attention, showed for her the smallest consideration, her heart arose and floated in a mist of emotion, requiring but one glance from the sun of love to transform her into a happy woman.

She was sorry when the steamship reached its harbor; she could not willingly give her husband back; she deemed that the world was her enemy; that it stole away, with its shining lures, a heart that else might have been hers.

"Well, I never was more disappointed in a man in my life than in that Norman Cloud," remarked a lady passenger after Mr. and Mrs. Cloud had passed out from the steamship. "I thought," she added, "that he was a bear or some other wild animal, for ferocity and cunning; but no one could have been more polite and attentive to a wife than he has been during

the whole voyage, and she takes it all so coldly. I rather think I like him the better of the two."

"O, Cloud is a good enough fellow, I dare say, only a little over anxious to make money. He is just now on some business connected with a new steamship company, and, if he succeeds, will make a mark on the market. If we meet them anywhere in traveling we may as well be civil, and I wish you would pay them a little attention," replied her husband.

"One has to be civil and gracious to every new body that comes up with a few hundred thousands of dollars in this day, without the slightest regard to family or circumstance. Do you know who the Clouds were, Augustus?" she asked, drawing off her sea-cloak and preparing, while she talked, for departure.

"No, and I do not care either. You never will understand that the war has changed the whole fabric of society, and that old distinctions are wiped out."

"Yes, I dare say, but I can't see that it has changed my pedigree in the least. I am just as proud of my ancestry now as I was before the war."

"Well, don't make yourself ridiculous, for unless you put a list of names to your back, how is any one to know that you are entitled to any more consideration than—Mrs. Cloud, for instance? She looks quite as well, and her appearance indicates quite as high development into the region of ladyhood as your own. Come, it is time to be off."

A few days later the Clouds met the persons who had commented upon them as they were leaving the steamship. A stranger would have failed to perceive that Mrs. Mount condescended in the slightest degree to meet Mrs. Cloud. Yet Mr. Cloud felt a flutter at his heart, a flutter of pleasure; for, if his prospective wealth brought such attention from the Mounts, what might he not attain to in the future, if so be that he could gain over his wife to sell some of the Jersey lands at home. He thought it would be easier to persuade her at a distance; beside it would be so much pleasanter to have the business all settled with Mrs.

Cloud's approval and blessing than to resort to *his plan*; for, somehow, he could not exactly tell how, in bright, clear moments his purpose grew hideous in his eyes, and he felt *almost* as though he would rather throw away the great steamship enterprise, if he must buy the glory at such price. That miserable *almost*! In those moments he might have resolved it into altogether, if only he had the will.

"Annie," he said, the night of the day in which they had met Mr. and Mrs. Mount, "if our company succeed, and we are prospered, as we hope to be, it will make the future very bright for us, will give us great pleasure. I do not like to limit Morton. It really pains me to keep him down so. Why, when we left New York I actually had but a single hundred dollars to send him."

"You paid his bills, of course."

"Bills! No, indeed, I did not. I thought they could wait until some other time; and, I tell you, actually I had not another dollar to spare."

"Then why did you take me with you on such an expensive trip as this? You surely might have left me—" She did not complete her sentence as she purposed, and add "at Hartford," for the temporary peace between the two had been so pleasant, that she feared to break it.

"Well, Annie, I missed you so much when you were away the last time, and the doctors gave such hope of your entire recovery in travelling, that I economized in every way I knew how to do it, in order to give you the benefit from the change."

"But what is Morton to do?" she added, by way of response. "You know perfectly well that he has inherited my family's notions regarding the payment of debts, and I can tell you that the boy will not spend one penny of the sum you left him on himself, but will use it all for what he owes. O! Norman, I wish you would let me know in time when you put our boy into such painful position. I might have aided him."

"How, Annie?"

"I would have made deduction on a

rent, or something of that kind, to get the money in advance."

"No, Annie," he said, almost lovingly, "never do that; that is the way trouble begins; besides, you might find occasion to sell the lands in the mean while, and then what would you do?"

"Nothing, because such emergency is not likely to arise. I have told you often that nothing, except great need for the common wants of life, shall induce me to sell an inch of the lands my father left me."

"But, Annie, think a minute. If you can turn the lands into three or four times the amount of capital, what then?"

"Norman! Please do not begin the old argument," she said. "I had fondly hoped you had forgiven yourself for the past in a promise never to trouble me again on that subject."

"I wish that you would let me reason with you."

"I admit that I am incapable of reasoning on that subject, Norman, and you may one day have cause to be thankful that I am so; for you may gladly turn to the despised lands to supply your daily bread."

"Because you will not give me the aid I need, I may end my life in disappointment," he added, and Mrs. Cloud made no reply. She had turned aside and opened her stationery case, and was preparing to write a letter to her son. The letter contained an order by which Morton might obtain from her agent sufficient money to pay his term bills and otherwise supply his present needs, the intent of which might faithfully have been carried out, had the letter been committed to the English mail. It disappeared into the care of Mr. Cloud and there remained. Meanwhile the son of these two persons suffered all the agony of a young debtor.

"I am going into France," said Mr. Cloud, about three weeks later, "and from thence to Germany; and I have been looking out for you a pleasant place in which to stay during my absence."

"Let me go with you, Norman. I cannot consent to be left among strangers; indeed I cannot."

"And I cannot afford to take you with me. This trip is far beyond what I estimated in the matter of expense." He pleaded that the separation was a necessity, and informed her that he had heard of a most delightful locality in which she could not fail to be happy; beside, his absence would not outlast a month.

They went down to the place specified on the coast, a week later. Mr. Cloud seemed familiar with the locality; strangely so, for he ordered everything like one who had been used to go thither.

The year was at its best—sweetness, loveliness, beauty, joy everywhere; trilling in bird voice, pulsating in the sea and turning to soft agues of thrilling every leaf on wood-side and copse, when, at evening, the traveling carriage stopped at a castle-like entrance to a lofty, wide building near the German Sea.

"I don't like it. Take me away," exclaimed Mrs. Cloud, clinging convulsively to the arm of her husband. "Pray order the driver to take us back to the station," she pleaded.

The door opened and a gentlemanly man came down to the carriage accompanied by an attendant.

"Good evening, sir! Good evening, madam," he said. "I hope you will find it to your taste here," but as he spoke in a language unknown to Mrs. Cloud she gave no reply, and only clung still tighter to the arm of her husband.

"It looks like a prison here," she said.

"Nonsense, it is one of the loveliest places on the coast. Don't make the man indignant, Annie, by your incivility. He has come down to receive us with politeness. At any rate we must spend the night here, for it is too late to get elsewhere."

So persuaded, they went in. Mrs. Cloud did not notice the action of her husband as he hurriedly took their host aside and whispered a few words in his ear. In consequence of the words so whispered, Mr. and Mrs. Cloud were served with tea in a large dining-room by a most attentive servant, and Mrs. Cloud was afterwards shown over the house and grounds and taken down by the

sea to watch the breakers roll in, by the same polite man of middle age, he attentively watching every movement and noting every glance, and yet he was quite unable to understand one word of the language spoken by Mr. and Mrs. Cloud.

A man bald of head and low of stature sat in the porch as the party entered on their return from the beach. He also cast such earnest, penetrating glances upon Mrs. Cloud as she passed in, as to excite her notice. "Why, Norman," she said, speaking fearlessly in the English language, believing that no one would understand her, "these people look at me for all the world as though they thought there was something unusual about me, as though I had been noted for something; just in the way visitors used to do that time in Hartford, as though I were mad, in fact. I verily believe I could be made to think I was mad, if I were shut up long enough and told so often enough."

"You are getting miserably suspicious of everybody and doubtful of everything."

"Am I? I was just beginning to have faith in you, but I shall lose it all if you insist upon leaving me here for the next month."

Mr. Cloud was soon summoned to a private consultation, in which the following sentences were spoken by the small man with the bald head, and uttered in English. "Mr. Cloud, the lady you have brought to us is not a victim of insanity."

"Not insane, sir! You have merely seen her under the deluding story that this is a place soon to be filled with visitors seeking sea air. If you attempt to urge her against her will in the smallest trifle, then her temper breaks out."

"I never knew many human beings who could not be made to confess to such peculiarities," he replied. "Again, I tell you, sir, this person is not insane. You have a motive and a strong one in putting her here. There is no use in trying to deceive us so much as by a hair's breadth. We have many such cases."

"Such cases as what?" asked Mr. Cloud, looking troubled.

"Cases wherein men shut up persons,

offensive, by means of existence; or otherwise. Property usually affects them in one way or another."

"And what is done with them?"

"They are kept, but at twice the usual fees, for they give twice the trouble that a genuinely mad patient gives. Is this a property case?"

"You confound me," replied Mr. Cloud. "Am I to understand that it is no uncommon occurrence for sane persons to be brought to you for safe-keeping?"

"Precisely as you have stated are the facts; not four-fifths of the persons now shut up between the four corners of this building are of unsound mind; I am sorry to tell you, sir, that your sin is not even exceptional. The more clearly we are made to understand the ends desired, the more faithfully will our service be performed."

"You tell me that you are willing to receive my wife under circumstances such as you profess to believe I have brought her to you?"

"Mr. Cloud! Talk like a man at once. My time is of importance, and I cannot throw it away on idle cross-questioning. You may trust me."

"Very well then, if I must tell you the exact truth, it lies in the fact that Mrs. Cloud has a mania for holding on to a lot of idle, worthless land in America, and by so doing prevents my success in business. I have a son to educate and support, and advance in the world—"

The small man interrupted him. "Enough, sir! I understand the case. We become responsible for the safe-keeping and good care of this person, so long as our bills are promptly met. They will simply be increased by one hundred per cent. in consideration of the debt due to conscience. Conscience must be satisfied—so far as money can repay the pain of the sin—whether other creditors forgive, or exact the last mite." There was something acute, penetrating, stinging, in the small man's reference to conscience as creditor, that touched the innermost chord in Norman Cloud's heart. He was about to cry out, to announce his determination to take his wife away from the place that

had suddenly grown hateful to him, when he was summoned to attend her. He found her pale, quivering with fear, and wholly unable to explain her condition. Several hours later he learned that she had been alarmed, while sitting in the pleasant room assigned to them, by shrieks and cries. She had followed the sounds, hoping to be able to alleviate some distress, and finding a door ajar had pushed it open, and going in, had found two insane women attacking each other. Seeing a new face on the scene, the women left their imaginary feud and seized upon her as their victim. She fled, pursued by them, and was rescued. The physicians reluctantly admitted that such accidents did sometimes occur, and that scarcely a year passed without a similar unfortunate affair.

Mrs. Cloud clung convulsively to her husband and would not be parted from him.

Do you cry out, "What an unnatural man is this Norman Cloud! An improbable story! An impossible story! A man considered respectable, occupying position in the world of trade, represented as committing his wife to such a place, merely to gain possession of her lands. I do not believe it." I wish I could join you in the unbelief. Norman Cloud was enabled to take with him a certificate of the madness of Mrs. Annie Cloud, duly signed by two of the attending physicians of the institution, who, being young men, and seeing Mrs. Cloud suffering from a spasm of fear, readily gave their names when asked. The men in authority kept their signatures for genuine cases.

Mr. Cloud was equally well content. No one could, he thought, confront him with ugly accusation, so long as he had that testimonial to show for his deed.

Mrs. Cloud was kept quiet—so quiet that her husband was in France ere she awoke to miss him and to find herself a prisoner.

She had been made to believe that she had been very ill. That she could readily believe, but hitherto she had met no one with whom she could speak. Being permitted to walk in the grounds, guarded

by an attendant, she one day espied the little doctor on the coast, walking to and fro, a gentleman accompanying him. The sight recalled to her memory the night he had sat at the entrance and searched her through with the keenness of his glance. Watching her opportunity, she stealthily gained upon her guard, and then, by quickness of movement, surprised him by an escape to the coast. He pursued, but did not overtake her until she had reached the doctor. She went up to him, catching his arm in her eagerness to arrest his instant attention. "I remember you," she said. "You sat on the porch that night when I came, and looked at me. Tell me where my husband is."

"I cannot, madam; I do not know."

The stranger looked at Mrs. Cloud. He observed her with remarkable care, for one in no wise interested, for he had no knowledge of her or her family. The little doctor made quick apology to the stranger, and turned to accompany Mrs. Cloud to the enclosure from whence she had escaped.

"Madam," he said, "we do not wish to lessen the privileges already granted to you, but, however unwilling, shall be compelled to do so, if you repeat this experiment."

"O sir! Tell me, and tell me truly, why I am here and what this place is? When I assert that I saw two crazy women in an awful contest, my attendant insists that it was delirium and only a part of my illness."

"Then why do you not rest upon her statement?" he questioned.

"Was it a part of the same illness that made me remember you the instant I saw you? Say, sir. Did you, or did you not, sit at the entrance the night I came, and look at me very much as a detective might at a supposed criminal? If you can assure me that you did not, then I will try to believe that I did not go out of my room at cries I heard, and what followed I will endeavor to think a dream."

She spoke so earnestly, that in spite of himself the little man was called out of his refuge of lies and for once spoke the

honest truth. "I did sit in the porch the night you came, and I did look at you to discern the state of your mind. This is a mad-house, and you are put here for safe-keeping."

She did not scream, or faint, or do any one of the dozen acts that would have been done by most women under the circumstances. She asked, "And my husband is, where?"

"On the Atlantic ocean, beyond a doubt. We got a remittance from him a week ago, just before he was to leave."

"Thank you," she replied. "Will you be my friend? Will you come and talk to me a while every day, so that I may believe myself a sane woman?"

Mrs. Cloud glanced up at the man, or rather across at him, for his height was not above her own, as she put up her petition. I cannot describe to you the effect of that look upon this man better than to tell you that he stood like a person before whom had been opened a door into a new life. He did not straightway enter through it. He lingered, looking a moment in, then promised after the manner following: "If you will promise me faithfully not to attempt escape, to do nothing whatever to cause me to regret my kindness, I will not lessen your freedom and I will try to

find a few minutes in each day to talk with you. Besides, I promise you the reading of my English newspapers and periodicals."

Mrs. Cloud hesitated to make reply. How could she promise not to walk out of a mad-house into freedom, if the door was set wide for her? She would not speak with a shadow of untruth, not even among untruthful enemies. "You must not exact too much from me," she said. "You must remember how sore my strait, how torn my heart. This much I promise: I will not attempt escape, without giving you good and sufficient warning. If you will be my friend, I will not break faith with you, not even for my life. Don't you know," she suddenly asked, "that no woman can live and retain reason long, without *one* friend. Why, sir! if in the darkness of the night a vision of the way in which I might get away from here and home to my boy came to me, and I felt that you were my friend, I should tell you of it."

They had come to the enclosure. The guard, with face of anxiety, drew close, for he feared dismissal. "I must go back," said the little doctor to Mrs. Cloud. To the guard he said, "No more restraint. The same liberty as heretofore."

(To be continued.)

## LEISURE MOMENTS.

Did you ever stroll through an old graveyard, and look carefully on the humble plants that cling to the tombstones? They are very humble. "Lichens" we call them. They are stemless, leafless, flowerless. They appear to the eye under many forms; overspreading the boulder by the wayside, carpeting in gray the sandy wastes of Nantucket, pendent, like patriarchal gray-beards, from the live oaks of the South, and the dwarf-oaks of Martha's Vineyard, clothing the barrenness of polar zones, and incrusting the ledges, high up on the mountains, where no other life can go—

"Nature's livery round the globe,  
Where'er her wonders range."

When Humboldt stood on Chimborazo, 18,000 feet above the ocean, the only form of life to meet his eye was a lichen. When Brooke sent his sounding-lead down two miles into the ocean, and brought up mud from the bottom, Bailey and Huxley found in it minute

forms of life. Add the 18,000 feet of mountain to the two miles of ocean, and you have almost five miles and a half, perhaps the vertical range of life. If the base of Chimborazo rested on the bottom of the North Atlantic, his head would rise into an island as high as Mt. Washington, with Monadnock piled on his top. If an Alp 8,000 feet high were piled up on that, our mountain would reach through all the zones of life. Around his feet would be only the protozoon; on his head, only the protophyton. Under two miles of ocean—if the mud brought up on the sounding-lead tells the secret of the deep—nothing can live but the simplest forms of animal life—protozoa—organized points of jelly. Three miles above the ocean nothing can live but protophytes. They are lichens. Both protozoon and protophyton are cellular. They have no distinction of parts. The animal has no mouth, no stomach, no members. The plant has no stem, no root, no

leaf, no flower. Neither animal nor plant has been taught the advantages of division of labor. The functions of life are performed by any part or all parts of the organism. The deepest down and the highest up on the vertical scale have many points in common, and both are lowest on the scale of life.

On the equator and at the sea-level the lichens are relatively of least importance. As you advance toward the pole, or the summit of a high mountain, you will see them assuming a larger and larger place in the vegetable world, till finally they are left without a rival. If you ascend Mt. Washington you will pass through successive zones of life. You will leave the maples for a zone of evergreens, and as you ascend you will see the evergreens dwarfed more and more, until, at the upper limit of the zone, the full-grown spruce and fir are smaller than the reindeer lichen. On the very top of the mountain the lichens share their bleak empire with a few plants which seem like intruders from Lapland or the Alps.

Ruskin has somewhere said, that what is common in nature is neither beautiful nor homely. Lichens are very common, and few would call them beautiful. But some members of the family have caught the quick eye of the school-girl, and you will see them wrought into her "specimens of moss work." The claydonia rises from the earth in little gray, club-like forms, expanding at the top, and tipped with deep red—Fairy's Torch the little people call it. Another claydonia has won recognition by its service to the reindeer. At times it is almost the only support of this deer of the far north. I have dined at the same table as the deer, and testify to his good taste. Those who have explored the wilds of the Adirondack have heard of "rock soup," and some have eaten it. It is made of the reindeer lichen, gathered from the rocks.

Perhaps the very simplest and humblest thing of life is the plant which you may see growing on a dead fly after lying a few hours in stagnant water. It is a sort of lichen of two cells. Most lichens are composed of many cells. Their history is simple. A very minute seed or spore falls on a rock and throws off a cell. This throws off another, and so on through hundreds of years, the mystery of the plant being to multiply cells, and to continue. The cells adhere closely together, and form a crispy thing which is neither root nor stem nor leaf, but all these in one—a "thallus." This presses on the conservative rock, and prepares it for higher uses. This is the history and the service of

the lichen. It is a pioneer in nature. Storms have pelted the head of the mountain for millenniums. But the simplest thing of life is mightier in the end than thunderbolts. The lichen came clinging to the unfruitful rock on the mountain, and made it crumble away in atoms of soil. "*Ich dien*" is the heraldic motto of the House of Brunswick. "*Ich dien*" is the unspoken heraldry of an older house than that of Brunswick. The lichens *serve* and say nothing about it.

These lowly children of nature can teach us, if we will heed their lesson. I have a friend in Vermont whose habits were sedentary. Some twenty years ago his health failed. He consulted a very sensible physician, who advised him to leave the bench—he was a shoemaker—and betake himself to the woods an hour or two every day. And that the hours should not be a blank, the physician urged him to study the trees, weeds, rocks, anything that would beguile the time, and take his mind off his body. In his daily rambles my friend began to observe the lichens. He became interested in their structure and habits, but found no guide to their better acquaintance. Hardly anything had been published in English, but he heard of a volume in Latin by a German. My friend did not know a word of Latin, and Fries' book was not to be had in America, if he did—two lions in the way. Nothing daunted, he sent to Europe for Fries' volume, and went to work on the Latin grammar. Soon he was able to make his way, specimen in hand, through the Latin manual. Works on lichenology in German, French, and Italian, enpiced him to the study of these languages. The net result is this: restored health, a fair knowledge of four languages, a good knowledge of lichens, and the summer hours of twenty years full of the deepest and purest pleasure in communion with Nature. He has learned the lore of many a lowly weed, and with it many a lesson for the "conduct of life." Perhaps he is a little of an enthusiast. If he ever crosses the Atlantic, it will be to see the lichens on the Pyramids of Egypt.

You have strolled through old grave-yards and observed the lichens overrunning the tombstones. And did you ever think how long it takes nature to bring these humble children of hers into fruit? In many lichens you will see the fruit or seeds or spores, held in little cups formed on the thallus. In others you will find the spores in little pits in the thallus. There are lichens in France which have never been found in fruit. And



there are some species in America which you will never see in fruit, on trees or grave-stones less than 150 years old. This statement I make on the authority of my Vermont lichenologist. What a lesson of patience! And if Nature is 150 years in bringing these lowly children of hers to maturity, how long must she be in ripening such a costly race as man! If some high intelligence could look down on the race as you do on the lichen of a tombstone only 100 years old, he would say, as you say of the plant, "Not yet in fruit." On a New Hampshire mountain I have seen lichens that begin to form spores but never complete them. Nature there is so hard and cold. Will not Dr. Bushnell write a supplement to his admirable papers on "The Moral Uses of Dark Things," and tell us "The Significance of Aborted Things?"

PERCHANCE you, gentle Knickerbocker, were one of the 1500 not many weeks since honored with circulars respectfully calling the attention of "yourself and friends" to "a collection of late works by Elihu Vedder, who has recently returned from Rome." If the call were effectual (which it probably was not) you have done one of three things: either you have maintained a discreet and uncertain silence on the subject; you have been wondering audibly, ever since, what any one could find to admire in those sentimental anomalies, with their bad coloring and straining after effect; or you have been, from the hour of your visit to Snedecor's gallery, fairly raving about those wonderful, weird, and powerful pictures of Vedder, the poet-souled artist.

Now be it known that this Vedder is a queer fellow. He hung his pictures upon a wall, and said to the metropolitans: Come and see, and if you like buy; here are some fine fancies of mine, that you may purchase for a trifle; you know the old story of "The Miller, his Son, and the Donkey," I have told it again in colors, into which I have ground somewhat of my soul, and you may have the nine illustrations—colors, fable, soul, and all—for the sum of \$3,000, and no less, for they are worth it, and I must have money with which to live and work. Here, too, is my "Dead Abel," with some more of my soul, for which you shall pay me well or not at all. And here are many other things of mine which are worth to me and you much money, and for my life's sake and my art's sake you

shall not have them for a paltry pittance. Then here are some photographs of sketches, strange, sphynx-like faces looking fixedly from the clouds; the heads of women lifted out of the sea; horrid, fantastical witches dancing on the shore, and other quaint conceits, whose meaning even to me is a mystery, and sets of which you may have for \$5 each—but if you don't like and don't want my pictures, the more's the pity for you, and I'm off for Boston!

So a few New Yorkers went into the gallery and gazed. All were surprised, some were puzzled, some were irate, some were enthusiastic; but before the enthusiasts had time to get rich, and the others to get over their ire, perplexity, and surprise, the pictures and the artist had disappeared. The whole "collection of late works" was whiffed off to Boston; not one picture was sold in New York, and only one set of sketches.

Now if Vedder, at this moment, could have been prevailed on to store his pictures away in a Dark Hole, retire to a Garret, and there in due time Starve to Death, or Commit Suicide by means of a picture-frame cord carefully adjusted about his neck, after leaving in a conspicuous place on the table a forcibly-worded but carelessly-punctuated note, touching upon the blindness and ingratitude of a cold and unappreciative world, and briefly narrating the struggles of despairing genius, not forgetting to mention the exact whereabouts of the aforesaid Dark Hole; and if thereupon the pictures had been again brought to the light and duly praised and dearly bought—then the whole affair would have formed an admirable romance, and Vedder would have been famous forthwith and forever. And it is such a satisfaction to a dead man to be famous—and to have his pictures bring high prices.

But Vedder would not be accommodating; in fact, he insisted upon living and taking his paintings to the Hub. What the Hub thinks of them we cannot say at this writing, neither do we care. We are filled with shame for our own city.

That Vedder's pictures are without fault, and of uniform excellence, his warmest admirers will scarcely contend. Some of them are of the nature of Tennyson's "Experiments" in rhyme, and hardly amenable to ordinary criticism; in certain styles attempted he may have altogether failed; but in the collection to which we allude there are enough evidences of a rare and delicate genius to entitle

him to a place in the foremost rank of American artists. That he is capable of still better things no one can doubt.

Even as we write we recall the never-to-be-forgotten image of the dead donkey, lying stark in the ravine, the white, dry teeth showing between the parted lips, the life-blood trickling down the gray rocks. The simple fable is for evermore a tragedy. We see again Christabel with her golden hair, graceful and ethereal as the poet's dream. There is the roc's egg, of the Arabian Nights; just as real as it seemed to us long ago when we dared not read by candle-light the marvellous stories of Schehera-zade at the risk of a night of timorous wakefulness, filled with uncomfortable visions of dreadful genii, and all horrid shapes and transformations. There, too, are glimpses of San Remo, as if, indeed, a "window was opened in the wall;" the Dead Alchemist, and other painted poems, which are remembered but need not be rehearsed. And last, not least, there lies the murdered Abel, stretched prone in the foreground, the only figure in a desolate landscape, fallen with his face toward the altar on which is the accepted offering. No other human form is visible, yet we know that far off, beyond those awful hills, one is "fleeing from the face of the earth," under the terrible curse of God, and with the mark of the murderer upon his brow.

It will be a long time before our American artists can afford to act after the independent manner of the principal French painters. Go to an artist in Paris and talk to him about buying a picture, and the little Frenchman will be very likely to show you to the door and bow you politely into the street: "What for, sare, you take me; I am not vun picture dealer; I paint pictures, I do not sell zem. See my agent, sare, *s'il vous plait*." Ah! they do this thing "much more different in America." "Paint a picture for you, sir; certainly, sir; only too happy, and how large shall it be, sir, and what style should you prefer, sir; and will you call for it next week, sir; and shall I run around and see you about it, sir; O yes, the sky shall be pea-green, sir, and the foreground purple, and a yellow barn in the distance; with little children playing in the mud-puddle with their Sunday clothes on—anything you say, sir, and only fifteen dollars—if accepted!"

WRITING in June, but for July; sowing black seed on white ground for others to har-

vest next month. Rather a quick crop! What an anticipatory life we lead; how little of to-day's work is done *for* to day, and how all we do, wisely or unwisely, reaches forward and takes hold upon the future. Is that idea original, or have we seen something like it, perhaps in Bryant's *Thanatopsis*, or possibly in Longfellow's *Psalm of Life*?

SOMETIMES, besides "Leisure Moments," we have a *hora subseciva* interpolated in the midst of our business day. The Senator often lounges in, usually without object; and always leaves us fresher in soul. He has a curiously accurate verbal memory. The other day I asked him if he had read that noble peroration of Senor Castelar's speech in the Spanish Cortes. He had, and had waked Madame up at 3 o'clock in the morning to recite it to her. Fancy one of the most finished orators of the day, in the still hours of the night, with an audience of one, fervidly declaiming the following: "Great is God in Sinai; the thunder precedes him, the lightning accompanies him; the light envelopes him, the earth trembles, the mountains fall in pieces! But there is a God grander and greater than that. Not the majestic God of Sinai, but the humble God of Calvary, nailed to a cross, wounded, thirsty, crowned with thorns, gall on his lips, and yet saying—'Father, forgive them, forgive my executioners, forgive my persecutors; pardon them, for they know not what they do!' Great is the religion of Power, but greater is the religion of Love. Great is the religion of implacable Justice, but greater is the religion of pardoning Mercy. And I, in the name of that religion—I, in the name of the Gospel, come here to ask you to write in the front of your fundamental code—Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity among all mankind."

In the last days of May, a cheery agriculturist said to us, "Made to order." He spoke of the weather—of that glorious May, just closing, with its unbounded wealth of foliage and blossom. Never yet have we known a May so completely realizing the ideal description of the poets. The sun has not smitten by day, nor yet the frost by night—nor drought nor flood has vexed us. The plough has gone afield, the flower has set in fruit. The cattle grow slick and fat in the rich herbage. The fresh butter assumed its golden hue right early. The old English word "*lush*" best describes the season. Yes, it was "made to order," and we know who spake the word,

as in the beginning at His command, "the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit."

HAD a talk with the Poet the other evening. We were in the country, and the question came up, whether rural life is more or less favorable to literary effort than the turmoil of the city. The lover of nature has a keen delight in all that goes to make up country life—far-reaching views, fresh air, trees, flowers, streams, the lowing herds, and the noble forest, all appeal to his finer senses. So, too, do the incidents of farm life, and the manner of mind of which we speak never tires of them. Nay, they rather grow upon it, in the calm content they yield, but they rapidly lose all suggestive power, and become very pleasant realisms. In the Blithedale Romance, it is noted that the fine group of poets and scholars who gathered at Brook Farm, expected to pass their evenings in "high converse"—but, actually, they only leaned over the fence and poked sticks at the pigs. Most of them living by literature, the farm itself being a sort of club-house, and their life being not at all quarrelsome, they would certainly have continued their experiment, had it stimulated instead of soothed the mental faculties. Horace Greeley hits the happy mean. A farm gratifies an experimental and practical agricultural taste. The *Tribune* office is his public workshop. His room at the Cooper Institute gives him a needed retirement, where he can work without the intrusion of either pigs or politicians. He gains mental rest in one place, attrition in another, and calm meditative hours in the third.

Said the Poet, Whittier has led the wrong life: he does not grow. He is as good now as he was thirty years ago, and no better. He needs the shock of the city; contact with the drama of life, a place in the procession of events, a knowledge of mankind. Thoreau was a good word-painter of nature, in the Dutch style; faithful, but minute and realistic. Wordsworth's poetry is only one-tenth of it truly great. The rest might have been spared. And so we agreed that the lover of nature should take his dose *pro re nata*; that constant intercourse with her is as bad as an uxorious married life. One cannot write about his wife; and the same impossibility dries up the pen of him who is "wedded to nature," and has no other loves or passions. He falls into hebetude.

WITHOUT meaning to do anything so idiotic, we arose and dressed at a quarter before 5 on a dull gray morning, when the landscape was bathed in fog. But if one can be an idiot at any time, it is just at that hour; in what they call at sea the dog-watch. It is a physiological fact that the early morning is the time when the nervous system is most depressed, the vital forces at their lowest ebb. If you doze, your dreams are those of incompetence. Just after going to sleep, dreams may have a processional form, a dramatic unity. In the gray coming of the day they are inconsequent. Perhaps from an overweight of clothes, you have acquired a sense of profound fatigue. Then a horse runs with you, and you have no strength to hold him. A mad dog follows you in pursuit, and your limbs fail beneath you. Horrible visions, begotten by indigestion, may disturb the early night, but *they* have some grandeur. Those of which we speak are miserably mixed—a kaleidoscope of absurdities, and attended by a wretched consciousness of cowardice. But this nervous depression continues after you wake, unless you arise promptly and secure the possession of your faculties.

Who has not suffered from that painful feeling of inability, when the senses seem to be keenly alive to troubles, without elasticity to suggest a remedy? The work before you magnifies itself. The faults of the previous day are grievous sins. Half-forgotten afflictions come anew. If you are in debt, every bill is presented, and you figure up a frightful aggregate, against which you find small offset in your circumstances. It is a wofully powerless feeling; due doubtless to the fact that as we go to sleep our intellect sleeps first, and then our senses retire one by one, returning in an inverse order, as we wake; so that we have consciousness and memory before we have reason to analyze the facts they present, or will to meet them bravely. Happy those who sleep soundly and wake suddenly. But who does? Not the babe whose first morning note is a squall. Not the school-boy dragged cross and reluctant from his bed. Not the man of cares, who opens his eyes with a long-drawn sigh, and a feeling that he is weary and must yawn and stretch himself. Yet all this is consistent with perfect *bodily* health. A half hour later, the shock of a bath has made a cheery, laughing, hungry fellow of the misanthrope who lay under the counterpane. This *sal-*

periodicity in the physiological condition is not alone diurnal. A melancholy sadness attends the fall of the leaf, a fresh energy the cold of winter, a sensuous happiness the blossoming of spring, and the summer brings the comfort that follows a good dinner. The gray morning that suggested this thought was a Monday morning, and all the duties of

a busy week lay hopelessly before us. A Saturday night is far more rested and restful. Before it lie the cheerful amenities of the Sabbath, its rest, its worship, its unspeakable calm. Few men go sadly to bed on Saturday night. The burden of labor is thrown by; the peace of God is the promise of the morning.

#### BOOKS AND AUTHORS ABROAD.

LONDON, June 1, 1869.

THE general state of the book and publishing world remains the same as when last noted; complaints of "dulness" are rife in both departments. The absence of any great works, such as compel every one to read them, and afford a month's food for discussion and debate, is deplored; but there is, nevertheless, a fair supply of books of average merit brought forward by the active purveyors of literature, who, as authors of the first class will not come at their call, are obliged to do their best with the talent that presents itself in the market. Biography claims the honors of the past month. The *Life of Sir William Hamilton*, the great logician and metaphysician of Scotland, by his friend and disciple Professor Veitch, is a memoir that will be widely read in America, where, indeed, (as was the case with Carlyle and Macaulay) he was earlier appreciated than at home. An interesting communication from Professor Noah Porter, of Yale College, "On the Influence of Sir W. Hamilton's Writings in America," (in the Appendix) gives a truthful account of the progress of public opinion with regard to Hamilton. It will perhaps surprise many of those who, in Professor Porter's words, long "regarded him as the greatest writer and teacher of living Englishmen," to know that his studies were pursued under the pressure of narrow circumstances; that he was obliged to seek from an ungenial profession—the practice of law—the means that his own line of research failed to afford him; and that when, almost disabled by paralysis, he in vain applied for a pension from Government as a recognition of his services, all he could at last obtain was a paltry pittance of £100 a year for his wife. Such are the rewards offered for daring to be original. As Sir Wm. Hamilton was distinguished as the most learned of philosophers, Professor Veitch has done well to give full details of his library, literary habits, etc., such as always possess attraction for readers of kindred tastes. The picture of the philosopher

and the student—revelling in the midst of his library of 10,000 volumes of such reading as certainly no other man of the century had read; his massive folio commonplace book of 1200 pages, "made up and bound by his own hands," the master-key to all his acquisitions, the symbol of the unresting energy of a whole life; his notes and MSS., favorite authors and books of reference—these are the kind of facts that give interest to a biography, and bring the subject of it before our eyes. As the Memoir is chiefly a personal one, there is little or no discussion of a metaphysical kind, except in the Appendix, where the Professor cannot refrain from a defence of his master against the depreciatory criticisms of Mr. J. S. Mill. The whole execution of the book shows good taste, and wherever Sir William Hamilton's writings are found his memoir should accompany them. The other biographical work of the day is the last production of that careful and laborious writer, Mr. John Forster: *Walter Savage Landor: A Biography*. It forms indeed a massive monument erected to the memory of a friend, whom it "entombs" under a weight of 1100 pages. So little has Landor penetrated into the knowledge of the present generation that there was, perhaps, sufficient reason for including an ample analysis and full specimens of his writings in the account of his life. They will be new to most readers, who will be surprised at the vigor and condensation of thought, and the polish and felicity of expression displayed in them. Never, perhaps, was there a greater contrast between the man and his work. The one turbulent, irascible to the verge of insanity; the squanderer of a fine fortune, and the self-banished from his family and his home. The other distinguished by delicacy, Attic grace and precision, where nothing is aimed at but what is attained—a conscious reserve of power and a classic calmness of execution, unique in English literature. Of course such a man was not without friends, as the writer of this memoir, (to whom he long ago presented the

whole property of his writings) and Robert Southey, his life-long correspondent and confidant. The connection between these two celebrated men was a singular one. Landor, to his ninetieth year, continued violent in the opinions that led him, when a boy, to "wish that the French would invade England, and assist in hanging George the Third between two such thieves as the Archbishops of York and Canterbury"—sentiments that very properly procured him a box on the ear from his mother, and Southey, to whom even the lawn sleeves of the two prelates were as sacred as the ark of the covenant; but they seem to have found a common ground in a sincere appreciation of each other's literary merits. To those topics most of their correspondence is devoted. Something too much of this is given, and the whole work wants compression. It is, however, emphatically a fair book. In the desire to avoid the usual mistake of idolizing his hero, Mr. Forster gives details of family quarrels, etc., that were certainly better left to die out of memory, in kindness both to the dead and the living. He was a bad judge, too, of comparative literary attraction, for he quotes fragmentary sentences from unpublished letters of Charles Lamb's instead of religiously giving us every scrap and tittle of those treasures. One we must quote, relating to a family curiously brought into connection with both Lamb and Landor. He says: "I forgot to tell you I knew all your Welsh annoyances, the measureless Bethams. I knew a quarter of a mile of them—seventeen brothers and sixteen sisters—as they appear to me in memory. There was one of them who used to fix his long legs on my fender, and tell a story of a shark every night—endless—immortal. How have I grudged the salt sea ravenor not having had his gorge of him!"—(*that shark* will live; no harpoon can destroy his vitality). It is remarkable with all his scholarship that Landor was scarcely a reader at all, except in his youth, living in a house without books, from choice, and finding, perhaps, full occupation in the ceaseless energy of his own mind. Altogether, the book is a very important contribution to literary history, and it must be regretted that its size will be an obstacle to a wider circulation.

Another recent work deserving of the same commendation is the ample life of Daniel Defoe, published in the first volume of a collection of newly discovered writings of his, by Mr. Wm. Lee. The literary power

and industry of Defoe gain as much from the conscientious researches of Mr. Lee, as his political character for high principle and common delicacy of sentiment suffer by the facts recently brought to light. Former biographers have represented him as passing his latter years retired from the active world, and employed in elaborating the wonderful series of fictitious narratives that still delight and enchain the young and old. It now turns out that he was all the time a government spy and private censor of the opposition newspaper press—apologizing to himself for his duplicity by pleading, in effect, that the end justified the means. For the daily work of the journals his pen was never idle; specimens of its products in every style are now first gathered together under Mr. Lee's editorship, and how with such work on his hands he found time for his books is quite inexplicable. The revised list of them, given in the *Life*, amounts to nearly 300, and the editor avows his belief that many more remain in obscurity unappropriated. The three volumes of *The Life and Newly-discovered Writings of Daniel Defoe* should be found in every good library of English literature.

Among subjects for future biography is the *Rev. Alexander Dyce*, lately deceased at the age of 71, as it was generally understood that he was in the habit of keeping a copious diary, etc., of his intercourse with contemporary scholars and literary men. The recent edition of *John Ford's Dramatic Works* will now be doubly valued, as the last gift to the world of letters from one who had done so much to elucidate the early literature of his own country. It was to have formed the first of a series of similar editions of the writers of the Elizabethan age contemplated by the spirited publishers. But the hands, or rather *heads*, to perform the requisite labor are wanting. With Mr. Dyce the last of the learned editors has departed. The race seems extinct of the men who, like Tyrwhitt, Warton, Sir Egerton Brydges, Southey, Scott, George Ellis, Gifford, etc., brought native critical sagacity and elegant acquired scholarship to the illustration of a favorite author. More perhaps of early English literature is printed now than ever, but it is roughly thrown out from the press, with a rapidity that forbids the care formerly devoted to such pursuits. Mr. Dyce's editions of Shakespeare, Middleton, Shirley, Skelton, Ford, Beaumont and Fletcher, and others, are examples of a different mode of treatment, and

must gather additional value from time. It is feared by collectors that his extensive and curious library has been left to the Bodleian; such at least was the intention of the owner at one period of his life. Another literary laborer who performed some good work in a lower sphere of action has just passed away,—Peter Cunningham, son of “honest Allan,” and the inheritor of his father's industry without his genius.

To turn from literature to science, several important books may be mentioned. Foremost among them is Professor Roscoe's work on *Spectrum Analysis*, a subject that he was one of the first to introduce to English readers by his translation of Kirchhoff's Researches. The present volume comprises a series of lectures delivered before the Apothecaries' Society, and is well illustrated by engravings. Mr. J. J. Murphy's book in two volumes, *Habit and Intelligence in their Connection with the Laws of Matter and Force*; and Dr. Laycock's *Mind and Brain*; or, *the Correlations of Consciousness and Organization*, 2d edition, with new chapters on the brain; and the *Philosophy of the Woman Question*, rather trench on the indefinite border-ground that both separates and connects physics with metaphysics. To younger and less aspiring students than the searchers of these depths, Prof. Pepper (of “ghost” notoriety) offers an acceptable present in his cyclopaedic *Science Simplified*, a miniature quarto, packed closely with matter where juvenile Faradays and Tyndalls may learn “all about” Light, Heat, Electricity, Magnetism, Pneumatics, Acoustics, etc., aided by 600 illustrations, and affording a sound basis from whence to date a scientific career. *Chips and Chapters, a Book for Amateurs and Young Geologists*, has the sanction of an equally authoritative name, that of Dr. David Page, who is probably now the most popular commentator on his favorite science. Having a special interest also for the numerous tribe of invalids in search of health, is a most useful condensation of a very voluminous subject, *The Baths and Wells of Europe, their Action and Uses, with Hints on Change of Air and Diet Cures*, by Dr. John MacPherson; it forms a handy little volume that may be slipped into the most tightly packed portmanteau. In industrial science claims attention *The Industries of Scotland; their Rise, Progress, and Present Position*, a volume rich in statistics and descriptions of the most approved processes of manufacture applied to

the great staples, Coal, Iron, Wool, Leather, Porcelain, Glass, Granite, Brewing, Distilling, etc. It is issued by the same publishers, (Messrs. Black, of Edinburgh) to whom is owing a third and improved edition of Fairbairn's standard *Treatise on Iron and Steel*, in one volume octavo—and the same inexhaustible subject finds treatment in *The Elasticity and Tensile Strength of Iron and Steel*, by Knut Styffe, of Stockholm, translated and edited by Dr. Percy and C. Sandberg. Science and art meet together in *The Parks, Promenades, and Gardens of Paris, Described and Considered in Relation to the Wants of our own Cities, and of Public and Private Gardens*. The author is Mr. W. Robinson, whose fitness for the task was shown by his reports as “Times” correspondent for the Horticultural Department of the Great Paris Exposition of 1867. His present work forms a large octavo, usefully as well as ornamentally illustrated with 400 engravings, and is equally applicable in all its precepts to America as to England. Art in its most engaging form, combined with all that is intrinsically venerable and suggestive, prevails in the next work to be mentioned: *Hand-Book to the Northern Cathedrals of England*, in 2 volumes, by R. I. King, the editor of the former series of Hand-Books to the Southern, Eastern, and Western Cathedrals. In the matchless Christian temples of York and Durham, this section surpasses its predecessors; while the other cathedrals described in it—Ripon, Carlisle, Chester, and Manchester—are of great, though certainly of minor æsthetic and antiquarian interest. The whole number of English cathedrals is now complete in 6 volumes, and Mr. Murray may be congratulated on adding to his world-renowned “Hand-Books,” a work that will find purchasers and admirers wherever the English language is spoken and its art revered.

A work quite unique in its character must not be forgotten. Every one interested in art and its history has heard of “*The Arundel Society*,” an association formed of the leading lovers and students of early Christian Art, especially in Italy, formed with the view of preserving its remains, and dispersing a knowledge of them by copies issued to its members. The Society has been in existence twenty years, and under the supervision of men like John Ruskin, Mr. Layard, and others, is very prosperous. Complete sets of its publications are almost unattain-

able, and are worth nearly £100. This has led to the happy idea of reproducing them entire by photography (on a reduced scale, of course) in a single volume, that forms at once a record of the Society, and an art publication of unique value and interest. It is entitled *Twenty Years of the Arundel Society*. The illustrations comprise more than 300 subjects, including the Ivory Casts issued by the Society, the Chromo-lithographs, Drawings, etc. The work is edited by the Secretary, Mr. F. W. Maynard, who gives in the letter-press full descriptions of the plates, notices of the artists, the Society's collections, etc. The number of the work prepared is small, and nearly limited to the subscribers.

In Oriental literature a kind of epoch is marked by the appearance of the first volume of Professor Max Müller's translation of *The Sacred Hymns of the Brahmins as presented to us in the Oldest Collection of Religious Poetry, The Rig Veda Samhita*. Volume 1st comprises *Hymns to the Maruts, or Storm Gods*, with ample illustrations by the learned editor. The readers of the Preface to his *Chips from a German Workshop* will not need to be reminded that in the Vedas has been concentrated the real work of Professor Müller's professional life. All his other works have been subsidiary to this one great object, and his edition of the original texts, executed at the expense of the East India Company, forms one of the most colossal monuments of learned labor that even Teutonic perseverance has produced. Equally strong in modern English and in ancient Sanscrit, Professor Max Müller brings to the task of translation advantages that it is impossible any earlier scholar could possess, and we may expect from his work a clearer intelligence of the first recorded utterances of our race than has ever yet been obtained. The entire translation will form eight volumes in octavo. Other important books on Eastern history and antiquity are the new volumes of Mr. Talbot Wheeler's *History of India from the Earliest Ages*. It includes a full analysis of the great Sanscrit Epic Poem *The Ramayana*, treating it in connection with the Brahminic period, as his first volume comprised the sister epic, *The Maha Bharata* and the Vedic Era, *The History of India*, as told by its own historians during the Mohammedan period, by Sir Henry Elliot and Professor Dowson, has been continued by a second volume, and will be completed in a third.

As the belief that has influenced a far great-

er number of the human race than any other, Buddhism is daily attracting more and more the attention not only of scholars, but of theologians and philosophers. A translation by the Rev. Mr. Beal of the *Travels of two Buddhist Pilgrims* in the 5th and 6th century after Christ, is a very interesting and important contribution to our knowledge of its subject. Hindostan was then the source and stronghold of the religion, (from whence it has entirely disappeared) and China a lately converted province where the faith was struggling, and corrupted by various unauthorized additions. It was to obtain a knowledge of the doctrine from its purest source that their pilgrimages were undertaken, and they form the chief authority for the existence of an historical period in India that was almost left without a record. The Introduction of the editor is full of information, and explains how Buddhism in China succeeded, as a protest against and supplement to the system of Confucius, whose precepts cannot be called a religion, and acknowledge no argument drawn from a future life, nor profess the least knowledge of man's destiny after death. The natural want of the mind—communion with the unseen world—was supplied by Buddhism, and the testimony of the editor shows that, though subsequently largely overlaid by superstition, "it has retained something of its natural vigor, and is still, however imperfectly so, a living witness in favor of virtue and purity of life."

A greater contrast can hardly be experienced than the transition from the luxuriant mythologies and splendid hierarchies of the farthest East to the frozen clime, the hardy life, the defiant and self-relying spirit that quailed before no natural or supernatural foe, as shown in the stories and heroic Sagas of Iceland. One of the best and most characteristic of these, the *Grettis Saga*, the story of Grettir the Strong, is just published by Mr. Wm. Morris, author of *The Earthly Paradise*. He was assisted in his version by an Icelandic scholar, Eirik Magnusson, and consequently associates his name with his own in the title; but the work, in all its picturesque simplicity, its uncouth strength, its wild snatches of song, etc., is the production of the poet, who carried his affection for the book so far as to engrave, in antique fashion, the accompanying map. He claims for the Saga (not undeservedly) the merit of being "an old story, founded on fact, full of dramatic interest, and setting before people's eyes

pictures of the life and manners of an interesting race of men akin to ourselves." I must just find room to announce the appearance of some new and attractive volumes of the pleasant "Bayard Series." They are William Hazlitt's *Round Table*, with a biographical introduction; Robert Buchanan's *Bal-*

*lad Stories of the Affections, from the Scandinavian*, heretofore published only in an illustrated guinea volume; Coleridge's *Christabel and Lyrical Poems*, with introductory essay by Algernon Swinburne, whose new poem, *Bothwell*, is also on the eve of appearing.

## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

### OLDTOWN FOLKS.<sup>1</sup>

THE appearance of a new novel from the accomplished author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "The Minister's Wooing," is quite a literary event. Nor will the work on the whole disappoint her numberless admirers. As a story of New England life of two generations ago, it will charm and deeply interest the readers by its graphic, and sometimes humorous and pathetic, and, for the most part, faithful delineation of various phases of Puritan character, and of the mental, social, and religious habits of the times. How sharply defined are all her characters! Under the touch of her magic pen, how distinctly we see "Oldtown," with its plain "meeting-house," its people of every age and character, with their joys and sorrows and pastimes, its "revival," its "Thanksgiving-day," its week-day and its Sunday life, and last, though not least, its "minister."

One of her characters—"Ellery Davenport"—is made to figure as a grandson of the great and venerated Jonathan Edwards, but who, with all his winning manners and accomplishments, is made "to lie as innocently, and sweetly, and prettily as a Frenchwoman." We believe there is no historical groundwork for the declared relationship of this amiable and polished sinner to the great theologian of New England. She cannot mean him to represent Aaron Burr, for she kills off Davenport in a duel in early life. We suspect it is simply a fling at the memory of the great and good man whose rigid Calvinistic theology the author no longer accepts. The like temper of mind is apparent in other portraits which she has sketched of orthodox clergymen of the day. What a pity Mrs. Stowe cannot be just to the Faith in which she was educated, even though she has renounced it! Why will she, following the sad example of Holmes and Mitchell, insist upon representing the orthodox ministry of the New England of the past as narrow-minded, intensely bigoted,

austere, implacable, with a supreme contempt for all the amenities and innocent pleasures of life! The memory of her own noble, large-hearted, genial father, and of many others of the previous generation like him, should have restrained her pen. She sins against the truth of history in doing so, and puts dishonor on the pure and evangelical faith which they are made to represent.

### THE VILLA ON THE RHINE.<sup>2</sup>

Auerbach's publishers, Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt of this city, deserve credit for the promptness with which they have completed and given to the public, both in a neat library style and in a cheaper form with paper covers, this last work of the foremost German novelist of the present day. "On the Heights" gave him so high a reputation among us, that we greatly feared that his "Villa Eden" would disappoint expectation. But our fears are not realized. It is entirely unlike that in structure and in all its characters, and although it shows some marks of haste in the writing, and is spun out to too great a length, till it wears somewhat towards the last, yet as a whole it is quite equal to it both in interest and power. We think there can be but one opinion among discerning critics as to the literary merits of "Villa Eden." It is indeed the production of a master in fiction, bearing the marks of infinite skill in the conception and delineation of character, and the whole pervaded by the subtle spirit of German philosophy and speculation.

"Sonnenkamp," the hero of the story—once an American slave-trader and a very monster in iniquity, according to his own showing, but now the proprietor of "Villa Eden," and the millionaire of the Rhine, whose one ambition is to obtain a patent of nobility—for originality of conception and masterly delineation equals any of Dickens' noted characters; the only parallel we think of in all modern fiction is Thackeray's "Becky Sharp," in

<sup>1</sup> Oldtown Folks. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Fields, Osgood & Co. 12mo, pp. 608.

<sup>2</sup> The Villa on the Rhine. By Berthold Auerbach. Author's edition, with a Portrait of the Author, and a Biographical Sketch by Bayard Taylor. Leypoldt & Holt. 2 vols.



Vanity Fair. If there were no other remarkable character in the work, this one would stamp it as the creation of a genius of the highest order. But there is a wonderful number and variety of striking characters in the work: "Frau Ceres," the doll and well-nigh mindless wife of Sonnenkamp—"Clodwig" the true nobleman and philosopher, and "Countess Bella" his wife, as thoroughly wicked as she was beautiful—"Manna," the impersonation of all feminine purity and loveliness, and "Roland," the manly son, the only children of Sonnenkamp—"Erich," the German scholar and idealistic thinker, innately noble and virtuous, and inspired by the new philosophy of freedom and humanity and religion championed by our own Emerson, Theodore Parker, and Wendell Phillips, and his mother "Frau Downay," the very incarnation of courtly grace and dignity united to motherly love and a world-embracing philanthropy—and the "Major," the "Doctor," and a host of others which we have not space to mention.

The *moral* of the story also is good. The "serpent" was in this "Eden," and its bite was fatal. The wonderful prosperity of Sonnenkamp brought him no contentment, no happiness. Retribution finally overtook and terribly avenged his crimes. And the enchantress Bella met with a like fate. While Erich and Roland and Manna, and the rest of those who battled manfully for the right, were suitably rewarded.

Still in a *religious* aspect the work presents a truly melancholy picture. Evidently the author has no faith in Christianity—indeed one might infer that he had not so much as heard of it. He seems to believe in no God, except in the pantheistic sense. As in "On the Heights" there was not so much as a hint respecting a Divine and all-compassionate Saviour, who is able and willing to give balm and life to our suffering and dying humanity; so in "Villa Eden," there is not a solitary finger pointing to the One Authoritative Rule of human conduct—not a word uttered as to the fundamental principles of all morality, and all philosophy, and all true humanity. Theodore Parker, in his boldest utterances of infidelity, is his only ideal of a religious teacher; and such a thing as a "church" and the worship of a personal, spiritual God in the sanctuary, he scouts and scorns. Strauss and Renan are orthodox Christians compared with Auerbach! He does not so much as recognise in his writings the "historical" Jesus, or belief in a personal God, as reveal-

ed to the world in the Holy Scriptures. Sad sight indeed to see such a transcendent genius allied to absolute atheism!

#### THE GATES WIDE OPEN.\*

This book saw the light ten years ago under a different title, but attracted then no attention. The popularity of "The Gates Ajar" has induced the author to change in part its name and launch it once more upon the tide of popular favor. And the interest which Miss Phelps' book has awakened is sure to secure a large circulation for this. It promises more than hers. The gates are now forced "wide open," and the bold and the curious are invited to enter in. It is in the same line. It attempts to picture the scenes and society of the future world. It is quite as probable, quite as rational, quite as intellectual, quite as exciting, quite as satisfactory in all that it says of another world; it only lacks the "love" element, the "Roy" character of the other, which makes that "as good as a novel" to the sentimental. But it is purely imaginative. It rests upon no basis of fact. It is simple speculation about matters concerning which the Scriptures are singularly and significantly silent. They teach us plainly enough what are the *moral* elements of the future world, but they afford no hint even as to a physical theory of it; they utter not a word concerning its *material* elements and aspects—for no one would think of taking its "sea of glass," and "gates of pearl," and "streets of gold," in a literal sense. In the Book which tells us absolutely all we know of the future world, the gates are not left "wide open," nor "ajar" even. If it was "not lawful" for an inspired Apostle, to whose pen we are indebted for a large part of the New Testament revelation, to speak of what he actually saw and heard when "caught up into paradise," how shall we characterize the presumption of those in our day who give us their own sentimental conceits and puerile speculations as veritable pictures of that glorified life and perfect world, which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive of! More evil than good, we fear, will come from all such unwise and futile endeavors. The theme is too exalted and sacred for such profane trifling.

\* The Gates Wide Open; or, Scenes in Another World. By George Wood. Lee & Shepard. 12mo, pp. 364.

OUR NEW WAY ROUND THE WORLD.<sup>4</sup>

This interesting volume has been suggested by the opening of the Pacific Railway, uniting thereby the great oceans, and the prospective mingling of the waters of the Mediterranean and Red Seas, by means of the Suez Canal, completing thereby a "new way" for trade and travel round the world. It contains notes of observation along the route in Egypt, India, Malacca, China, Japan, and California. So much had already been written in regard to European travel that the author restricts himself to a bare indication of the route from London to Alexandria.

The volume is full of information, pleasantly communicated, in regard to all these countries, with which we are to have more intimate relations in the future, and will be of great utility to those who contemplate a voyage round the world, which can soon be made on these great highways of commerce with expedition and comfort. And who, after reading Mr. Coffin's charming book, sketching the route and all its variety of surroundings, and the incidents naturally connected with it, will not long to start forthwith upon the journey!

The author mingled freely with a number of American missionaries, and observed and records the results of their labors, particularly in India, and his report is highly favorable and cheering. With what thrilling interest did we read the account of his visit to one whom we knew in the long ago, the Rev. Mr. Walsh, from Newburg, N. Y. He is at Allahabad, in Central India. He found him "hale, hearty, energetic," with "a countenance fresh and fair after a quarter of a century of labor under the sun of India." He found him, too, at the head of a school of "about 400 boys," and the exercises which he witnessed, with "Paradise Lost" and "Abercrombie's Philosophy of the Moral Feelings" as textbooks, were highly creditable to teacher and pupils. Mr. Walsh told him that there is such a demand for English-speaking natives that he cannot graduate a class. "The Hindoos excel in mathematics," says Mr. Coffin, "and command high salaries as clerks and accountants. Some who obtained an education in this school are receiving a salary of \$1,200 per annum. This is a stimulus to the native mind. Formerly it was difficult to obtain pupils, but there is no need of urging

parents to send their boys to the mission schools, which are preferred to those established by the government, notwithstanding the missionaries make the Bible a text-book, and teach the doctrines of the Christian religion as laid down in the Catechism of the Westminster Divines."

A "journey from Bombay to this city, and our morning's visit to this school, give us a broader view of the material and moral forces at work for the Christianization of India. The success of this mission is the best answer to all doubters of the efficiency of the means and the men employed in regenerating this ancient land of Buddha and Brahma."

This mission was so fortunate as to purchase a fine estate with ample accommodations for "\$2,000," which they can now sell for "\$50,000." India is undergoing a sure and essential, if not a rapid change for the better, according to our author's testimony.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.<sup>5</sup>

The title of this book is suggestive of the line of argument which its author adopts. The reform for which so many are clamoring, and the accomplishment of which is to bring about a millennium for women, is a "reform *against nature*." So Dr. Bushnell believes, and labors to show in this compact and able treatise. We are glad to see argument, temperate and discriminating logic, applied to a subject upon which we have hitherto had little save popular harangues, sweeping assertions, and impassioned appeals. The question is too weighty and vital a one to be decided by passion or prejudice. Let it be discussed in a serious and sensible, intelligent and thorough manner, not by a class of professional self-constituted reformers, from the narrow standpoint of a single idea, and with the heat and passion of a deadly strife, but by minds capable of understanding and discussing the subject in all its relations, and in the light of Scripture and reason, philosophy, and physiological and social laws. Dr. Bushnell is qualified, as few among us are, to grapple with this great problem. And while we do not suppose for a moment that his book will convince or shut the mouths of the noisy and pronounced advocates of "Women's Suffrage," yet it will at least confirm the views of those who are opposed to it, and secure for the subject a

<sup>4</sup> Our New Way Round the World. By Charles Carleton Coffin. Fully illustrated. Fields, Osgood & Co. 12mo, pp. 524.

<sup>5</sup> Women's Suffrage; the Reform Against Nature. By Horace Bushnell. Charles Scribner & Co. 12mo, pp. 194.

candid hearing from those whose minds are open to conviction.

We think the Doctor makes out his case and shows that the reform is "against nature." He reasons strongly and well in favor of removing various disabilities from woman, and points out the ways in which she can enlarge her sphere of activity and influence without unsexing herself or losing the supreme queenhood of the world. He shows that no right of suffrage is absolute in man or woman, and therefore that the question of woman's right to vote is not settled *a priori*, as the champion debaters of the sex assume. "Women must get their right to vote, if at all, just where men have gotten it—out of history, out of providential preparations and causes, out of the concessions of custom, out of experiences concluded, and debated reasons of public benefit. We have no better right than this, as men, and there is no better right to be, for women." He next reasons that woman was not created or called to govern, on the ground of sexual distinction and personality—that masculinity carries, in the distribution of sex, the governmental function. "The right of suffrage is itself a function of government. All offices must, of course, be open to them, as certainly as the polls are open. But they are put under authority by their nature itself, and if they will not take it as their privilege to be, if they call it insult and oppression, they set a character on their position which no man could; they put contempt themselves on their womanhood." He proceeds to show that the male and female natures together constitute the proper man, and are, therefore, both represented in the vote of the man: And these views he shows are in accordance with the moral expositions and dictations of Scripture.—Not the least valuable part of the book is where the author points out the mistakes and logically explodes the fallacies which make their appearance in the discussions of this subject. Well put is the reply to the *Edinburgh Review*, that "in the present close association between the sexes, men cannot retain manliness unless women acquire it." "How are the women ever to become more womanly unless the men become womanly enough to help them? And here the whole masculine nature, nay, and the whole female nature to boot, are out together in stern protest that men shall be men, and not women at all. Every woman wants a man for her husband, and every husband wants to be a man. The argument, therefore, breaks down

utterly; manly women are not wanted, and womanly men are not wanted, and most happy it is, in both cases, that they are not; for it is opposites here, and not similarities, that make the power. The man will be manlier, that he has a true womanly wife, and the wife will be the more womanly, that she has a manly husband. Develop both natures to the utmost, and the development of each will help that of the other. Nothing is more utterly preposterous, and more totally contrary to fact, than that, if we are to have manlier men, we must put the women out into fight, and bronze their soft faces into unbearded manliness at the tug of the polls. Why, if we could get the poor women up to this necessary pitch of manliness, and make them stalwart and bold as Lucifer, is there no reason to fear that, on principles of natural selection, we might prefer to let them have the polls and migrate to some more congenial country?"

It is not generally known that this question was once tested in the State of New Jersey, where women of all colors, from the age of 18 upward, had a constitutional right to vote. And the record of this brief experiment is a really appalling refutation of the promises now held out that when women come to vote they will bring in honesty and decency and make an end to fraud. The women were quite as excited as the men, and voted, says Mr. Whitehead, "not only once, but as often, as by change of dress, or complicity of the inspectors, they might be able to repeat the process." Women are more excitable than men; they admire a great deal more strongly than men, and there is nothing that they will not do to carry their end if the idol of their choice is a candidate; just as the proud Duchess of Devonshire allowed a butcher at the hustings to kiss her on condition of his voting for Fox. And in a striking light does our author trace the probable sad effects of the reform on woman herself, not the least of which is the change of type, physical, mental, and moral, which her womanhood is sure in time to undergo. She will lose her beauty, her feminine delicacy, her finer properties, and the standing she now has, by God's appointment, in her nature itself; nor will it be possible that the moralities should keep their present footing.

The scheme of women's suffrage is shown to have a demoralizing power on the family state, relaxing the just bonds of marriage, and increasing the tendency, first to avoid marriage, and secondly to obtain divorce. It

is noteworthy that the women's suffrage argument reduces marriage to a mere partnership-contract, which may be terminated, as all other contracts may, by the parties themselves. Says a leading woman-apostle of this reform: "True marriage, like true religion, dwells in the sanctuary of the soul, beyond the cognizance or sanction of state or church;" ridicules the notion that a man's wife 'is his property if once married, no matter whether her affections are his or another's;' laughs at his indignations, 'if any one else has dared to call out what he never could;' and finally, as if to stir up discontent with marriage, in a way of enlisting the discontented in her cause, exclaims—'Oh, what a sham is the marriage we see about us, though sanctioned in our courts, and baptized at our altars, where cunning priests take toll for binding virtue with vice, angels of grace and goodness with devils in malice and malignity; beauty with deformity, joyous youth with gilded old age—palsied, blasted, with nothing to give its victim in white veil and orange blossoms but a state of luxury and sensualism.' We see what kind of *animus* struggles in the utterance, and that marriage is gone down forever in the argument and reform, that are working their way by appeals so revolting. Any one can see that a reform thus carried carries with it discontent with marriage, and to just the same extent insures a legislation to facilitate divorce."

#### BRIEF NOTES ON BOOKS.

**Foreign Missions; their Relations and Claims.** By Rufus Anderson, D.D., LL.D. C. Scribner & Co. 12mo, pp. 373.

The substance of this book was presented in a course of lectures, delivered by appointment, in the theological seminaries of Andover, Bangor, Hartford, Auburn, Princeton, and Union, in New York city. No man in the country is better qualified than Dr. Anderson to discuss this great subject, and none will command more respect and attention for his utterances. His position as Foreign Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and the active part he has so long taken in the work, united to those mental and moral qualities which so eminently characterize him, lend weight to his words. His theory of missions is one that commends itself to most minds. The statement of facts and impressions, from extensive personal intercourse with missions, are highly interesting; while the calm yet forcible appeal he makes to those who look upon Christianity as the only hope of this lost world, is irresistible. It is a fitting close to a life nobly consecrated to the divine work of giving the gospel to the perishing millions of heathen lands.

The Old Testament History, from the Creation to the

Return of the Jews from Captivity. By William Smith, LL.D. With maps and illustrations. Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 715.

We have already noticed a similar work by the same learned author on the New Testament. Much of the matter of this volume is taken from his Dictionary of the Bible. It is prepared with special reference to students as a text-book for the illustration of Old Testament history. "It is surprising," says Dr. Smith, "that a subject of such universal interest and importance should have no manual which can for a moment be compared, in fulness, accuracy, and scholar-like treatment, with the histories of Greece and Rome in general use in our best schools." The want, however, is hereby well supplied.

**Primary Truths of Religion.** By Thomas M. Clark, D.D., LL.D. D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 331.

A timely and most admirable little work. We know not where could be found, compressed into the same space, more cogent and satisfactory reasoning in vindication of the Christian Faith. In the form of questions—19 in all—embracing all the essential truths of Christianity—the now current objections of skepticism and infidelity are subjected to a candid and searching scrutiny, and their groundlessness shown. The author does not discuss the peculiar doctrines of revelation, or dogmatic theology, only the fundamental principles of morals and religion, doubt and confusion concerning which prevail so extensively in our day. We thank Bishop Clark for the spirit and ability with which he has grappled with this subject. His manner of treating it—at once popular and comprehensible to the common mind, and yet logical and thorough—will commend the book to all, and especially to the large class whose minds are unsettled.

The same publishers have added two more volumes to their truly beautiful and marvelously cheap library edition of the "WAVERLEY NOVELS," embracing "The Heart of Mid-Lothian, Count Robert of Paris, Fair Maid of Perth, Woodstock, Fortunes of Nigel, Anne of Geierstein, Quentin Durward, and The Surgeon's Daughter." Also COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS and THE SURGEON'S DAUGHTER to their popular edition of the same writings.

**Masterpieces of Pulpit Eloquence.** By Henry C. Fish, D.D. Two volumes in one. M. W. Dodd. 8vo, pp. 1,325.

This valuable work has been before the public for a number of years. We are glad to see a new edition of it, and the two volumes embraced in one, which, while large, is not unwieldy, and is got up in remarkably good taste. Of the character of the work it is not necessary now to speak. It contains the most celebrated discourses of the most distinguished divines of the Christian Church, including those of the "Fathers," the "Reformers," and the great lights of the Latin, Greek, German, French, English, and American pulpit, many of which had never before been translated, and in con-

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*Sermons preached before the University of Oxford.* By H. P. Liddon, M.A. Third Edition, revised. London: Rivingtons. New York: Scribner, Welford & Co. 12mo, pp. xvi, 350.

*The Day Dawn and the Rain, and other Sermons.* By the Rev. John Ker, Glasgow, Scotland. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers, 1869. 12mo, pp. 450.

*Sermons by Charles Wadsworth, Minister of Calvary Church, San Francisco. A Roman & Co., New York and San Francisco. 12mo, pp. 337.*

These several volumes of sermons are all superior in their way. The latter is rather too rhetorical, and perhaps florid, to suit a severe taste, but they are instinct with gospel truth, and enforce its lessons, and unfold its provisions, with great earnestness and power of thought and of diction.

The sermons of Mr. Ker are remarkable for a high order of genius, combined with great moral power, and must rank among the very best which the Scottish pulpit has produced for a long time. They remind one of the best sermons of Chalmers. The thought is clear, vigorous, and logical, and the style elegant and animated, often tender and persuasive, not unfrequently truly eloquent. The discourses—twenty-four in number—embrace a wide range and diversity of subjects, some of which are out of the ordinary course of pulpit ministration. They all revolve, however, around the central truth of the gospel—Christ crucified. Several of the sermons traverse the higher paths of Christian and phi-

losophic research, and with no little ability. But the greater part of them are devoted to topics intimately connected with daily Christian faith and practice.

The Bampton Lectures of 1866 on the Divinity of Christ, by the author of the other volume, gave him at once a very high reputation. This volume of sermons will confirm and extend the impression made by those lectures. Besides the preface, it contains thirteen sermons, having no particular connection. The themes of these sermons are important, such as "God and the Soul," "The Law of Progress," "The Freedom of the Spirit," "Immortality," "The Conflict of Faith with undue exaltation of Intellect," "The Divine Victim," "The Risen Life," "Faith in a Holy Ghost," "The Divine Indwelling a Motive to Holiness," etc. And all of them, in an eminent degree, are characterized by vigor of thought, elegance of diction, earnestness of purpose, and the highest elements of instruction.

*Fishing in American Waters.* By Geonio Soot. With 170 illustrations. Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 484.

It must be that the piscatory art is coming into fashion and extensive use, or publishers would not invest some thousands of dollars in a book treating upon it. How would the eyes of good Isaac Walton have watered at the sight of such a book as now lies before us, devoted exclusively to his favorite pursuit and crowded with clear-cut and perfect pictures of the various piscatory tribes, sketches from life, and the letter-press affording a vast amount of curious, amusing, and instructive information in regard to them. We heartily commend the volume to all the lovers of this rational and health-improving recreation.

*The General; or, Twelve Nights in the Hunter's Camp. A Narrative of Real Life.* Illustrated by G. G. White. Lee & Shepard. 16mo, pp. 268.

A truly admirable book for boys from the pen of Rev. William Barrows. We wish we had more books of this sort. "The volume is matter of fact, being the truthful records of the actual life of a real person." The passion among the young for exciting adventures and startling incidents, has been unduly stimulated by overwrought fiction and the presentation of low life and bad character. "The General," in his eventful life, furnishes rare and ample material for a truthful and useful book of adventures, and we are glad that so competent a hand has written it out. Here is a real case for the young to study, where one grows up from boyhood through difficulties and daring exploits and perils to a ripe manhood of intelligence, usefulness and honor. Much of his life was a real heroism of the noblest kind, and the record of it must prove a healthful stimulus to every young reader who has energy and daring, and the fixed purpose to make his life noble.

# HOURS AT HOME;

A POPULAR

MONTHLY OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

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## SUMMER LIFE IN THE LEBANON.

THE "goodly Lebanon" is not a single mountain or grand cone rising majestically above the clouds, like Mt. Washington or Mt. Blanc. It is a range about 100 miles in length, which follows the coast, with large cities at its base, with large towns three and four thousand feet above the sea, with a thousand villages clinging to its sides, with glorious summits reaching far above the clouds; and there are convents, castles, groves, and ruined temples scattered all over its myriad hill-tops and terraced slopes. The four great rivers of Syria take their rise in this and its sister range of the Anti-Lebanon, and innumerable torrents rush down its great gorges and grand ravines to the sea on its western side, and to the fertile valley of Cœlo-Syria, which separates these twin mountain ranges, and to the beautiful plain of Damascus on the east. Its population of nearly half a million souls, composed of different races, tribes and creeds, live together, sometimes peacefully, sometimes at war, under a Christian Governor-General, who, though dependent upon the Sublime Porte and the five great powers of Europe for his office, enjoys more of independence than any other Pasha in the immediate service of the Turkish government.

I should be glad to describe Mt. Lebanon, but it is so vast, so grand in all its proportions, so magnificent in its physical

beauty, so sublime in its heights and depths, and so lovely in its fruitful slopes and luxuriant valleys, that I could not do justice to its claims upon the admiration of mankind. In its varied beauty it is full of loveliness and grandeur. Its high peaks bask in the light long after the sun has disappeared in the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and receive its first warmth before it becomes visible in the East. They are old friends—the heights of Lebanon and the king of day—the last to part when the shadows of night clothe the mountain as with a garment, and the first to greet, when the darkness is rolled back in the morning from a sleeping world; but with all this apparent friendship, the Lebanon ever turns the cold shoulder to the rising and the setting sun, and the snows that rest upon the summits, that glisten and glow and even blush with a mellow roseate tinge at sunset, resist the melting influences of the summer months, and remain to cool the breezes which fan the spark of vitality upon the simmering, sweltering plain below.

Fruitful and rich in mineral wealth, the Lebanon stands high in the rank of mountains, which by their hidden stores of copper and coal and iron might contribute to the increase of commerce and the comfort of man. Its mines are not worked to any considerable extent, and

the coal has been found to contain too much of sulphur for convenient use; transportation is so dear that iron may be brought at less expense from England to Beirût, than from the adjacent hillsides, which are almost entirely denuded of trees. But its verdant terraces, its groves of mulberry, its orchards of fruit, and its quarries of stone, produce far more than its inhabitants consume. The terraced slopes indicate the industrious habits of the people, whose constant efforts to make the most of the little soil found in the crevices of the rock, testify to the security of their crops.

This mountain has been in the possession of the Arabs since A.D. 821. Some of its fastnesses have never been entered by invading troops. Almost entirely without roads, it furnishes no facilities for the advance and support of armies. Although the Moslems have never made their way into all the strongholds of the mountain, and the native Christians, who inhabit it, outnumber the Moslems and Druses, who are their neighbors, the independence of the mountain has never been obtained. The Christian and Druse united might make a stand, but they do not unite in mutual defence, and they are frequently at war with each other; and although the Porte has granted the concession of a Christian Governor-General for the mountain district, the Sultan's authority is everywhere distinctly recognized.

The Lebanese formerly paid taxes to the amount of \$450,000 per annum to the Emir Beshir, but they now pay an annual tax to this mountain government of about \$160,000; this divided among a population of say 350,000, is about \$2 for each adult person. They pay nothing to the Turkish government, and are allowed entire freedom in the worship of God. Since the fearful massacres of 1860 Lebanon has enjoyed a season of prosperous repose. The hereditary nobility claimed for centuries the military service of their dependants, but since the massacres, the feudal system, which dated from 1187, has been abolished, and the people of the Lebanon are now comparatively free. They elect the sheik or mayor of their villages, with-

out interference from the Governor-General, but he must be taken from that sect which is most numerous in the village. He is aided, however, by two selectmen, chosen from the other sects, so that all are represented in the local government.

A Syrian summer spent in the Lebanon must be experienced to be appreciated. A summer in Beirût, Sidon, Tyre, or other towns on the Phœnician plain lying between the mountain and the sea, is synonymous with sweltering stagnation. Although the thermometer seldom reaches 90° in the shade, it remains at about 85° all through the summer, day and night, without rain, or refreshing breezes, or anything, in fact, to brace and fortify a debilitated system. On this sun-burnt plain, even up the coast as high as Tripoli, Latakia, Alexandretta, the port of Aleppo, and Mersine, the port of Tarsus, there can be but little activity of mind or body, for brain and muscle become lax and languid. There are no clouds to break the heat or glare of the sun; and fine dust penetrates eyes and nose and mouth, so that protection is found indoors alone. There is no running water, no grass, no verdure of any kind outside the smallest flower gardens, where the rose, geranium, jasmine and oleander, with a few orange and lemon trees, outlive the half year of rainless heat; and the wells, for which Beirût is famous, are very low and the water is unwholesome, before the early rains come with new life in October. There is stagnation in trade, in society, in thought and in life almost, and but for the regular lines of steamers which touch at intervals at the principal ports, impelled by the ceaseless activities of more temperate climes, there would be little to remind one of the fact that Syria has awakened from the slumber of centuries, and of the regeneration which is now beginning for the Arabic-speaking races which constitute her population.

But a summer in the Lebanon is a continual spring. Innumerable fountains make irrigation possible, and the hillsides, planted with the mulberry, the olive, and

the vine, refresh the eye with their terraced verdure, and give vitality to the idea of fertility, vegetation and life in an unending variety of forms. Arab poets have spoken of the Lebanon as having winter at its summit, autumn upon its shoulders, spring ever in its lap, an eternal summer at its base.

The population of Beirût, an enterprising city of about 80,000 inhabitants, may be divided into two classes: those who spend the summer in the mountains, and those who remain in town. To go involves the sacrifice of many comforts and the advantages of city life. English, American and German families generally prefer the pic-nic life, the pure air, and the cold water of the mountain, while the French, Italian, and others from Southern Europe, are loath to exchange their city homes for the smaller and less comfortable buildings found in the mountain villages. The Moslems, too, remain in town, even during the existence of pestilence, from which, as fatalists, they make no effort to escape. Wealthy Christian families, and many from the middle class, go to some village within two or three hours of the city. For the natives the change in the mode of living is less marked, as they more readily adapt themselves to the inconveniences of life in the mountains. But it is agreed by all that the effect of a change from the plain to the mountains is most salutary for children, especially during the perilous period of dentition.

The favorite places of resort are situated along the first ridge of the mountain, which looks down upon Beirût and the sea, and are from 2,000 to 3,000 feet high. Beginning at the north we have Beit Mary, Areihya, Aleih, Suk el Gurb, Aitat, Shimlan, Ain Anoob, and Aleeih. These villages are from two to four hours distant from the city. Areihya and Aleih may be reached in carriages on the Damascus diligence road, while all have a sufficient supply of water, and a limited number of houses, in which foreigners may, by the exercise of ingenuity, render themselves tolerably comfortable for the four months of en-

forced absence from the town. B'hamdoon lies farther back on the Damascus road; it is higher and colder and less popular than the other villages, because more distant, and yet, as we shall show, it has solid claims for favorable consideration. B'hamdoon and Aleeih have been for many years mission stations of the A. B. C. F. M., and these, with Shimlan, Aitat, and Suk el Gurb, have been the favorite summer resorts of the Anglo-Americans, while Europeans generally have preferred Areihya and Beit Mary, which are nearer to Beirût, and command magnificent views of the surrounding country.

Long lines of loaded mules may be seen about the 1st of July filing out of Beirût, through the forest of pines that adorn its suburbs, and along the tortuous paths to the villages that lie away from the great carriage road that links Damascus to the sea. Boxes are slung on animals, in which small children are placed, with a sheet spread over projecting posts to shield them from the sun, while the mothers, if strong, are mounted on horses, donkeys or mules, or, if feeble, are carried upon the shoulders of men, in covered chairs. The furniture selected for summer use is of the simplest character, consisting of beds, mats, tables, divans, a few chairs, kitchen utensils and provisions, dry groceries, at least for the season. After an inspection by the custom-house guards, who frequently make trouble, unless quieted with a few piasters, the procession passes on, and reaches in early morning, or at twilight, the house, temporarily abandoned, in whole or in part, by their owners for a consideration, ranging from \$30 to \$100 for the summer months. These houses are generally of one story, with stable on the down-hill side, and contain from three to ten rooms. Those selected by Franks are of the best, many belonging to the old feudal chiefs, whose families have reigned over these districts with bloody hands for centuries. Few of these houses have glass in their windows, but all have iron bars, giving them a prison-like appearance; and the floors are generally made of hardened mud and gravel, which, mixed with mor-



tar, retains its consistency from year to year. The poorer houses have seldom more than two rooms; beams and branches of trees are laid across the walls, and covered sometimes with a layer of earth, and sometimes with thin flat stones of considerable size to form a roof. At the side of most houses may be seen stone steps let into the outer wall to give access to the roof, on which the grapes, tobacco and other products are spread in the sun after harvest; but four or five of the steps near the ground are generally omitted to prevent children from prematurely reaching the house-top. The roofs are flat and kept in repair by the rolling of a stone cylinder upon the mud and gravel surface. These roofs are subject to the disastrous effects of frost, and though they shelter the inmates from the heat of the sun, they fail to protect them from the early rains. These houses are substantially built of rough hewn stones which may be quarried on the spot; they are without chimneys, for fires are seldom used. The kitchen, which is generally composed of three stones, is most frequently located in the yard, not far from the chickens and the haunts of the sheep, goats and cattle.

The mountaineers sleep in most if not all of their clothes, upon the mats or divans on which they sit during the day. Their habits are simple, and their mode of life inexpensive. They are thus able to give up their houses for the summer to the townspeople, and contract into one small room for sleeping purposes, and they do this cheerfully in view of the bag of piasters which is the concomitant of their self-denial.

B'hamdoon, 3,300 feet above the sea, became our summer-residence in 1865, but it began under a cloud. Sought too late for a beneficial change of air for a merry prattling member of the household, it became the burial-place of a darling child. The peasant neighbors declared that the child died from cholera, then raging in Syria, and avoided the house. The fogs from the valley, the clouds hanging around the mountain tops, and the barren rocks, became more cheerless and dreary. Our native friends expressed

much sympathy, and the owner of the house, unable to give other expression to his feelings, brought from the treasures of his store-room a bowl of dibs—molasses made from grapes—with the sympathetic wish that our joy might return to us.

This village is beautifully situated on the shoulder of a hill, which runs down almost precipitously into the deep valley more than 1,000 feet. The French macadamized road from Beirût to Damascus runs half a mile to the east, while a branch road runs through the village to a silk manufacturing town an hour beyond. Walks and rides are therefore numerous, but the disadvantages of a limited supply of water, and the entire absence of shade-trees, must be entered upon the other side of the account. The variety of scenery is unlimited. Below, the hillside is dressed in the living green of the vineyard, through which three paths lead down to and across the dry bed of a winter torrent, and up the face of the opposite mountain. Behind the village the summit of the hill reaches its apex several hundred feet above the house-tops, and is covered with vines running in every direction. Away off to the east rise the majestic fronts of Jebel Kenisy and Jebel Sunin, 9,000 feet high, around which the light fleecy clouds of summer love to linger. In the pure atmosphere of Syria they seem not far off; but ten hours of brisk walking would be required to reach their snow-capped summits. Over the shoulder of the opposite hill, Beirût is plainly visible 20 miles away, extending out into the sea, its white houses glittering and its yellow sands glaring in the sunlight, while the extended horizon melts into the Mediterranean, losing its identity, until the setting sun brings out the mountain outlines of the island of Cyprus, 120 miles from the coast.

So great is the variety of mountain scenery here, that the principal stand-points have been named by the villagers in honor of those visitors who were most enthusiastic in their admiration of the views. Thus the walnut tree which crowned the B'hamdoon hill, and commanded a view of all Lebanon, bore the

name of "Jowsy Calhoun," from the venerable missionary of the American Board, whose honored name is revered throughout the mountains. The tree no longer exists, but the glorious view will remain until there is a new heavens and a new earth. The great rock east of the Damascus road has also a name of its own. But I dare not venture to describe the view; it is sublimely beautiful; it is awfully grand. This rock, 3,000 feet above the sea, looks down upon a valley 2,000 feet below, where the pine tree in groups and groves, and picturesque villages, with large silk factories, adorn the slopes. Chateaus of the ancient nobility stand out in contrast with the smoking chimneys of the French factories, in which organized labor has replaced feudal serfdom. The terraces are all alive and green with the mulberry, which has an interest apart from its beauty, for it gives bread to the people, in giving food to the silk-worm. The eye, fascinated with the beauty of the valley, rises with increased pleasure to the white head of the grand old mountain, which has formed the land-mark of the mariner from the birth of commerce at its base, and a refuge for the oppressed during centuries of war.

The mountain heights have a character all their own, and the great variety of cloud apparel they assume, gives them a charm that constitutes one of the chief delights of a summer in the Lebanon. They appear every day in a new dress, sometimes cold, gray and dreary, but always grand. When the lingering sunbeams play upon their snowy heads, and the light frolicsome clouds hang upon their sides, or chase each other like children around an old man's knees, there is something genial in it all, and the effect is heightened by the contrast afforded in the deep shade and gloom of the pine groves in the valley below. And there is an exhilaration in this life above the clouds which is not known on the plain. The upper side of a sea of clouds, which float and rise and fall, changing to a thousand shapes, produces novel sensations when they roll up to your feet, dark, huge, and dreadful. But they are most

beautiful, when, after sunset, they put off their gold, crimson, rose and russet, and assume the Quaker gray, and lie in undulating billows, another sea above the blue expanse of water which meets the horizon in the west more than 100 miles away. When the moon rises, and these clouds float inland and fill the valleys with a silvery flood, the mountain tops loom out as from a subsiding deluge. With such views as these, when the currents of the upper air brace and invigorate the system, and the contrast between the stifling heat of the plain, where the nights are more intolerable than the days, the contrast between a summer in town and on the mountain is made clear, and the heart best expresses itself in thanksgiving for these glorious hills—thanksgiving that they are so well adapted to the habitation of man. There are no wild beasts to make us afraid, and no savage tribes who war upon strangers. Here is a safe retreat from the heat of summer, and from the cholera, which rages on the lower slopes and on the plain: the villagers are given to hospitality, and in times of peace one may travel over the entire extent of the mountain, day and night, without fear, and without escort.

What wonder then that the Lebanon was the paradise of the Hebrew poets. All writers upon the East, ancient and modern, testify that, for grandeur of scenery, richness of products, and beauty of climate, it is not surpassed in the world. Many invalids have been attracted here, but unfortunately in most cases they came too late; for though the last days of doomed consumptives may be made easier and perhaps prolonged, lungs already exhausted and perishing cannot be restored, even though the virtues of the famous grape cure and the orange cure be resorted to at the end. Incipient disease may be checked, if not entirely arrested, in this mild climate, the temperature of which ranges from 55° or 60° to 85° F.

The villagers, however, do not reckon beauty of scenery among the advantages of their situation. They seem insensible

to all this grandeur, unsurpassed by anything in Switzerland, says my neighbor, (a travelled Scot, familiar with the Highlands of his own country) but pride themselves on the abundance of their grapes, the pure water of their distant fountain, and the clear air of their mountain tops. They rejoice in their robust and vigorous manhood, and scorn, as mountaineers generally do, the effeminate habits of city life. You may eat a sheep, they say, and if you drink from their fountain, you may digest it without a dream.

B'hamdoon has been for more than thirty years under the influence of the American missionaries, and the people have in consequence become more enlightened than their less favored neighbors. They have enjoyed the benefit of schools and religious teaching, and several of the most respectable and wealthy inhabitants are members of the mission church, which numbers a congregation of about forty. The village has also a Maronite church, but the majority of the people still hold to the forms of the Greek faith. There is perhaps no denomination of Oriental Christians which can safely be trusted with exclusive power. At Jerusalem the holy places are probably more accessible to the followers of all creeds, in the hands of their Moslem keepers, than they would be in the possession of Latin, Greek, Armenian, or Copt. Here the experiment has been tried, and it has been found that Protestant missionaries, who have come with an open Bible, and without political aims, have been able to gain a better footing in mixed villages like B'hamdoon and Aleieh, where their stations flourish and their schools are accepted among the sects which fraternally unite in the secular affairs of life, and where men learn that charity which gives birth to religious toleration. Villages of a single creed have until now erected an almost insuperable barrier to the reception of a Protestant mission or school, and were it not for the protection afforded by the strong hand of the government, Zahleh and Deir el Kemr would to-day, as they have done before, break up the schools now planted, by force, and, if necessary, shed blood in

the attempt. A description of B'hamdoon, taken as a specimen village, will serve to convey an idea of life in the Lebanon as seen from the native standpoint.

This village has a population of 1,100, inclusive of women and children. I mention the women and children because in every Oriental estimate of population the numbers given refer only to the men capable of bearing arms. The 150 houses which constitute the village are built of stone, and are more or less comfortable in proportion to the wealth of the proprietors. The oldest inhabitant states the mortality to be about 12 per annum, or about one per cent. The plague, 30 years ago, made sad havoc here, but the cholera has never reached this level. Strict quarantine has been maintained during cholera seasons by the villagers, who required all persons coming from infected districts to pass seven days and nights in the open country, at least one mile from the village. This miserable custom prevails throughout the mountain, and results in great inconvenience to everybody, while its benefits are questionable. Since the introduction of the quarantine into the East it has failed to prevent the ingress of epidemics, but whether owing to this or other reasons, the plague has not visited the land for many years. The B'hamdoonians are in general kind-hearted, and they are unquestionably shrewd, for they have hitherto escaped the ravages of war, during the many revolutions that have swept over the mountain, by maintaining a strict neutrality and an inoffensive demeanor.

The property of the villagers is held in fee simple, comprising about 1,000 feddans, and pays an annual tax to the government of the mountain of 11,000 piasters. 5,000 piasters are also paid as a poll tax. The total tax is, therefore, only \$640. The annual income of the village is from \$12,000 to \$20,000, in grapes, silk and grain, its staple products. The more wealthy and intelligent natives farm districts belonging to the government, in the fertile plain of Cœlo-Syria, which separates the Lebanon range from the Anti-Lebanon—about five hours distant from

the village—while the poorer people find employment outside of their own little vineyards in the neighboring silk factories of the French merchants, and as muleteers and mechanics. All seem to be contented and happy. The women bring all the water used in the houses from a fountain half a mile up the hillside, or from a spring some distance below, in jars upon their heads, and the wood, charcoal, and provisions are brought from other villages and from Beirut.

These people delight in their vineyards, and during the last weeks of August and the month of September, are found towards evening seated among the vines eating the luscious fruit with infinite complacency. In an evening walk along the carriage road, which passes through the vineyards, one is met at every step by loud and hearty invitations to enter and join them in their family feasts, or to select the best bunches from the baskets of those who are returning laden to their homes. These delicious grapes are generally eaten in the evening, or in the morning on waking. So cool and refreshing are they that a cluster weighing a pound eaten before breakfast seems only to whet the appetite for more solid food. The amount of grapes eaten by the residents of the village is astonishing, and will average at least 3 lbs. per day, for the 40 days of the harvest. The grapes in the valley ripen two weeks before those above the village on the hill, so that this blessing of fruit is a cause of long-continued rejoicing, and when the harvest is over families hang up bunches by strings to the beams of the ceiling of their houses to the extent of 600 and even 1,000 lbs., where they remain well preserved for months. Good grapes may thus be eaten here in winter, and the raisins and the *dibs*—the syrup of grapes—go over until the next grape season.

B'hamdoon in September is an attractive place. Visits made by the villagers to their friends during the time of apricots are returned at the time of grapes. These visitors, with the summer residents from the town, add to the ordinary gayety of the scene, and picnics and promenades are

the order of the day. Landlords are then particularly kind to their tenants, and are thus afforded an opportunity of cultivating more pleasant relations with them. My landlord at B'hamdoon was a lean, meagre, shrivelled skeleton of a man, a lonely bachelor of 60 summers, who lived with his cat in one room of the lower story of the house. His little property gave him a sufficient income for his support, and his yard was the resort of all the old residents and well-to-do proprietors of the place, who gathered there to bask in the sun, and smoke and gossip the long hours away, until toward sunset, when they made their usual tour of the vineyards. Some of these being on the summit of the hill, where fine views could be had, I often went with them and we talked of their taxes, their grapes and their fountain—three never-failing subjects for conversation, in a land where the weather is never spoken of six months of the year. Hadj Shedeed, my landlord, played upon a stringed instrument of three strings, with a bit of horn which was inserted for support into a thimble on his forefinger. This was his only resource outside of his vineyard, and in this his only companion was his cat. But Shedeed was not a misanthrope, whatever his opinion of woman; for generally as soon as word reached the old man in the morning that the family had risen, he came to my door, with his hands loaded with clusters of grapes, yet wet with the dews of the morning; and his enjoyment in seeing me devour the fruit of his fields, was only equalled by my own in being the recipient of his favors. He claims medicinal virtues for these grapes, and the belief is general even among foreign residents, that they are valuable in liver complaints, and beneficial in all. The proprietors have begun to feel for their vineyards something of the veneration felt by the Egyptians for the Nile, the source of all their wealth. Grapes, says Shedeed, with his peculiar chuckle over his pipe, constitute our food during their season; they are our fruit and our preserves; what we don't eat we sell; and during the winter we have raisins and *dibs*, and our native wines.

Truly the grapes of B'hamdoon are de-

licious. I commend my countrymen, who are at a loss for a cool mountain retreat during a summer in the East, to look for quarters at B'hamdoon; and may they have as genial a landlord as old Hadj Shedeed!

Grape culture on this once barren hill was introduced by the Druses more than 200 years ago, and now there is not a Druse in the village to enjoy them. At one time there were 60 varieties of grapes, but blight and civil war have destroyed about one-half. The names of some of these will bear translation. The *baïd el hamam* (doves' eggs) are white, plum-shaped, and very large; the *kudûd el binat* (maiden's cheeks) are white and pink, and are long and juicy; the *subaâ el aroos* (bride's fingers) are long, white and sweet. I have before me the names of 22 distinct varieties, all of which I have tasted and found to be very good. Some of these, especially the zainy of Daria, a village near Damascus, have been introduced into America, through cuttings sent a few years ago to the Agricultural Department at Washington. Some of these varieties are red and white, others black and purple. The Chetaur are so called because they ripen late and are therefore known as winter grapes. The Tifaâry are large and have a flavor resembling the apple, as its name indicates, while the Derbely is almost seedless. All these grapes, especially the muksacy, the derbely and the Baïd el Hamam, make excellent raisins. They grow at an elevation of from 3000 to 3500 feet above the sea. The soil is limestone and rocky, and is worthless for other purposes. The temperature at the village, as shown by the register kept by a resident missionary in 1854, ranged as follows: May averaged 64°; June 70½°; July 76°; Aug. 75½°; Sept. 69°; Oct. 62°; Nov. 56°; Dec. 56°; Jan'y 1855, 48°. During these months there were 2 rainy days in June, 3 in October, 5 in November and 11 in December. The fruit begins to ripen in August and continues gradually as you ascend from the valley to the summit until 1st October. The winter grapes need rain, and ripen in cold weather, and these hung up in the houses remain good

until January. At B'hamdoon, the black grapes aswad merwary, and the white muksacy are principally used for sweet wines. The French consul at Aleppo in writing of the Lebanon wines says:

"The wines produced in the Lebanon differ in quality according to localities. In the Jubett-Bisherry it is white and is favorably regarded, while that of the kesrouan is generally yellow, and bears the name of *vin d'or*. At Kattêe it is red and rather thick, owing no doubt to the mode of preparation. The *solima* is renowned by its taste and rose color. This is most delicious and resembles the *blanquette de Limoux*. Among all these qualities, a connoisseur would easily find analogies with the most celebrated wines of France, Italy and Spain. It is believed that a more appropriate treatment and more elaborate care would give better results, but the Libanese, like other Orientals, find it difficult to travel out of the paths traced by their ancestors."

Here the vines are weighed down by thin flat stones and thus trained to run along the ground, while in other localities farther south, as at Hebron and in Southern Palestine generally, the vines are propped up so as to reach almost a perpendicular tree-like growth, by aid of stones piled up and other supports, with the view of keeping them from the ground. But in this mountain it is said that grapes on the ground ripen sooner, are less subject to decay, and are the finest fruit. There are no walls here or elsewhere in Syria to serve as boundaries between gardens and farms in the rural districts, but here the dividing lines are clearly marked in the vineyards by the trailing of the vines in opposite directions; the vines of A. running north, while those of B. run south, the interval between constituting the line of division.

In the first week of October, the population of the grape-producing villages may be seen diligently at work in their vineyards, spreading their rich fruit upon the clean-swept surface of some flat rock, or in some clean spot upon the hillside, well exposed to the sun. Here the grapes are separated from the principal stem, and after being dipped in strong lye-water mixed with oil, are laid in bunches to dry.

They are turned and sprinkled before and after noon for eight days, after which, in good weather, the grapes have become raisins and are carried with great satisfaction to their homes. Their happiest days are doubtless spent in their vineyards, for their houses are dark, close and repulsive; but in this fine autumn weather they can live out of doors among their vines. To the village youths and maidens, the season of grapes, raisins and dibs is full of all manner of sweetness, in prospect, in retrospect, and in actual realization. In other villages, where Moslem, Druse and Metowali, by their presence impose a greater degree of caution on the Christian females, hired laborers are sent into the vineyards, as in the days of our Lord, whose parable on this subject furnishes a suggestive lesson. But in all the vineyards alike during the months of August and September, certain men are selected to watch the vines from some commanding spot, where they remain in little tents or booths day and night, armed with knotted clubs—a terror to evil-doers, and ready apparently to repeat the violence described in the parable. Occasionally their voices are heard in the distance challenging passers-by who are tempted to taste the grapes that grow by the wayside. These sun-burned children of the hills are not all men of violence. Often have they run down from their lofty perch, to offer me a bunch of grapes during a thirsty ride, and refused the proffered backshish. Was it kindness of heart that prompted the offering, or did it proceed from a desire to speak to some one, to look in the face of a fellow-being, and receive a smile of thanks, and thus maintain social intercourse with man? They have to watch the foxes that eat the tender vines and to fear the east wind which causes them to wither and decay. Unseasonable rain is an enemy, and the frost a foe. Wars between families and villages are to be dreaded, for in their barbarous wrath they cut down trees and uproot the vines. These and all other calamities common to all crops may visit them, and they may well be thankful for a good crop and the reign of peace.

In order to be fully able to "rejoice with them that do rejoice," let us go with these happy villagers to their *marsarahs*, where, day and night, the sweet essence of the delicious grape is trodden out by the washed feet of their young men. The dibs of B'hamdûn is reputed the best in Lebanon. It much resembles honey, and it may be the "honey" with which the promised land was said to flow. It is richer than the syrup of the American maple, and constitutes a delicious preserve, of which these people are justly proud. Five *marsarahs*, or presses, belong to this village, and constitute early in October its principal attraction. Families take their turn at one of these presses, sometimes alone, but frequently in partnership with a neighbor, or they put out their grapes on shares, transport the fuel, and take one-fourth of the product for their pains, after paying out of the whole one-tenth part as the toll of the press. An immense caldron, built into the masonry of the press, is constantly filled from the pits or vats with grape-juice, which flows in streams from the five tread-mills. These treading-places are ranged side, by side and filled with grapes, which break and bleed and die under the tread of the barefooted mountaineers.

At night the scene is most grotesque. The treaders tread and smoke and talk. The fireman feeds his fire, which throws a weird light over the group, from immense piles of "the thorn that crackles under the pot." The man at the boiler stirs the boiling, bubbling, steaming mass with his huge ladle; and when the air is filled with the fragrant odor that announces the transformation of the grape-juice into dibs, buckets full of syrup are carried by attendants to the great brass vessels placed in position by their respective owners. Men and boys now gather round for a taste, and the crowd assumes a resemblance to a group of Yankee boys plying tongues and fingers to a molasses barrel. The impression made by the sight of juice, oozing out from between the toes and from under the heels of the treaders, was one of infinite disgust, but

the process of boiling and refinement somewhat relieved apprehensions of dirt. Unwilling to wound their sensibilities, I yielded to the courteous invitation of the sheik of the village, who was doing the honors of the evening, and when he offered me the froth-covered bottom of a metal cup, like the other boys, I drew my finger across the cooled surface, and in the most innocent manner conveyed it to my mouth—thereby recalling visions of childhood and of sugar-boiling in the maple woods of Vermont and Ohio. Here was candy making on a large scale, and I longed to propose the boiling down of the dibs to the consistency of molasses candy, and inaugurate on Mount Lebanon a taffy pulling—one of the olden kind. A species of confectionary is made from this dibs, called *halāwy*, by grinding the raisins and then boiling them in this delicious syrup.

There is one more process through which the raisins pass before they are put away for the winter—and to witness this I went to the house of Maalem Daoud—the teacher David, who had invited my household to assist at the “stemming of the raisins.” They do not keep the raisins here in bunches, but detach each one carefully from the stem: and this process is conducted very much in the same spirit which characterizes an American “husking.” Great piles of these sundried grapes were spread out on the clean rolled terrace, and we endeavored, while lending a hand, to enter into the spirit of merry thankfulness of Daoud’s family, as we sat with them under a fruitful fig-tree. The stars were shining sweetly down upon the goodly Lebanon around us, and we could but feel with them that God had been very good in granting them peace, plenty and safety during a year of pestilence, and in permitting this people, from Dan to Beersheba, to sit under their own vine and fig-tree, in a land which but a few years ago was torn and rent by violence and bloodshed.

But what are the foreigners doing all this time? They don’t gather grapes for the wine-press, and make raisins and dibs and *halāwy*, although they do their part

right manfully in consuming grape in all its forms. Well, I will describe in general terms the foreign colony of a mountain village in the summer of 186—. It united many genial and yet antagonistic elements,—five foreign consuls, three missionary families, the president of a college, two physicians, and a retired English officer, who had married a Syrian woman and settled in the Lebanon. His daughter is the wife of the Emir, who is governor of a dozen villages; and last though not least an ex-Secretary of State of the Republic of Liberia, then professor of Latin and Greek in the college at Monrovia, and now in Syria for the acquisition of the Arabic language. The reunions of this little Frank community were frequent but not general. Cliques were as numerous as the tastes and pursuits of the individuals were various. I think all were not brought together at any one time during the summer. Music and poetry constituted the common ground on which all might have met, but in other respects there was a wide divergence in all that makes up character. Three of the number were men of the world, in the broadest sense of that term; they had no higher ambition than the gratification of self. Others avoided that extreme in the endeavor to make the best of both worlds. The missionary families were happy in their devotion to their work, and found their greatest joy in laboring for the benefit of the people around them. In some cases, literary tastes and professional sympathy formed a tie which sometimes united many in the pursuit of exercise and recreation. Quoits, croquet, backgammon, picnics, musical soirées, readings and recitations from the poets, rides, walks and sketching, brought us together from time to time.

Six hours of literary, official, or professional labor, gave us an appetite for a scramble over the hills for fossils, plants and shells, a game in open air, or a ride to the sea-shore, two hours below. Sometimes a mid-day meal under a great tree, where each family composing the group brought a contribution, would suggest the charms of a traditional New Eng-

land "clam-bake," minus the clams. Picnics in the nooks and glens, where little cascades made all things cool and green, and where the children had free scope for play, made children of us all.

The element of good was strongest in that little community; each member of

it was refreshed and strengthened for his winter's work; tired hearts were cheered by communion with nature; and weary lives were brightened, and some we trust were made better, by that invigorating and never-to-be-forgotten summer life in the Lebanon.

#### OLLIVIER AND THE SECOND EMPIRE.

"OLLIVIER is defeated!" was the exultant cry of rejoicing Parisians; "Bancel is elected!"

Before the recent elections it would seem that nearly all the interest in the great electoral contest throughout France centred in the third electoral district of the Seine; and now all other triumphs are considered subordinate to the victory of the people in this trial test. Just here the question regarding the Emperor seemed fairly and squarely placed before the people, because here, on the one hand, the Government presented the only candidate in Paris that it dared to favor even with faint praise, and on the other the people presented a genuine hero of the barricades, one who had been a member of the Assembly during the short-lived days of the Republic, and had been exiled for his vigorous protests against the perjury and assumption that throttled it.

This exiled republican is triumphantly elected, and Ollivier, the liberal opponent of the policy of the dynasty, during the last twelve years in the two Chambers of that period, is overwhelmingly defeated. And this defeat is doubtless a bitter pill to Louis Napoleon, for Ollivier is defeated not because he is a supporter of the Emperor, but because he is not sufficiently vigorous in his opposition, and especially because he is the leading spirit of the new "*Third Party*," whose aim is to bring the policy of the Empire into the sphere of liberalism, and thereby ensure to it life and vigor in the future.

Since the dead pall of despotism was raised from the Empire by the election of Ollivier, in the contest of 1857, and his assumption of a seat in the Chamber as a leading liberal, his influence on the political history of the country is so

marked, and his labors have been so closely entwined with the progress of the Second Empire, that we deem this period of his apparent retirement from the arena a fitting one to take a glance at his history in connection with the Government, and the new phase into which the late elections will inevitably introduce it.

We are provided with ample means to trace his career, in the cords of documents published regarding him during the recent contest. He himself has given to the world a volume of his speeches, as well as an autobiography of himself, and an apology of his course; whilst his friends have flooded Paris with books and pamphlets regarding him, and day after day the Parisian journals have teemed with articles pro and con concerning Ollivier, the observed of all observers in the great electoral struggle.

Just after the first election that was to summon the members of the Constituent Assembly to form a new constitution after the Revolution of '48, we entered one day our favorite Café de Valois, in the Palais Royal, and took a seat at our accustomed place. We had dined there so often, that an attentive garçon had learned to anticipate our wants, and brought to us the Paris Punch in the shape of the famous sheet known as "*Charivari*." It was our custom to look over Charivari's jokes and squibs as an effective appetizer, while waiting to be served; and we immediately discovered on this day an unusual caricature occupying an entire page.

Failing to recognize the tall, lank figure with enormous nose, carpet-bag in hand, and great dog trotting adventurously after him, we called on the garçon to expound the enigma. "Ah," says he, "Monsieur! that is Louis Bonaparte; he has been



elected to the Assembly, and arrived in Paris yesterday; there below you will find his maiden speech, in which he declares for the Republic." And, sure enough, below were the few words that he had addressed to the Assembly on taking his seat. But in what French! The Parisians not only caricatured his person, but heaped on him the greatest indignity for a Frenchman; insinuating that he spoke a *patois* of his native tongue, making f's of all his v's, and accusing him of saying "*foulez-vous*" instead of *voulez-vous*. We relate this merely to show with what contempt Louis Bonaparte was received in Paris on his return from exile and imprisonment. The *patois* hinted to him his long residence in Switzerland, and carpet-bag and dog his outfit and companion in prison.

But how soon things changed! In a little while the despised exile had become the "nephew of his uncle," and in a few months more we saw him inaugurated as the President of the French Republic.

And now Ollivier steps upon the scene. Born in Marseillès, he had, like every ambitious Frenchman that is able to do so, repaired to Paris to finish his legal studies. With these he was busily engaged when the revolutionary storm burst over France, and he entered heart and soul into the strife. His father, an inflexible republican of earlier revolutions, hastened to Paris to meet his old comrades, and claimed, not for himself but for his son, a recognition of the services he had rendered, and the sufferings endured in the cause of the Republic. His claims were acknowledged, and young Ollivier, but twenty-three years of age, was appointed general commissioner of his native city, Marseilles, and the whole Department of the mouths of the Rhone; but while he was nominally Governor, it was understood that the main responsibility would devolve on the more experienced father.

Ollivier bore this wonderful change of fortune more stoically than many of his friends. In mien and bearing he was a mere youth, but in actions and moral power and influence he showed the self-possession of age. Some attributed this

to an overweening self-conceit; others, who knew him better, declared it to be simply an indication of that rare independence of character that has since induced him so many times to stand alone in political strife. But he began to rule the fickle republicans of Marseilles with classical speeches, of which they quickly tired, and in their waywardness he soon had an opportunity to disabuse himself of some of the fancies of youth. They desired the most rapid progress in the radical arena; he tried to check a blind enthusiasm. He called them fanatics, and they replied with retrograde, and renegade from freedom; some of the more violent even branded him with the appellation of traitor.

His first effort at governing was a complete failure, and he soon gave it up in disgust and returned to his legal studies in Paris, in some respects a wiser man. He had taken rather a costly lesson in the school of experience, but one which strengthened him for life. He left the political arena, but remained republican in faith, though repudiating the Jacobinic tendencies of the extremists of the early days of the Republic. He now threw his whole soul into the law, and surprised his friends by the beauty and finish of his eloquence, the acuteness of his perception, and the stern logic of his deductions. He soon rose to distinction. He was pitted against the most eminent pleaders at the French bar, and his successful conflict with Berryer secured him enduring reputation, so that the liberal electors of Paris chose him in 1857 as their representative in the Chamber, and thus called him back to political life.

He conquered in a triangular contest; the government candidate being on his right, and a representative of extreme democracy on his left. In his confession of faith to the electors he declares: "Events have not altered my convictions; but there are two kinds of democracy: the one is broad-hearted, sympathetic, and turned towards the future. It grows by assimilation and not by exclusion. It believes that the time for phrases is past, and that of science is come. The moral and material improvement of the working

classes, and the development of trade and credit, is its aim, and freedom is its means. It teaches when it can, but never strikes nor excludes. Of this freedom we now see the dawn; it is to you to lead this dawn to the perfect day." This platform elected him by a large majority, and this triumph may truly be called the dawn of freedom, since for six years not a liberal voice had been raised by the first Chambers under the Second Empire.

The usurper had instituted the form of a representative assembly in the "Corps Legislatif," but practically it was a mere voting machine to say Yes, to his propositions, and had ever submissively done so. But in this new Assembly Ollivier found four colleagues to join him in saying No, to propositions that they were not allowed to discuss, or if by chance a few dissenting words were permitted, they never reached the press, and therefore not the people. These five faithful ones were Ollivier, Favres, Picard, Herron, and Darimon. For six years this little band faced the reactionary tendencies of the great majority of the Chambers, and these "historic five" will ever be remembered in the history of the Second Empire as the faithful champions of the French people in presence of a throne that was endeavoring to suppress their liberties. Ollivier's greatest honor and strongest claim on the liberals of France is the fidelity with which he clung to this little band in measures which seemed at times of doubtful propriety. But he knew the necessity of so small a phalanx presenting a solid front, and when it came to the vote they never broke ranks, but remained a standing protest against tyranny and usurpation. Thus they were ever identified in measures before the world, when there was perhaps not entire unanimity among themselves; but as they had no privilege of giving the motives of their votes they cast them in a solid negative.

And these solid ones were so many daily reproofs from the people to the throne, which by their faithful application brought at last the liberal decree of November, 1860. This famous decree granted the printing of the speeches in full, and in the

debates on the address to the throne, a full discussion regarding the internal and external policy of the nation, and also permitted the interpellation of the ministers respecting their acts, which enabled the opponents of the Government directly to reach their men in the conflict. This new state of things opened the door to each individual man to take his course more independently; and thus came the epoch at which Ollivier began publicly to differ at times from his liberal colleagues, and especially from Jules Favres, the famous leader of the extreme radical sentiment in the Chamber at that time.

Ollivier's celebrated speech on this decree contains the following political creed in the form of an eloquent appeal to the Emperor: "If one is at the head of a nation of 36,000,000, and is so welcomed by it as we are daily told; if one by the strength of this heroic people rules as it were the world, by turning fortune to whatever side he may turn; if one is the most powerful among princes, and has found the favor of destiny inexhaustible; if one's life is like a legend, escaping from prison, surviving exile, and ascending the throne of France; if one has experienced every grief and every joy,—then there remains still an inexpressible joy to be experienced, which surpasses all others, and lends undying fame; namely, that of courageously and voluntarily becoming to a great people their guide to freedom, repelling weak-hearted and faithless counsellors, and stepping directly before the nation. On that day when this call shall go forth, there may still be men who will remain true only to the memories of the past, or who will bury themselves too deeply into the hopes of the future; but the majority, I guarantee it, would hail it with enthusiasm. And as for me, I would admire, I would help; and my assistance would be so much the more effective as it would be wholly unselfish."

This thrilling apostrophe to the Emperor created a great excitement among friends and foes, and inaugurated a new phase of the struggle with the dynasty. It was clear that Ollivier, under certain conditions, believed in the future of the

Empire, and desired its life with liberty, rather than its death by revolution. His radical colleagues, on the contrary, believed it incapable of life with liberty, and were ready, so far as their oath of allegiance would permit, to hasten its decline and collapse. The break between them was therefore clear, though it made no public demonstration. The "historic five" still worked together for the remaining three years of the existence of that Assembly, and their activity in debate and opposition was most effective in preparing the people for the election of a new legislative body. At times Ollivier appeared with the most radical demands—absolute liberty of the press, its subjection to the ordinary laws, and abolition of the obnoxious press-laws; free-trade, untrammelled industry, and the right of assemblage. Then again he would demand the responsibility of the sovereign, justifying the instinct of the nation in placing the responsibility of an action where it saw the exercise of power; but his colleagues found him illogical in not following out the sequence to the absolute and sole right of the people.

Thus they fought on together till the approach of the elections of 1863; with these Ollivier entered on a new phase of his career, and his breach with his former comrades was complete. Many began to cry treason, which accusation he met with the calm reply that he had entertained the same sentiments longer than they had imagined, but in the interests of liberty he had retained unbroken the ranks of the little Spartan band of opposition. He now issued a new platform for himself alone, and with it went into the canvass: "Our aim is the league of liberty and democracy. The means is justice. Without democracy, liberty is the privilege of the few; without liberty, democracy is the oppression of all. I wish neither privilege nor oppression. To praise always is servile; to censure under all circumstances is unjust. I am neither for systematic accord nor systematic opposition." On this platform he was elected to the new Assembly by a majority of 8,000 votes. His former colleagues

were returned by a more radical element, but on the other hand quite a number of constitutional monarchists like Thiers were also sent, so that the new political campaign began with an opposition numbering seventeen instead of five. But it was so different in its internal shading that it was clear that it could no longer work together as a solidarity, except on unusual occasions, when the question was one of simple opposition to the dynasty.

The Second Empire now entered on a new phase of its existence. Three years of parliamentary debate, mainly called forth and sustained by the "historic five," had succeeded in rousing the French nation from its lethargy, and inducing it to take a new interest in political progress. The mass of the French peasantry, under the manipulation of government officers, remained true to their traditional conservatism, and by their votes gave a large conservative majority to the Chamber; but the greater part of the intelligent middle classes, especially in the cities, had awakened again to a self-consciousness and consented to co-operate with the workmen in securing a larger share of personal and civil liberty. The result was that although the decided and actual opposition numbered but 17, nevertheless some 40 or 50 members could be brought together who would harmonize in demanding a liberal concession, more in accordance with the spirit of the age and the dignity of the nation.

This influential fraction soon became the distinguishing characteristic of the new House, and Ollivier, as a matter of course, became its leader. It was a new party, and assumed the name of the "*Third Party*." It accepted the Empire, but upon the express condition of the largest liberty compatible with its existence. But it was composed of elements so totally different in themselves that it necessarily divided into numerous little bands of the most varied convictions. These had their chosen leaders and select formulas. Some demanded the responsibility of the sovereign, others only that of the ministers, and claimed that they should personally defend their measures before the Cham-

ber. Some insisted on liberal press laws, and others would abolish them entirely, and let the press be responsible to the ordinary legal tribunals. Even Thiers became so liberal that he is supposed to have aspired to the leadership of this faction; but the various internal elements found it more easy to concentrate, when necessary so to do, around Ollivier.

As soon as this position of Ollivier became apparent, he found himself between two fires: the radicals accused him of treason to their cause, and the ultra-conservatives treated him with derision for attempting to bring the Emperor over to a liberal policy. A few of the Imperialists, however, who seemed more fully to comprehend the logic of events, had confidence in Ollivier, and tempered to some extent the feelings of the majority, so that they were more willing to accord to him the courtesy due to a leader of an influential faction. As a result of this, he was made chairman of a committee to report on a prominent measure before the House, and did so with signal ability; but this favor of the Imperialistic majority brought down on his head the curses of the radical wing, who saw in Ollivier an ambitious man cringing to power to obtain favor and place; but the sequel proved this charge to be most unjust. Ollivier had means of knowing that there were violent agitations in the immediate vicinity of the throne, and hoped that from them might possibly issue a victory for the cause of progress; and in his speeches of that period he defended the cause of liberty with the same energy as when battling with the "historic five."

But through all these turmoils Ollivier succeeded in maintaining the leadership of the new party, which now resolved on a decisive blow. The celebrated Amendment of the 42, offered to the address to the throne, represented to the Emperor that France was as loyal to liberty as to the dynasty, and considered the former a necessary element in the prosperous development of the country; and also that the "legislative body" was only the organ of public opinion in expressing the hope at the foot of the throne that

the great Act of 1860 might approach its necessary fulfilment after an experience of five years had proved the expediency and propriety of its completion. According to the programme of this Third Party, the Government was not called upon to change its character, but only to permit the development of liberal measures within its sphere; and to this end it claimed the right of interpellation and of amendment to the address to the throne; and, above all, it demanded that the ministers should be held to the personal presentation of their measures to the Chambers. They did not then dare to place ministerial responsibility on their standard, but hoped that this would be gained by the natural development of the system that they desired to inaugurate. In supporting these measures, Ollivier declared: "The future of the Imperial dynasty depends on the solution of this question. The triumph of those who believe that the Emperor can grant this liberty will base the dynasty on a rock; but if those triumph who maintain the contrary, the dynasty is condemned to an adventurous existence."

This is the theme of many speeches delivered by Ollivier in the spring of 1866, during which period he worked with all his energy for the consolidation of this platform. He was not even satisfied with his unusual activity in the parliamentary arena, but found time and strength to urge his views in the field of journalism. He undertook, for a time, the control of the "*Presse*," and appeared in this sheet with a series of remarkable articles; but here he was not successful, as both he and his friends were soon convinced, and he shortly retired to an arena more fitted for the exercise of his peculiar gifts. This entire year was one of great labor and great suffering for Ollivier, but it did not end without the conviction in his own mind, that his efforts had brought profit and produced good results. His worst enemies began to believe in the sincerity of his convictions that the Empire and liberty might be in unison, and even stern Imperialists began to believe that his demands were not simply

intended to entice the dynasty into the way of ruin. Prominent personages in the immediate surroundings of the Emperor gained faith in the possibility of the experiment, and at last the Emperor himself began to read the speeches of Ollivier, and was soon convinced that the period demanded the fulfilment of the reforms promised in 1860. De Morny, the most skilful statesman of the Second Empire, was impressed with the same convictions, had gained Rouher over to his plans, and went so far as to invite Ollivier to be the third one of the league; but the latter replied with the simple promise of his support in the Chamber. But De Morny's death caused a delay in the discussion of the question, and Rouher, relieved from the pressure of the fallen statesman, ignored his previous steps, and returned to his severe Imperialism.

In the whole course of this history Rouher has exerted so much influence over the Emperor as to receive the derisive title of Vice-Emperor; after his Majesty had been in the hands of the latter he came out fearfully conservative, for Rouher seemed inclined to outvie the throne in declaring all concessions as impossible, and incompatible with the constitution. But Walewski, who also exerted much power over the Emperor, was in sympathy with the reform projects of Ollivier, and thus Napoleon had never let them entirely drop from his thoughts. In the summer of 1865 the Emperor had managed, by a skilfully arranged chance meeting in the apartments of the Empress, to have a long interview with the liberal reformer, and to receive from him a full development of his views on the prominent political questions of the day. A few months afterwards Ollivier was surprised with an invitation to an interview with the Emperor, who desired his co-operation in the execution of the projected reforms, and offered him the portfolio of Public Instruction. Ollivier listened to the Emperor, but laid down so liberal a programme as the conditions of his acceptance, that the consummation of the

matter was deferred until another interview. At this second meeting Ollivier took occasion to request the Emperor to relieve him from assuming any ministerial responsibilities, no doubt fearing that the more immediate surroundings of the throne would finally exert the greater influence on the monarch. But the liberal deputy had the satisfaction of knowing that his policy had at least been adopted by the throne, and that he had done despite to the railings of his enemies, by declining a ministerial position in the implied interest of liberal reform.

Ollivier afterwards addressed a letter to his Majesty, succinctly detailing the position that he desired to be understood as assuming in the interview, and received this remarkable answer from him: "Although I am resolved to follow the path whose aim I explained some months ago to Walewski, I nevertheless desire to have a previous consultation with you and Rouher regarding the details of its execution. Believe me, that what restrains me is neither indecision nor a vain jealousy of my prerogative, but the fear of depriving myself of the means of restoring moral order—the essential foundation of liberty—to this land so agitated by manifold passions. That which troubles me regarding the laws of the press, is not the difficulty in finding the power of suppression, but the manner in which criminal excesses are to be designated in a law. The most dangerous articles may escape condemnation, whilst the most insignificant may be struck by the rigor of the law. Here the difficulty has always lain. Notwithstanding this, in order by decisive measures to exert an influence on all minds, I would desire with one act to restore what we may call the crown of the edifice. I would desire to do this in order not to be obliged to return to this subject, since it is a matter of high import to me and the country to arrive at a definite condition. The goal that I would reach must be boldly placed, that it may not appear that I am forced to concessions from year to year; for one falls, as Guizot says, always towards the side to which he leans, and I wish to walk firmly and di-

rectly, without swerving now to the right and then to the left. You see that I talk to you very frankly; you have inspired me with confidence, and my thoughts will ever be the more agreeable to me the more they accord with yours."

But notwithstanding this extraordinary epistle from an Emperor to a subject, and a very liberal one at that, it soon appeared that Ollivier's foresight and hesitation were justified. What seemed to be the dawn of a new era was but a transient flash. On the 19th of January, the famous and long-promised decree of reform appeared; but it was a bitter disappointment. Even the concessions granted were dearly paid for by the abolition of the right of address to the throne, for this latter always afforded the best opportunity of discussing the measures of the Government in a way to reach the press and the people. But it was still hoped that the liberty of the press and the right of assemblage might become actual truths by the laws in prospect, and in this sense Ollivier thanked the Emperor in the Chambers for what he had granted, but intimated that much more was expected. For this faint praise and faint censure, Ollivier was severely condemned in the liberal journals, and the date on which this decree was issued has become historical. Ollivier adopts it as the title of his last book, "The Nineteenth of January," which the French naïvely call his "Confessions." He terms it his autobiography, and during the recent canvass no less than four large editions of it were absorbed. It is to a certain extent also the autobiography and confessions of the Second Empire, as seen in the Emperor's letter.

Ollivier's enemies now taunted him with the accusation of having become ministerial since he could not be minister; he replied with the proof that he might have been minister had he wished, but declined in the interest of liberty, believing that his true place was as yet on the floor of the Chamber. It is clear that Ollivier had no desire to become minister or ministerial, in the sense of being a friend and adherent of Rouher, the man

who, with the aid of the reactionary influences that surrounded the Empress, had succeeded in turning the Emperor from the liberal path to which he had swayed for a moment, under the influence of Ollivier and Walewski. In short, there was an irreconcilable strife between them, that had hitherto been concealed, but now burst forth in open Chambers on the occasion of the discussion of the new laws presented as the sequel of the famous reform decree. Ollivier accused the Minister of desiring to stifle or throttle the granted reforms so as to make them practically useless, and the latter induced his adherents to refuse to Ollivier the privilege of being chairman of the committee on the press-law, with the opportunity of making the report. But, deprived of his influence here, he labored so much the more vigorously in the debate on the law, whose nature greatly disappointed the people and the liberal press. He delivered no less than seven speeches on this subject, and contended most eloquently that the press should be mainly subject to the common law, and have no special legislation. He did not deny that absolute liberty might be productive of some abuses, but contended that it was a choice between possible license and absolute tyranny. To suppress all license would be to suppress all liberty; better tolerate some license to secure full liberty.

This programme alienated him entirely from the Government, and broke off all personal relations with the Emperor, but it did not deter him from his cherished plan of making the Empire liberal by the aid of popular influence. He at one time seemed on the point of bringing the Empire to a platform that might have insured it strong roots and a firm foothold. It slipped from his fingers and fell back into the mire; but Ollivier, not discouraged, returned to the work, confident of final success. For the last two or three years his position has been doubtful, and circumstances have been unfavorable for him; the radicals have constantly persecuted him since he broke with the "historic five;" for the Third Party, to which

he was so instrumental in giving birth, he is mostly too radical, and the old conservative majority treats him with scorn and bitterness.

In this condition he entered the canvass of the recent elections; his peculiar platform of regeneration for the Empire, rather than an effort to overthrow it, made him to a certain extent the embodiment of the question to the people as to whether they would or would not have the Emperor. No living man ever worked harder to defend himself and define his position. He published his speeches, gave to the world his own story of his connection with the Empire in the most secret phases, even publishing his correspondence with the Emperor, and left no stone unturned in self-defence. Most of the liberal journals defended and supported him with vigor and loyalty, and from the intense excitement in his case one might have thought the question for all France centred in his election. He presented himself to constituents who had twice returned him to the Chambers by a majority of thousands. But he was defeated now by thousands; and defeated by a Red Republican who had been exiled by the Empire. In this, however, he simply shared the fate of all Liberals and Conservatives in the capital. Paris turn-

ed against the Emperor as it had never done before, and Ollivier shared the fate of all who had not radically opposed him. The day after the election Ollivier seemed buried forever, and his radical foes exulted like madmen. But in a short time his stock began to rise again; news came that he had been elected in a rural district, and as the returns gradually reached the capital, it appeared that the combined opposition would rally a much larger number than in the last Chambers. And although the Red Republicans have elected quite enough representatives to frighten the Emperor, still the real gain is for the Third Party, of which Ollivier, more than any other, is the exponent. And the signs even now show themselves that this is to be the party of the next Chambers; its founders are being daily more and more petted and patted, and even now the Government is claiming the elections of its members as favorable to the dynasty. Prophets are already foretelling that the Emperor will now complete his reforms in unison with the demands of this party, and that, before three years are past, France will have a Parliamentary Chamber, with responsible ministers. This we think more than probable, and, if so, who else can be the coming man and minister of the future but Ollivier?

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#### MY PALACE.

MY heart is a palace, and thou art its queen,  
All regnant in beauty, all royal in mien,—  
A child in thy heart-life, yet woman serene.

Ah! no one can fathom my sea of delight,  
Where waves, sun-reflecting, are sparkling and bright,  
Yet adown in whose depth dwelleth joy infinite.

The world may go mocking, and smile at my bliss,—  
The world, whose blind leadings have taught it amiss,  
But it cannot entice me to barter one kiss,

For its full-sounding praises—but *spurious gold*—  
Conventional greetings, so bland yet so cold,  
And measured devotion to Fashion's false mould.

Its halls may be wider, their fresco more gay,  
Its glittering tinsel make bolder array,  
But my heart is my palace, where thou holdest sway!

O, Queen of my palace! who taught thee to wield  
A sceptre of wisdom, of virtue a shield,  
And bountiful love with such tenderness yield?

Who gave thee the plummet to flood-mark my soul,  
And find for its hidden resources their goal,  
Who taught thee, my Psyche! my power to control?

I know not the secret—I know but my gain  
To find in thy sunlight a balm for my pain,  
To love thee and bless thee, in constant refrain.

All happy with thee, Love, I smile at the years,  
Whose touch, while it gathered, has filtered my tears,  
Whose burden of carbon now crystal appears!

O, sunset refulgent! O, close of the day!  
How purple your glory, how golden your ray,  
What gathered resplendence your heavens display!

My palace uplifted is bathed in your light,  
Each window reflecting the gorgeous delight  
Of bright angels trooping to welcome the night.

O *Night*, full of brilliants, with radiant queen,  
I charge you your brightest of powers to convene,  
Or, meted with mine, shall your splendors seem mean.

*My* night is my noonday, my twilight my morn,  
As now on the hill-slope is happiness born,  
And the ear of my harvest full-ripened to corn!

Come, Queen of my evening, shine forth as you bless;  
Come out in your glory, your full tenderness,  
And approve to mankind my enraptured caress.

Let Night see its folly, let Day see its shame—  
The lily turn paler, the rose hide its name,—  
As thou in thy graces shall rivals disclaim.

Yet do as thou wilt, Love, with daisies compete,—  
All foolish ambition by wisdom defeat:  
Forever to me, Love, thy charms are complete.

Yes, here in my palace, with thee for its queen,  
Nought vain or unholy its pulse can demean,  
Nor foot-print of pride in its halls be foreseen.

The white-wing of peace is enfolding my life,  
Upbearing it far from the world's futile strife,  
Blest, blest at the last, with my soul-twin—my wife!

### COMPTON FRIARS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY POWELL."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### PARTING AND STARTING.

So warmly we met and so fondly we parted,  
That which was the pleasanter I could not tell—  
The first look of welcome their sunny eyes darted,  
Or that kiss of friendship that blessed our farewell.

How sorry I was to leave them all!  
But there was a "needs must"—other  
guests were to take my place, and I was  
wanted at home. So, warm farewells were  
said, and dear Mrs. Hartlepool gave me  
something to look forward to at the last

moment, by saying, "You must come again  
when the strawberries are ripe." All the  
young people accompanied me to the  
lodge; they were in high spirits and most  
affectionate: their last word was, "Mind  
you come back at strawberry time!"

We kept each other in sight as long as  
we could, exchanging expressive looks,  
and then I leant back in the coach, which,  
fortunately for me, was empty, and thought  
what a pleasant visit it had been. We



seemed to have leaped into intimate friendship, overstepping all preliminary formalities; I had pleasant memories of all, and especially of Mrs. Hartlepool; I wished every English home had some one like her. She was not weakly indulgent; her children feared as well as loved her; Urith as much as any. They did not put her off with eye-service; they would plead in defence of their own cause or opinion, but never rebel against her judgment, for it was held to be based on justice, good sense, and truth.

The country looked very pretty in the twilight, and almost more so when lights began to glimmer in cottages, and turn-pike-houses, and small shops, and wayside inns. It was quite dark when we rattled over the London stones, which were shining with wet mud that reflected the lamps and costermongers' lanterns. The noise, movement, and bustle, exhilarated me, though I had only been away from it a month; and there was something home-like and familiar in the dirty but cheerful face of the old city, that made me think, "London, with all thy faults I love thee still." To be sure, the air was raw and foggy, but that "mighty heart" made even my individual pulse beat quicker. Here, people crowding into a theatre—there, into a chapel—poor housewives bargaining for a cheap supper—grand shops brilliantly lit up—feeble rays from some solitary candle in kitchen or garret—taverns with flaming lights—I can see them all in the fire.

I wonder if anybody but myself can take the least interest in all this. What does it signify? it interests me, so I shall continue to put it down. Some of these days my memory may fail; then I may be glad to read these trivial, fond records. But what if my sight should fail too? what if I outlive my interest in them? No matter; I have not done so yet.

My father, finding I had not returned at the usual tea hour, had gone to his old crony Mr. Tremlett, a fellow-clerk and an old bachelor, with whom he occasionally played cribbage; so my mother and I had a long talk by ourselves; and how we did enjoy it! First, she exclaimed at my im-

proved looks, and at the many kind country presents Mrs. Hartlepool had sent her: then she busied herself about my tea; then, with a pretence of work in her hand, but I with not even a pretence, we sat close to each other and to the fire and talked over everything, more especially that noteworthy deed without a name!

It quite excited her—she amused me immensely. "What did you say? what did he say? what did she say? how did you look? how did you feel? were you not utterly surprised? had you the least inkling? Oh, those boys!—the impudence of their trick!—how they could ever look you in the face again!—what a good thing Mr. Hartlepool took it up so!—And what is Mr. Liddell like? describe him exactly."

I did so as faithfully as I could.

"Well," said my mother, with a smothered sigh, "you did quite right, there can be no question about that—but it's a pity he had to go to Demerara."

"If he had not, it would have made no difference in me," said I. "And it would have made all the difference in him. I should never have heard from him."

"Oh, I cannot think that. Depend on it, he liked you from the moment he saw you through the window."

"I'm positive he didn't," said I, laughing. "His look was anything but flattering."

"You couldn't see well through the glass—and, besides, looks are not to be depended on. I daresay he thought it very good-natured of you to play, that Miss Hartlepool might dance."

"Really, mother, that was very little to build a liking on."

"But it made a beginning, and first impressions go a great way. Very likely the Hartlepoos talked a good deal about you when you were out of the room."

"Not the least likely," said I, laughing; "not a bit in their way. They had plenty of more interesting things to talk about."

"But, my dear! here was the effect—where was the cause? there must have been one somewhere."

"That we never shall know, and it is not of the least consequence. It was very droll, certainly—and embarrassing."

"That, it must have been," said my good mother, laying her hand on mine and letting it rest there. After a pause, "We don't want to get rid of you."

"Dear me, no, mother, I'm sure you don't," and I stroked her hand fondly. "That encouraged me to be so decided."

Looking earnestly into the fire, she said, "It would have been a great lift for you."

"A lift I did not want;" and I was just going to add, "don't let us say anything to my father about it to-night," when in he walked.

"Soho, Miss Bessy! here you are," said he, very cheerfully. "All the better for your holiday, I suppose—?"

"Peter!" interrupted my mother, "such a surprise!—Bessy has had an offer!—a very good one—"

"Hoity-toity," said he, and began to whistle, with his back to the fire and his hands in his pockets. "And who is the swain?"

So then it had to be all gone over again, and I had quite enough of it before I went to bed; but it was as well to have it over. My father was greatly tickled; he saw it differently from my mother—thought less of the lads' impertinence and more of their fun. He was almost more surprised than she was, at "a moneyed man's" acting in such a precipitate way, but set the idea of Demerara aside with decision; and there was an end of it—he hardly named it again. It was not so with my mother; I am sure she brooded on it. Well, and so did I; it did neither of us any good, except that it made us sensible of our affection for each other, and that no merely worldly advantages would have reconciled us to the wrench that had been proposed to me.

In twelve hours I was jogging on as usual, and very pleased to find myself at home, though with a tender feeling whenever I thought of Compton Friars. Dear Compton Friars! what were they about now, I asked myself. There would be little Edwy chattering to his papa, his mamma, his sisters, Timothy—anybody who would listen to him;—there

would be Mrs. Hartlepool sedulously packing her husband's sandwich-case; the two youngest girls at their lesson, Helen practising, Marianne taking a run round the garden and returning in a glow—Urith in the study on the stairs, which was now dignified by the name of the Scriptorium,—ah! that reminded me I was her *chargée d'affaires*.

I was delighted to have something to do for her that she could not do for herself. So as soon as my father was off to the brewery and my mother was at her housewifery, I dressed myself with some care and told her I had a commission to execute for Miss Hartlepool.

My mind was pre-occupied by it, so that I did not notice anything unusual as I went along, though I afterwards remembered one or two little things that did not strike me at the time. At length I reached the neighborhood of St. Paul's, where it had been pre-arranged that my first inquiries should be made, though the firm had only been chosen at random. I easily found the shop; inquired if I could speak to Mr. So-and-so, and was told he was engaged. I thought there could be no harm in waiting; and waited a good while. Other people came and went, and seemed to laugh and gossip rather than transact business. Presently two gentlemen passed through the shop and went out. I said, "Was that Mr. So-and-so?" and was told it was. I was disappointed, and went away, soon to come to another bookseller's. Here again I went in, and inquired if I could see one of the gentlemen of the firm. The shopman replied very civilly, "Mr. Frederick is at home—what name?" I thought it was no use withholding it, and said, rather drily, "Miss Lyon." He bowed, went away, and presently returned, saying, "Will you step into the counting-house?"

In the counting-house a gentlemanlike young man on a tall stool at a tall desk, bowed and looked inquiringly at me. I felt rather fluttered, and said I had come to obtain some information concerning the publication of a manuscript. He asked its nature. A story. In three volumes? In one. Was the author known to the

public? No: this was her first attempt. Did she wish to publish on her own account? She wished to know what was the best way of publishing, being quite unacquainted with the subject. He smiled a little; and then, after a pause, told me good-naturedly enough, there were three ways of publishing. The first and best was, to sell the copyright of your manuscript—if you could get anybody to buy it; the second was, for the publisher to undertake all the cost, and for the profits, if any, to be divided; the third was, to publish on your own account, have all the cost and all the profit.

This seemed very clear and satisfactory. I asked him if he would buy the copyright. He smiled, and said his hands were full at present—his list was made up. I asked him what would be the expense of publishing on the author's own account. He said, that depended; and taking up a pen, he made a neat little list of the items; so much per sheet, etc. I thanked him very much, and said I would forward it to my friend. He said he should be happy to print for her if she should decide to publish on her own account, and bowed me out. I went away well satisfied with the result of our interview, and set him down for a very courteous young man. As I passed through the shop, the shopman looked hard at me. For anything he knew I was a genius of the first quality, about to burst upon the world. I heard some one say to him, carelessly, "A pretty fair day for the show."

"Very," said he.

I stopped short. "I beg your pardon," said I, anxiously, "is this the day of the Lord Mayor's show?"

"Yes, ma'am—always on the ninth of November."

"Dear me," said I, in a panic, "and my way passes just across the line of procession. Perhaps I'd better wait."

"I should say you'd better go as fast as you can, ma'am—the crowd will get worse and worse."

I lost no time in following his advice. The back streets and lanes were quiet enough—much more so than usual. I

flattered myself I should escape the procession.

All at once I stepped right into it. The reason the back streets were so empty was, that everybody had deserted them for the show. There were the bells clanging, trumpets blowing, heralds in cloth of gold, trained bands, banners, men in armor, and I know not what all. In the distance loomed the state coach, like a prodigious vat upon wheels, with its allegorical paintings and sculptures, glorious with varnish and gold; within it the Lord Mayor in his robes, the Lady Mayoress in feathers and spangles, the mall-bearer, the big sword, the chaplain—in the distance the sheriffs with their rich equipages and liveries, reminding of the palmy days of the great Livery Companies. No wonder the people huzzaed.

But I was in any mood but a jocund one—like a hunted mouse, seeking for some aperture of escape, and finding none. I gazed for one moment and turned back—but there was a dense crowd behind me that had rushed from the back streets in a moment. They not only closed my way of escape, but jerked me forward and bore me along the principal thoroughfare. So there was I, like a frightened straw, (if there could be such a thing) borne along the swollen current!

In about three minutes, however, as I was being hurried past some offices, with an open lobby, I managed to step just within the door-way, as a gentleman, locking his counting-house door, was coming out. It was Mr. Liddell! He looked as startled as I did, and a good deal more put out.

"Miss—I!" he could not recollect my name. "What! in the Lord Mayor's show?"

"I had no idea!—I have been taken by surprise," I faltered.

"So I should think," said he, laughing a little. "Dear me, it is uncomfortable for a lady—have you no one to take care of you?"

"No: it was my own inadvertence—my stupidity—"

"Would you like to step in here?"

said he, rather awkwardly; "I'm going away, and my house-keeper will take care of you."

"No, thank you, not on any account; I must go home directly—they will be so frightened if I am late."

"You must let me just see you across, then," said he, "directly the crowd will let us."

All this was said in raised voices, there was such an abominable noise. I believe he felt quite as uncomfortable as I did. He watched like a hawk for an opening, and, directly there was one, piloted me across, very efficiently, and a little way down the opposite street. Stopping at the first corner, he said, "Well, then, I suppose we must part here. You wish me a safe voyage, I hope?"

"Yes, I do, indeed," I said with emphasis. "I thought you had sailed."

"Sail to-morrow," said he, and paused. "Well, good-bye—God bless you;" and shook hands and left me.

My heart beat fast, because of the surprise, and the previous flurry, and many reasons; but one thing I felt forcibly borne in on me—that I was very glad I was not going with him!

His ship sailed the next day. I learned it from my father, who saw a newspaper at the brewery.

Some months afterwards I was a good deal shocked by my father's saying one evening, "Mr. Liddell's ship has never been heard of, Bessy; it is supposed she is lost. What a good thing, my dear, that *you* were not on board!"

#### CHAPTER V.

##### HELPING A FRIEND.

How various their employments whom the world  
Calls idle:—and who justly, in return,  
Esteem that busy world an idler too.

When I told my mother the events of the morning, she said, "Why, you are always having adventures!" which amused me, because I had been accustomed to think I never had an adventure in my life. She evidently thought that Mr. Liddell and I might have improved our chance meeting more than we had done.

I said, "Why, he did the very thing I wanted! saw me through my difficulty, and then went away."

Without thinking any more about him, I began a letter to Urith, telling her all Mr. Frederick had said, as exactly as I could, and assuring her it would give me the greatest pleasure to continue to act for her if I could do so to her satisfaction.

Urith wrote in great glee by return of post. She thanked me much more warmly than there was occasion for, condoled with me for falling in with the procession, and could not help saying something droll about the way I had got out of it. She would have liked to sell her copyright, (who would not?) but thought the second plan wonderfully disinterested on the publisher's part, because she would get half the profits for only the trouble of writing; whereas, they would get only half the profits for all the risk and trouble of printing. But then, on the third plan, she would have *all* the profits, and only the expenses to pay! It will be observed how ingeniously she distributed the word "only."

My mother, looking up at me from her work, said, "It seems to me that both of you make very sure of selling all the copies. How do you know that people will buy?"

I said I supposed the book would go off like other books, if people liked it. My mother looked dubious, and said she hoped Miss Hartlepool would not get to throwing away her money on a chance. People were often drawn into difficulties by embarking in such things.

"Such things," indeed! I knew my dear mother had had no literary experience whatever—not even an interview with Mr. Frederick—so her opinion of the matter had not much weight with me, whatever might be my value for it in general.

Urith, held back by her prudent mamma, (more by token, she had not pocket-money enough to embark in the expenses herself) was directed by her to ask me to make further inquiries among the trade. How did we know Mr. Frederick was as good as he should be, and certain not to take advantage of inexperienced genius? We had better consult other houses. So to other houses I went,

gradually acquiring more self-possession, and making my inquiries more purpose-like and technical; and found the task a pleasurable one, with the additional flavor of serving my friend. In fine, we had good reason to believe that Mr. Frederick was an upright, honorable man. I was so glad of it, for the credit of the trade, as well as of my skill in physiognomy! As, with all his willingness to oblige the ladies, he could not be brought to the point of buying the manuscript, Urith was obliged to make choice of an alternative; and her father being taken into her counsels, though professing himself as ignorant as a baby of that sort of thing, the bold step was at length ventured on, after much comparison of estimates, etc., of printing on her own account.

The reader (if I ever have one) will here say, "Of course the poor girl burnt her fingers." No such "of course" in the case, though I believe it often happens. The book came out in a pretty little volume, *and sold*; and after paying Mr. Frederick, Urith found that she had netted £60!

That *was* a delight and a triumph! Of course we all thought Urith had found the philosopher's stone, though we were not philosophers who thought so. It was pleasant to witness the good girl's modest elation—there may be such a thing, though it sounds contradictory—for she was undeniably elated; but most at having found, as she thought, a sure and honorable way of independence and of doing good. She was much surprised at her success, and did not think she had deserved it, for she said she knew her story was full of faults she could not mend; she thought people had been easily pleased.

Of course I was as delighted as could be at the success of my mission. Mrs. Hartlepool expressed her sense of my good offices by sending me a very pretty writing-case, completely fitted up. In thanking her for it, I assured her I had expected nothing of the sort—the trouble had been a pleasure. If I had known she wished to send me anything, I should have asked for a copy of the book. And

that came too, with my name written in it, in Urith's prettiest hand.

In the course of my inquiries, it had secretly amused me to be continually taken by the booksellers for the authoress herself, instead of her friend. It struck me, Why should I not be one, now I know so many details? The sufficient reason suggested itself, Because I have nothing to write about, and if I had, I should not know how to write it. Nay, but, thought I again, there must be plenty of unused subjects, and as for knowing how to write, that must come by study and practice. It seemed to me that study must come first, and that I must acquaint myself with the styles of others, before I tried to form one of my own. And this set me on reading *with a purpose*, which I have continued all these long years. It did not lead to any immediate result, but I gradually accumulated materials, almost all of which I have since turned to account, and I think my mind, such as it is, owes more to that winter than to any other.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### STRAWBERRY TIME.

When the months of spring are fled,  
Thither let us bend our walk.  
Lurking berries ripe and red  
Then will hang on every stalk,  
Each within its leafy bower,  
And for that promise, spare the flower.

WORDSWORTH.

What pretty, poetical ways there were of old, of indicating the seasons! "The time of first-ripe grapes," "of the pomegranates budding," "the time of figs was not yet," "the time of the singing of birds."

With what pleasure I saw a little pottle of early strawberries on the fruit-stall under the brewery-wall! Mrs. Hartlepool had kindly said, "You must come again when the strawberries are ripe;" and the last cry of the children had been, "Remember strawberry time!" That time was come now, and I wondered whether the invitation would be repeated.

Yes, indeed! I need not have been afraid, for Mrs. Hartlepool never forgot her promises or engagements. The day was named; it was very kind of her, for people were coming and going as they do

in a pantomime; the scene was continually changing—the house always full; for there were many besides me who liked to visit Compton Friars in strawberry time.

I arrived at mid-day; there was no one to meet me at the lodge, which was a disappointment; but when I reached the house, the mystery explained itself, for a large party of visitors were driving off; and my friends came forward to welcome me. At first it had seemed to me there were more of them than usual; they were all in good health and good spirits, and gave me a most affectionate greeting.

Urith soon carried me off to my old chamber on the wall, which looked familiar and delightful, and had had the black skirting-board painted white, and a new lock put to the door, not of the windmill construction. A fresh-gathered rose was in a flower-glass on the toilette.

Urith sat down to talk to me while I was unpacking.

"What a good friend you have been to me!" said she, heartily; "I shall always be grateful to you."

"Pray don't think of it—I was delighted to be of service."

"Oh, I shall, I assure you. The book is out of print now, and a second edition is talked of, but not at my own expense. Dr. Grey, who has been so friendly all along, says that would never do, and has got his own publishers to undertake the next edition on the division-of-profits system."

"That will be very nice," said I.

"Yes," said Urith, dubiously; "only I shall have but half, instead of all. Still they take all the loss, if there is any," (with a little laugh at the unlikelihood). "And the little thing has been reviewed!—there have been two very approving though short notices—a third was rather ill-natured."

"There will always be some to find fault, if a thing is ever so well done," said I.

"Yes, and of course a first work is not perfection, though they didn't know it *was* my first. I should like a few words of quiet explanation—however, it's no great matter."

"Very likely the critic has never written anything half as good."

"Perhaps not; and at any rate I hope my second work will put my first in the shade—for I'm at it again, Bessy!"

"I was sure you would be," cried I, with enthusiasm. "What is it about?"

"A higher flight, this time—but I shall not divulge the secret yet," said she, laughing. "And it requires a good deal of reading up, which Miss Harbledown says will be a certain good, at any rate."

"Miss Harbledown—who is she?"

"Don't you know we have a governess?"

"No, indeed!"

"How curious we should not have told you! I am not under her, of course, but I like her very well as a friend. We get on very well together, though she has some curious points. I shall like to know what you think of her."

I now remembered some one vanishing in the distance as I entered the house, who had impressed me with a sense that the family was larger than usual.

"It was found," pursued Urith, "that my writing now took up so much time, that I could not give undivided attention to the lessons; so mamma told papa that unless I gave up authorship, we had better have a governess than that our tempers should be too much tried or the lessons be neglected. She feared I should hate the one and hold to the other. Papa said there was no reason why I should cease to cultivate a natural gift, (O Bessy, they are so very kind to me!) and that if mamma could find a nice, sensible governess at a moderate salary, she might engage her. So, after some trouble, she found Miss Harbledown, who is not accomplished, but she brings the young ones on very nicely. She is strict, but they are fond of her."

Here the two-o'clock dinner-bell rang loudly.

"That's for us," said Urith, starting up. "That's one of the family arrangements to which Miss Harbledown objects. She says two o'clock is neither one thing nor the other."

When we entered the dining-room, we

found all the family assembled. I was introduced to Miss Harbledown, who gave me such an investigating look, that for some time I had such a consciousness of being examined as to be unable to do the same thing by her in a less obvious manner. When I did so, my inference was that she might be a little over thirty; her person was massive, her countenance determined, but shrewd and good-humored; her manner occasionally abrupt, her discourse savoring of pedantry, but fluent and entertaining. She seemed to like Mrs. Hartlepool, but treated her as an equal, not with deference.

"Miss Harbledown is peculiar," Mrs. Hartlepool afterwards said to me, "but she has very good points. I believe her to be thoroughly conscientious, and she is certainly bringing the girls forward. Edwy remains under Urith's care; it is good for them both, but her sisters were getting rather too much for her. The two eldest were learning almost faster than she could teach; she could not have kept ahead of them much longer, and the youngest took up rather too much time. By mutual consent, the lessons were getting shorter and shorter every day; so that it was high time," said Mrs. Hartlepool, laughing, "to have a governess."

"A very good plan for all parties," said I.

"Why, yes, since this has been a prosperous year to Mr. Hartlepool; otherwise we could not have afforded it. But it would ruin the children to come to a stand-still or go backward. Miss Harbledown, though she has solid attainments, is not accomplished, therefore she accepts a salary of £60."

So here was Urith getting £60 for a book, and, by devoting herself to authorship, necessitating the hire of a governess at £60 a year! I don't say whether it was right or wrong.

Directly after dinner a foray was made on the strawberry beds, ostensibly to gather strawberries for tea, but at least as many were eaten on the spot as carried in-doors, and amid such laughing and chattering! Miss Harbledown was as busy and merry as any. I liked her for

that! She said, "When you work, work; when you play, play," was her maxim. I thought it a very good one. And there were such noble strawberry-beds, and such enormous strawberries! Eat as many as we could, they would hardly be missed.

Eva, sitting on her heels under a brown umbrella, looked like a great mushroom. Mrs. Hartlepool talked of setting us all to gather strawberries for preserving, some day. Meanwhile, she and Blanche were filling a little basket with fruit, which was afterwards covered with green leaves, and then sent by Edwy to a poor sick girl in the village. Edwy said not a word about being despatched on this errand while the rest remained eating; but Mrs. Hartlepool gave him an additional helping of fruit at tea-time, without note or comment.

After tea we had a delightful walk of an hour or more. We met a little fellow who could hardly toddle, with something closely hugged in his pinafore. When asked what it was, he said, "a rabbit." But on Blanche's obtaining a glimpse of it, it proved to be a hedgehog. Blanche said, "Nasty thing!" and started back; but Marianne said, "Not nasty at all. I defend the character of the hedgehog. He rids us of snails, slugs, and black beetles."

"Marianne, you always say everything is of use," said Blanche. "Of what use are black beetles?"

"To feed hedgehogs," said Marianne, readily.

On our return, every one got something useful to do, while there was reading aloud—an improving book, of course.

Ten pages each was the allotted portion; fifty pages were thus soon got through, with little fatigue to the readers, and certainly none to the listeners. To make the thing complete, Miss Harbledown should have examined us, to prove how much we remembered. But she abstained from this cruelty.

Her own attention was caught by some fancy-work of mine—with the pencil, not needle.

"That's ingenious!" said she, rising

and coming quite close. "How do you do it? Ha! I see. It seems quite easy. It is new and pretty. Did you invent it? Then you are very ingenious. I don't possess the creative faculty myself. Come here, my dears, and see what Miss Lyon is doing. It is not difficult. I see the trick of it, ingenious though it be. I believe I could do it."

"Would you like to try?" said I, rising, and offering her my paint-brush.

"Thank you. I should like it very much—" sitting down to it with zeal. Then followed a profound silence, except that she unconsciously breathed very hard. "Humph—it is not quite as easy as it appears. There seems a little knack—"

"Done with a spring, somehow," said Mrs. Hartlepool, smiling.

"It only wants a little practice. One must give one's thoughts to it, I see, as in everything else. I could do it if I gave the time. Thank you, Miss Lyon," rising and returning the brush.

"I am sure you could," said I. "I was awkward at first. It is hardly worth your attention, but if you like to learn, I am sure I could soon teach you."

"Do you mean that you will?" said she, quickly, and quite a pretty expression came into her gray eyes. "You don't mind making it common?"

"Oh, no."

"Bessy, that is very nice of you," said Mrs. Hartlepool. "I very much dislike exclusiveness."

"And this being your own invention,

you might take out a patent," said Urith, laughing.

I laughed too, and said, "It would never be worth while. What time will suit you?"

"What time will suit you?"

"Oh, any time."

"Thank you very much. Then, twelve o'clock. I always let the children have a run in the garden at that hour. Proceed we now, my dears, with Charles the Fifth."

Next morning I was awoke by sounds less sweet than song of birds,—of scales, single and double, major and minor, steadily practised from half-past six to half-past seven, for such had been the decree of Miss Harbledown. As soon as one captive was released, another took her place, till breakfast.

Afterwards, at about eleven o'clock, a gentlemanly young man, on a very indifferent horse, rode up to the door, was shown into the drawing-room, and gave music-lessons for two hours; after which he partook of a mutton-chop and glass of wine, had a little cheerful small-talk with Mrs. Hartlepool, and then remounted his pony. He came once a week from a neighboring town, and seemed a good master.

"It is as much as my head will stand," explained Mrs. Hartlepool, "in addition to all that strumming in the morning, which I hear all the time. Mr. Hartlepool and I do *not* consider music the one thing needful, but really I'm afraid a good many parents do, judging from the time they make their children give up to it."

#### ON THE STEPPE.

It was about the middle of May that we arrived at Samara, a city of about 40,000 inhabitants, situated on the high sloping eastern bank of the Volga, just where that river, after having made a sharp turn to the east, bends back again to the west. We were intending to go still further east, to Orenburg, and perhaps into Asia, and stopped here for a day, in order to procure our tarantass and to provide ourselves with eatables for our journey of 300 miles across the country. We knew that we

should find nothing at the villages we should pass, and therefore laid in a good stock of roast-beef, fowls, boiled sterlet, bread and butter. Samara is a commercial town of but few years' growth, and there is nothing in it to see except that which characterizes all Russian towns—wide dusty streets, and well-built stuccoed houses. My companion, Vasili Alexeltch, was a well-to-do Moscow merchant, a tall, spare man of about fifty. He was sharp, shrewd, and had all the instincts of a trader. For a merchant he



was unusually well educated, and though he knew no language but Russian, he knew that well, and was thoroughly acquainted with its history and literature, and could repeat many passages of Pushkin and Koltsov. He had for his own amusement studied anatomy and medicine, and had a practical knowledge and knack which were very serviceable in travelling. He had never been abroad, but there was no part of Russia that he had not seen. He had made the journey to Orenburg a dozen times, and knew every inch of the route, and, only the year before, had been to Tashkent, and even to Kokan. He was good-natured and cheerful, and in every respect a desirable travelling companion. I had also taken along my servant, Arkadi, chiefly as company, for I did not exactly know whether I should meet with Vasili Alexeitch, but he proved of some slight service to us, though by no means indispensable.

The road from Samara to Orenburg is the chief highway to Asia, and over it all the traffic with Turkestan and Central Asia is carried on. It is therefore one of the best in Russia, and, as it passes over a level country, is easily kept in order. There are two modes of conveyance—by post or by diligence. The post is a government establishment, and, armed with a *podorozhnaya* or pass, one can take a relay of fresh horses at each station, about twenty versts (15 miles) apart—at the rate of two and a half kopecks per verst for each horse. You travel in your own carriage, or in a simple open cart without springs, called a *telega*, for which you pay a trifle more, and which you change at every station. The diligence is a private affair, and you are furnished with a *tarantass*, for which and for the horses you pay at starting. The horses, of course, are also changed, though the stations do not always coincide with the post-stations. The *tarantass* is a huge covered vehicle supported on two long bars which are a substitute for springs, with a box for the driver. The baggage is placed inside, and then the bottom is thickly covered with straw, over which a carpet is spread, if you happen

to have one, and with one or two pillows it is very comfortable. The Russians usually travel lying down, on long journeys, so they do not then feel so much the jolts, and become less tired. We preferred to go by diligence, and secured an excellent well-built tarantass resting on rather longer bars than usual, and thus with more spring, and had a team of three horses harnessed abreast, or *troika*. The middle horse is harnessed between the shafts, in the Russian way, with the *duga* or arch of wood over his neck; the other two are more loosely attached, and run or gallop, while the middle one trots. To the *duga* is fastened a bell, which is useful in winter to frighten the wolves, but in summer serves only as company to the driver. The harness was very rough, and was usually composed of old worn straps, and pieces of rope eked out with twine. The horses were small Cossack or Kirghiz horses, tough and wiry, and able to go very fast if the mud is not too deep and the driver not too lazy.

We finally got off at about six o'clock in the evening, and set off at a rapid pace up the hill, the sides and summit of which are covered with innumerable windmills, huddled close together. Their long skinny arms were pointing in all directions, and some seemed to be waving us good-bye. We quickly lost our last view of the Volga, and began to descend the hill on the other side, and were soon going rapidly along a broad smooth road with fields of beans and of rye on either side. The air was cool and fresh, and the sun was setting behind us and filling all the landscape with a golden glow. As far as I could see, on every side, extended a bright green plain, cultivated only at the roadsides, without a tree or a house to break the view. At sunset we reached the first station, Alexievsk, a little village at 27 versts from Samara. We turned down the broad grassy street, silvered in places with a species of potentilla, to the hut that served for the station. It is the discomfort of travelling by diligence, that the stations are only ordinary peasants' huts. The post-stations are good houses, with clean rooms and comfortable sofas

on which it is possible to sleep. While the horses were being changed we went in and made a hasty but very hearty meal of bread and sterlet. But when we came out again to our carriage we found that there was an overflow not far off that we could not cross before daylight, and that we would have to sleep in our carriage on the banks of the stream, or stay where we were. After much deliberation and talk, we thought it the best course to stay in the hut for the night, and take a very early start the next morning.

Thoroughly refreshed by my ride and my supper, I was just in the mood to enjoy the scene. The dark low huts, with their carved gables and thatched roofs, stood out against the orange sky, where, away in the west, a faint silvery new moon was about to set. Down at the end of the wide green street, from which rose a faint but delicious perfume, I saw the gleaming expanse of the river Samara, swollen by the spring floods; and beyond it a boundless hazy distance. A crowd of boys were engaged in the inspection of our tarantass, and further on were groups of girls singing the last refrains of the *khovod*, that monotonous dance which goes on every holiday evening in the villages, and whose lugubrious strains and minor cadences linger pleasantly in one's memory. I walked down to the river-bank, and was joined by two small boys, who, hoping probably for the kopecks which they got, were very willing to sing me as many Russian songs as I wanted. But people in the country go to bed early, and as we walked back there was no one to be seen, and I went to my bed—a piece of felt thrown over an old mattress, permeated through and through with the delight of the steppe, and too tired to trouble myself about the hardness or the cleanliness of my resting-place.

At half-past two, in the gray twilight, we started off again, sleepy, cold and hungry, and in less than an hour reached the overflow of the River Kinel, a branch of the Samara, which we were to be ferried over; as we drew near the bank we saw the remains of a fire, and a brown heap on the grass unrolled itself and proved to

be the ferrymen, who were sleeping there. We had to alight, and the horses were taken from the tarantass, and all were put on a rude flat-boat, to be rowed across the river. The water was perhaps 12 or 15 feet deep, and our way led among the small trees which grew in the meadows on the riverside and which had only their upper branches out of water, covered with fresh, bright-green foliage. The east had turned from gray to purple, and from purple to red, and the sun now rose before us. Our driver was a Circassian, but a Christian; and as the first rays struck him, he turned to the east, crossed and prostrated himself three times, and said his morning prayer. Just then, too, a cuckoo began to sing, the first I ever heard. The Kinel was so swollen that it was a long time before we reached the other side, as we were going down stream all the time. After we had got again into our tarantass, we came to three or four hollows filled with water, which we succeeded in fording, though the water was almost up to the floor of our vehicle. After going a few versts further we came to the next station, Bobrofska, where we stopped for tea. The village is like the majority of Russian villages—neither better nor worse—and the station, as before, was merely a peasant's hut. Whatever the poverty of the owner, one is always sure of finding a water-boiler for the tea. This was soon boiling, and our tea was quickly made. On the rough walls of this cabin were a variety of drawings, some made with a pencil, and some rude attempts in water-colors. One was a picture of St. George and the Dragon, and the rest were representations of the Virgin and Child, copied from the ordinary images, or from the coarse lithographs that are so common among the peasantry. The woman who was rocking her child to sleep, on a piece of board suspended from the roof which answered the purpose of a cradle, told us that they were made by her son, a sleepy-looking boy of fourteen. We woke him up—he was lying on the brick stove—and began to question him a little. He had had no instruction whatever, except advice and encouragement from the priest,

but showed some skill, and a great desire to be taught. We advised him to stop copying these wretched daubs, and to begin to draw the furniture of the room, a cart, or even the hens, which were walking about on the floor. When I came back three weeks later, he showed me some new sketches which he had made from nature, which were a great improvement on the old.

By the time we had finished our scanty meal of bread, cold meat, and tea, the horses had been changed, the axles greased, and we were ready to start. The driver, of course, was new, for the old one always goes back to the last station with the horses. I mounted up to the driver's seat to get a better view of the country. The steppe was not perfectly level, but slightly rolling, so that the prospect was not very extensive. The plains were covered with a short thick grass of a bright emerald tint, though in the neighborhood of the villages there were patches of cultivated land on either side of the road. There was not a tree to be seen, except as we approached a river-bottom, where we saw in the distance a growth of low young birches, elms, and poplars. There seemed to be many flowers within a limited range of species, several cruciferous plants, including the common shepherd's-purse, a few dandelions and buttercups, but chiefly dark purple anemones, the light pink, fragrant valerian, and the single flowering almond. In ordinary seasons, by the end of June the grass is completely burned and dried up by the sun, and the general aspect is one of desolation and barrenness. At this time, nothing could be more beautiful. I did not feel that sense of loneliness and insignificance with which most travellers in the steppe have been impressed, but, on the contrary, my spirits rose at each step, and I could have lingered contentedly for a month in that clear, bracing air, with the bright sun and brilliant blue sky overhead, and the green level plain all about me. This invigorating sensation which the steppe made on me did not wear off, but rather increased as I went on; at my journey's

end I was always anxious to return; and I now look back to those few days on the steppe as the sweetest and most poetic which I have ever passed. When one feels the charm of simple nature, he is seldom lonely; and here there was, besides, plenty of life. There were not many birds, but yet we often saw a few crows and magpies, and once a curious black bird with a hornlike crest. There were numbers of a little brown marmot, called *suzlik*, who looked from their burrows at the roadside, or ran hastily away and disappeared as we approached. In South Russia, the *suzliks* are so numerous as to be a great pest to the farmer, on account of their depredations among the grain-fields. Lately they have been systematically persecuted, the Provincial Diets having offered bounties for their extermination.

As the road we were travelling is the great highway to Central Asia, we were seldom quite alone. I do not think there was a single half-hour in which we did not meet some one—sometimes a peasant or two, sometimes the post from Orenburg, an officer travelling express, or a party of soldiers conveying some train; sometimes long wagon-trains of merchandise sent from Samara, and sometimes loads of cotton which had been brought by camels from Bukhara and Khiva. Once we came up to three carriages with outriders, which were going our way. They were advancing very slowly, and made a great deal of dust, yet our driver lingered and made no attempt to pass them. I urged him to go on, but he put me off, and finally told me that it was some general, and that they would kill him if he passed. I tried to show him the nonsense of that, but he was imperturbable; at last, when I had solemnly assured him that I myself was much higher in rank than a general, and had promised him an extra drink-money, he whipped up and passed by, though evidently with some misgiving and trepidation. I afterwards found out that it was a gentleman taking a sick wife and his family to a *kumys-cure*, or place where the liquor made from mare's milk is used to treat consumptives.

At the little village of Bogatii Umet we had to be ferried over the river Samarka, which was here rather wide, and ran with a swift current at the foot of a bluff in which the steppe ended. The river-bottom was full of trees, and under them I found many lilies-of-the-valley. Bogatii Umet is a thriving village, with a large, pretty, white-walled, green-roofed church, a grist-mill, a brandy distillery, and the neat-looking mansion of a large proprietor set among the trees on the top of the bank. In the cabin where we waited for our horses we found four or five women spinning a coarse blue cotton cloth.

After leaving Bogatii Umet we passed through a tract which was covered with bushes of spiræa of the species known in our gardens as *bridal-wreath*, the long branches of which, covered with white flowers, were very beautiful. It was intermixed with a yellow-flowered plant somewhat like gorse. Toward evening, taking the advice of the station-master at Moika, we made a short cut over a low elevation called the *Lisia Gori*, or Fox Hills, where there was no road at all, and barely a track through the grass. In general, our drivers preferred the grass to the road, and made continual zigzags to each side wherever the grass appeared a little softer or the soil a little firmer. As long as we kept the telegraph line in sight—that index of civilization—we knew where we were. On the *Lisia Gori* we had a magnificent sunset. To the north there were low dark-blue hills, and another just under the sun; the sky was of a pale turquoise tint, changing through green to yellow in the west, while in the southwest dark clouds were massed up, which threw a shade in that direction on the emerald green of the steppe.

We reached Buzulúk, the great resting-place of the journey, about midnight; but we stopped only long enough for supper, and went on. I had an opportunity of walking about the town on my return. Buzuluk is a district town of 9,000 inhabitants, just at the junction of the little river Buzuluk with the Samara, and about 100 miles from the city of Sa-

mara. It has several churches, a monastery, a few shops, a hotel—such as it is—and a very good post-station. The streets are wide, but the houses are small, and nearly all of wood. The place has a thriving trade in grain, tallow, and hides, and has a good prospect for the future. Two railways have been projected, the first of which will be finished in a couple of years: one will join Buzuluk with Samara, and the other will go to the north through Buguruslán and Bugulma till it meets the river Kama. All of this government of Samara is very fertile, and the northern part is wooded; but as the streams are small there is difficulty in getting the produce to market. I saw many peasants' farm-yards, where there were stacks of grain five and six years old. The soil is everywhere a rich loam, *perfectly black*, of immense fertility, and there is so much of it that the Government sells it at a ruble the desyatine (about 35 cents the acre), and the Bashkirs are selling their steppe, which extends from Buzuluk to Orenburg, for 25 kopecks the desyatine (about 9 cents the acre). No wonder the Russian peasants regard this region as a sort of Paradise and all want to emigrate there. Unfortunately it suffers, along the line I travelled, from want of wood.

We reached the village of Totzkoe early in the morning, which, like most of the villages between Buzuluk and Orenburg, is a station of Cossacks or Kazáks, as their name should be pronounced. After a certain number of years' service the Kazak soldier is put on furlough, and remains so, unless he is needed in a war. These villages were inhabited almost exclusively by retired and furloughed Kazak soldiers and their families. There is, however, no danger which they are set to guard against, and none is to be apprehended. This region is perfectly safe, and it is many years since a murder or robbery of any kind has taken place. I had taken along a pistol in case of need, but did not find it necessary even to load it. The black soil now became thinner, and showed in places the underlying red sand. Owing to the recent rains there were many deep gulleys and curious

round holes along the roadside. The grass was of a much brighter green, owing to an abundant admixture of sorrel, but shorter and interspersed with sedge. The flowers were much the same as before, with a plentiful addition of southernwood. The people here were herdsmen, with large flocks of sheep and cattle, and raised but little grain. I hated the sight of a village, for the road, whenever it approached one, was a slough of sticky mud, through which we could only pass with great difficulty. Owing to the want of wood there were very few wooden houses: nearly all were built of sun-dried bricks, sometimes with the addition of a few stones. The only fuel was cakes of dried dung: when burned, it gives out a strong ammoniacal odor which is excessively disagreeable. I found it impossible to take any tea in their huts on account of this smell, which made my head ache. The calves, sheep, and fowls, running about the floor, and the other curious sights, had no effect on my stomach. In one village I saw all the girls and women of the place engaged in preparing this peculiar fuel. The dung was carted to a place at the edge of the village, and then mixed with water and stamped on by the barefooted girls, with skirts tied up above their knees, till it was of a sticky consistency. They then placed it in small oblong moulds, and then turned it out an oblong cake to dry in the sun. I was very much amused by the sight, till one of the younger damsels threatened to make me a mark for a few balls. I took to my heels, and thus escaped the shower which followed.

We saw nothing else extraordinary during the day, except an encampment of wandering gypsies, and a small stone obelisk, the origin of which I could not ascertain, except that it was erected by the Bashkirs. About six o'clock we reached a station—a simple hut, though of wood, and rather larger than usual—just in time to escape a whirlwind of rain which had been threatening us for some time. These whirlwinds are a great discomfort to the traveller on the steppe, and in winter are very dangerous. At twenty rods from

the station he may be blinded by the snow, bewildered, and lost. By the time we had eaten our dry bread and cold chicken, and drunk our tea, the worst of the storm was over, and we set out, though it was still raining and very dark. We managed to get ten miles further to the next village, where we concluded to pass the night. We were directed to the best hut, which, from the outside, looked tolerably comfortable, where we had to knock for some time before any one waked up. Inside was one good-sized room with a bed in one corner, on which a young woman with an infant was sleeping, and on the floor near the stove lay huddled together two or three women and half a dozen children of different ages. The young woman was turned out of the bed to give place to me, but I readily relinquished it to my companion, and laid down on a narrow and hard bench, where I slept tolerably well considering my constant fear of tumbling off, which woke me up occasionally. I, however, at all events, escaped bites. We managed to get off about half-past four in the morning, as it was growing light, in the midst of a steady rain. We had left the high-road to avoid a detour of 30 miles, and were going straight to Orenburg, now about 60 miles distant. During the morning we crossed the *Obstchii Syrt*, a range of low hills, or rather three or four parallel ranges, a spur of the Ural Mountains. These hills occupy a much greater place on most maps than they deserve from their height. The view from the top, even in the rain, was very fine, and it seemed as if I had come to the birthplace of all our gardens. The vegetation was more luxuriant than anywhere else, and there was a great profusion of golden and of purple iris, of large, bright, blue forget-me-nots, polygala, grape hyacinths, and of yellow, red, and white tulips (the white are fragrant)—even some mottled and bizarre tulips which I never expected to see growing wild. I made my servant get down and pick me an armful, for I felt that I was taking cold and beginning to be feverish, and did not dare stir myself. The hills

descended, and the last station passed, we drove through a rich meadow along the river Sakmara—a large branch of the river Ural—till we came to the ferry worked by a rope and the current. The sun was now shining brightly, and it had begun to be quite warm. The triangle between the rivers Sakmara and Ural is a perfectly level plain, raised about 150 feet above those rivers. As soon as we had ascended the two terraces of the bank we had a view of the distant church belfries and of the tall white minaret of the Bukharan mosque of Orenburg. We drove rapidly across the plateau, tied the bell of our horses, in accordance with the police regulations, so that it would not ring, went past the Caravanserai and up the broad muddy street to the counting-house of Khludof Brothers, the great merchants in the Central Asian trade.

Our first business was to take a Russian bath, and a very good one too, which quite cured me of my incipient fever, and then, refusing a pressing invitation to stay at Khludof's, I went, according to a previous promise, to an American acquaintance. For, yes, there is one American in Orenburg. John Preston Grover, a young Boston violinist, a first medallist at the Brussels and Leipzig conservatories, has after curious changes and misfortunes wandered to this distant city, where he is director of the military music and instructor of the Kazak musicians, and beside teacher of English. I cannot say that he is as contented with his lot as every one else is contented with him, and I am sure he would be glad to get back to Boston again, where his really remarkable artistic skill would bring him greater fame and lucre than here.

\* Three days of cold meat, eaten at irregular intervals, made me very glad of the warm soup and nice dinner that I found prepared for me; but as soon as dinner was over I walked quickly up to the boulevard on the high bank of the Ural, to get my first view of Asia. I saw a vast green plain as far as the eye could reach, unbroken by tree or shrub, with a few round huts of the Kirghizes not very far off. In the extreme south, looking to-

ward the Sea of Aral, I thought I saw a line of low blue hills. It was the same prospect that I had all the way from Samara, only on a grander scale. I then thoroughly understood that Asiatic scenery, such as is to be seen from the Caspian to Pekin, really begins with the east shore of the Volga. Immediately on the other side of the river, on what is at times an island, is a small grove in which the Governor-General's country-house stands. The river Ural has by no means the imposing appearance which the idea of its being the boundary of two continents leads one to suppose. It is a not very deep, half-clear stream of about 300 feet wide in this place.

Orenburg contains just that mixture of European and Oriental that one might expect to find at the threshold of Central Asia. The wide streets crossing each other at right angles, the well-built wooden and plastered houses, the shops, the churches, the boulevard and public square, the immense buildings of the government, used for barracks, store-houses, and schools, give the place a thoroughly Russian air; while on the other hand the Caravanserai with its beautiful mosque and minaret of white stone, the Tartar mosque, the camels, in caravans, single, or harnessed to wagons, the crowds of Tartars, the Kirghizes on horseback in their dirty rags with their rude caps, the bazaar, with the Bukharan and Khivan and Tashkent merchants in long robes striped with many colors and with turbans on their heads, showed that the inhabitants of the place were thoroughly Asiatic. Of the 35,000 inhabitants there are about 5,000 Russians; the rest are Tartars and Asiatics. There is a very pleasant society among the officials, and nearly all the Russians are either officials or merchants. I found more than a dozen persons who spoke English very well, as well as French and German, and there is a theatre and a musical society. The merchants in general live very meanly, but there are some of them worth several millions apiece, and on occasion of a grand dinner or *fête* such as I saw, they will show as much luxury as any one in Moscow.

The Asiatics are by no means the least interesting. I made the acquaintance of a full-blooded Tartar, a professor of Arabic in the military college, who was as refined and agreeable as any one else, and among the Bukharans I had some amusing times. But a description of a Bukharan dinner is foreign to my present subject.

Vassili Alexeitch had arranged with Mirsalikh-Bektchurin, the Tartar professor, that I should see something of the Kirghiz villages; so early one morning we got into a tarantass and drove across the bridge of boats over the Ural and south into the Kirghiz steppe, along the track of the caravans from Khiva. The grass here was already gray and purple with its flowers, and the light breeze produced a slow ripple of changeable colors. There were quantities of tulips, large anemones, and violets. When we had gone about 15 miles we came to a little hut on a slight elevation, where some Kazak soldiers were stationed as a customs guard, to prevent smuggling. At that time duties on all goods coming in caravans from Central Asia were paid at Orenburg. At the foot of this hillock was a narrow ravine which terminated in a cave; though only a few feet from the surface it was still full of snow and ice. Near by were heaps of drift and gravel, brought down by the river from the Ural mountains, consisting almost entirely of fragments of malachite and other copper ores. We were intending to go some fifty miles to visit a very rich Kirghiz, a friend of Bektchurin's, but after going about ten miles farther we came to an *aiul*, or collection of huts belonging to an old Kirghiz named Ish-Djan, also an acquaintance of Bektchurin's, and we concluded to stop there and eat some lunch. Two or three old women were standing at the door of the chief hut spinning camel's hair, and numbers of shaven sore-headed children playing around. Ish-Djan came out and welcomed us, and introduced us to two or three of his sons and dependents, and we then entered his house.

The *kibitkas* or huts in which they live

are round, made of a curiously constructed frame of thin sticks, and covered with felt of camel's hair, the whole tied around by ropes to hold it together. There is an opening for a door over which a mat falls, and another at the top which answers at once for window and chimney. The whole thing is very light and can be easily undone, packed up, and carried away. The furniture is very slight. The grassy floor is covered around the edges with mats or Turkomen carpets, and sometimes they are also hung around the walls. There are a few jugs and pails made of leather, and a *kumys* churn, saddles and bridles are lying around, and there are large packs on every side containing the wealth of the family—the carpets and embroidered robes.

The Kirghizes, or Kirghiz-Kazaks, are a race of the Tartar family, divided into several hordes; one, the Inner or Bukeyevsky Horde lives between the Volga and the Ural rivers, near the Caspian, shut in by the Kalmyks and Ural Kazaks; the Middle Horde live on the southern confines of Siberia; the Little Horde south of the province of Orenburg, extending to the Syr-Davya and Bukhara, and between the Ural and Caspian to the Turkomans. This village, then belonged to the Little Horde, and though Ish-Djan lived in summer near Orenburg, in winter he was far to the South on the borders of Khiva; for these people are thoroughly nomadic, never cultivating the soil, but subsisting only on their flocks of horses, sheep, and camels. The Little Horde is divided into three districts, which are governed by native sultans, who possess all the judicial and executive powers. They are subject to the Governor, General Balluzeck, who lives at Orenburg, and keeps order among them, and sees that they pay the annual tribute. The Kirghizes speak a Tartar dialect, distinguished chiefly from the principal dialect by imperfections in the pronunciation of certain letters, and a few peculiar words. Ish-Djan was able to speak Russian after a fashion. The men are of good size, well developed, and appear well on horseback; when on foot

their legs are crooked from long riding, and they seem awkward. Being Mohammedans they all shave their heads, and let their beards grow when they have any. They wear immense baggy leather breeches, and a coarse shirt with wide flapping collars. Their outer garment is a dressing-gown, and they usually wear two or three, according to the weather. The rich and distinguished have magnificent velvet robes richly embroidered with gold and silver. A red velvet robe is given by the Government as a mark of distinction, and there is nothing they are more proud of, unless it be a medal or a cross. They wear on their heads a skull-cap, and over that a large oddly-shaped hood of sheepskin, with the wool inside. On grand occasions they don a tall steeple-crowned hat, with the brim turning up in two immense horns, made of felt, or usually of velvet, embroidered with gold. But their greatest adornments are their belts, saddles, and bridles, which are often so covered with silver, gold, and precious stones as to be almost solid. The women are dressed the same as the men, but have their head and neck swathed in loose folds of white cotton cloth, so as to make a sort of bib and turban at the same time. They spin, embroider—and very well too—cook and do most of the work, as the men are too lazy to do more than look after the horses. The boys are either naked or in a shirt and baggy breeches, with capless shaven heads; the girls dressed like their mothers, with their hair shorn behind, and hanging in front in a score of very small braids.

The Kirghizes have all the vices and few of the virtues of savages; they are good friends and bad enemies, cowardly, thievish, lazy, and improvident. They will eat a whole sheep one day and then starve for a week. They are, moreover, frightfully dirty; one of their Sultans, himself a well-bred man, told me that his people, as a general rule, never in their lives took a bath or washed themselves.

Their life is, however, not without its poetry. They have their songs, and one

or two rude musical instruments. Their courting is done in a very peculiar way. After the pretendants to the hand of a marriageable girl have satisfied her father of their wealth in horses or camels, they meet the young lady on a fixed day, all on horseback. Then comes the love chase. She has a good whip and is given a certain start, and is to be the prize of him who catches her. But catching is not so easy, for the women ride nearly as well as the men, and she has the privilege, which she does not fail to use, of striking all who approach her. It is highly probable that she gives herself an easy victim to the one she secretly prefers. After the chase is done, the bride is brought home and put in a *kibitka* with her girl friends; the lucky victor and his companions occupy another. The girls sing songs expressive of the contempt which they have for the bridegroom, and of the unwillingness of the bride to marry. The young man responds with praises of the bridegroom, of his robberies, and murders, and of his exploits in general. After a sufficiency of this chant, the bridegroom and his men attack the *kibitka* of the bride, and being refused admittance, they have a hand-to-hand fight, and finally force admittance, when the assistants retire and the marriage is over.

But to return to our visit to Ish-Djan. As the tent smelt rather close we thought it better to lunch out on the grass, and a large Turkomen rug was brought for us to sit on and another for the table. We arranged ourselves on three sides, leaving Ish-Djan at the head; while to the left sat all the sons, nephews, and other men of the village, looking on in silent admiration. After we had got out our tea and tea-things, we found to our horror that the Tartar domestic who had packed our wagon had forgotten to put in the bread or the meat that had been prepared. As we had eaten nothing at all that day, we were hungry with our ride, and wished heartily we could catch *that* Tartar. To make the matter worse, Ish-Djan explained to us that he was very sorry, but that they had eaten up their last sheep the day before, and had no provisions of



any kind on hand, except some *kumys*. So we were forced to satisfy our appetite with tea. We poured out a large bowlful for Ish-Djan; he drank it half up and then passed it on to his retainers, and so with a second cup. I was glad of the opportunity of tasting *kumys*, the liquor made of fermented mare's milk, but I had heard so much of its disagreeable taste that I yet had some little hesitation. It is white in color and looks like milk, with little specks of white in it. Its taste was not so bad as I thought, something like a sourish wine whey with a little flour added. I managed to finish my tumblerful, and I think learned to like it, for I have ever since drunk it with great relish whenever I can get it. It is thoroughly wholesome, and a good remedy for consumption and some other diseases, and is often the sole food of the Kirghizes for days at a time. It produces a pleasant warmth and a slight excitement, but one could drink a dozen glasses before becoming drunk. As we were in the midst of our frugal repast, a very sudden shower came on, and we took refuge in the *kibitka*, where a huge pot was boiling in the middle over some coals. That and the fire were put out, and the door and roof-hole closed, so that we were almost in darkness. The wind was so violent that it threatened to blow the *kibitka* down, and the women were sent outside to hold it down. The men confined their feeble efforts to the interior. When the rain was somewhat over I amused myself in drawing the *kumys* churn and some of the other utensils, which were brought out for me by the younger members of the family who took great delight in my performances. The shower soon passed, and we took our leave; our empty stomachs, and the prospect of still more rain, made us give up our project of going farther, and we turned homewards. I walked a little distance and gave a last look at the clusters of round *kibitkas*, and the herds of horses grazing around them, and farther in the distance in every direction at the similar huts and herds, gazed down the caravan track with the wish that I were going to

Khiva or Bukhara instead of to Europe, and got into the tarantass.

I had however one more view of these people, and a very memorable one too. Among the festivities which had been prepared for the visit of the Grand Duke Vladimir at Orenburg were some Kirghiz races. It was on the last day of my stay, which was at last clear and bright. The course of five versts was laid out on the steppe near the town, just at the foot of the Mayatchui hill, where the rebel Pugatchef had his camp during the famous siege of Orenburg. I think it would be impossible to find anywhere else another such crowd as was collected there. Such a mingling of nationalities, and such a contrast of costumes is seldom seen. On the grand stand was the Grand Duke with the Governor-General and other dignitaries; then there were the ladies in their delicate French bonnets and rich silks, Tartar women with their waistless dresses terminating in a single flounce, and a thin white veil on their heads, officers of all grades and in all uniforms, two or three Frenchmen and Germans, the Mohammedan Mufti from Ufa, with his white turban, Russian merchants in their long-skirted black coats, and Bukharans in extra large blue and white turbans, and red, green, and yellow striped *khalats*. Between the stand and the course and all around was an immense mass of Kirghizes in rags on foot, Kirghizes in velvet on horseback, Kirghizes in cloth, skins, rags, and everything else on horseback, men, women and children, Russians, Kazaks, Germans, Tartars, Bukharans, Khivans, Armenians, and Persians. During the races there came up a slight shower, and I was exceedingly amused by one old Kirghiz in a tall embroidered hat and red velvet robe, who did not want to have his clothes spoiled, so rode along with a blue cotton umbrella.

The Kirghiz horses are small and lean, but fast, wiry, and of great endurance. For the first race about a hundred horses entered, ridden by boys and girls of various ages, but all riding alike and all dressed in much the same way. They

had neither saddles nor stirrups. After room had been cleared by the Kazaks and the better class of Kirghiz charging on the crowd, the horses were drawn up into as near a line as they could be got, and off they started. At first they all went along pretty well together, but by the time the first horses had made the course once they were very widely scattered, and soon the leading horses were passing on the second round those who had not yet completed the first. Whenever they came near the crowd the shouts of encouragement in all languages made a fearful din.

The race was four times round the course, making 20 versts or 15 miles, and the winning horse, though there were three or four nearly together, came in in 29½ minutes. When the winners were brought up to the Grand Duke to receive their prizes, the tumult became indescribable. Every Kirghiz in that crowd insisted that it was his boy who had won, and rushed up to the stand claiming the prize. The horses were crowded together as close as if they were only men, and some of them were nearly suffocated. It was a long time before order could be restored, and the prizes, which consisted of watches, goblets, mantles, etc., could be distributed to their rightful owners.

Next came a camel race, for which three camels and a dromedary were entered. The poor animals were much frightened and confused by the crowd, and had to be dragged along and whipped on by horsemen, both as they started

and came in. They went off with a shuffling, uneasy trot, but on the other side of the course, where they were free, went along very well. The dromedary, who was ridden by a dark-looking fellow, who seemed as if he were being thrown high into the air and off the single hump with every step, led the race in, but the horseman who had seized his bridle to guide him let go too soon, and away he went blindly among the crowd. A camel ridden by a young girl of about 18 actually came in first and took the prize. After the camel race was a rehearsal of the "love chase," but the crowd broke in on it so much that it was not well done. Sultan Suleiman, whom I met that same evening, told me that this only gave a faint idea of a real race on the steppe, when the crowd are seated quietly on the ground, and do not raise their voice or move a finger before the winning horses reach the goal. It is with them a solemn excitement. He said too that the horses usually made much better time, though I thought that 15 miles in 29½ minutes was pretty well done.

The next day early in the morning I took my last look at the Ural and at Orenburg, and crossed the steppe again to Samara, enjoying the ride even more the second time than the first. One night the air, the silence, and the space were so beautiful that I could not sleep, but rode all night on the box, gazing away into the twilight left in the west, which changed around to the north and then to the east, to turn into the bright red of the morning.

#### THE ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

If the Paris *Gaulois* is to be believed, (and it is noted for accuracy) the gates of the Temple of Janus are soon to be thrown open, and a carnival of blood is to deluge the banks of the Rhine. It is evident that war *may* break out this summer, the leading powers of the continent being ready for it. The recent order of the French government brings back to their colors 140,000 men who were lately *en congé*; and the *Phare de la Loire* states that an order has been issued to have all the iron-clads armed by the 1st instant.

Then the *Gaulois* asserts that Prussia is massing troops in and around Mayence, and that the Russians are feverishly manufacturing 700,000 needle-rifles, a *very limited time having been granted for their delivery*. A brief review, then, of the leading armies of the world may be interesting to our readers.

##### THE FRENCH ARMY.

In point of intelligence and numbers the French army is still the first in the world. Its rolls show a force of 750,000 men, beside the National Garde Mobile,

which adds 550,000 more men for defensive operations. Lately a part of the rank and file received their *congé*, but the *cadre* of each battalion and squadron always remains full; and the absent rank and file can be called in in two weeks, as they have been.

The army is, even in time of peace, organized into *corps d'armée*, divisions and brigades. The *corps* consists generally of three divisions—the division of three brigades, and the brigade of six battalions, that is, of two regiments. To each division is attached a battery of six guns, and one or two *chasseur* battalions. In the field, some squadrons of light cavalry are attached to the *corps*, while the line cavalry are formed into a general reserve.

The Imperial Guard forms a part of the *corps* stationed at the capital, which *corps* is designated "the Army of Paris."

The army lies chiefly at home, and the largest body abroad lies in Algeria, while there are small bodies at Rome, (a *corps* of occupation) at Martinique, Guadaloupe, and Cochin China. The disposable force for a war is about 600,000 men.

The leading generals are Marshal Niel, Minister of War, Marshals McMahon, D'Hilliers, Canrobert, Forey and Bazaine—and Generals Douai, Dumour (commanding at Rome) and others. All these men have seen service in the Crimea, Italy, or Mexico, while *all* the men forming the *cadres* are *aguerri*. The Chassepot rifle is in the hands of all the infantry; and the light batteries of the army are breech-loading.

The best arms of the service are the engineers (*le génie*) the artillery and the *chasseur* infantry, owing to the intelligence and activity of the French. Pay, 5 *sous* a day. Rations, etc., found.

#### THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

In point of numbers the second army of the world is the Russian. It musters about 1,300,000 men, including Cossacks, and is organized into *corps*, divisions, and brigades. The *corps* stationed at the capital includes the Guard, which is an *élite* body, both in physique and in its service.

The bulk of the army lies at home; but

the Caucasus and Turkestan, etc., absorb 200,000 men. Deducting 200,000 men for irregular Cossacks, and 200,000 more for the armies of the Caucasus and Turkestan, 900,000 would be left disposable for a war on Russian territory, and perhaps about 700,000 for a foreign war.

The best arms of the service are the infantry, and the Cossack cavalry—the first for its steadiness, and the second for its hardy and vigilant qualities. The battalion is organized into 4 companies, called *rotas*, each of 250 men. The half company corresponds with our company, and the section with our half company. Four battalions form a *polk* or regiment of 4,000 men; 2 *polks* a brigade; 2 brigades a division; and three divisions a *corps*, which thus numbers about 48,000 men. Adding artillery and light cavalry, the *corps* amounts, when full, to about 50,000 men, while the French *corps*, when full, numbers generally 36 to 38,000 men.

The leading generals of the army are Gortschakoff, Osten Sacken, Orloff; and others, all of whom have experience; and a large body of the army saw service in the Crimea. Pay very small; rations, etc., found.

#### THE PRUSSIAN ARMY.

In *prestige* this army stands second only to the French. In 1866, it won in Germany the repute of being a brave, intelligent and active army, thus exciting the envy of the French. This is the expected antagonist of the French army in the event of a war.

The army, including the contingents of the Northern German Bund, now numbers about 1,030,000 men. In the wars with the First Napoleon the army was organized into *corps*, brigades and regiments of three battalions. Now, it is organized into *corps*, divisions, brigades, etc., like that of the French. The battalion is organized into 4 companies, each of 250 men, and three battalions form a regiment.

A large part of the army saw service in 1866, and the leading generals are men of experience. The "needle-rifle" is in the hands of all the infantry, and on this weapon the army relies much for success

in any war. The best arm of the body is the infantry, which is noted for its steadiness. The army has improved very much in celerity. It is no longer the army of Jena or Ligny, but one that can operate nearly as quickly as the French. The pay of the soldier is small, but he is well fed and cared for.

#### THE AUSTRIAN ARMY.

This army, once the finest on the continent, is now regarded in Germany as second-rate. In 1866 it lost its *prestige* before its rival, the Prussian army, owing to the greater celerity of movement of the latter, and, it must be said, to the "needle-rifle."

The army now consists of 800,000 men, on a peace footing, and is organized in nearly the same way as the Prussian; but it is still slow in movement, which is its great defect.

The best arms of the service are the light cavalry, and the Tyrolese *Jagers*, the first arm being admirably mounted, and the second the best sharpshooters in the world. The government has stock-yards for breeding cavalry horses, and the consequence is, not a bad "mount" is to be seen in the cavalry. The line infantry and artillery are inferior to those arms.

The leading general of the army is Marshal Benedek, who commanded at Sadowa, in 1866.

The disposable force of this army for a war is about 600,000 men, Hungary being conciliated, and making a capital cavalry *depot*. The infantry are being armed with a breech-loader, and will, doubtless, make a better fight of it next time. Most of the men of this army have seen service, either in Italy in 1859, or in Germany in 1866, though their *morale* has not been improved by it. Being so strong in cavalry, this army is most effective in plain countries, but it cannot be a match for the French and Prussian armies until it adopts their celerity of movement and discards all pedantic rules of the past. All the army lies at home. Pay trifling, but rations good.

#### THE ITALIAN ARMY.

This army now ranks fifth among the armies of the world. As the ally of the French, it won a high reputation in Italy

in 1859. The strength of the army of Italy is now 204,000 men, on a peace footing; and it is organized in the same way as the French army.

All the Italian army lies at home, from the Alps to the Adriatic. The disposable force for a war may be set down at 150,000 men, so that Italy is now a Power, and one with which France agrees, the tastes of the French and Italians being very similar.

The best arms of the body are the *bersaglieri* and the artillery. The one is said to be more active than the French Zouaves, and the other as good as the French artillery. In intelligence and activity the Italian army ranks next to the French. In 1859 the former defeated that part of the Austrian army in its front. On the other hand, in 1866 the Italian army was badly defeated in the "Quadrilateral" by the same enemy. The army has dash, but little persistence in attack, and gives way too readily.

The leading generals of the army are Gen. Menabrea, Minister of War, Gen. Cialdini, and others. The pay of the soldier is 5 *soldi* per diem, rations and clothing found.

#### THE BRITISH ARMY.

In point of numbers only, this army is second to the French, Russian, etc. It has now on its rolls 178,000 men, who are scattered over the globe, from the New Dominion to Australia and New Zealand.

For a long time the British army was regarded as the rival of the French, and the *rôle* it played in the early part of this century was glorious; but peace being now the policy of Britain, her military strength is declining, while her *prestige* is falling.

In time of peace the army is not organized as an active army, but lies by regiments in all the most important garrisons. In time of war the army is organized into brigades of three or four battalions, and divisions of two or three brigades. An army is rarely large enough to be organized into corps. The battalion is formed of companies of 100 rank and file, and does not manœuvre or act in column of

"divisions." A column at quarter distance is peculiar to this army, the Spanish army being the only other one using that column.

The disposable force for a war might be, at most, 50,000 men. In 1856, Britain sent all her disposable troops into the Crimea, denuding the (now) New Dominion of the regiments then stationed there—and yet her army in the Crimea did not exceed 50,000 of all arms. It was a gallant army, badly handled, one may say, as usual.

There are no generals of any consequence in the British army. Napier was able enough to move and direct a column of less than 10,000 in Abyssinia, and there may be a few more men like him; but there is no general able enough to direct an army of 50,000 men, or over.

The best arms of the service are the infantry and cavalry, the latter being well mounted. The artillery and engineers are inferior, the officers being assuming yet not proficient in their duties. The pay of the soldier is 25 cents per diem, from which is deducted the price of his rations; and he has to buy some articles of clothing, so that the balance coming to him is not more than 8 to 10 cents per day. The men are now paid daily. In the colonies money is raised to pay the troops by the commissary officer at the station drawing bills upon the "Lords of the Treasury," which bills are bought by the mercantile classes of the place, the proceeds being placed to the credit of the Commissariat in a certain bank.

The soldier is very well cared for, and the British army is at least one of the most respectable in the world.

#### THE SPANISH ARMY.

In the time of the Philips the Spanish army was considered the finest in the world—the Romans of the day. Now, it is a second-rate force of about 80,000 regular troops, and 120,000 of the National Guard—in all, 200,000 men.

The army is organized in the same way as the French, but has copied the British in a few things; for instance, it uses the "column at quarter distance." The best arm of the service is the infantry, who are

active and intelligent men, of small stature, but well built.

The bulk of the army lies at home, but a large *élite* body is now in Cuba and Porto Rico, while there are also small garrisons in the Philippine and Canary Islands. The disposable force of Spain for a war cannot exceed 75,000 men.

The leading generals of the army are Gen. Prim, Minister of War, Generals Serrano, Dulce, Lersundi, De Roda, etc.

#### THE TURKISH ARMY.

This army, half Asiatic, half European, is being fast converted into a copy of the French army. It numbers anywhere from 200,000 to 400,000 men, and everything about it is still irregular and uncertain. It is officered by French, Prussian, and some British officers, and is of some weight for a short war—for as long as the Ottoman treasury has funds the army is easily filled, men being driven into its ranks like cattle into a *corral*. The army is poorly fed, and paid—when there is money to pay it at all. The generals, however, manage to raise money when they want it. The private soldier is treated as a dog.

It would take up too much space to notice the other armies of the old world. Turn we, therefore, to our own, which is becoming "small by degrees, and beautifully less."

#### THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

Our army will soon be reduced to under 35,000 men, organized into 25 regiments of infantry, 7 of cavalry, and 5 of artillery.

In time of war, the organization of our army is similar to that of the French, but the regimental organization is not the same, there being three battalions in the French regiment, and only one in ours. In time of peace our army lies like the British, that is, by regiments in certain garrisons. Our system of tactics is borrowed from the French *Ordonnances*, which were translated, first for "Scott's Tactics," next for "Hardee's," and lastly for "Casey's;" while, in point of fact, it was all the time the French system, with some changes in terms, as "platoon" for *section*, "section" for *demi-section*, "wheel" for *conversion*, &c.

Our army is one of the most intelligent in the world, and is now well officered also. The best arms are the artillery and engineers, as in the French and Italian armies.

Our disposable force now does not exceed 15,000 men, who are needed for the Indian territory and the South. In pay and allowances we are munificent, our soldiers faring like gentlemen, compared with the soldiers of the Old World.

In time of war we are too careless as to the choice of officers for the volunteer service, hence it is that they are not respected by the rank and file; and our system of discipline is far too lax, from which result straggling, breaking of ranks in action, etc.

Of our generals it need only be said General Sherman is now the chief, and Generals Hancock, Thomas and Sheridan, etc., good corps commanders.

### LIVING TO USE.

A CLERGYMAN was once called to preach a funeral sermon for a man of that class of which it is hard to say anything. A perfectly worthless character, it was not easy to meet the expectations of his friends, who would have been dissatisfied without some language of eulogy, and would perhaps have been gravely offended if the clergyman did not prove himself equal to his Egyptian task of making brick without straw. Happily he bethought himself of one redeeming feature of the man's career, and he brought it out in bold and striking relief. "He was," said he, "he was good at fires."

Of how many could little more than that be said! Of some, probably, not so much! Of others still, the sentence of a calm and charitable judgment would be, that they were an encumbrance to the world, that their evil outweighed their good, they were a positive mischief or nuisance! they were the dregs of society. They were not merely the bran, but the grit of its gristmill.

It is humiliating to think of a human being of less use in the world than a beast of burden. It is still more humiliating to think of him as becoming, by vice or indolence, a tax on the enterprise, or a disturbance to the peace of others. And yet how many there are that can lay claim to no other distinction! It is difficult to find in the created universe a type for them. Everything else, almost, has its use. The dead earth can feed live plants. The very rocks can be quarried for building. Trees, that are good for nothing else, will do to burn. The toad will devour the noisome insects of the garden. Fogs will rise and condense to

fruitful showers. But there are men who serve no useful purpose, for whom no one is better or happier, and the philosopher, despairing to turn them to account himself, might feel, in a fit of desperation, that nothing was left him to do, but to turn them over to the Fiji Islanders.

It matters little whether such persons are rich or poor, whether, to borrow the expression of the German satirist Rabelais, their virtues are \$10,000 a year, or whether they drift along to the grave on the currents of the gutter. To every rightly disposed mind—except for the capacity in them which is a buried talent—they are beneath contempt. They must be vastly elevated to be brought up to the dignity of ciphers, to a level with the dogs of Damascus, too lazy to bark or get out of the way of the hoofs of the traveler's horse.

The mind that has never been kindled to the aspiration of being useful, is the fossil of society. Nothing can ennoble it. It is inherently mean, because it is stupidly selfish. You cannot stir the heart, or kindle enthusiasm, by the story of anything of a merely selfish nature. You may excite contempt or indignation, or possibly pity, but not admiration. You might as well attempt to rouse devotion by the image of a miniature Juggernaut, or the relics of the five hoofs of the ass on which Christ rode. Poetry, oratory, eloquence, philosophy, abhor the theme, as Nature was once said to abhor a vacuum. With a useless man for its theme, genius would be paralyzed, and the winged words of the poet would drag like lame Alexandrines.

Every one that reflects must perceive that usefulness is honor, and uselessness disgrace. For a man to live just to defraud the coffin that is waiting for him, taxing honest labor to make it an unwilling accomplice in the fraud, is a depth of degradation that, by force of contrast, lifts the worm and the spider into respect. To go about to prove that a man ought to be useful, is like going about to prove that he ought to use his eyes, his hands, or his feet. He was *made* to be useful. He was endowed with powers that render him capable of being useful. We cannot well conceive of him as intentionally created, except to be useful. He is placed in a world where everything is of necessity pressed into useful service, where the ore is vexed in the furnace to give out the useful metal, where the wild fruit tree is grafted to make it useful, where the lazy soil is turned up by the ploughshare that it may be pressed into useful service, nay, where the globe itself, with its populations of thinking millions, is compared to a vineyard, in which each inch of soil waits for the hand of culture, and protests, by its weeds and thorns and briers, against the human neglect that allows it to become useless.

Upon this globe man is placed. It is no barren rock, no sandy Sahara, where labor is just waste, sweat, and fruitless endeavor. Even if overgrown with forests, or covered with thickets, or bespread with weeds and briers, it is not beyond the hope of recovery. Its forests can be felled, its briers subdued, its swamps drained, and no oriental garden, no western prairie, has such productive capacity as the soil of the human heart, when subdued and watered by grace. In every direction there is good to be done, useful service to be rendered. Whole continents send forth beseechingly the Macedonian cry. The streets and alleys of our great cities, the waysides of the country, where neglected souls wander, haunts of vice and want, minds that are waiting for light and knowledge, beds of disease and pain that await the visits of the good Samaritan—all swell the chorus with

their echoes, and demand notice, sympathy, and help.

Could one, burning with the irrepressible desire of usefulness, imagine a world better fitted to afford a field for beneficent effort? Here are all forms of misery and wrong, numberless channels for the largest charity. Every kind of wealth and energy may find a field here for investment. Ten thousands of vicious and depraved beings, left to neglect, are like the artist's neglected marble, waiting for the hand of a divinely-taught skill, to "let the angel out." Here is room for industry, for genius, for fortune—and here they may win their most signal victories, and reap their most bounteous harvests.

Wise and good men have seen and felt this. They have felt that mere selfish enterprise in any shape was contemptible by the side of the humblest career of usefulness. They have seen that the greatest good was to be accomplished in dealing with mind—mind, the lever by which they would move the world. They have felt that there was no seed in the patent office like the seed of a holy, or pure, or inspiring thought, dropped into a receptive soul, and springing up there into a tree of life, clustering with the bloom of peace, and virtue, and hope, and joy. They have felt that the moment the soul was cleansed, the great fountains of human misery were dried up. It is a good thing, oftentimes, to endow a hospital, or found a college, but Milton's pen built up a university at which the world's intellect has been studying for two centuries; and Baxter's "Saint's Rest," which found the world a hospital, has gone whispering hope, and wiping tears from weeping eyes through its thousand wards, for all the generations since he laid down his pen. Wilberforce wrote one book that made a pulpit of the press, and turned the palaces of nobles into the aisles of a church, through which there went echoes of strange but living words. It was his high ambition to write another that should rivet and extend the impression of the first; nor did he feel that the hand which had struck off the chains of the slave would be degraded from its use-

fulness when it took up the pen. We cannot help feeling that there was something more admirable than his fascinating oratory in Rufus Choate, when we find him saying in his later years, "Some memorial I would leave yet, rescued from the grave of a mere professional man, some wise, or beautiful, or interesting page—something of utility to America, which I love more every pulse that beats."

Thus it is that to the thoughtful mind, weighing all things in an even balance, the time comes when wealth seems poor, and fame a bauble, by the side of usefulness. All the pomp and pageantry of fashionable life become impertinent by the side of the claims of beneficence, like the tones of the fiddler's bow summoning to the dance, to the cry that summons to the rescue of a human life. What a lesson is read to us in our own emotions, in passing from the grave of one like Owen or Baxter, in Bunhill Fields, to the place where the dust of such an one as Robert Walpole, Prime Minister of England, has slept for a century! In one case we seem to tread on holy ground. The memory of those who strive to serve God in making the world better, comes over us like a breath from the open heavens where the angels sing. In the other, the heart is unmoved, and the words of the historian recur to us like the sentence of some avenging judge, when he says of Walpole: "No enthusiasm was ever felt for his person; none was ever kindled by his memory. No man ever inquired where his remains are laid, or went to pay an homage of reverence to his tomb."\* An Englishman might trace with mingled curiosity and national pride the splendid career of the great Marlborough, and he might gaze with something of admiration upon his funeral pageant, as he read upon the car that bore his remains to Westminster Abbey, the names of the places where his victories were won—Oudenarde and Ramillies, Lille and Tournay, Ruremonde and Blenheim—but when all was over, when the dust had been committed to dust, and the spirit

had returned to God that gave it, who would not say, Give me rather the record of a Harlan Page, happy and useful in his Sunday-school labors, or of an Oberlin, making an Eden of his humble parish, or of a Müller in his toil in behalf of orphan children, rather than of a Marlborough or a Wellington, with his victories and titles, or of an Astor, with his princely fortune.

But usefulness does not imply impossible conditions for any one. It may be aimed at and attained by all. Rich men, and great men, and learned men have no monopoly of it. In the plainest home there is a field for it. Among the lowly or great, in country or city, there is a sphere for its exercise. All cannot wear crowns, or be presidents, but all can crown their lives with usefulness. Few can become merchant princes, but many may make theirs a glad presence in almost every place, carrying the sunshine of the heart and gentle words—richer and better than gold—to desolate dwellings; or, still more, holding up the living picture of an humble piety to win other hearts to the blessedness that Christ gives. Herein is one of the prizes of usefulness. It is worth striving for, to turn the social world around us into a manifold mirror that shall give back manifold images of our light. It is worth striving for—to acquire that gratitude of sorrowing ones, that loving memory of those we have befriended, that will crowd our path with welcome looks and bright smiles, and load the air we breathe with the fragrance of benedictions showered down upon us from lips that we have unsealed and taught to sing.

Prof. Silliman attained the enviable reputation of being the most eloquent scientific lecturer of his day, but who can doubt that all the applause he had won grew silent on the ear of memory when he read the letter of Goodyear, in which he wrote: "If it had not been for you, sir, I should long ago have been in my grave; all my relatives and friends discouraged me, and you alone sustained me by your opinions and your influence." A rich man once, in surveying his past

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\* Lord Mahon.



life, declared that all of it, its enterprise and its gains, seemed to him a barren waste, relieved only by the memory of his generosity in aiding two young men in their education, who had grown up to occupy positions of honored usefulness.

One might be disposed to envy the fame of such a writer as Southey, but what is his achievement, compared with that of one whom God has made the blessed instrument of leading a soul to Christ? Let Wilberforce answer, exclaiming, "Oh, what a consideration is it, that magnificent as are the visions of glory in which Southey's fancy revels, and which his creative genius forms, they are all beneath the simple reality of the Christian's hope."

The time comes at last, when of all that pleased and charmed us once, nothing remains, but just what has served some useful end. No deeds, however self-denying or generous, can justify or save us. We must be saved by the grace of Christ alone. But those deeds may yet form the landscape of the past, unclouded with vain regrets, on which the eye of memory will love to linger. All else will fade, or perhaps hold up its withered bloom to mock our disappointed hope. But a career of usefulness does not grow wan and sere before the breath of life's November days. It is an ever-green of memory, just as fresh as ever when the flowers fade and the leaves fall. Shrewdness, enterprise, success in business, social respect, honor, fame and fortune—are all of them at best but the morning glories of our eternal day. Usefulness is the Century plant that will bloom in the soul when they have all fallen to decay and have mingled with the dust.

And this prize lies within the reach of old and young, great and small, rich and poor. None is so humble that he may not aspire to it. To wipe away the tear of sorrow, to lighten the burdened heart,

to lead the neglected and neglectful to the place where they may be taught saving truth, to pour around us, in the house and by the way, the fragrance of a genuine piety, to illustrate our own life by a safe example that shall be a landmark to storm-tossed wanderers, to be ever ready with counsel and sympathy and pity and aid for the helpless or forlorn, to have a God-speed ever on our lips—and in our purse too, if possible—for every form of kindness and philanthropy—this is indeed angels' work, and if no earthly trumpets herald it, and no historian records it, it has its register in heaven, and its register, too, in the peaceful conscience, as well as the memories of those who are the better for it.

Who then, in forming his plans of life, would not embody in them "essays to do good?" Plain and humble as these may seem to be, they will be the jewel of the gold ring, the tree of life in the midst of the garden, the spring in the bosom of the desert. The real harvest of life is not in the waving leaves, the tassels, or the silk. These fade, wither and die. It is in the ripe grain, that the sun cannot smite; nor the frost hurt, that will hold in it, the winter through, the germ of harvests yet to come. And that ripe grain, still more precious when leaf and flower have faded, when fame grows silent and pageants vanish, is simple usefulness—that usefulness to which wisdom and piety alike impel, and upon which no curse like that of the barren fig-tree, "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?" can ever fall. If one would have a treasure still, when youth has fled, when manhood's strength has wasted, when the hand grows tremulous, when the rich man's gold is cankered, and his wardrobe is gone out of fashion, when all that pleased the fancy once has sunk to mockery—he must make it his in the paths of usefulness alone.

## BOOKS AND READING.

### No. VII.

#### HISTORY AND HISTORICAL READING.

We propose to leave the discussion of books and reading in general, and to proceed to some more particular observations

upon different classes of books and different kinds of reading. Perhaps in so doing our thoughts may be less general than

they have been; we cannot promise that they will be anything more than useful.

We begin with History. It seems natural to begin at this point, as History is the favorite and almost universal field of all industrious readers. The bright-minded boy, who is withal a little solid and thoughtful and known among his companions as a great reader, usually takes a special delight in History. If he is merely bright-minded, he may be satisfied with novels or plays, childish or otherwise; but if he is also intelligent and curious, he uniformly takes to History. He usually does this very early, and not rarely he follows this taste so passionately as to seem more at home in the old and the distant than in the new and the near. Such a boy often, in the first gush of his historic enthusiasm, thinks and talks more of Athens and Pericles, of Rome and Julius Cesar, of Moscow and Napoleon, than he does of the places and the men that are present to his senses. This taste is also conspicuous in the earnest and thoughtful among so-called well-informed men, as the steady and sturdy mechanic or farmer who thinks for himself, who expresses opinions on public affairs to which other men listen in a debating-club or a town-meeting, or when occupied in earnest talk at a shop or grocery. Now and then we meet with a thoughtful old lady or an intelligent old gentleman, to whom history has all their life been both instruction and pastime, and the result is seen and felt in the mellowed and comprehensive views which they utter upon every subject of which they chance to speak.

History has also a kind of precedence from having been the first form of writing, as books of history are the oldest written productions that are presented to us. This was both natural and necessary. The child of modern times sits on his father's knee, to listen to the stories of what happened in his childhood to himself and his play-mates—how they hunted in the forest and sported on the holidays. And so, as we may believe, was it in the earlier times. In the morning of the race, the reverent family and the deferential tribe gathered often about their patriarch

to hear the story many times repeated, of those whom he had known—brave warriors, great hunters, sagacious inventors and skillful artists. As soon as language was framed into connected phrases, history was recited. The story-teller, as he wrote or read upon the monument of stone or wood the names of great men or the dates of great events, would expound at length the tales of which names and numbers were only the suggestive texts. Now and then, if he had a rhythmic tongue and a vivid imagination, he would frame history into a ballad—like the song of Chevy Chase, or the ballads collected by Scott in "*The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*," or by Percy in "*The Reliques of English Poetry*," or "*Frithiof's Saga*"—which he would recite to his family or clan, in the long twilight, or under the bright starlight, or in the deep arctic nights; or others, well-known singers, would recite to a crowd on festive occasions; as at the feast of Tabernacles among the Jews or at the Olympic games among the Greeks, when the poems of Homer were chanted in recitative; or as in the middle ages the wandering bard made himself welcome by his impassioned histories in verse. In many of these earliest histories, not only the power of description was brought into requisition, but the imagination was allowed the freest play. Literal truth was not always so much cared for as an effective story, especially in favor of the heroes or penates of a family or tribe. Such stories would grow most rapidly in transmission, and what was at first a somewhat faithful narration, would become little more than a poetic exaggeration. When History begins to be written for the sober ends of truth, as by Herodotus, its so-called Father, there is manifest abundant credulity and play of fancy. This spirited and cheerful narrator, with much that was true and well-attested, gathers together somewhat loosely, much that he had picked up in his travels of the traditions that had come down from preceding generations from their narratives and songs, their epics and fictions. These being currently reported, when they were once writ-

ten down and read would obtain a sort of credit and footing in the faith of the world. People are so eager to know something of other times and of distant countries, that if anything passes current as a story it is soon accepted as a fact.

This is the first stage of historical writing—the period of simple and *naïf* narration, largely intermixed with what is purely imaginative and fictitious. It confines itself to recording such facts as strike the imagination and interest the feelings, especially admiration and reverence; following the method of simple narration, with large credulity, few critical attempts to distinguish between truth and falsehood, and absolutely no philosophy. As writers and readers reach a more sober and less childish age, history becomes more grave and dignified in its manner, and events are recorded with a more careful exactness. To the imagination and feelings far less freedom is allowed. Facts and dates are copied with care from monuments and records. But history is still very credulous and indiscriminating; its writers set down without sifting the most of what they find recorded or hear reported without weighing authorities or adjusting conflicting testimonies. It is to be noticed too, that it is the so-called great personages and great events, that are deemed worthy of recital. Great battles, decisive victories, the deeds of heroes, the lives of kings and princes, of nobles and statesmen; the events which make one people the conqueror and another the subject; are those incidents and personages which stand conspicuously forth from the ordinary level of human affairs and are alone deemed worthy of preservation. The fortunes of the common people, the condition of those who do not belong to the court or the aristocratic classes, the ways in which they lived, tilled the soil, built houses, sat at their tables, slept in their beds, navigated rivers and the sea or traveled by land, their customs and rites, their manners and feelings, their thoughts and their faiths, these were all overlooked as beneath the so-called *dignity of history*. The great events deemed worthy of notice are set forth in an exag-

gerated style, such as impresses the imagination and excites the wonder of the commonalty. Partly from the natural operation of reverence and the nobler sentiments of respect, and partly from the exalted imagination of the narrator, the great men of the past are set forth in gigantic outline and intensified coloring as something superhuman. All men were giants in the ancestral days, as the writer describes and as the reader conceives them. Many of the classic historians write in this vein, as Livy and Plutarch; and almost all of the modern writers of ancient history, till a comparatively recent period, have imitated most closely their style and spirit. As you read Plutarch's Lives, or Rollin's Ancient History, you seem to be lifted above the actual solid earth of every day life, and to fly or float in a sort of cloud or enchanted land. Lofty forms stalk before you, stately and long-robed personages, always in attitudes of superhuman dignity or grace, never speaking except as they utter short orations or weighty apothegms, enacting no deeds except deeds of staid and awe-inspiring solemnity. The events with which we are confronted are all more weighty and significant than those to which we are accustomed in our daily, or even in our modern life. They cannot be compared with them. To conceive of them or to measure them by the common men and the common things of our time and modern days would be to degrade the events and to dishonor ourselves. The whole impression is solemn, stage-like and magnificently imposing, as when a familiar scene is viewed by the weird moonlight—half elevating, half bewildering, but always impressive and disposing to admiration and sympathy. Especially may we say of the impression received by the readers of the great men of antiquity as described by Plutarch, that it is not unlike that made by the statuary in the Vatican, or at the Louvre, when exhibited by torchlight, when the effect of every object is exalted and made mysterious by the unnatural lights and shadows that play upon them, and the witchery of the scene is heightened by the back-

ground of impenetrable darkness that cuts off and beats back the vision. Many of the histories of the ancients by the moderns, were in a certain sense little more than transcripts from such ancient originals. The early legends were all faithfully copied, some of them being recognized as exaggerations or myths with a slender basis of fact, and others as being of uncertain import; but no serious, certainly no successful attempt was made to discover what was true or certain. Many of the extravagant stories and improbable events were set down as true, and all the judgments of both men and events were in the highest degree credulous and timid. The surprising deeds of the heroic ages and the superhuman virtues of the ancient republics—the simplicity, fidelity and patriotism reported—were all confided in, and it was scarcely even suspected that any of the traditions of the ancients themselves might require a careful scrutiny and a critical revision.

The modern histories of modern events have been too often written in the same exaggerated and indiscriminating manner. The common stock histories of England and the United States are almost universally in this vein, beginning with the well known older histories and coming down to the declamatory laudations of Bancroft, and the curt and biting sentences of Hildreth.

The names of Hildreth and Bancroft as well as those of Mitford and Gibbon, Hume and Burnet, Lingard and Neal, suggest the remark that history in all its forms and stages of development is liable to be written in a partisan spirit. The ancient writers, even to the uncritical and trusting eyes of their admirers, were long ago recognised as not altogether unbiassed in their sympathies and antipathies. Even honest old Homer tells the largest and the most favorable stories of his favorite Greeks and makes the Gods sympathize a little unfairly with Achilles, while the gossiping Herodotus flatters his favorite nations. As we come down into the region of history that is more sober and accurate, we find that almost every author writes in the interest of some political

party, some social caste, or some favorite hero. Even those grave and judicial old narrators, who look and write in such a solemn and stately way, are not always so disinterested as they seem, but contrive to set off their impressions concerning men and things to the advantage or disadvantage of those whom they like or dislike. They do not write in the manner of special pleaders or hired attorneys so obviously as some of the moderns, for it was inconsistent with the dignity of ancient manners to do so; but it is almost as easy to be solemnly one-sided and unfair with the air of a judge, as to be violently partisan with the gesticulations of an attorney. Modern History is too extensively and notoriously partisan, to require any special comment. Especially has the history of England, which is that with which we have the nearest concern, been written in the interest and by advocates of almost every shade of political opinion and religious belief. There have also been special histories of almost every party and sect, written with more or less of partisan partiality.

History as we have reviewed it, has had its distinct stages of development: First, the narrative, which is abundantly imaginative and largely credulous; next, the sober and accurate reciter of facts, but only of such facts as are stately and dignified, with a more or less indiscriminate admiration of what is recognized as superhumanly great and good; which in turn has readily and almost uniformly degenerated into a blind or willful partisanship.

Within the last fifty years, there has been a decided reaction from these excessive and mischievous tendencies. This reaction has led to a new method of writing history which requires new methods of studying and reading it. History both ancient and modern has been written in what may be called the *critical* spirit. It has well-nigh involved a revolution in the scrutiny of historical documents, and in the judgment of historical facts, as well as in the spirit and aims for which history should be written and read. Under its influence it has become almost necessary

that all history, both ancient and modern, should be rewritten. Many of the old standard histories and historical series have been discarded and displaced. Long series of uncritical narratives like 'The Ancient and the Modern Universal History,' of some fifty volumes 8vo, have become almost so much rubbish. History also is read as it were with new eyes. This reaction, and the application of the critical method, took a distinct and recognized form under the shaping genius of *Niebuhr*, though eminent critics and scholars had prepared the way by the method and spirit in which they had studied antiquity before his time. It was reserved for Niebuhr, however, to accomplish a revolution in the prevailing ideas in respect to the early history of Rome, and in so doing to establish and vindicate a method for the treatment of all History. He not only suggested but vindicated the position that a large portion of what is recorded by Livy as historical truth is little better than a series of mythical and exaggerated legends with a slender basis of fact. Much of the history of the seven kings went the same way with the story of the miraculous she-wolf who suckled Romulus and Remus, the two rival founders of the Eternal City. The subsequent, and, till then, the universally accepted narratives of the gravest and the most trustworthy historians, were also revised with rigid care; being carefully tested by close comparison with one another, with the allusions of contemporaneous literature, with permanent monuments, with well known and newly discovered or newly interpreted inscriptions, and last not least, with the testimony of languages and dialects; which, strange as it may seem, serve as the means of correcting many errors and confirming many conjectures. Other writers, following his example and catching his spirit, have traversed the same and other fields of ancient history. Of histories well known to English readers, Arnold's History of Rome, and Grote's History of Greece, are the most eminent examples of the superiority of the new to the old method. As the result of Niebuhr's

example and influence, not only have the fabulous and legendary elements been eliminated from the histories of the older nations, but the overstrained and exaggerated conceptions of the men and events which had come to us from the ancient Plutarch and the modern Rollin, have been toned down to the modesty of a probable and rational judgment. The tendency to see heroes in both virtue and vice, beyond the possible attainments of human nature, which had free indulgence, has given way to a juster estimate of what was possible and is therefore credible. The old times, which were ignorantly admired and extravagantly lauded, have been carefully measured by what we know of the workings of the human nature of to-day. The institutions, the principles, the passions, the aims and the achievements, of such men as Pericles and Alcibiades, of Cicero and Seneca, of Catiline, and the Cesars, have been studied, not under the colored lights of blind admiration, nor by the weird lights of mythological worship, nor the false lights of blind or lying partisanship, but by the dry and white light, which is reflected from the aims, principles and passions of men in similar circumstances in modern times—the good men not being *over* good for human nature, and the bad not so much, and so desperately, 'worse than the very bad of these times. In short, the historian has learned to measure the ancient world by the modern world, instead of by an extravagant and distorted creation of his own bewildered admiration and his excited fancy; because the modern is known to be the actual world and as such illustrates those permanent laws and forces of humanity, by which alone all history, whether old or recent, can be rationally estimated and judged. But while this critical tendency has dissipated what is false and extravagant in the pictures and conceptions of ancient life, it has established more firmly and set in bolder relief whatever is true, though it be peculiar and even supernatural. While it has explained the myths and legends of superstition and credulity of the false religions that

cloud the morning of the historic period, it has justified and confirmed the miracles that are so appropriate to simpler times, and that so rationally signalize the presence of One who is higher than nature, and that introduce the manifestations of his moral character and his loving care which have been required in the world's moral history. The same criticism which has proved so destructive to the myths of Grecian and the legends of Roman story, has proved itself most positive and constructive when it requires the miraculous and supernatural to explain the rise and development of the Mosaic and Christian economies. This has been the actual result of the most careful and critical investigation of the two by some of the most eminent students of the new historical school. Niebuhr himself, after some sharp experiences of misgiving lest the miraculous in the Old and New Testaments should, under the critical method, go the same way with the mythological in the Roman and Greek History, writes thus concerning the education of his son: "While I shall repeat and read the old poets to him in such a way that he will undoubtedly take the gods and heroes for historical beings, I shall tell him at the same time that the ancients had only an imperfect knowledge of the true God, and that these gods were overthrown when Christ came into the world. He shall believe in the letter of the Old and New Testaments, and I shall nurture in him, from his infancy, a firm faith in all that I have lost or feel uncertain about." His biographer records further, that "The Word made Flesh—the Divine brought into visible contact with the Human, and finding an historical embodiment in an individual—was a doctrine that found a warm response in a mind so full of earnest aspiration towards heaven, and at the same time so thoroughly historical in its views of the world. His personal reverence for Christ was a sentiment that deepened with the progress of his life . . . . He once exclaimed, in the course of an argument with the present [former] King

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of Prussia, 'I would lay my head on the block for the divinity of Jesus!'" Arnold observes: "The miracles of the Gospel and those of later history, do not stand upon the same ground. I do not think that they stand on the same ground of external evidence; I cannot think that the unbelieving spirit of the Roman world, in the first century, was equally favorable to the origination and admission of stories of miracles, with the credulous tendencies of the middle ages. But the difference goes deeper than this to all those who can appreciate the other evidences of Christianity, and who, therefore, feel that what we call miracles were but the natural accompaniments of the Christian revelation — accompaniments, the absence of which would have been more wonderful than their presence. This, as I may almost call it, *à priori* probability in favor of the miracles of the Gospel cannot be said to exist in favor of those of later history." Again, "Strauss writes about history and myths, without appearing to have studied the question, but having heard that some pretended stories are mythical, he borrows this notion as an engine to help him out of Christianity. But the idea of men writing mythic histories between the time of Livy and Tacitus, and of St. Paul mistaking such for realities!"

If we pass to the modern histories of modern times, which have been written with the true historic spirit, we find that they have been as truly improved by the new method as the histories of the ancient world. The tone of blind admiration and of exaggerated laudation has been sensibly lowered, its intense and bigoted partisanship has been exposed and answered by counter-criticism, or has quietly given way before the more judicial spirit of a cooler judgment.

One improvement is especially noticeable in modern history, if it be not almost a revolution. This is the fact, that much less is made of the so-called great events of history now than formerly. As history has learned new notions of its own dignity it attaches less importance to the fortunes of princes, the movements of

generals, and the issues of campaigns, and occupies itself far more earnestly and busily with the condition of the middling and lower classes, with their progress in civilization, in political freedom, in wise laws, general education, the security of property, as well as in general thrift, prevailing frugality, courteous manners, moral principle, and religious faith. History has become more humane and democratic as it has become more critical and just. It looks beneath the surface of events for the springs of action. It searches under facts for principles. It strives to discover the great laws of progress and stability in the world's evolution. It regards moral interests as higher than physical, the faith and heroism of a people and a period as of greater consequence than the external and physical events which distinguished either. Hence it tends to be more ethical, more reverent, and more religious, while it also is more candid and tolerant.

Two characteristics are especially worthy of notice in the tendencies of modern history. It is at once more *imaginative* and more *philosophical*.

The new history employs the *imagination* more liberally and yet more wisely than did the old. While it does not yield indiscriminately to its direction so as to be misled by its vagaries, it avails itself freely of its guidance and aid that it may more perfectly and vividly reproduce the past. The historian no longer conceives the past to have been so utterly unlike the present as to allow him to credit all the fantastic creations of the mythological and the exaggerating school, but rather conceives it to have been so nearly like the present as to justify him in freely using the present that he may more vividly picture and reproduce it as it was. Hence it is the persistent effort of the modern historian to revive the past by means of every possible appliance of which he can avail himself. He continually asks himself, How did men live in the earlier times, what sort of houses did they build, how did they light and warm them, at what sort of tables did they eat, and of what food, and how was

this cooked and served, on what seats did they sit, in what beds did they sleep, how were they dressed, of what material was their clothing made, and into what sort of garments was it shaped, how did they travel and visit, in what fashion did they greet one another? So minute have been these inquiries, and so successfully have they been answered by the aid of paintings, and mummies of Egyptian tombs, and bas-reliefs on Assyrian monuments, by Greek and Roman statues and inscriptions, as also by the exhumations of Pompeii and Herculaneum, that it seems now almost possible to build again a Grecian and Roman house, to provide it with implements and furniture, and to reproduce in detail all the particulars of ancient life. In the same way the historian of Old or New England, as they were two hundred years ago, concerns himself with thousands of details, which enable his reader vividly to imagine how the people actually lived, what was the daily aspect and history of a street in London or in Boston, what was the method of spending a day or a week by a merchant or a farmer, a laborer or a professional man.

What is of far greater consequence, he asks and can answer, How did the men of other times think and feel in regard to the great and small things which interest the human race in all times? What was the measure of their knowledge and of their intellectual power? What were their loves and hatreds toward God and man? He seeks to place himself within their very souls, so as to gaze on the visible creation with their eyes, to meet our fellows with their loves and hatreds, to scan the firmament with their infinite longings or their shivering terror, to seek after God with their awe or hopefulness. In all such efforts of history the imagination must be largely employed; but it is employed in the service and for the ends of truth. It does not dress up its ideals of past generations with impossible and therefore fantastic perfections, nor does it make them stalk before us in robes of gorgeous stateliness, nor does it bring them in conflict in scenes unearthly

and fantastic like the spectred hosts of such departed warriors as are seen by a belated shepherd far off in cloud-land above some real battle-field, but it seeks to conceive these generations as they actually lived and acted, thought and felt. The power, when trained and used in the search after historic truth, becomes what is called *The Historic Imagination*, which becomes by long practice so discriminating and so trustworthy as to be termed *The Historic Sense*. It is not till the imagination is thus matured that a man is able to appreciate adequately the literature of other nations and other times than his own. He must first understand the times in which its speeches and essays, its poems and its plays, its novels and its sermons were composed, in order to judge of them by their relations to the men by whom and for whom they were written. When thus heard and read they are received as far more real and living, and are judged with a far more sensitive and just appreciation than they possibly could be if read or judged apart from the forces which produced them or the conditions under which they came into being. What is more important still, the actions of the men of another age are studied in the light of the knowledge which they actually attained, the aims which they proposed, and the motives by which they were impelled. What would be inexplicable if done in our times can be accounted for if allowed in other days. What in our day would be a work of cruelty and revenge is excused, palliated, or even justified, when traced to the motives and feelings which occasioned it. What seems laughable and grotesque, formal and superstitious, when looked at with our eyes, is grave and proper, natural and rational, when looked at through the eyes of the men of other times, as we are enabled to do, by the cultured *historic sense* that is awakened by the chastened *historic imagination*.

As the result of this liberal and wise use of the imagination, history has become more true and more just, as well as more elevating in its lessons and influence than formerly. The more vividly

and fully we represent the men and the scenes of other times, the more entirely shall we do justice to them. The more thoroughly we understand events in their motives and principles, the more truthfully shall we estimate and weigh them. The new method educates and elevates the imagination, as well as employs it as an auxiliary to truth. We read and study history somewhat as we read and study the drama, viewing it as a grand spectacle of the past that is vividly reproduced in scenery, personages, and events; that fixes our attention, excites our curiosity, and kindles our sympathies. As the actual drama is fitted to ennoble the imagination and purify the passions, so does dramatized history act with even greater energy in these directions, when it is fitly rendered by the writer and justly conceived by the reader. These thoughts lead us to

*The second characteristic* stated, viz., that the New History is more *philosophical* than the old. It recognizes more distinctly the truth that all historic events are to be explained by certain causal influences or agencies, which are furnished in man's own nature, in the circumstances of his condition, and in the purposes of the living God. Different historians differ in the number of the agencies which they recognize, in the importance which is to be attached to each, and in the power of harmonizing one with another; but all agree that to some agencies or principles, acting after fixed methods or rules, all great historical events are to be ascribed, and that the problem of history and the duty of the historian is to discover what these principles are. The historian nowadays is not content to entertain his readers with striking descriptions of the startling events which give to history its dramatic interest, nor to paint to the life the story of those great personages who illustrate the pathos and power, the tenderness and energy of human passion, but he seeks also to explain the greater and lesser of historic phenomena by their principles and laws.

Now to determine what are the prin-



ciples and what the laws which underlie all these events is the aim of what is technically called *The Philosophy of History*. Much is made of this phrase in our times. To many persons it suggests something very profound, attractive, and incomprehensible. To others it is big with high-sounding verbiage, transcendental pretension, attenuated Pantheism, or depressing Fatalism. But there ought to be no special mystery in the phrase. If a philosophy of the universe, of spirit and matter, is possible in its present manifestations, then a philosophy is possible of the past history of man, from which lessons of instruction, and if need be of monition for the future, may be derived. As there is a variety of theories of the present, each one of which may be incompatible with the other, so there may be an equal variety of philosophies of the past. A Mahomedan, a Mormon, a Brahmin, and a Christian, would necessarily have each a peculiar philosophy of history. It need not be a mystery or a wonder that a materialist and a spiritualist, a necessitarian and a believer in freedom, should each interpret the history of man after a fashion of his own. One who studies man as an animal only, and recognizes no other forces and laws than those which are vital, will of necessity, like *Draper*, make physiology the basis of his Philosophy of History, or rather, he will resolve all historical into physiological phenomena, whether they are material, vital, or spiritual. Temperature and moisture, of a certain degree and quantity, acting on certain chemical combinations of nitrogen, carbon, phosphorus, etc., are the formulæ by which historical phenomena can all be explained. Napoleon and Waterloo, Abraham Lincoln and Bull Run, General Lee and Appomatox Court-House, are satisfactorily accounted for by various formulæ, of which the terms are H, O, C, N, etc., in various combinations. One who recognizes a somewhat wider range of forces, some of which are spiritual, but all, whether material or spiritual, obey mechanical laws and act by a necessitating force, will,

like *Buckle*, evolve and explain all possible occurrences and phenomena according to an *à priori* necessity, from whose iron embrace there is no release. Those who, like *Froude*, believe in the caprices and energy of human passions and individual freedom, or who, like *Niebuhr*, *Arnold*, *Goldwin Smith*, and hosts of other Christian historians, distinctly recognize a Divine Providence fulfilling merciful plans of human progress and redemption, will have another and a nobler philosophy of history, because they accept a nobler philosophy of the universe and of human life.

It ought to be added that to serve more effectually the philosophical explanation of the Past, the great movements of historic progress in separate lines and the several agencies on which they depend have been treated of in distinct works. Thus we have not a few generalized histories, as of commerce, geographical discovery, emigration, philosophy, morals, literature, poetry, fiction, criticism, and even of civilization itself. The treatment of these separate topics of historic research has this great advantage, that it limits the attention more effectually to single classes of phenomena, and to the workings of single forces. It withdraws the mind from the more palpable and material effects and causes, to the more refined and spiritual. It enables each student to look at the history of man from that point of view which most interests his own feelings, or bears upon his own studies, and it saves the general reader an immense amount of special research and laborious investigation.

But the impatient reader, who may have followed us thus far, will be likely here to interrupt us with the inquiry: "But what has all this to do with a course of historical reading? These general disquisitions on the writing of history may have some interest for those who have history to write, but they can have no possible application to those who have history to read. The progress and development of history, from poetic narration to philosophical interpretation, may be instructive to learned students but not

to general readers." To which we reply: Have patience; History is a vast jungle, an impenetrable cane-brake to the reader who undertakes to find his way through it without a guide, and even to him who reads the first book which is recommended to him, and having finished that seizes upon another. To read history with any profit or with much satisfaction even,

whether alone or under the advice of a sagacious friend, one should know something of what history is, and how it is written, in what various forms, with what diversity of honesty, truth, and trustworthiness. To furnish this information as preliminary to special advice as to the selection of books and the manner of reading them, has been the aim of this paper.

#### A HOSPITAL FRAGMENT.

THINKING of the wounded, there is one who always comes to mind, first of all, and last of all. It was in Georgetown Hospital, I first saw him, pale with the coming of Death. I sat by his side, though I could not relieve him, and the questions I wanted to ask, and which

he was too ill to answer, were asked only by a look, and answered by the same.

From under his pillow he gave me a piece of paper, torn and crumpled, upon which his unsteady fingers had traced these lines:

Jesus, crucified for me,  
 Chiefest of all sacrifices,  
 Hear the dying soldier's plea;  
 Look on that which man despises.  
 By the thorns that crowned thy head,  
 By thy blood, which works my healing,  
 Look upon the blood I've shed—  
 Bless the deed my death is sealing.  
 In thy hands I yield my all.  
 Take my country, rent and bleeding;  
 Thou, who mark'st the sparrow's fall,  
 Art sufficient for her needing.  
 I have shared her bitter cup—  
 Watched with her, one hour of trial—  
 Worn her thorns, and offered up  
 All my life without denial.  
 I for her, and Thou for me,  
 Chiefest of all sacrifices,  
 Glorify Thyself in me;  
 From the dust, thy praise arises.  
 In the day of destiny,  
 When Thou reckonest with the others,  
 Let America go free,  
 For my blood, and for my brothers'.  
 Friends I shall not see again,  
 Near whose side, would I were dying,  
 Distant, know not even my pain;  
 Know not where my head is lying.  
 Jesus, near and knowing all,  
 Grant unto the sufferer meekness;  
 Grant me when death shadows fall,  
 Strength of thine to hide my weakness.  
 Oh the darkness and the pain!  
 Pain this mortal tie to sever.  
 Jesus, crucified for me,  
 Take me to Thyself forever.

## NEANDER'S LAST BIRTHDAY.

THE morning of the 16th of January, 1850, dawned gray and heavy over Berlin. It is not yet six o'clock. The lanterns are put out, and the snowy streets are still and deserted. Only a few windows are yet lighted, among which are two in the third floor of a gloomy, substantial, old-fashioned house, four stories high, in Markgrafen street. Its number is 51, but it is commonly called "the Unger House," as Unger's printing establishment for the Court has been there for many years.

From these two dimly-lighted windows shines the study-lamp of one of the greatest scholars of his age—a scholar, who, with all his rare and rich learning, is above all learned in heavenly things.

The large room, dimly lighted by a small old-fashioned lamp, with its green tin shade, is the ideal of a German study. High shelves filled with books, most of them very old, and in very plain bindings, stretch along all the walls up to the ceiling. For the hog-skin worthies on the upper regions a little ladder is leaning against the shelves. Books and manuscripts are lying on tables and chairs, and under tables and chairs; on the old-fashioned sofa, and on the window-sills; thick old folios are piled up everywhere on the floor. A peculiar odor of parchment and book-dust, pleasant to none but learned noses, pervades the room. Several cages with canary birds stand in the windows; although the little singers are silent.

An old man in a gray dressing-gown, with his hands folded as if in prayer, with bent form and unsteady step, walks slowly to and fro among the piles of books upon the floor. He is of medium size, angular and firmly built. But he looks broken, and shows marks of years of suffering. The brown complexion, the firm lips, the sharply-curved nose, the dark eyes, deep set under the bold arches of bushy black eyebrows, the shining black hair hanging in thick masses over the high forehead, stamp the face strongly with the Jewish type. But at a single glance of the beaming eye, the hard, ugly features are forgotten; in that thoughtful eye shines a

heaven of infinite love, of self-sacrificing benevolence and goodness—a deep longing for the eternal Vision and Love!

This man is Augustus Neander; the last of the church-fathers—the most beloved teacher of our young theological students; in spite of the weakness of his weary body, one of the strongest pillars of the evangelical church—a pure-souled John, full of holy gentleness and holy indignation!

And to-day is Neander's sixty-second birthday. Oh, with what child-like thankfulness does he look back, in this quiet morning hour, upon the years that are passed! He goes back to the mean house of the Jewish usurer, Emanuel Mendel in Göttingen—his father's house! Then he, little David Mendel with five brothers and sisters, follows his pious and loving mother, Esther, whose maiden name was Gottschalk, to Hamburg. True love to her children enabled the mother to leave her unworthy husband's house, and, supported by her relatives, who were people of distinction, like Moses Mendelssohn, to devote herself to the education of her children. With thankfulness does Augustus Neander follow the wonderfully fortunate career of that child, David Mendel! Together with his dear and gifted friend, Karl Sieveking, he attended in the Johanneum at Hamburg, the lectures of that profound philologist Gurlitt, who came to have a fatherly affection for the little Jewish boy. The ridicule of his school-fellows at his awkwardness and angular ugliness was soon silenced, and they were put to shame, and compelled, in spite of themselves, to honor him, by his rare mental endowments and his almost consuming diligence, and still more by his loving heart, his kindness, courtesy and transparency of character.

When, at the age of sixteen, he was promoted to the Academical Gymnasium, his heart glowed with the purest friendship, on being admitted by two distinguished young men, Augustus Varnhagen von Ense and Wilhelm Neumann, into a social circle they had established, called the "North Star;" he was soon also on

the most friendly terms with the noble poet, Adalbert Von Chamisso. This "North Star" was pervaded with enthusiasm for the highest ideal interests,—religion, philosophy, poetry and classical studies. Plato was the idol of the young friends; to David Mendel, he who has been called the "Christ before Christ" was the prophet of Christianity. His youthful soul was filled with longings which Christian truth alone can pacify. The study of Schelling and Schleiermacher clarified this longing into a steadfast faith. On the 25th of February, 1806, David Mendel was baptized in the house of Pastor Bossau. His sponsors were his old teacher John Gurlitt, and his friends, Augustus Varnhagen von Ense and Wilhelm Neumann. From each of these sponsors he took a Christian name, and from that of Neumann in the Greek he took his last name *Neander*. David Mendel had become a "new man."

At Easter the "glorious Schleiermacher" drew the young student Neander to Halle and the study of theology. When the University of Halle was broken up by Napoleon in 1806, he wandered with his friends Neumann, Strauss and Noodt, heavy in heart and light in purse, to Göttingen, his sad native place. Noodt took charge of his moneyless friend, now as from childhood, needing help in all outward things, and, with pathetic love, cared almost like a mother for the grown-up child. Neander pursued his studies with vehemence; a circle of intellectual young friends compensated him for what, in comparison with his unforgotten Halle, was the sober life of the "Philistropolis" Göttingen, as he styled it, in dating a letter. On a vacation journey, he became acquainted in Hamburg with the pious "Wandsbeck Messenger," Matthias Claudius, whose calm, child-like faith led him to the most zealous study of the Scriptures. At the request of Claudius he preached his first sermon at Wandsbeck. This study of the New Testament and the Fathers of the church, together with the constantly increasing influence of Schleiermacher, incited a strong desire to devote his life to the study of church history.

He kept this object continually before him, while supporting himself in Hamburg by teaching by the hour, and occasional preaching. The earnestness and child-like simplicity of the young preacher gained for him many devoted hearers, in spite of the unusual length of his sermons, and his unattractive delivery. Again a circle of friends, fresh in noble youth, gathered around Neander, Noodt, Julius, Assing, the Swabian singer Justinus Kerner, Gustav Schwab, and Karl Mayer!

With heartfelt thankfulness he now thinks of the trying hour, when, 40 years ago, a young licentiate of 21 years he stood for the first time in the Professor's desk in Heidelberg, made vacant by the departure of Marheineke and De Wette to Berlin. The Heidelberg students were in great excitement, because a converted Jew dared to come before them as a teacher of theology. Foremost in the excitement were the students Fallenstein and Baumgarten, who lived with Professor Gervinus. The auditorium was crowded—they were going to drum out the "impudent Jew." The young licentiate stepped, awkward and embarrassed, to the desk; many a hateful, insulting word reached him from the hostile throng. Like the pure, loving apostle John, Neander stands at the desk; the pale face beams as if transfigured; a quick, loving glance flashes over the assemblage; he hears no longer the threatened scraping of feet; with a voice hesitating at first, but stronger and more earnest every moment, he begins his lecture, coming so full of life and fresh originality from the depth and purity of his heart. The auditorium grows stiller and stiller—the students listen, intent, enchained, affected, abashed; a voice within says to them unceasingly: "To that Jew Christianity is the dearest truth of his heart." One fresh young heart after another is won over to the youthful lecturer; the bitterest enemies of the "impudent Jew" become the warmest friends of Neander.

And as in Heidelberg the youthful licentiate, so in Berlin the professor of three-and-twenty years won to himself the hearts of the theological stu-

dents. About the year 1813, when the most ardent enthusiasm for the elevation of Germany emanated from Berlin, where, however, lukewarmness and rationalism still corrupted the church, Neander, in company with Schleiermacher, De Wette and Marheineke, took the professor's chair. The motto of his mouth, of his heart, of every day of his life was: *Pectus quod facit theologum*: The heart makes the theologian! A new and bright day dawned upon the evangelical church.

For 38 highly favored years, it has been given to Neander to labor in the spirit of this motto in the service of his Lord, to be a loving gardener to thousands of young vines, training them to rich fruitfulness. Oh, how heartily does the aged Neander thank God for it all, as he now looks back, in the quiet of his study on this birthday morning!

Neander sits in his leathern chair, sunk in deep thought, shading with his hand the aching eyes, which for three years have been half blinded. Some one taps gently upon his shoulder. Pushing back with his hand the bushy locks from his forehead, and slightly raising his head, Neander says pleasantly: "Come in!"

"Augustus, thou incorrigible child, what, dreaming so early in the morning?"

"Is it thou, Hannah? I thought the amanuensis knocked at the door."

"There is another good story for the world to tell about my learned, absent-minded brother, who when he was a student and his beloved Camisol Noodt tried to teach him to smoke, made the slight mistake of taking Camisol's finger instead of his own, and very comfortably stuffing it into the pipe; who once took a clothes-brush out of his pocket in his lecture-room instead of his note-book; and walked through the streets with a broom under his arm instead of an umbrella; who walked one day with his amanuensis, with one foot in the gutter all the way, and at last, surprised at one foot being shorter than the other, called out in terror, 'Ulenhuth, I am lame!' who"—

"That will do, my dear, little scolding mother—I will do better, if such an old stick as I am, can do so!" said Neander with a quiet smile, looking lovingly into his sister's eyes.

"Oh, child, I was only joking! Thou act exactly right as thou art, for me and all thy many friends and pupils. And now—God's blessing on thy birthday!"

"Thank you, Hannah! The dear God has blessed my life most abundantly hitherto. Now at its evening, I can say with my glorious young friend, Herman Rossel:

'The life within, now as it takes its flight  
Seems a most wondrous life of high delight.'

It far transcends all sickness and infirmity of the poor body, often weary of life."

"Dost thou know Augustus, for what I have been praying to God for thee this morning? That he would call old Hannah to himself before her helpless grown-up child!"

Neander lovingly pressed his sister's hand.

In this grateful pressure of the hand, in Hannah's last quiet words, we see the intimate relation of this remarkable pair, whom the Berlin people had for a long time good-naturedly called the "Neander children."

We can scarcely think of one of the "Neander children" without the other, although they were so entirely different. Extremes here met in their hearty mutual affection. Hannah, small in person, and, in spite of her 73 years, wonderfully active, practical, cheerful, overflowing with humor, is the gayly-bound supplement to the learned, thoughtful, pious book of her brother.

What his faithful chum Noodt had been to the unpractical, helpless Göttingen student, such was Hannah for all the rest of Neander's life. In Hamburg she had been like a mother to this brother, 12 years her junior—the "child" of the family; for his sake she had sacrificed a youthful fancy and remained unmarried; and, in her care for the helplessness of the "child," she followed him to Heidelberg and Berlin with her mo-

ther and sisters, the beautiful Henrietta and Betty, with the intention never again to leave her brother. Neander had never had the slightest thought of choosing another companion. When a lady friend once joked him upon the subject, he gave her a long, perplexed look, and then asked anxiously: "How could I find time for it?"

Sister Hannah is everything to Neander. With rare self-sacrifice and devotion, she gives up every hour to him, because there is no hour when he can do without her. For 30 years she has not been to the theatre or a social company, although she dearly loves a good play and pleasant society; for Augustus would have to spend the whole evening alone at home, as he does not like to go into company. Hannah supplies every want of her brother's outward life. If Hannah brings his breakfast or a glass of water, Neander knows that he must be hungry or thirsty; if Hannah gives him a spoonful of medicine, he takes it like a child; if Hannah lays out for him a new garment and takes away the old, he puts it on unknowingly. Only once, on this last point, the brother had been a little self-willed, but never again, because Hannah had been not a little frightened by it.

Neander, namely, went one morning to college with his amanuensis. He was, as usual, deep in learned discourse with his companion, a favorite pupil, when his old servant came running breathlessly after him, calling out: "Mr. Professor! Mr. Professor!"

"Is it you, Karl? What is the matter?"

Karl carried, folded up under his arm, a very useful article of clothing. As he opened it, and showed it hesitatingly to his master, he stammered out: "Miss Hannah found these on the chair by the Professor's bed, and was afraid that the Professor was going to his lecture without them—so I brought them after him."

Not without anxiety did Neander open his coat and look down; relieved by the glance, he said: "Take them

back, Karl, and tell Miss Hannah that I have some on."

"But the Professor has only this one pair?"

"You are right, dear Karl, I remember that this morning the tailor laid something on the chair at the side of the bed, and, if so, on top of the others,—so I put them on."

Who can laugh at this or ridicule it? Nothing but a smile of emotion passes over our face: this *man* in faith and knowledge is, in practical life, an innocent *child*!

Every afternoon Hannah takes her brother's arm and leads him out into the Thiergarten. If Hannah is prevented by illness, she orders one of "her students" to walk with the professor. Oh, what a treat it is for the one so ordered! Hannah has found by experience that it is not safe for the professor to be alone in the confusion of the Berlin streets. She risked it once—and only once! Augustus went out, and did not return at the appointed time. Hannah waited hour after hour in mortal agony. Dorothy and Karl were sent out to seek their lost master. Hannah was just going to alarm the police, when a drosky stopped at the door, and Neander stepped out with a student. Lost in thought, he had gone through the streets, without knowing whither he went. At last he looked up and around, and found himself in an unknown place. He tried in vain to find his way. Suddenly a bright thought came to him—a drosky! The drosky stopped; Neander stepped in. The drosky did not move; Neander did not notice it; he was lost in thought again, until the driver turned and asked him, not very pleasantly: "Well, where do you want to go?"

"Home, my good man!"

"But where do you live?"

Neander looked at him in surprise: "I thought, my good man, that you would know, as you are a drosky driver."

"But don't you know in what street and number you live?"

Neander shook his head, and made a great effort to remember where he had

lived for so many years in vain! Fortunately a student came along, who took him home.

In the summer vacations, Hannah takes a pleasure trip or goes to the baths with her brother. She persuades him to go, only on account of *her* health. In Carlsbad she superintends his baths, watch in hand. On these journeys, Neander always carries large trunks full of church Fathers and other favorite books. In the cities where there are large libraries he rests to study.

It is touching to know the delicacy with which the brother and sister, each for the other's sake, give up their favorite plans for journeying.

"Where do you go this time?" asked the historian, Frederick von Raumer, of Hannah, shortly before a vacation.

"To Paris! Augustus wants to study in the libraries. I would rather go to Munich. You know what has always been my passion: a good glass of beer and an English novel are my greatest pleasure on earth!"

"So you are going to work in Paris?" asked Raumer of Neander.

"Yes, that too, but particularly that Hannah may become acquainted with Paris. The Munich library would be more attractive to me just now."

And the brother and sister went—to Munich.

Once, however, Hannah was obliged to let her brother take a journey without her. This caused her great anxiety. King Frederick William IV. had invited Neander, whom he highly esteemed for his learning and piety, to accompany him to Carlsbad, on condition that he was not to take a trunk, which Neander would only have packed full of church Fathers: the king's valet was to supply him with everything that he needed.

On the morning of his departure, Hannah handed over her brother "all right," at the railroad station. Neander appeared before the king in a remarkably thick and stiff cloak, which seemed by its weight to drag the heated scholar to the ground.

"But, my dear Professor, why such a

cloak in this dog-day heat?" asked the king, laughing. "Ah, what is this: a church Father in this pocket, a brother-professor in that—in fact the whole cloak is stuffed full of patres and ecclesiastici—more than a good-sized trunk full!"

"Your Majesty, a little reading for the journey!"

"Enough for a journey to the moon! Now I see at once, my dear Professor, that your poor king must give way to the church Fathers, since he is not fortunate enough to be bound in hog-skin!" said the king with his hearty laugh. "Schöning," said he turning to his private chamberlain, "take care of the professor's books. I cannot answer for it to his students if I let their church Father sweat himself to death in his new-fashioned library."

On this journey Neander again had cause to miss his mentor, Hannah. At one of the stations, in searching for a pencil and piece of paper, he drew a number of sealed letters out of his pocket. An official, who did not know that he was travelling with the king, instantly thundered out: "Sir, you are carrying sealed letters! You incur a fine!"

"So! I did not know that it was not right!"

Neander, with a heavy heart, counted out the fine—there were so many poor students whom he could have helped with the money!

At the next station the same was repeated—the taking out the sealed letters and paying the fine.

"But, sir, these letters are all addressed to the same person—Professor Neander in Berlin?" said this second official.

"Yes, that is my name."

"Why don't you open the letters and read them?"

"Hannah always opens them for me, and Hannah is not here."

This Hannah, now, on this morning of his birthday, says to him: "Now, come Augustus, and see what I have got for you!"

She leads her brother into the next room. On a table, adorned with flowers

and two burning candles, lie some old folios—rare church Fathers! They are the regular Christmas and birthday gifts of the sister.

"Oh, Hannah! What a valuable present! My dear fathers, Gregory of Nazianzen and Jerome, in such rare, genuine editions!" His eyes sparkle.

"And what else should I give you, Augustus? You do not care for anything but these horrid old hog-skin things, musty and ruinous to the eyes! But no—our old friend Kottnitz was wrong when he said that you had but one passion—*books*. Your second and cardinal passion is—*students*; but Hannah cannot and need not give you *them*—they give themselves—to the last drop of their heart's blood!" says Hannah, laughing—with tears in her eyes.

On the birthday table lie two fresh wreaths of yew and arbor-vitæ, for the graves of his mother and his sister Henrietta, who married Councillor Scholz of the Legation, and who died in Neander's house.

"Poor Betty!" says Hannah softly, as she thinks of the sister, who for many years, like her brother in Petersburg, has suffered from an incurable mental malady, and is now in an asylum.

"The Lord has done it!" replies Neander, with hands folded like a child.

"Ah, our amanuensis!" says Hannah, as a young theological student enters, and with emotion offers his birthday congratulations. Neander takes his arm and goes back to his study.

According to his custom, Neander now, from six till ten o'clock, prepares himself with the greatest exactness for his three lectures, which he delivers from ten till one, upon the whole of the New Testament, with the exception of the Apocalypse, upon dogmatics or ethics, and upon all the main points of historical theology.

Meanwhile we have time to tell two "Neander-stories," of which his study reminds us.

There stands the ladder, which Neander climbed one day, in order to reach a book on the upper shelf. He meant to look out a word only, but the book interested him so much, that he read on and on, still standing upon the ladder. By-and-by his

feet became tired, and, close beside the ladder, was the stove, which offered him a comfortable seat. Neander climbed upon it, and as he did so, the ladder fell noiselessly upon a pile of books. But that did not trouble the scholar on the stove, who soon became so absorbed in his reading, that he did not notice Hannah's coming into the room, to call him for his afternoon walk; Hannah, on her part, very near-sighted, did not perceive her brother, in his unusual seat. She looked for him in his bed-room, in the room of her niece, Emma Scholz, up stairs—all in vain. Hannah became anxious; she alarmed the whole household; nobody had seen him go out. As the afternoon passed, Hannah became more uneasy. At last, when it was almost dark, a gentle, well-known voice, called from the study: "Hannah! Hannah!" But how could that be, since Hannah had looked there several times for her brother?

"Where are you, Augustus?"

"Here, on top of the stove. I was reading a little in Basil; but it is too dark now to read, and I could not get down because the ladder has fallen!"

We have already spoken of the high esteem which Frederic William IV. had for Neander. The king was in the habit of inviting certain men, prominent in science and art, to take tea with him in Queen Elizabeth's room, almost as simply as if he were a citizen. Neander had received an invitation to one of these tea-parties at Charlottenberg. Hannah dressed her brother up as much as she could; "Now, your orders, Augustus, and you are ready for court!"

"Have I any orders?"

"The king himself put them on you: What have you done with your orders?"

"I know nothing about them, Hannah! Let me go without the orders!"

"No, Augustus, on no account! That would be a gross violation of court etiquette, and it would look as if we slighted the king's kindness."

"Oh, the court-carriage will soon be at the door!"

"Dorothy, help me find the orders! You, Karl, run to Professor Strauss, and make my compliments, and say that I beg him to lend us his orders, as we have lost ours!"



Neander took up a book, while Hannah and the cook eagerly searched the study for the orders—vainly for a long time; at last Dorothy drew out a faded silk riband that was peeping from a folio; on it glittered an order. Neander had used it as a book-mark for St. Ambrose. The other orders were found adorning other Fathers of the church.

Hannah learned how to protect herself effectually from a repetition of this orders-fever; she always took the orders into her own care whenever her brother had done wearing them.

It is ten o'clock—now for the University! The “academic quarter of an hour,” (before the lecture begins) is quite enough for the short walk. The amanuensis takes down a warm cloak from a nail, and is about putting it on Neander's shoulders. Neander, somewhat embarrassed, turns to him, “Hang the cloak up again, please! This morning, in honor of my birthday, I gave it to a student, whom I noticed yesterday in a thin coat.”

“But, sir, was the student here before seven o'clock this morning?” asked the astonished amanuensis.

“No, dear; I gave the cloak to him only mentally. Still I ought not to wear it any more.”

“And where is your new cloak?”

“I have none. I will go in my coat.”

Nothing but Hannah's authority and indignation prevailed upon her brother to wear again his “mentally given away” cloak, until she could procure another.

In his student's leather boots reaching to the knee, which he has continued wearing in winter ever since his shooting-days, Neander, leaning on the arm of his amanuensis, walks the short distance across the opera place to the University. And yet, years since, after Neander had lived a long time in the Unger House, he complained of the long distance between his house and the University, and it came out that the student, in his absent-minded-

ness—no, in his fullness of thought—instead of turning to the right into Behren Street, and, after a few steps around the corner of the Royal Library, having the University directly before him, had always gone to the left, almost the whole length of Behren Street, through Wall Street and the Linden to the University, because the way to the University from his former residence led through Wall Street and the Linden.

Neander enters his lecture-room. Stooping, and with downcast eyes, he walks to his desk, his right hand stroking his eyebrows as if in salutation. In deference to his birthday the students rise at his entrance. Before the desk lies an uncut goose-quill with a long feather; for years the students have daily provided a fresh one; the old ones becoming the pride and ornament of many a modest study—years afterward sad relics in many a quiet parsonage.

Brandishing his quill in his hand, Neander leans far over his desk, and with downcast eyes begins his lecture; his deep earnest voice penetrates every heart. The quill is in perpetual motion; soon the fingers begin to break it up, soon they tear off the feathers. The speaker changes his position every instant; now he stands on the left foot, now on the right; now he turns entirely round, with his face toward the wall. But all the while, his words are flowing forth uninterruptedly, rich and clear, from the warmest of hearts; and the young hearts of his hearers yield uninterruptedly to the fascination.

Yes, that is Neander's specially great service—his influence upon young men—at once so enlivening and purifying, so warming and illuminating, in that he at once instructs, educates and edifies; and this is simply because he has guarded himself in his old age, rendered home-loving by sickness, from all sluggishness and effeminacy; because he is opposed to all that is low and vulgar, because he has kept himself as young in head as his pupils.

(To be continued.)

#### FOLINGSBY'S POND.

It is generally known that there is a vast wild tract in the northern part of New York State, called the Adirondack

region, though it is not so well known that this immense wilderness covers a space nearly as large as the two States

of Massachusetts and Connecticut together.

I first visited it a quarter of a century ago, and have recently visited it again, and find but little change. It is the same untrodden forest, traversed by a chain of lakes and the Raquette river, which form the only highways through it.

There is but one little settlement in it, of some half-a-dozen log huts, the inhabitants of which had been lured in there by the gift of land—the donors hoping by it to commence a colony which should be the nucleus of civilization. But the only result, in a quarter of a century, has been the addition of a few more rude dwellings, and the building of a road to it by the State. When I first visited this region, I reached this settlement on horseback, riding all day, first along a wood road, and at last, guided only by blazed trees, I reached the lake, on the shore of which the log huts were scattered, just at evening. A single clearing only was in sight, and that on the opposite side. It was necessary to reach this, or our horses would starve, and so we were compelled to swim them over. Then there was but one guide to be found, and he an Indian; now, at the various points, from which the heart of the region may be pierced, half-a-dozen bronzed, muscular fellows may be seen lounging about, ready to pilot parties through it. There was no travelling then, nor is there now, except by boat. These boats are light, so as to be carried on men's shoulders around rapids or from one lake to another. Now, however, the great number of visitors, many of them ladies, requiring more or less baggage, has induced backwoodmen to put up shanties at main crossing places, and to keep a yoke of oxen or a horse to drag over both boats and baggage.

The stream of travel along the main water-courses has frightened the game back into less frequented places, so that where you formerly saw at all times of the day, deer feeding along the river banks or margins of the lakes, now they are only occasionally seen.

The great highway is the Raquette river, which, rising in the lake of that name, passes through Long Lake, some 14 miles in length, and sweeping on for 130 miles through one unbroken forest, finally empties in the St. Lawrence. But on either side, and from a quarter of a mile to five or ten miles from it, are smaller lakes, nestled among the hills, whose outlets flow into this river. These latter are often so shallow, that a boat has to be dragged a part of the way over the sandy bottom. When I first visited the country, most of these side lakes and ponds were unknown even to hunters, for they had no occasion to explore new localities to obtain all the game they needed. But beyond all known sheets of water is still a vast region that has never yet been trodden by the foot of man, and probably will not be, for half a century to come.

One of these lakelets that has a narrow outlet into the Raquette river, but so overhung and concealed by the bushes, that you might pass it a hundred times without observing it, has the name at the head of this article. I had never heard of it in my first two trips into the wilderness; but at a later day, when, with an old hunter, I was not sporting, but on an exploring tour, I became acquainted with it in the following manner:

We had been down the Raquette as far as the hunter had ever gone, and besides, had made excursions to several other bodies of water, by here following up an outlet, and there carrying our boat over mountain-ridges, until, after a week's exhausting labor, we were glad to find ourselves once more on the bosom of this sluggish stream, with no carrying-place before us for 40 miles. The day had been oppressively sultry; we were out of venison, and a storm was evidently brewing. The sky had become overcast, and as the deepening gloom spread over the forest and river, the scene, which a few hours before had been lit up with wild beauty, wore now a gloomy, funereal aspect. There was not a breath of air stirring, and suddenly I heard, far away in the depths of the forest, the dull

report, as I thought, of a gun. Turning to my guide, I asked, "Who can be hunting on that mountain?" "No one," he replied; "that was not a gun—it was a tree falling." "A tree?" said I; "why, there is not a breath of air stirring. Yesterday it was blowing a gale. Do you mean to say that a tree that withstood such a blow will fall in a dead calm like this?" "Yes," he replied; "it is often so in these woods before a storm. Some old rotten tree seems to give out somehow in the damp air, just before a long rain. The fact is, an old stub, without leaves or limbs, don't feel the wind in these thick woods; standing among the trees, it is always in a dead calm, and falls, I s'pose, when it is rotted through. Anyhow, it is a sign I never knew to fail of a three days' north-easter; and as we can't reach a clearing before to-morrow noon, I expect we had better be looking out for some place to keep dry in while it lasts. A hut-shanty won't answer, and we 'aint got time to build a bark one before dark, and so, I guess, we had better pull into Folingsby's Pond. The outlet is just ahead, and we can reach it in a couple of hours. There is a nice tight log-shanty on it, where we can keep dry as a squirrel in a tree." "Folingsby's Pond!" I exclaimed; "I never heard of it before." "Probably not," he replied; "it is only a couple of years since I did: but come along, we'll have plenty of time to talk about it before the storm is over."

He bent to his oars, and sweeping round a bend in the river, sent the boat into a little opening in the bank, from which I could distinguish a small stream issuing. Entering it a few feet, we came upon a tree fallen directly across it, only a foot or so above the surface. Seizing the trunk in his hands, the hunter pushed the boat down and under it, working the boat gradually forward, until he got nearly to the stern, when he stepped over into the forward part. I did the same, and soon we were clear of the obstruction; and just at nightfall emerged into this beautiful sheet of water, set like a mirror in its emerald frame. Steering

towards a low point, the hunter landed, and advancing up a gentle slope, came, in a few rods, upon a low log-cabin, that, notwithstanding its solitary and desolate appearance, was a welcome sight, in view of the approaching night and gathering storm. Suddenly a blinding flash of lightning lit up the wild scene with the brightness of noon-day, and was followed instantaneously by a thunder-peal, that rolled over the forest with a deep sullen sound and heavy jar that made my heart for a moment stand still in awe. God seems nearer in the wilderness, and man more abject and helpless, when he thus speaks in his majesty.

The hunter stood a moment, looking up and down the lake; then throwing his rifle over his shoulder, started towards a cove a short distance off. In a few moments after I lost sight of him, I heard the sharp report of his rifle. He soon reappeared, and hastening up, launched his boat. In less than a quarter of an hour he returned with a noble buck. Lifting it out on to the shore he said: "There, we shall not starve now, if it rains a week." After dressing and hanging it on the limb of a tree, above the reach of wild animals, he entered the hut. A table made of bark and sticks stood in one corner, while in another lay a heap of hemlock twigs, piled up like a mattress. They were dry and brittle; but the guide soon cut enough fresh ones to make a soft covering, and contemplating it with evident satisfaction, said, "There, that's a good bed; the last time I saw it there was a skeleton on it, covered with nothing but a hunting shirt and a pair of pantaloons." Shrugging my shoulders, I replied: "It is not a very pleasant idea that I am going to sleep where a skeleton last lay." "I guess," said he, "it won't be the first time that you have slept on a bed where a man has died." I thought this was very probable, and then asked him to tell me about it. "I must get supper now," he replied, "and then it will be bedtime; to-morrow I'll tell you all I know, which is not much."

The next morning, sure enough, the rain was falling heavily, while a strong north-east wind surged with a continuous and inconceivably mournful sound through the tree-tops. Two immense pines, only a few yards distant, rose state-ly and alone, far above the surrounding forest—flinging their arms abroad in the murky air,

"Their tresses wild streaming before them,"

and sounding a deep refrain to the stern music of the blast. From hidden coves and sheltered nooks, came the wild and lonely cry of the great northern diver, making the solitude still deeper and more profound. The little vexed lake lay black as ink under the sombre heavens, while the drenched and silent shores in the distance, had a gloomy, mournful look.

I sat in the opening, where once hung the door, and looked off on this strange, wild scene with feelings as sad as its aspect. A day's journey from a human habitation, how helpless I seemed—and then I wondered what great sorrow or disappointment could have driven a man to hide himself in this remote solitary spot, where he went through the last great struggle alone and unattended. How long was he dying? Did he lie on his couch of hemlock boughs day after day, and night after night, in this still forest, counting the weary hours as they slowly dragged him towards the dark valley? and when no longer able to rise, how pitiful must have been the look of his starving dog, as he whined for food! With no one to prepare food to keep up his own wasting strength—no hand to press water to his parched lips—no voice to reply to his faint whisperings of agony—no sound to greet his ear, save the howl of some wild beast in the distance, or the dirge-like cry of the loon, did he lie, while his eye grew dimmer and his pulse feebler, until, with one faint gasp for breath, he passed darkly away? When the fire went out on his rude hearth, his poor starving dog stretched himself in death before the door; the boat lay untouched on the shore, and silence and solitude enclosed the lonely cabin with its dead.

My guide soon joined me, when I asked him to tell me what he knew about this mysterious hermit. He replied that he had not much to tell.

"Three years ago," he said, "I was going down the Raquette, hunting, when just off the outlet which we came up, I met a man all alone in a canoe. He didn't look like a hunter, and was sitting still in his boat, looking up and down the river, as if trying to find something. As I came up, he asked me if I knew where Mr. Folingsby's hut was. I told him I never heard of the man. He said he had come from Canada with an Indian guide, who knew where it was—but he had been taken sick, and the sun made him so much worse that he had begged to be taken ashore in the shade till evening. He told me that 'the outlet to the pond where Folingsby lived was only four or five miles farther up stream, and that I could not miss it, for it was just above a tall-pine tree on the shore, which was more than a hundred feet to the first limb.' I told him that I had never heard of the pond, but there was the tree down by the bend, and so the outlet must be hereabouts. I soon found it—in fact had often seen it before, but thought it was only a little cove. I told him to follow me, and pushing up the narrow channel, across which the limbs touched, came out after awhile in this pond. I asked him if the Indian told him which side the hut was on. He said, 'Yes, the right side.' So I rowed along the right shore, till I came to the spot where he kept his boat. Landing here, we saw the hut through the trees a little way up the bank. You never saw a man so surprised as that Folingsby was when we came up. He couldn't speak for a minute, and then he rushed right into the stranger's arms. I've seen women hug and kiss each other, but I never saw men do it before. It looked curious, I tell you. I knew at once they were old friends, but they talked in a foreign lingo, so that I couldn't understand a word they were saying.

"After awhile, the stranger thought

of the Indian, and said he must go after him, and asked me to go along. I told him I would go down, if he would describe the spot where he left him. He said by a spring, four or five miles down stream. I knew every spring along the river and told him so, and started off. I found the Indian, and brought him up. On the way I asked him, (for he could speak broken English) who this Mr. Folingsby was, and how he came here. He said he didn't know any thing about him, except that several years ago he accompanied a part of his tribe, which came down here on a hunting expedition, and wouldn't go back, but built a hut on this pond, where he had lived ever since.

X "I stayed all night, lying by the fire outside of the hut. The door was open, and I could hear the two men talking till I went to sleep, and when about midnight I waked up to feed the fire, they were talking still. I expect they talked all night, for they were at it at daylight next morning, when I turned out. Though I could not understand what they said, I knew by the tones of their voices, that the stranger was begging Folingsby hard, to do something to which he wouldn't consent. I guessed at once that the stranger had come down after Folingsby, but that he wouldn't go back.

"In the morning I left. Afterward I told some hunters about this pond, and what I had seen. It soon got about in the woods, and now and then a hunter went in to see Folingsby. He always treated 'em well, but seemed, they said, low spirited and out of sorts. Next year I was down this way, and went in to see him myself. He talked English pretty well for a furriner, but I could not make him say anything about himself.

"The hunters, when they spoke of the place, called it Folingsby's Pond, because he lived on it, and that's the way it got its name. Last year I was down this way, and thought I'd run up and see the old hermit. As I came to the hut, I saw the skeleton of his dog lying on the beach, and knew at once that something was

wrong. There was no sign of fire about the cabin, and it looked as if nothing had been near it for six months. I went in, and there on that hemlock brush, I saw, as I told you, a naked skull with hair hanging around it, and a hunting shirt and a pair of pantaloons, all shrunk up around a parcel of bones. On the floor, alongside of the brush, stood a vial of something half empty. His rifle hung on the hooks against the logs, and his cap beside it. The poor fellow had been dead a long time. It was lonesome I can tell you here, all alone in the woods with only those two skeletons for company. But of course I had to bury them; so I dug a hole there under that old pine tree with my paddle, laid the bones of the man in first, and then put the dog's at his feet. I thought if I and my dog had died together in these woods, I should want 'em to bury us together. As I was carrying the bones to the hole I had dug, I saw a string with a bright ribbon, like a trinket tied to it, which I put in my pocket."

The tree, at the root of which he had buried the man, was not twenty feet from where I sat, and I looked at the low mound under it, over which the heavy branches swayed with a dirge-like sound, with feelings of inexpressible sadness. The mystery that hung round the man, increased the interest I felt in his mournful fate. Where did the mother rock his infancy? Did his boyish laughter and shout once ring amid the vineyards of France? Into what gloomy and stagnant depths did the ill-fated current of his life fall? Love, hope, pride, ambition, passion, had all ended here, in this gloomy forest. What a frightful failure his life must have been! And yet, I thought, how full the world is of worse than failures. On the bosom of the stream that bears us all along, one floats in helpless idiocy; another drifts from view with the last look on the haggard countenance as it turns toward us, that of wild despair. The suicide, the murderer, and the drunkard, one after another disappear, and the question comes, but gets no answer, Why were they born?

That dilapidated hut at once became an object of intense interest to me, for I

knew that if its walls could speak, they would reveal an eventful history, perhaps a touching romance. I ransacked every part of it, but could find nothing, except here and there a date and a name, that seemed cut or marked, in commemoration of some event which the day had recalled. One of these, June 18, 1815, I happened to remember was the date of the battle of Waterloo. This fact, coupled with the evident nativity of the poor man, led me to conclude that he had been an officer in the French army, and was one of that group of brave men who fled to this country, when the star of Napoleon set forever on that ill-fated field. This suspicion was corroborated by the guide, when, in compliance with my request, he described "the trinket," as he called it, which he found attached to the skeleton. From his description, I had no doubt that it was the cross of the "Legion of Honor." I then asked him if he had found any papers in the cabin. He said, "Yes, a few which I have in my house in the settlements." These he promised to let me have on our return.

In the mean time, the storm continued, and I had nothing to do all day but watch the gloomy sheet of water in front, and listen to the monotonous roar of the wind amid the tree-tops, and let my imagination busy itself with this poor hermit, whose grave was only a pebble's toss from where I sat.

It was not strange to find one of Napoleon's generals an exile, or even a beggar in this country. The asylum for political offenders and revolutionary leaders, it is filled with unwritten romances and sad tragedies. Men accustomed to all the luxuries and pomp of high estate—men who had led victorious columns over many a field of battle, have come here, and been swallowed up in our democracy, and lived and died in poverty. Unacquainted with our language—unfitted by education for our fierce struggle for wealth and position—they were overwhelmed, and one after another sunk out of sight. Here and there a teacher barely obtained enough to supply his bodily wants. Many noble self-exiled Poles, entered our army when

the war with the Seminole Indians broke out, but finding themselves totally unfitted for such warfare, many in despair committed suicide. One Frenchman, who afterwards became a distinguished author, and was named to the Court of Cassation of France, obtained a livelihood by joining the orchestra of a New York theatre. In seeking our shores, they only followed the example of kings and princes. Here, the great Napoleon himself had resolved to come for security. Here Joseph, his brother, flinging aside his Spanish crown, hastened for safety; and here, Jerome had come from the throne of Westphalia. Here, too, in then remote Florida, two nephews of the fallen Emperor, the sons of that "paladin in the field," the brave, the chivalrous Murat, found a home. Louis Philippe obtained a precarious livelihood by teaching school, and even the present French Emperor once sought an asylum under our free institutions. But while the movements of kings and princes could not be concealed, hundreds of their brave officers and followers died unknown, except by a few of their own countrymen. It was not strange therefore to find a French exile in abject poverty in our country; but it was singular to find him a hermit in the forest. Nothing is more common than to see American men, who have found life emptied of all motives to action, or soured by disappointment or betrayed love, separate themselves from their kind, and live solitary and alone. Such are scattered all along our frontiers—nay, are met with in these very woods. A quarter of a century ago, I had found a hermit living here in a cave. On a lake, two days' journey round, I had found two men—not living together, but apart—who had assumed the names of two forest trees. Not another living being was within a day's journey of them. And there they probably are to this day, bent and feeble with age, and there they will die. A year subsequent, a nobly formed man pitched his hut on the Raquette river near the outlet of this very pond, 50 miles from any clearing, and had lived there alone ever since. No one knew from whence he came. On that same lonely spot I saw

him two years ago, his tall form bent, and his locks white with age. Taciturn and moody, he would not enter into conversation with me, though he allowed me to take entire possession of his cabin. He was not a hunter, for he killed only what he needed for food. In the autumn and spring, there is no access to him, and there he, one of these days, will die all alone, as this French exile did; and it may be months before any one knocks at his door, and receiving no answer, will enter, to find only the bleaching bones of the old man, whose early hopes and struggles and failures and final desperation that drove him from the haunts of men, will never be known. Distinguished foreigners, suffering exile and poverty, were common enough, and hermits of American birth, living in remote solitude, are found everywhere in our untrodden wilds; but a French hermit was a rare being. A Frenchman will commit suicide as coolly as he will swallow a cup of coffee, or become a hermit in the heart of a great city, but rarely shut himself up in a wilderness. Death is much preferable to that.

Determined to unravel the mystery connected with this man, if possible, when I came out of the woods, I went with my guide to his house to examine the papers he had found in the hut. "The trinket," as I suspected, was the cross of the Legion of Honor. The papers were made up of memoranda—apparently jotted down on the anniversary of certain great events in Napoleon's career, and entirely disconnected. There were some printed slips that had been cut out, evidently from newspapers, in most of which I found the name of Leon de Hartville mentioned in connection with a great battle and General Lasalle. This threw no light on the man's history, except to confirm, beyond all doubt, my suspicions, that he was one of Napoleon's exiled officers. At my request the guide gave me the papers, and I took them with me on my return to New York, and threw them aside.

A few months after, I formed the acquaintance of one of Napoleon's officers, who had established a flourishing school

in New York city. I was at the time engaged on a work devoted exclusively to Napoleon's Generals, and have often visited him, and through him obtained portraits which, otherwise, I should not have received. About this time, Louis Philippe not only directed the remains of Napoleon to be brought back from St. Helena, but gave permission to all his exiled officers to return home. From east, west, north, and south, they hastened to New York, to embark for their beloved France. The teacher above referred to, gave them a dinner, previous to their departure, to which I was invited. Among the distinguished veterans assembled at the table was Marshal Grouchy, whose countenance I scanned with a good deal of interest. I could not but think of the almost painful contrast it presented in its feebleness of character to that of Marshal Soult, whom I had seen the year previous in France. Some of the officers had never met before, and others had met last on the disastrous field of Waterloo.

This last great battle of Napoleon, from which dated all their misfortunes, naturally became the subject of conversation. At length one of the generals, who had never before met Grouchy, turned to him and said: "Marshal Grouchy, there have been so many different explanations of the reasons which led you to stay at Wavres, while the heavy cannonading at Waterloo left no doubt that the decisive battle was being fought there, that I would like the true one from your own lips?" "Why, you see," replied the Marshal, "*if I had left, Blucher would immediately have marched on Paris.*" A sudden silence followed this astounding reply, and the officers glanced at each other in undisguised astonishment. Such an utterly absurd answer made me for a moment incline to Napoleon's opinion, that he was a traitor, and had been bought over by the allies. It seemed impossible that a military man of his rank and experience could make such a statement, the preposterousness of which was evident even to a civilian of common sense.

The two armies were locked in mortal combat on the field of Waterloo, and if Napoleon conquered, the idea that Blucher would cut loose from everything, and start for Paris, 200 miles distant, with the now victorious army behind him, was so absurd an idea, that it seemed impossible it could be honestly entertained. On the other hand, if Wellington was victorious, such a march would be useless—nay, countermanded—for the allied army would, as they did, march on Paris together. Still he seemed wholly unconscious of having said anything that was not perfectly proper and sensible. I knew from his military career, that he was rather a dashing, daring cavalry officer than a great general, but I was not prepared for such an exhibition of weakness, and I said to myself, "If Napoleon was compelled to rely on such officers in his last great struggle for his throne, I don't wonder he failed."

The conversation now turned from Waterloo to the different commanders. It was sad, yet deeply interesting to hear them speak of this and that general—almost invariably mentioning some touching incident of his life or death. This one had died in Switzerland—that in South America; another here. Stories were told of the privations, hardships, sufferings, of themselves and others, that would have moved the hardest heart. As the names of the various exiles were mentioned, a gray-haired veteran sitting opposite me, spoke of a friend of his—a brave and gallant officer, of whom he never could get any trace. My mind instantly reverted to the hermit of Folingsby's Pond, and I related the circumstances I have narrated above. As I

proceeded in my story, I noticed that this venerable officer became intensely interested. He was a fine, noble-looking man, and his deep growing attention kept my eyes riveted on him. As I spoke of the dates and extracts I had found he could not conceal his agitation; at length, when I came to the name of Leon de Hartville and General Lasalle, he could contain himself no longer, but springing to his feet exclaimed, "C'est-il, c'est-il—mon ami, mon brave ami." Apologizing for his abrupt behavior, he said, while the tears streamed down his face: "He was my dearest friend in the world. I saw him fall at Waterloo while attempting to rally a part of the Old Guard. I heard afterward that he was dangerously wounded, and after a long illness recovered and embarked for this country, but I have never been able to learn anything of him since." He then told me that his name was not Folingsby; that, he said, was his mother's name, which he doubtless had assumed, the more effectually to isolate himself from all who ever knew him. He then expressed a strong desire to see the papers in my possession. I replied that it would give me great pleasure, not only to show them to him, but, if he desired, to let him keep them. Thanking me warmly, he made an appointment with me next day at my rooms.

The disconnected names and dates that were almost meaningless to me, were perfectly intelligible to him, and left no doubt that the poor hermit was his long-lost friend, whose career ended so sadly at Folingsby's Pond.

After he had gone over them at my request, he gave me the following history of his life.

(To be continued.)

## SUNNYBANK PAPERS.

No. V.

SUNDAY.

BY "MARION HARLAND."

"Do you know the weason why everyt'ing is so *fiet* (quiet) this morning?" chirped little Belle from her high chair at breakfast, ending a longer pause than is

wont to occur in our table-talk. "Tause it is Sunday."

The grown-up people of the party bent looks of pleased surprise upon the prat-



tlar, exchanging smiles as they did so, and the eyes of all turned involuntarily to the open glass-door facing the lake.

A grayish-blue mirror, slightly filmed with mist, it reflected in softened outlines like those of a mezzotinto engraving, the shrubbery upon the overhanging banks, the white farm-houses, barns and hay-ricks; the long bridge spanning the narrowest part of the channel, and the densely-wooded hills, dark with midsummer verdure. There had been a shower overnight—summer rain upon the mown grass of the croquet-lawn. Minute brilliants were suspended from the short blades, and the tree-shadows did not quiver. The far-off throb of the trip-hammer was stilled after six days of steady pulsing, and the absence of the everyday hum of farm labor and human restlessness—the shout of the ploughman and teamster to their cattle; the rumble of wheels upon the highway and the bridges above and below us—to which we had thought ourselves so accustomed that we had ceased to notice them, enhanced the happy calm, added to the brooding hush, that was solemn without being melancholy, and disposed all to musing rather than speech. Belle was right. The blissful repose of Nature and her tempered beauty meant recognition of the season of holy rest. Whether man refuse or allow, the earth still has her Sabbaths.

The birds sang at intervals—sudden outbursts of thanksgiving and fragments of rejoicing anthems, and we listened with feelings that were not badly expressed by Brownie's question,—

"Don't you believe they know what day it is, Papa?"

"Of course they do!" interposed Flutter, indignant at the implied doubt, and headlong, as usual, to controvert what did not tally with her creed. "Didn't God make them and teach them how to sing?"

"I guess they are very glad He did!" concluded the grave-eyed younger, forsaking her plate utterly as a robin in the nearest hickory began to trill a new psalm. "And I think that one is saying so."

"Are you glad He made you?" que-

ried Papa, stroking the brown head that is seldom distant from his hand when he is here.

"Yes, Papa—and—" hesitating and blushing, for she is less fluent of speech than her sisters, and the faintest suspicion of ridicule throws her into an agony of distress, "I believe I am gladder on Sunday than on the other days."

"I know that I am!" murmurs Papa, taking a turn on the piazza, while the children are getting their Bibles ready and arranging the chairs in the parlor for family prayers—a thrice-blessed institution is this seclusion with no door-bell to molest or make us afraid. "I know that I am! If I say it more feelingly than the rest of you, it is because I have but five Sabbaths a year."

Then, he finds in his own Bible, and directs the others where to look for "A Psalm or Song for the Sabbath day," and, with the lakeward windows open to the floor, the breath of the mignonette and roses flowing through them, and the birds singing all about us, our mocking-bird, "Rex," leading the choir from his cage upon the southerly wall, he begins the morning worship.

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto Thy name, O Most High!"

The little ones unite their sweetly-reverent tones in the response. "To show forth Thy loving-kindness in the morning and Thy faithfulness every night."

We never fail to attend church on Sunday during the Dominie's vacation, however rainy or warm the weather.

"Is not our happy home a little sanctuary to us?" I once ventured to plead, when a drizzling mist, such as soaks the traveller to the skin, and chills him to the marrow, shut in our dwelling as with a thick curtain.

"So may David's house of cedar have been," was the rejoinder. "Yet his soul fainted with desire for the courts of the Lord. If one may judge of their belief by their practice, many professors of religion, reversing the theory of the servants of the king of Syria, imagine Him whom they serve to be a God of the low country

only—not of the hills—at least during their summer vacation.”

We breakfast then, on Sabbath, at half-past seven, before the sun has dried the dewiness from the air, and the simple household machinery moves quietly and comfortably forward. Bustle and clatter are instinctively avoided, as are loud speech and cross words. Not that we consider it practicable, or perhaps expedient, to suppress the happy excitement pervading the juvenile corps at sight of the goodly array of Sunday clothes, spread out upon the bed in Mamma's room. The momentous business of donning these is inevitably begun by putting on their best hats, and standing on tip-toe before the mirror, an ebullition of childish vanity which Mamma, if a circumspect disciple of Dr. Watts, should put down with a quotation, pertinent and severe.

“Why should our garments, made to hide

Our parents' shame, provoke our pride?”

followed up by a seasonable dose of St. Paul on the subject of embroidery and plaited hair. But, in consideration of the fact that their delight over a wild rose or a clover blossom seems to the fond and partial observer to be of precisely the same character, and is expressed in like manner, she is chary of censure, remembering, charitably, that this is to them the one full-dress festival of the week. A clean chintz frock, white apron and stockings, and stout walking shoes, are a satisfactory toilette on other days. When fully equipped, their tanned fingers covered by silk gloves grasping their fans and gilt-edged hymn-books, a rose-bud or sprig of heliotrope and citron-aloes stuck in the belt of each, they dance down-stairs to take off the liveliest foam of exhilaration by displaying themselves in the kitchen and promenading the piazza until they become used to their own magnificence.

If any mishap to horse or carriage—and such are not quickly remedied in the country—should prevent us from riding to church, we have but to walk down the lawn to the landing where lies the “Genesaret,” neat and dry, with a strip of carpeting in the bottom, and all being safely bestowed upon the seats, to slip

smoothly down the stream, in the shadow of grove and hill, to the little Episcopal chapel in the village surrounding the “works,” below. But our habit is to drive across the plains, skirting our hill-country, to a larger church of our own denomination, two-and-a-half miles distant. The building is spacious for a rural place of worship, and well filled, galleries and all—the neighborhood being populous and the pastor beloved. The exterior is homely as mouldering brown stucco, plain, rectangular walls, and a spire like a mammoth vinegar cruet can make it. A grave-yard, thronged with tomb-stones, and knee-deep in grass, lies at the back, and the front yard is peopled by stalwart yeomen and their sons. Free-born American citizens, all, they lean against the fences, trees and wall, exchanging items of family and agricultural news, eyeing in fearless, but not offensive curiosity, the later arrivals, the elder ones critical of vehicles and horses, the younger dividing their regards between fine “turnouts” and pretty girls. There are knots of women in the vestibule, who leave but a narrow passage-way to the inner door, until the Sabbath-school is closed, when they collect their respective small charges about them and file into their pews.

What impresses the stranger at once, and, for a time, ludicrously, is the circumstance—not merely that everybody looks at him, but that he is instantly and strongly disposed to stare at everybody else. The inclination abides with us when we have passed through the outer congregation, which cannot fail to suggest to the Biblical scholar, the divisions of the ancient temple, the court of the Gentiles and that of the women. It is in no spirit of irreverence for the house or disrespect to its occupants, that we walk up the aisle with a brisker and more assured step than that which falls upon the floor of the city church. There—(is it conventionality or regard for sacred things that decrees it?) the quiet, and—except for the ingoing tide of worshippers—empty vestibule is a preparation for the solemn stillness of the interior. Not a head is turned as the visitor enters and takes his

seat. The brains behind the settled features of the motionless figures lining the pews may be restless and undevout, but the outer shell is what the French style *convenable*,—in keeping with the time and place. Moreover, Madame Citoyenne has other occasions—fit and not few, for the display of her own and her chicks' plumage, and *modistes* who keep her informed as to the fashions. No need for her to measure covertly with the corner of her eye the style of her neighbor's hat and the pattern of her mantle, or to take bold-surveys of the trimming upon her skirt. Her country cousins have used these and other limited opportunities of learning what are the prevailing modes to such good purpose that the feminine portion of the congregation, if not in mad chase of the great goddess Fashion, are by no means out of sight of her. Frizettes and chignons, overskirts, puffed, frilled, and looped, with a plurality of pendants that puts to everlasting confusion the pretensions of the hitherto famous Bashaws with nine tails; semi-visible hats, redeemed from utter nothingness by thickets of flowers, weeds, grasses, birds, bugs and butterflies, are joys known among us not by hearsay alone, but by the seeing of the eye.

From a cursory glance at these, we pass to the faces of the wearers, and here, too, we fail to discern any marked dissimilarity between them and their city kindred. The children are sunburnt, and generally stouter than the majority of those brought up in the alternate glare and shadow of brick and mortar, but save for a peculiar unvarying redness of skin in some of the elderly matrons, betokening exposure to the kitchen-fire—not the sunshine, the women bear little trace of their rustic breeding in feature or complexion. Maud Muller no more rakes hay upon these smiling plains; no Ruth stands breast-high amid the corn, to attract the notice of Farmer Boaz. Maud bears a nimble hand in housework; can sweep, make beds, wash dishes, and, if need be, take her place at the cooking-stove, or in the lean-to which serves as a laundry; but should the Judge draw rein in the

front yard while she is engaged in any of these unpicturesque occupations, she would not stand her ground, with Whittier's heroine, to hand him the tin dipper tied by a long twine to the post of the well-house, and converse of the crops and weather. Her first impulse would be to scuttle out of reach of his eyes; and her second, if there were the slightest hope of his alighting, to put on her best dress and fix her hair, as Miss MacFlimsey from the city had hers dressed last Sunday—leaving Pa', in all the dignity of a free-born American's shirt-sleeves, to quench the magnate's thirst and do the honors of the homestead.

As to Ruth, she is too careful of her beauty, too fearful of tan and freckles, to dig even in her own flower-garden, and coaxes the "boys" to attend to it in odd moments. If she were burdened with the cares of Naomi, she would try to support her by sewing or crocheting or knitting, or better than any of these, by removing to a garret in town and seeking "genteel" employment in a millinery or fancy store. Headache and dyspepsia, consumption and the Protean forms of spinal disease, are rife here among the frailer sex, as in the over-thronged cities, if one may credit the frequent reply to inquiries respecting the health of wives and daughters: "She enjoys very poor health, thank you."

I know the spouses of well-to-do farmers, living within a stone's throw of the streams and mountains we find so tempting, who never pass the boundaries of their house-walls except on Mondays, when they vibrate between wash-room and bleaching-ground, or to church on Sundays, unless some extraordinary event—a marriage, death, or case of illness, summon them to a neighbor's. It is not that they are over-driven by domestic service, although the duties of their position seem arduous to one unused to the routine, but the benefits of the open air, untainted by hot fat and soap-suds; of walking, driving, boating and riding are literally unthought-of and uncared-for. They smile at the queer taste of town-people, who live out-of-

doors when in the country, and, while gratified by their praises of the fine scenery and healthful climate, "guess" shrewdly that "if rich people had more to do they wouldn't be so crazy about things one sees every day." For Maud is every whit as shrewd and quick of apprehension as is Madame Citoyenne. You see it in her eye and visage, which have not the bovine-stolidity that stamp the lineaments of her half-grown brother, fidgeting beside her in the red-faced torture of his go-to-meeting clothes. She is "smart"—full of energy and fun, and is mobile enough, if caught young, to make the Judge a suitable wife. She will assuredly be a capable help-meet for John, Richard, or Tom, who blushes or swaggers his way up to shake hands with her after service. Maud is not fond of the country. The chance visits she has paid to her aunt, Mrs. Potiphar, in New York, have heightened her natural longing for fine dresses, beaux and plenty of servants. There is some pleasure in a stroll along Broadway and Fifth Avenue, where there are no buttercups, daisies and rag-weed to draggle her skirts, and where there are so many people to see and to be seen, and such oceans of elegant toilettes. Then—hot and cold water, and gas all over the house, and a superfluity of "help," who shudder at the thought of the "lonesome, horrid country!" Aunt Potiphar dwells in a terrestrial Paradise, and if John could only get a clerk's place in one of those heavenly dry-goods stores, part his hair in the middle and dress nicely all the week, Maud would not long say him, "Nay."

John, to his credit be it spoken, had rather stay where he is. He is not more fond of work than most people are, he says, but he does like to be his own master, to have enough to eat, and to sleep well o' nights. He is not addicted to profound cogitation upon any subject, but he has a dim idea of the sovereignty of the man who mines his living out of the soil he has himself bought or inherited. He follows the cleanly-cut furrow through the earth in the spirit of a master, not a

hind. His very bearing in church savors of unambitious content. His carriage is less erect than that of his brother, who is making a fortune in the city, ("or losing it," John interpolates in grim humor) his features are heavier, his eye slower to move and to kindle. But when he has received an opinion, agricultural, religious, or political, it is as hard to eradicate as are the red sorrel and Canada thistle, which are the curse of his fields. With respect to religion he is seldom heterodox, clinging to the ancient and received Standards tenaciously as the bark to a beech-tree. He likes his minister—or as he invariably calls him—"our Dominie." For is he not "Dutch" in name, lineage and ecclesiastical education, a graduate of Rutgers and of Hertzog? and every third man in his audience writes *Van* as a pronomen. Moreover, he is a sound, practical preacher, teaching clearly and without demur the whole duty of man to his Maker and to his kind, and out of the pulpit, a jewel of a pastor,—one with his people in their work, their joys, and their griefs.

"Belongs to the real sociable sort!" John adds with a smile of broad satisfaction. And "easy as an old shoe. I seen him, last Sunday, walking back to the Parsonage in his shirt-sleeves, with his coat on his arm. It was an awful hot day, and he isn't a slim man, by no means, you know. Somehow, 'most all our Dominies get fat, I suppose because they're well treated. So, he meant to be comfortable, no matter who was looking on. There's not a grain of foolish pride in him."

He enters church, now, as a true shepherd should, at the head of the goodly number of his flock, who have awaited his coming outside as the signal that the business of the day is about to be begun in solemn earnest, and by the time the benediction that follows the prayer of invocation is spoken, he has no reason to complain of slack attention or irreverent bearing.

"The Lord bless you and keep you! The Lord make the light of his countenance to shine upon you! The Lord

be gracious unto you and give you peace!"

In all the liturgy of our venerable church there is no formula of devotion that pleases me more than this pastoral salutatory—this lifting up of holy hands in the sanctuary and blessing the people out of Zion;—a blessing that awes wandering thoughts into solemnity, and falls upon the week-worn heart, dusty with cares, and perchance hardened by suffering or distracted by doubts, like the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion, for there the Lord commanded the blessing—even life for evermore.

"THE LORD GIVE YOU PEACE!"

The bending heavens seem to repeat it to the earth, as we turn from the main thoroughfare and drive home through unfrequented lanes and beside still waters. Drive slowly, for the day is warm, although not sultry, and there is nothing to hurry us. It is Sabbath everywhere, even in households that have sent few or no representatives to the great congregation. Oxen and horses browse idly in the pasture, or lie at their ease under the birches and willows. Empty wagons stand beside the "barracks" of hay and grain. Scythes, reapers, ploughs and harrows, are huddled together under the tool shed, and the brawny fellows who handled them yesterday sit in the vine-covered "stoops," or lounge upon the grass in the shade, with shaven faces, clean hands, and in holiday attire. There is wonderful refining power in the stated day of rest, and in this land, he who fails to recognize and yield, in a perceptible measure, to it is a bad citizen as well as thankless and godless.

I have said that there is no occasion for haste in our return. We rarely attend the second service held in another and more remote quarter of the parish. Nor do I shame to confess that a post-prandial siesta is a Sunnybank institution on Sabbath. Forty-seven weeks of labor—the threefold tension of brain, heart and nerves upon the vital forces have told sensibly, if not alarmingly upon the Dominie's bodily vigor. Twice forty-seven

sermons and almost as many lectures, not to enumerate funeral, philanthropic, educational and anniversary addresses, have drawn upon his mental resources, until to the apprehension of the one who knows him best, his works of affection and patience; his efforts, his anxieties and discouragements,—there is a new and sorrowful meaning in the text of the last discourse he delivered to the people of his love, before the summer's separation—"Faint—yet pursuing."

Let him slumber then to the lullaby of whispering leaves and the wash of drowsy waves among the pebbles. This is his harvest-time of health and refreshment, and the sound, childlike repose that seals his senses against the interruptions of the outer world, is such recuperative sleep as the Father gives his beloved. The air is cooler when he awakes and there is a livelier, more crisp rustle in the tree-tops, the sound of a going, like the patter of innumerable fairy feet, premonitory of evening freshness. The sweeter sound that fairly arouses the half-dreaming man, as he lies, hearkening, with drooping lids to Nature's vespers, is the tapping of small fingers upon the panels of the door and winning voices piping through the key-hole.

"Won't you please walk up the hill with us, Papa. It is *ever* so lovely now, out-of-doors!"

In this sequestered region we have not the restraining dread before our eyes of the effect of a Sabbath afternoon ramble upon our weak brethren, or worldly-minded neighbors. We cannot understand why we should not be able to maintain a thankfully pious spirit toward the Giver of the day and of all other mercies, while strolling in the fields and woods He has made, as when seated in an airless parlor, dutifully and dully conning a homily of man's composition and printing. The walk up the hill is taken, accordingly, the happy children running before us, along the winding road that traverses our grove. The gardener, with his comely, smiling wife, sits upon the porch-steps of the cottage at the outer gate,—a child upon each knee, and salutations are exchanged in passing.

"A pleasant afternoon, Conrad!"

"I never see a nicer, sir. And everything is growing beautiful."

"He maketh the outgoings of the evening to rejoice!" repeats the Dominie, very softly, when we have crossed the highway into the sixteen-acre lot—our latest acquisition—and stand upon the brow of the ridge.

The language of Holy Writ lies very near the lips and very warmly upon the heart, to-day.

While the seniors enjoy the view, the chattering triad of sisters flit hither and yon, filling their hands with wild-flowers, and in successful quest of curiosities in the form of patches of gray moss starred with scarlet lichens; oak-galls, in divers stages of ripeness, bits of variegated stone glittering with specks of mica they are sure must be gold and silver, particles of quartz, adjudged by them to be valuable as diamonds, and such chance conchological specimens as snails and spotted ter-rapins. There are berries in the lower grounds at the back of the field, but the wee maidens do not gather them on this afternoon. They made a special excursion for that purpose on Saturday, the fruits of which are stored in the ice-house for to-night's supper, and they have decided for themselves, long ago, that the harvesting of the luscious spoils is a secular pursuit. "Besides," says Flutter, prudent for once, "we would stain our white dresses." It is lucky for them that it is wrong to gather berries on Sunday.

They have no scruples with regard to hunting for marvellous balls, all covered with yellow fringe, in the adjacent cedar wood, or garlanding themselves with the ground-pine, trailing in long wreaths upon the earth under the taller evergreens. Their walk home is a triumphal procession of fauna, laden with greenwood trophies, and unpoetically eager for the early repast awaiting them and including some favorite dainty set out in honor of the day—"to help make us like Sunday," is Brownie's explanation of the custom. The hour succeeding this is declared by all to be the happiest, as it is one of the most quiet we have known since early morn-

ing. "Our story-time," is the children's name for it, and in fair weather it is spent upon the front piazza.

The sunset glory is at its height, and the bright lake, with the Gennesaret rocking lightly in the cove, makes more real to mature as to childish imaginations the tale of how One in the shape of man, plainly dressed, and of grave but kindly presence, walked the water at night, and in the storm, spoke peace and safety to the terrified and toiling sailors, and caught the hand of sinking Peter. The harvest-field where the Shunamite's only son gambolled on a sunny day among the reapers until, smitten by the heat, he cried—"My head! my head!" and was carried home to die in his mother's arms, will be always, to the pitying auditors, like that on the opposite bank in which they saw the men at work, last week, while the lofty hill, overlooking plain and lake and river, lifts its shaggy forehead against the sky, as did Carmel, when the prophet bowed himself upon the summit to pray for rain, and his servant gazed wistfully across the sea for the rising of the little cloud no bigger than a man's hand. The demand is only for Bible stories. To the yet uncorrupted hearts and pure tastes of the infant group, there is nought in the range of fiction half so beautiful.

"And—" sighs Brownie, in the fullness of her happiness, leaning against her father's shoulder, her hands clasped before her as she holds them in church—"it is so nice to think that we may believe every bit of them!"

As the last flicker of flame passes from the heavens, we sing—the children's songs—the youngest choosing first, the others in their turn. Baby Belle's selection is a mere form, for we are all aware beforehand what will be her bashful lisp.

"Jesus loves me—yes, I know"

is her rendering of the first line, and she says it so prettily we have not the heart to correct her. Brownie asks for, "There's rest for the weary" (would she might never need it more than now!) and Flutter's choice is, "Beautiful Zion." At the last, we join, by common consent in, "Shall we meet beyond the river," raising

the chorus with energy that brings back echoes to us from the high grounds across the water and from frowning "Hemlock Hill" down the stream. By the time this part of the programme is reached the moon has built a wide bridge from shore to shore, and the harvest-fields are silvery in their shining, like those in which walk and wait the blessed ones—wait

"to bid us welcome,  
When the voyage of life is o'er."

Papa comes up-stairs to hear the bairns' prayers on Sunday night, and kisses each happy face as it nestles upon the pillow.

"Eave the winnow open, so the good angels can come in, soon as I'm as'eep!" entreats Belle, her eyelids falling together ere the sentence is quite finished.

Who doubts that they do?

## § SOUL-LIFE AND EARTH-LIFE.

### I.

SHE watched him there, with mother-love,  
Laid at her heart, her first-born dove  
A boy of scarce two summers old,  
The earliest lambkin of her fold.  
Pain fiercely racked his infant-frame,  
Where death seemed sure to fix his aim.  
But oh! she yearned, with mother-love,  
For power to keep her first-born dove,  
And prayed, from her deep, trembling heart,  
That child and mother ne'er might part.  
When lo! from out the midnight-gloom,  
As from the Saviour's unsealed tomb,  
Two angels shone upon her sight,  
In garments of transfiguring light;  
"The soul-life Angel, I"—said one,  
"Take infant-souls when life is done,  
And in the path which saints have trod,  
Lead them before the face of God;  
Shall I thy first-born dove receive,  
For him to joy and thee to grieve?"  
—That voice she seemed not then to hear,  
Her heart so filled with mother-fear;  
But when the second Angel spoke,  
The terror of that heart he broke;  
"The earth-life Angel, I"—he said,  
"Snatch the loved treasures from the dead;  
Shall I thy first-born dove restore,  
From thee on earth to part no more?"  
"Oh! earth-life Angel," wildly cried  
That mother, ere her darling died,  
"Give me the life of him I love,  
The earth-form of my first-born dove;  
'Tis all my bursting heart desires  
To quench my tears and feed love's fires."  
—One touch of that earth-angel laid  
On that child-form, its pain allayed;  
With health and vigor soon endowed,  
He grew to join earth's reckless crowd;  
In manhood's prime a passion-slave,  
In age, a wreck no truth could save,  
Making the mother-life accurst,  
Until with woes her heart-strings burst.

## II.

She watched him there, with mother-love,  
 Bowed low beside her second dove;  
 A boy of twice six summers old,  
 The fairest lambkin of her fold;  
 With flaxen hair and eyes of blue,  
 And spirit keytoned to the true.  
 Ah! how she yearned that he might live,  
 And to her grief some solace give!  
 Then 'mid her prayer, came th' angel pair  
 Of soul-life and of earth-life there,  
 Asking anew which should be won,  
 The soul or body of her son.  
 —The memory of her former prayer,  
 The terror of her crushing care,  
 A child restored, for sin alone,  
 Now nigh to passion's manhood grown,  
 Who since, she often wished, had died,  
 Came o'er her soul, that wildly cried  
 "Oh! soul-life angel, take this dove,  
 To God's pure resting-place above;  
 There, on the Saviour's loving breast,  
 Let him in bliss and beauty rest."  
 —One touch of that soul-angel fell  
 On that pained form, and in a swell  
 Of music tones his soul went up  
 To drink Heaven's wine from God's own cup,  
 And though the mother's heart was broke,  
 The joy of faith assuaged the stroke.

## III.

She watched him there, with mother-love,  
 Bent o'er his form, her third-born dove,  
 The strongest in love's smitten fold,  
 A youth of twice nine summers old;  
 Racked now with pain and weakened there,  
 He waked the mother's tenderest care;  
 And while she prayed, the angels came  
 Anew, in robes of heavenly flame:  
 —"What wilt thou have again?" they cried,  
 "The soul or body of thy pride?"  
 "Oh! soul-life, earth-life angels both,"  
 She answered them—"My heart is loth  
 To part with either;—give, Oh, give,  
 That soul and body both may live."  
 —Two touches on that youthful frame,  
 Fell with a flash of living flame,  
 And from his couch of suffering rose  
 That son to battle human woes;  
 Forth to the world he nobly went,  
 For truth and duty to be spent,  
 Body and soul both grandly given,  
 A sacrifice of worth to heaven,  
 A joy to her whose mother-love,  
 Grief-crushed and taught, won from above,  
 That twin-life, brought by th' angel-pair,  
 God's double boon to faith and prayer.



## CHRISTOPHER KROY.

## A STORY OF NEW YORK LIFE.

## CHAPTER XIX.

IN the story, unhappily called Christopher Kroy, the writer is conscious that to this point no one of the characters has been so drawn as to call forth sentiments of admiration or to awaken emotions of affection; they have been made to move in certain localities, to guide certain circumstances precisely as individuals walk through the years, acting upon mankind, not through the heart, but through necessities. Well! Necessities, be they real and earnest, at least reach down to the heart; so the writer trusts, ere the story be ended, to make a touch of Nature quiver along these lines and charge some soul with a tide of full human emotion. A very common business, everyday affair is the occupation called "shopping." You think there is no sentiment in it, the searching for fabrics rare and costly, of tints as new as the spring brings to earth. You think it no pleasure for a fair woman to stand in the presence of gifts from the great looms of manufacture, surrounded by tracteries of laces wrought through the frost-work of blood and muscle; you think she sees in them nothing more than silks and wools and divers lines and tints. You never made a greater mistake in your life. You comprehend not what a woman sees in that which to you is a mass of mere trumpery, and I am not about to enlighten you on that point.

Did you ever see a fair young girl, over whose life not twenty years have passed, look timidly in, at "Stewart's" perhaps, or some one of the many diamond editions of that establishment, look in and go past, only to return again, wishing, dreading, half afraid, yet urged on by some secret power, until at last, drawing nearer and nearer the vortex of that inner power, she goes in with a tremble in her voice that the clerk heeds not, nor hears, asks for cashmere or silk—common fabrics! why need she hesitate? The color must be white. There is nothing unusual in that, more of white is sold than of any color. She

is "hard to suit," possibly, and her hand trembles as the fingers pass over the texture. It must be of the softest, finest, best, and, after all, it is nothing *to you*, but a breadth of cashmere or fold of silk. To her it is—well, the bridal garment of Death. Some loved one is daily passing more and more into the strange land of shadows and mysteries, and this young girl, quivering over the cashmere or silk, sees the final moment when the loved one vanishes, and this—this mere fabric of man's make, is the flag, whose final flutter will shut out a heart, and sail with it over unknown seas. Forgive her, if standing there, she lingers over tint and texture; forgive her if she takes a minute more of time than the courtesies of trade demand; forgive her, if, after she is gone, you find a stain on the fair surface of your goods; that tear-stain has sanctified your fabric for further use, perhaps, for like purpose.

Zilpha Kroy went "shopping." She cared little for the occupation, less for its fruits. Zilpha Kroy loved many things, with a vivid, impetuous zeal. The old mountains awoke in her a feeling akin to altar-worship. A sunset like that which crept through the oriel window on the night we first met her, made her long to put out her hand in sympathy with some old Parsee.

She could shut her eyes under some old thicket of Pines and imagine she heard something more than a common earth-wind blowing through them; but she had no fancy for shopping. So, when one day in May of a certain year, Mr. Kroy, with his accustomed mandatorial style, said to her: "Zilpha, I wish you to get ready for the summer," and to his wife gave the money for the purpose, Zilpha said, "Oh, father, how much nicer it would be to go up somewhere near your old home and take a house and live there away from almost everybody."

"Nicer for you, perhaps, Zilpha, for you seem to have no tastes suited to your position, but I tell you that I cannot afford it; so you must do as I wish."

Zilpha sighed, and marveled a moment over the inconsistency of expending a small fortune in a summer outfit for the gay places of the country, and declaring inability to afford a quiet house up among the hills—then went to prepare for the dreaded work.

Mr. Kroy was seldom satisfied with the dress of his wife and daughter, but then he believed that his dissatisfaction arose from a narrow expenditure of money. To ensure success great and brilliant for the advancing season, he bade Mrs. Kroy to spend as freely as she chose, declaring that the greater sensation Zilpha could create the greater his pleasure would be. "Beside," he added, "her voice will not last always so perfect in its tone as now."

You need not marvel that Mr. Kroy paid so much attention to the detail of his domestic life; it was his nature to press into his service every possible aid when he had a grand march in view, and just then he had arrived at the most vital enterprise of his long life of success. He was afloat on a magnificent bark, and straight before him on the sea lay that Isle of Gold. What wonder then that he wished to trim his boat with graceful flags and bid it sail to music's softest measures; he was nearing his home at last, he had put out his hand and brought back something from the shore even amid the rapids of trade, like voyager down the St. Lawrence rapids may bring verdure from the shore in his grasp and carry it with him into wider places. So Zilpha must dress adequately, sing divinely, and display her beauty, fresh from the schools, as his figure-head. To this end he had drawn his check generously. His wife and daughter had gone forth obedient to his will.

Mr. Kroy was in his office. The hour was at twelve.

The subscription-books were open in the new office of the Great Steamship Company. I cannot tell you how imposing they looked, how massive and vellumy. I cannot tell you how often the eyes of Norman Cloud rested upon them, upon one in particular, the very

book of the books. It was in some sort a Book of Life with him.

He had succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. The Jersey lands were sold in part, for he had made it to appear before the proper tribunal that the sale was necessary to maintain their owner abroad.

Merton, unconscious alike of his father's business aspirations and the great wrong done to his mother, had quietly and conscientiously used time to the best advantage, and was to be graduated with very respectable honors.

At twelve of the clock Christopher Kroy put on his hat and went to take a look at the Books.

"What success to-day?" he questioned, looking around to find whether any third party were present.

Mr. Cloud answered by an appeal to the Book.

"Look there!" he exclaimed, and leaning back in his easily-tipped chair with his interlocked hands supporting the back of his head, he looked full at Mr. Kroy.

"Who could have believed it," said Mr. Kroy, not in the least accenting the sentence interrogatively.

"I knew it would take," said Mr. Cloud. "It was certain to, it is going to be the greatest project of the generation."

"It looks promising certainly; let me look at the amount of stock."

An hour passed. Mr. Kroy ended his examination and arose to go, perfectly satisfied. The great and unparalleled success denoted one of two things, either tremendous prosperity through the community, or marked confidence in the projectors of the enterprise. Mr. Kroy and Mr. Cloud were pleasant men to meet on "Change" that day; they were as broad, mentally, as the Pacific Railroad of to-day, as smooth and penetrating as petroleum stocks of yesterday—men whose faces had been made to shine with prosperity.

Parcels were left at the Kroy mansion that day—parcels large and parcels small, for Mrs. Kroy had entered into

the spirit of the enterprise, more especially as she had joined friends who were shopping with wonderful intelligence and surprising activity of mind and purse.

Even Zilpha had come down or gone up from her original self to mingle in the work, and once having given her imagination play in the direction of apparel, she actually outvied the party and came off the hero of the occasion.

"I'll go again to-morrow," she said, as Mr. Kroy required the purchases to be displayed in his presence on his return home. Gayly wreathing around her graceful person lengths of flossy gossamer through which her half gypsy face out-gleamed, she stood in the library, where the goods had been taken for inspection, and turned toward the door as a foot touched the threshold.

Grace Clear had admitted the visitor. Grace Clear, the watchful, mysterious girl who, without a motive, watched every movement and intent of the Kroy family. She knew that Mr. and Mrs. Kroy were in the library and the display there going on, and just to witness the effect of the surprise she introduced a stranger to the scene.

"Grace!" exclaimed Mr. Kroy, starting toward Zilpha, as if about to put her behind the door out of sight—Zilpha, eluding her father's grasp, went forward, exclaiming, "My good friend! How glad I am to see you!" and the Good Friend had made answer, saying, "Your wrap is more to the purpose than my old table-cover," before either Mr. or Mrs. Kroy had sufficiently recovered from the surprise of a stranger's presence in the room, to discern that it was Dr. — who held Zilpha's throbbing little palm in his earnest grasp, waiting recognition.

"My dear Sir! Walk into the next room. I beg your pardon for the introduction to this disorderly place," said Mr. Kroy, with extreme dignity, for there was no man existant, on whom he so much wished to impress the seal of his dignity, as this Dr. —, of the little city of New Haven; this Dr., who carefully

withheld the wax from the great man's seal. He would not take it, even under the very residence of Mr. Kroy, but quietly evaded the invitation to shake hands with Mrs. Kroy, and, before the master could comprehend his intent, he was in possession of an easy-chair and as much at home in the library, as though the heavy volumes had been his sole companions.

"So you are going out into the great world, my child," he said to Zilpha. "Stay! Let me see you a moment in that. You will never wear anything more becoming than the dress you are in, this minute."

"You speak as though grave men like yourself, who save life, and do all sorts of great deeds without ever knowing it, ever took notice of the wings such useless butterflies flutter along with," said Zilpha—adding, with a plaintive little wail of sound running under the words, "if you only would take notice, the butterflies would be better butterflies than they are."

"But, Miss Zilpha, we do watch you, a vast deal more than you think or know, and it does no good,—where is my friend John?" he added, turning to Mr. Kroy.

"He will be with us presently. I have taken him into business this year, and he is naturally a little anxious to prove himself worthy, so he stays at the office to the last minute."

"And you permit him to do it?" questioned Dr. —.

"Certainly, why not? If John is to make a thorough business man, he must know all the details; he must grow up as I have done to work early and late to achieve his fortune."

"*And then die!*" ejaculated Dr. —, quite solemnly, "Mind you, sir, the Almighty avenges himself time after time, and warns men not to misuse the gift of life. I cannot endure to see a youth tied down to do just as his father did before him. I want to see him adapt circumstances to his nature. No wonder you business men are dropping at desk and door."

"Dr. —, you do not know how well John looks," replied Mrs. Kroy "He seems quite able to do anything,"—and, at

that instant the young man entered, excited and wrought up by the events of an unusually busy day. He looked in the very blossom of health, to the eyes of his father and mother. He was delighted to find Dr. —. The dinner was announced, and, again, by display of silver and ceremony, Mr. Kroy sought to overwhelm the Doctor with a sense of his grandeur.

Dr. — slept that night on the finest linen, surrounded by luxurious appointments, in a room just over the large flagstone of his host, and dreamed, either sleeping or waking, of events that afterward were strangely true. He was on his way to the woods—the great, wide, full, free woods of the Adirondack region, whither he was wont to go year by year, to press with his sun-lured cheek the pillows of hemlock, to drink in, with eye, and ear, and heart, his kinship to Nature.

You do not know this Dr. —, and you never will know him, how great and grand and good and God-ful, if I may be permitted, with due reverence, to use the word, he is. In all his life, no human being had crept in so near his heart as the little girl, Zilpha Kroy, this rich man's daughter, with her crude thoughts and undaunted will. Don't imagine, please, that Dr. — was in love with Zilpha. An eagle might as well have striven to build its nest in a cloud, but the eagle could love the cloud, and fly past it, and know all the same that with himself it loved the upper airs, and drew near the gates of the Empyrean; thus Dr. — could know that there was capacity for deed and daring in this girl which made her akin to him, butterfly though she might be.

He went to the woods: she went to Saratoga in due time, to Sharon, to Newport—wherever the tide of family and style turned (and Mr. Kroy watched the current with only less interest than the changes of the stock-market), there went at his command his wife, daughter, and son. For the good or ill-fortune which befel John in that summer, Dr. — was responsible, in that his strong words aroused Mr. Kroy to the knowledge that confinement was not good for him.

Zilpha verified her father's predictions.

She was the North Star of the horizon where she moved, not by virtue of her father's name and position, not by fact of his skill as Financier, railroad king, nor steamship enterprise, but by her bright, dazzling outcome of simple girlhood, which was as erratic as rich. She said what she thought, and dared to act in defiance of every mere ceremony, and yet as she carried an affluent atmosphere of trueness and light as she moved, even Dame Society began to study its creed, and to wonder, if, after all, the old laws were *just right*. Mrs. Kroy hesitated and sometimes feared, but in the end approved of Zilpha's words and acts. Mr. Kroy was proud of her, for were not her praises in the ears of the world of society; was not she the bright centre of all eyes? Yes, he was proud of her, and she, dear little heart, thought herself weak and wicked and vain, and despised herself inwardly for all the dress and fuss and folly that she was entangled by, and resolved that only one summer should be given to the world. After that she would be—well, something good and noble and true—exactly how she could accomplish this and why she should do it she did not understand, not comprehending one whit more than the rest of the children of this world, the tendrils dropped down from the heavens for children to climb by.

#### CHAPTER XX.

Autumn came. The year was at the full. Whatever the spring had promised or the summer brought, had been poured into the months of September and October. The days were come wherein the earth, mellow, ripe, and sweet, stood still under golden suns, and looked back into the face of the sky her abounding gratitude for the gifts of the year.

Did you ever notice, how, when a man is pursuing a plan, or adopting a course in life that his own soul trembles before, this soul-tremble extends to the outside contact with those who love the individual, and how it stings, and pains and hurts to stand in their presence and be looked at? At such a crisis, a man hides from loving eyes so much as he may, and his emotions at such time shadow forth the

mightier feeling embodied in the cry to "he rocks to fall on and hide sinning man from the eye of God. Going home, with the crowd, after a long summer of pleasure, Zilpha thought of her father, of his long confinement in the city through the heats of the summer, and there arose in her heart a vague longing to do something for him beside to "look pretty," and "be gay," and "do him honor," according to request.

She went home prepared with earnest endeavor to make him happy—went home, to find, that he had anticipated their arrival, by plans for going to Europe. The first announcement of the coming event was made within the hour of their reaching home, by the tossing into Zilpha's lap of steamship tickets.

"There, little girl! Won't that make your eyes bright?" said Mr. Kroy, standing at her side.

Zilpha took up the bits of paper, and exclaimed! "O father! How could you, when we have just come home, and oh, I wanted to make you so happy, indeed I did," and Zilpha, with one of her springing movements, was at her father's neck with tears and clasp of arms such as he could scarcely withstand, great, strong-headed, cold-hearted man that he was. If only he had *not* withstood them, if he had but kept her near him.

"Papa!" she cried, "why do you send us away? either you don't love us, or else you are afraid of us, isn't he, mamma?" Mrs. Kroy at the instant came in. "Look! Tickets for Europe! Annie Starr wrote me that she was going to *do* Europe. Is that the errand you send us on, because I rather some other messenger be sent," said Zilpha.

"Going to Europe, Christopher!" exclaimed Mrs. Kroy, sinking in a chair, benumbed with fear.

"Why not, Cornelia? I thought it would please you. A pleasant party will be going out in the same steamer, the Stars, and the Crystals and the Gems, and, I do not know who beside. I am surprised, but it is always just so whenever I try to do anything to please you. I thought you would be thankful and like

it." Mr. Kroy deceived his wife, in that she thought him sincere in his words. She repented instantly, declaring that she fully appreciated his kindness of intention and was grateful for it, but go she could not, out of mortal dread of the ocean.

What strength of motive the man put forth in secret, none may know, for, in spite of mortal dread and every opposing obstacle, in three weeks from that date, Mrs. Kroy and Zilpha were passengers in an outward bound steamship. Mr. Kroy accompanied the vessel down the bay, and to the outermost point of leave-taking, bidding wife and child good-speed and surrounding them with comforts and luxuries to the last moment.

Going to her state-room at night, overcome by excitement and the sea, Zilpha found, on her pillow, flowers. Flowers placed there by the hand of her father. Zilpha caught the fragrant mementoes of the land she had left, and which was going down in the distance, with a great swelling of her heart. She clasped them, and kissed them, and cried over them. No one deed of her father's past, so touched her heart as the flowers found on her pillow amid the ocean. She knelt down, regardless of the rolling of the sea, and, half in words, half in sobs, she made of the flowers a dumb kind of offering toward Heaven. She wanted to be happy. Her father wished her to enjoy life. She wanted her father to be at peace in some way. She knew he was rich, but she also knew that his riches had not brought him happiness; so she, vaguely, with throbs and heart-ache, knelt in the ship, and I don't suppose she prayed according to any orthodox form of prayer, but she exhaled something toward Heaven, that I think went up as far and met with as gracious reception at the Gate as many a wordy pleading of ritual or form.

The steamer arrived, and due notice of its arrival was returned to America.

Mr. Kroy lived in stately grandeur in the great, shut-up, up-town house, with his son John. Grace Clear had little to do, and so she watched with a very watch-dog air every motion of her mas-

ter, he scarcely minding whether it were she, or a picture on the wall that gazed down at him, so busy was he with plot and plan.

That autumn the steamships were afloat. Palaces were they, to the people voyaging in them. They became immensely popular, and no line received greater patronage than that of the "Great Cloud, Wave Co." The stock of the company advanced rapidly to par, passed that point, and was at a premium. Every dollar of stock was sold. Mr. Kroy was a shrewd financier. He calculated chances with sharp accuracy, and usually rode well and safely to the zenith of speculations. He imagined that the acme of the enterprise had come, and his stock in the Co. was quietly offered for sale. Eager bidders snatched it up.

"Thank Goodness!" exclaimed Mr. Kroy one night, as he entered his dwelling at a late hour and carefully made the door fast. "Thank Goodness!" he ejaculated, drawing the final bolt, "that I am out of that enterprise safely. Another week and I might have lost all."

From a shadowy place uprose Grace Clear. "I did not know but you might require some service to-night," she said.

Now, Mr. Kroy was exceedingly angry at having been caught, as it were, by Grace, for he had thought himself alone in the silent hall at that hour of midnight.

He was about to visit her impertinent intrusion with suitable words, when there suddenly visited him in vision consciousness of all the careless, unguarded moments in which he had ignored her presence; moreover, there she was standing, her eyes aflash with a sapphire light, and burning with a half maniacal glare. I have before this time made mention of the fact that this man, Christopher Kroy, was a coward. He absolutely quivered in the instant that intervened ere he spoke again.

"What is it, Grace?" he questioned, going nearer to her. "Are you ill, poor girl?"

A blow from his hand would not have astonished Grace, but the words, "poor girl," so unlike Mr. Kroy, melted her pur-

pose, whatever it was. It fled away from her, the glare left her eyes, and the whole appearance of her face and figure changed, as she cried out, "Oh, Mr. Kroy, I am so sorry for you. Mr. John is out looking for you to tell the story himself."

"The story! What story? Out with it, quick."

"Oh, I'm afraid to tell it, indeed I am."

"Stand aside!" he cried, "let me go and find some one. Where are the servants? Why is there no one here to tell me what has happened?"

"Mr. Kroy, every one in the house is afraid of you. Nobody dared to come here and meet you. I'll tell. Mrs. Kroy and Miss Zilpha are lost!"

"Lost!" I can't describe accent or emotion. To any reader of this story, to whom in the way of life, a human being has come and said suddenly, "your father," "mother," "brother," "sister," "husband, or lover" "is dead," can comprehend the stricture that passed over the man's being.

At the instant John entered. "It is dreadful news, father," he said. "The steamer burned on the Mediterranean, and there can be no doubt but that they were lost; here are the names. Mr. Starr sent the news." John Kroy spoke quickly, an awful excitement throbbing through the words, and then the youth, scarce out of the boyhood, having told the story, threw his arms around his father's neck and wept.

Mr. Kroy threw him off with an impatient gesture, demanded evidence, and, under the gas-light in the library, whose grandeur had vanished from him, he sat down to scan and weigh, to find all that could be found in the few and simple sentences forwarded by Mr. Starr.

At that midnight hour Mrs. Kroy and Zilpha were well and awake, after a night of sweetest rest. No suspicion dawned on their minds that, because they had secured passage on a certain steamer and been just too late, through no carelessness of their own in reaching the place of departure, that, because the steamer had been burned and many of its passengers lost, that the news thereof would be trans-

mitted to America, together with the list of passengers, their own names of the number.

Little knew they of the shock that had gone up to their home across the ocean.

Mr. Kroy professed to doubt the truth of the statement. Outwardly, he went forth the next day denying it, upon one pretext or another, to his fellow-men, yet, secretly, believing the news to be true. Meanwhile he must wait. A few days, a very few, would give the truth or falseness of the story.

For weeks Mr. Kroy had known that a storm in the money market was gathering. A few, who had gained—sitting on the watch-towers of finance, could see the forces gathering, and they were preparing to harvest; whilst the many, the little ones down below, busy with work, were yet planting and preparing for growth.

The words, "Misfortune never comes single," are often repeated and often verified by experience.

The two days next ensuing were disastrous days to Mr. Kroy. He lost by thousands in just the securities he had invested in as stable if all else failed. To-day this stock fell, to-morrow that, and he began to be troubled. The temptation had been growing, growing around the man, to issue fraudulent stock. Already he had the stock prepared, but he had never issued it. Time and again at hour of midnight, had Grace Clear been watching, she might have seen the strong, erect form of her master, bending with eyes fixed on certain papers lying before him. It needed but his name to put gold in place of useless paper. Time and again his pen had paused, ink-filled, above the blank for his name, but something had drawn him back; some face, or form, or look, had come to him out of childhood, or youth, or manhood, and, when all had failed, his fatherhood uprose within him, and visions of Zilpha in her proud, petulant scorn on the night when she had threatened to avenge his meanness of purse toward her grandmother and aunts had put the tempta-

tion at bay—at bay only—for it confronted him wherever he went, pleading that it would be such easy matter to call thousands to his aid.

The storm had not touched hardy little shrubs of the market, such as the Great Steamship Company's stock. Time was precious—losses accumulated—heavy demands were coming in on the morrow—John was a boy—men could outlive that temporary disgrace. His wife with her patient, long-suffering face was gone. Zilpha! the father's heart smote him. Had he not sent her away on purpose that she might not discover the iniquity in which he was chilling his soul, and now she was gone! The blood purpled about his finger-nails; the current moved slow; there were rocks to impede its progress from brain and heart and vein. Poor Christopher Kroy! Nature made you better than you knew, that you must discipline yourself through years of wrong, and yet, at the last, great final hour of fight, wear out so. Once Mr. Kroy turned around. A sound smote on his hearing. His blood leaped, for he thought Zilpha was calling him—"Father! Father!" he heard spoken; he was certain of it, and all was still. He listened, hushing the signs of his own living the while, but the deep note of a bell striking "one" was the only sound that came to him. He arose presently and shoved in still tighter the bolt of the hall-door. He stealthily approached the avenue of access to his son's room, and locked that. He might have saved himself the precaution, for John was deep in the careless, healthful sleep of youth. No dream visited his pillow of the deed that was in doing so near him.

"I will be a man," thought Mr. Kroy. "These foolish fears have unnerved me," and he drank glasses of wine, one, two, three. Mr. Kroy was not a wine-drinker. Intemperance in drinking was not one of his sins.

With a laugh almost, that a demon might have hailed and doubtless did with delight, Mr. Kroy returned to his chair. A flicker in the light attracted him, a surge of gas bubbled up, you see

the pressure was stronger, the lights being out. He turned off the current and sat steadily looking at it a moment—then, with a sigh, he snatched his pen, and, in his peculiar bold hand, scratched off his name on the uppermost paper of the pile lying there. Perhaps he did it just to see how it looked. A cold touch seemed to fall on his shoulder—I cannot tell you how real it was to him. He started, turned pale and grew insensible.

The pale light of the morning came in, trying to subdue the snarling light of the gas—and still the man lay there where he had fallen back, his mouth open, his eyes shut, breathing heavily, wearily, like one under the very burden of sleep. The day arose, bright, burnished, crispy, glorious.

A low knock on Mr. Kroy's door did not disturb him. John, alarmed to find the approach to his father's room cut off, knocked and called, without answer.

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### LEISURE MOMENTS.

So much has been said in the daily and weekly papers of the late HENRY J. RAYMOND, that it may seem unnecessary to add even a word to the unanimous expression of sorrow at his sudden and apparently untimely removal from that sphere of activity in which he had gained such wide distinction, and which he labored so earnestly and so effectively to elevate and dignify. Indeed, nothing need be added to the recognition of his extraordinary skill and facility as a journalist and editor; for if those who have eulogized him with such warmth had not unanimously acknowledged his professional abilities, the results of his labors would remain as his most enduring and eloquent monument. But there are some phases of his character which can only be appropriately discussed by the few who had the good fortune to labor with him or under his direction for a longer or shorter period of his editorial career, as it was the privilege of the writer to do for nearly nine years. Each one of these felt that in the death of Mr. RAYMOND they had lost a friend,—a friend, too, in the most emphatic sense of that occasionally unmeaning word; for it was one of his most marked characteristics that, undemonstrative as he was, he almost uniformly became strongly attached to those whom he called to assist him in the discharge of his laborious professional duties. As a matter of course, but few even of this number were taken into his confidence, for his natural reserve could not easily be broken through. On one or two occasions, however, he gave touching proof of the strong attachment which he felt for his co-laborers and subordinates. Those who participated in a dinner given Mr. RAYMOND by the associate editors of the *Times*, previous to his departure for Europe, just before his last visit thither, some

two years ago, will never forget with what depth of feeling, as betrayed in the glistening eye and trembling voice, he expressed his sense of obligation to those who had worked with him for the interests of the journal in which they all felt so great a pride; with what sincerity he expressed his regret that those who might, under circumstances like those with which he had contended, have worked their way to similar positions, were virtually shut out from such rewards; and the emphasis with which he asserted that none of those who were employed upon the *Times* should ever leave it, save of their own will. Nor was Mr. RAYMOND betrayed into these expressions by the impulse of the occasion. Conscientiously careful as he was of the reputation of the journal he conducted, he never yielded a place upon its staff to any whose ability and fitness he had not critically tested; and it seldom happened that his judgment was at fault. Only a few weeks ago one of the assistant editors, who had been connected with the *Times* since it was established,—eighteen years ago,—was taken away by death; and there still remain connected with the paper two others whose terms of service have now outrun that of their lamented chief. Keenly as Mr. RAYMOND felt any apparent superiority of enterprise on the part of the journals with which his own was in constant competition, he never allowed himself to be betrayed into hasty or harsh censure of the one in charge of the department which might be responsible for the seeming deficiency. Indeed any delinquency was its own best punishment, for Mr. RAYMOND always succeeded in making the head of each department feel that pride in the paper, and that degree of ambition to put it foremost in every respect, which has secured for the



*Times* the enviable position it holds among American journals.

Those whose good fortune it was to know Mr. RAYMOND in the intimacy of daily intercourse, can best understand with how much injustice he was now and then represented as a plotting politician. Demagogues, accustomed to scheme and intrigue, often miscalculated Mr. RAYMOND'S purposes, because they took it for granted that he would adopt the same means to secure his ends which they employed; and when they found that they had failed to out-manceuvre him, accused him of tricks of which they were themselves alone capable. Mr. RAYMOND now and then yielded to the fascinations of political life, but he repeatedly refused positions which professional politicians would have regarded as the reward of a life of labor, and he seemed to covet position with the most unselfish motives,—that his friends, rather than that he himself might reap the rewards. Then on more than one occasion he adopted a line of conduct against his own better judgment, and with the generous purpose of serving those who had been his political associates. With the party bearings of the famous Philadelphia Convention we have here nothing to do; but the fact should be placed on record that Mr. RAYMOND took the course that he pursued on that occasion solely to serve Secretary Seward and President Johnson, and because they insisted that he must take the lead in that demonstration in order to defeat his own fears that the movement would fall under the control of Southern extremists. That object he accomplished with the tact and skill which were his most marked characteristics, and he took the step with the full knowledge that it would involve the sacrifice of associations which he had been a lifetime in forming. This single act, grossly misinterpreted as it has been by political opponents, gives all the proof that could ever be needed that Mr. RAYMOND was unselfish as a politician, that he was self-sacrificing as a friend, and that he could act boldly when occasion demanded. As regarded his age, Mr. RAYMOND fell apparently in his prime; but he had performed in fifty years more labor than many who seem the most active are able to accomplish in threescore and ten, and his influence will survive him longer, perhaps, than it would have done had he been allowed to fill out the measure of a well-rounded life.

“ILL weeds thrive apace.” We have a

friend, who is a conservative in politics and a Radical in horticulture, who insists that all weeds should be plucked out by the roots, put in a basket, and carried away to that potter's field of the garden—the pig-pen. He is wrong, and that altogether. No weed is an ill weed, if properly managed. It is so much carbon, nitrogen, and hydrogen. It has sucked something from the soil, but far more from the air. Passed through the pig-pen purgatory, it becomes a fertilizer; cut down at the proper time and left to rot upon the ground, it is humus, muck, a top-dressing, the natural manure; a positive source of wealth to the soil. What need, then, of the manipulations of the pig's nose? Perhaps that sentence contains a bull; but then pigs are “handy” with their noses.

Speaking of weeds and their utilities, perhaps our very vices have their uses. In fact, it requires an educated conscience to distinguish a vice from a virtue, so narrow is the margin between them. Going to the library-shelf a moment ago, we found the Bible and Upton's “Military Tactics” side by side. Opening the Bible, by an odd coincidence the first text we read was, “Thou shalt not kill.” There is a positive utterance upon which no one puts a literal interpretation. Killing may become a very respectable occupation, to which a lifetime may be worthily devoted. Who shall draw the line between avarice and thrift, covetousness and ambition, falsehood and wholesome fiction, or between lust and love? The same instinct controls all. Our vices, like our virtues, spring as it were out of the necessities of our natures. They are weeds in the garden of our life; not in themselves necessarily noxious, under the disciplinary government of an overruling Providence, but something to be recognized, repressed and utilized.

Henry Ward Beecher once preached a noble sermon upon the education of the conscience, the idea of which was that there is a scholarship in the comprehension of right and wrong.

A VERY practical man, a money-making mechanic, whom we had never suspected of any æsthetic sense, surprised us once by a very terse criticism on the merits of two different landscapes. We pointed out to him a wide expanse of salt-meadow, of river and bay and whitening sails, with Staten Island in the background, and the spires of Trinity and St. Paul's peering up over Bergen Heights. He said, “Your own prospect is better. This

is gray, dim, monotonous. The mountain view changes constantly. It is never the same. Sunset and sunrise give different effects; and the changes of the seasons are always distinctly marked." We have thought of this many times since, as we looked from a window commanding the whole range of the "First Mountain." It is kaleidoscopic. Every change of atmosphere or season, of sunlight or cloud, produces a different effect. It is the same picture always, but is reproduced to us in other colors. Sometimes it is an engraving, all black and white. Again it stands out glorious in colors as rich as Bierstadt throws upon his Yosemite wonders—now golden with sunshine, and now sad with dripping mists; it is a continual blessing. But after all, one must have the water to the west of him, if he wants to see a sunset; and fresh water is better than salt. The great lakes give to those who dwell upon their eastern shores some wonders of color. As the sun goes down, the huge banks of clouds reflect the water at various angles. A single mass of "cumulus," for instance, will be of a deep sullen purple in the centre, shading off towards its edges by a succession of tints into the most delicate amethyst.

THE strawberry season is "done gone." A friend who had a basket of "ouncers," twelve of them weighing a pound—don't accuse us of lying, for it is a fact which has been several times proved to us this season—when it was suggested to him that they were too handsome to eat, quietly replied, "Would you eat a bouquet?" At breakfast one morning we CARVED a "Boyden's Thirty," dividing it between two ladies, and each had three fair bites at her half. And speaking of breakfast, that is the time to eat fruits, especially berries and cantaloupes. Water-melons may be eaten at any time of day; but cantaloupes should be the first dish on the breakfast table. They appease the entire meal. If it were not that they are "in bad odor," Bermuda onions would be a choice fruit for the matutinal meal. People MAKE strawberries in New Jersey; that is, they invent them. Long-legged farmers, with slouch straw hats, talk to you learnedly about staminate and pistillate and hybridizing. They realize in a very practical way what Byron calls the "loves of the flowers." For instance, no intelligent grower would set a bed of Green Prolifics without wedding them in alternate rows to some variety of the other sex. In the end this promiscuous intercourse will kill the strawberry, and we will

have to begin anew with the wild plant. There are physiological reasons why the present process cannot go on much further. Cherries have been cultivated to death. Peaches are on their last legs, and pears show signs of decadence. The aristocracy will always perish, without constant infusions of fresh, vigorous, plebeian blood. Even a strawberry bed has its political theories.

WHILE the bucolic mood is upon us—and how can it be otherwise when we are summing in the country?—animals must come in for their share of attention. Now about dogs. We have read somewhere, that dogs are noted for fidelity. It is something more than that. It is a love which will bear reproach, punishment, hardship, starvation. But through it all runs a vein of jealousy, of passionate attachment, which "brooks no rival near the throne." No good dog will peacefully permit his master to pat another dog. And, finally, when madness comes, there is a human insanity which teaches the dog to bite first his best friend, to suspect most those whom he has best loved. There is a strange perversion of a true morality in hydrophobia, in which the poor brute snaps first at the hand that has fed him. How far removed are jealous men, or jealous women?

ONE of the most enjoyable absurdities of "our republican form of government" may be found in the increasing frequency of liveries for coachmen and footmen. They get better and better, laughable and more laughable, all the time. The best and most tasteful that we see—at once ornate and elegant—is worn by the coachman of a delightful friend of ours, who before the war was a journeyman tailor, during the war a contractor, and is now a millionaire. We have suspected him of making that livery himself; but men with much money don't sit cross-legged and make purple velvet breeches for their servants. Yet we venture to assert that his own sartorial genius invented that artistic livery.

To get back to rural life. There is no hearty fun in behaving in the country as you do in the city. There is more real comfort in corner-store gossip, than busy minds are apt to appreciate. The workings of minds that read little, think all day in the solitude of the field, and then express their thoughts in social "gab" on the store steps, are a curious and altogether pleasant study. Farmers acquire a strange individuality and self-assertion. In

the constant attrition of city life we gradually merge our own beings with the personalities of others; mix up, and become half ourselves and half somebody else. We have principles, convictions, motives of action; but we borrow another's form of expression, dilute our phrase, and become more polite and less truthful. Yet in this very truthfulness there is an intensity, an exaggeration, which grows to falsehood. Lounging down to the "corners" to-night, we heard a man, whom we would trust in any money matter, say that another—a dying man—had *never* told the truth, that his dying was all a humbug, and that no man ever, under any circumstances, had heard him say, or known him do anything truthfully! Only the solitude of farm life can breed such absurdities.

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HERE is another suggestion about farm life. Everybody knows that farmers, and rich farmers, are likely to be afraid of "coming to the poor-house," and so develop a miserable impecunious insanity. Try their life yourself. Have hired men, with wondrous appetites; solemn-faced cows, whinnying horses, squalling pigs, eager dogs, and clucking chickens, all clamorous at your heels for food, and you will see the philosophy of that form of insanity. They beg you crazy.

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HAVE you watched the office-seeking mania since Grant came into office? It has been right comical. Men in comfortable and respectable circumstances have seemed to be possessed with the idea that one dollar in government funds was worth two dollars earned otherwise. We can understand the passion for position—in fact would accept a cabinet office ourselves. But this greedy hunger, this famine for place, is past our lazy comprehension. We have met one notable exception. A Christian gentleman, true as steel, the realization of what our mother once said she wished us to be, dropped in at evening and read to us a letter which killed his ambitions. It was from a dear personal friend, whose promotion to high office shut out our interlocutor from any chance. Yet the letter was kind, cordial, funny, generous, full of soul. It was as honest as the man to whom it was addressed—and that is saying a good deal. So our friend lay back in an easy-chair, laughed over the letter, bade farewell to his own immediate ambitions, and decided to wait for the better time that is sure to come, even in this life, for all such as him. Was he not sensible?

WE have heard a friend relate the following story, which strikingly illustrates the effect of the imagination on one's nerves and manliness. A farmer, very corpulent in person, was at work in the hay-field on a certain time, in company with a grown-up son, who was remarkably slender. Towards evening the father had occasion to visit his house, which was a goodly distance from the meadow. He went, taking his "jacket" on his arm. Getting cooled off during his slow walk, he slipped the jacket on just before he reached his home. But to his great surprise he found the garment far too small; it would not meet by a frightful space. He was horrified, for he suddenly remembered that the meadow had a "copperhead" reputation. He had been told that a person bitten by the poisonous reptile suddenly swelled to fearful proportions and died. He had been bitten! That was plain. Strange that he had not discovered it before! Why! he was twice his usual size, for his jacket couldn't be made to span but little more than half his body. In a state of terrible excitement he hurried home, and meeting his good wife at the door, told her that he had been bitten by a snake and hadn't an hour to live! She dispatched a messenger for the nearest doctor in great haste, and then got her husband upon the bed, amidst his groans and cries to God for mercy. She next attempted to get off his jacket, but not until he had called her attention to the frightfully swollen state of his body, and showed her that in spite of all his muscular efforts his vest would span only a small part of the corpulent mass. The anxious wife hereupon made a discovery that gave a decidedly comic turn to the tragic scene. "La sus, John! if you hain't got on Dick's jacket."—"Dick's jacket! Zounds! it can't be."—"I tell you 'tis, John, for I made 'em both, and they are jist alike, only yours as big as two of Dick's." Springing from the bed by a single bound, and tearing off the unfortunate jacket, John satisfied himself that he *had* appropriated Dick's jacket instead of his own. It is unnecessary to add that he had no occasion for the doctor's services, and that all his alarming symptoms disappeared as by magic.

Let us not be over-hasty in drawing our inferences. Let us be sure of our facts before we philosophize upon them. Let us be careful that the imagination never gets the better of our reason. Let us know to a certainty that we have got on our own jacket and not Dick's before we make a fool of ourselves.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS ABROAD.

LONDON, June 23.

THE severity of the weather makes it almost impossible to realize that midsummer has arrived, though the fact is confirmed by other symptoms, one of them being the paucity of new books. Publishing will in England now be mainly left over to the autumn and early winter, and until then only a slight sprinkling of new publications can be looked for. The season now passing has been an unsatisfactory one for publishers, and it seems that complaints of a similar state of things are current in America. It is curious that the universal spread of intelligence, and constantly growing demand for reading matter, does not give steadiness to the trade—considered merely as a trade—but the contrary is the fact. Few businesses seem more exposed to the influence of unforeseen causes than bookselling and publishing, or suffer more from them. In England, the opposition of the cheap and dear systems of producing books, now brought into action face to face, is supposed by many to account for the uncertain value of literary property. In the United States, however, where there is no old system of virtual monopoly to struggle with, this reason cannot apply; and it must only be said that there is a want of harmony at present existing between the means of communicating knowledge, and the taste or means of those who should be its recipients, more easily deplored than explained. One of the really great works that remind us of the best days of publishing has, however, just appeared—the new edition of M'Culloch's *Dictionary of Commerce and Commercial Navigation, Practical, Theoretical, and Historical*. It is now about forty years since the first edition came out; in fact, it has taken nearly half a century to grow to what it now is—a repository of principles and facts relating to all subjects connected with trade and commerce, unequalled in extent, fidelity, and facility of reference. Ten years have passed since the last previous edition was published, and half that time the work has been entirely out of print. The Dictionary now appears completely revised, corrected, and brought down to the present time (being all reset and stereotyped in double columns), by the son-in-law and secretary of the author, J. R. M'Culloch—Mr. Hugo Reed, who has been engaged on the work for many years before the death of Mr. M'Culloch. It forms a massive octavo of 1,560 pages, containing as much matter as a dozen ordinary

volumes of the same denomination, and is illustrated with nearly fifty finely executed maps, etc., including detailed charts of all the great seaports and commercial centres of the world. So late is the information it contains, that it gives the particulars of the new Russian Tariff of 1869, and the changes in the English Internal Revenues, the methods of collecting, etc., introduced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lowe, in his budget, brought forward during the present session. It is, in short, a *vade mecum* for every man who aspires to be a *merchant*, instead of a mere petty trader; and must find its way into the counting-room of every intelligent firm in the mercantile world, without any exception of country. Certain it is, that the shrewd business men of America will be among the first to ascertain the value of this book, in the daily emergencies of their career—where perhaps the knowledge, at the right moment, of a single fact among the thousands contained in its pages, may be the stepping-stone to fortune and eminence.

The new library edition of the writings of Thomas Carlyle, revised and arranged by the author, is proceeding with great spirit, almost every volume, indeed, possessing some special attraction to recommend it to his admirers. The completion of *The French Revolution*, in three vols., has been followed by *The Life of Schiller*, the most purely "classic," perhaps, of the author's works. The present edition contains much new matter of great importance, relating to the reception of the book in Germany, where it could be best judged, with Goethe's preface and plates, from the German edition, where the house of Schiller at Weimar, and the rustic cottage of his biographer, in Ayrshire, are placed side by side, as objects of equal interest. *Schiller's Life* has been succeeded by Volume I. of *Miscellaneous Critical Essays*, finally revised and arranged by the author. It contains a beautiful engraving from the famous portrait by G. F. Watts, R. A., affording an interesting subject of comparison with the photographic head in Volume I. of this edition. To a cursory observer, there seems much new matter introduced in the appendices, summaries, etc., of this instalment of the *Miscellanies*. They will be completed in six volumes.

Scarcely has the reading world digested Mr. John Forster's *Life of Landor*, when another equally voluminous contribution to literary history has appeared in *The Diary*,

*Reminiscences, and Correspondence of Henry Crabbe Robinson*, selected and edited by Dr. Sadler, the work of a man of age as advanced as Lander's, who died recently in his ninety-second year. It seems as if the *nonagenarians* were making their place good in literature, and rivaling the old lawyers in liveliness of faculties and length of days. Mr. Robinson, indeed, had much to recollect and relate. He is duly characterized in his epitaph, "Friend and associate of Goethe and Wordsworth, Wieland and Coleridge, Flaxman and Burke, Clarkson and Charles Lamb." These, indeed, are only *representative* names, as to them might be added those of almost every man of eminence during the present century. "Crabby" (as Miss Lamb used to call him) was connected by birth with the dissenting literary circles—the Barbaulds, Aikins, Belshams, Martineaus, etc., of the Eastern Counties, and being left with a small independence, passed five years of his life (from 1800 to 1805) at the University of Jena, Frankfort, and Weimar, where he enjoyed the acquaintance of men like Goethe, Schiller, Schelling, Herder, Tieck, Wieland, etc., whose names were scarcely current at that time in England, though now of world-wide recognition. This gave him a great advantage in society on his return, and to the last he kept up his connection with the *litterati* of Germany. The most remarkable event of his foreign life was his introduction to Madame de Staël, in 1804, as the person best competent to explain the mysteries of German Philosophy. He succeeded so well in this arduous task that they became firm friends; and to his recommendation it was due that Madame de Staël chose A. W. Schlegel as the tutor of her children and her own companion, to whom most of the value of her work on Germany is due. After some adventures as war correspondent of "The Times," in Holstein and Spain, Mr. Robinson became a barrister, but left the bar at the age of fifty-three, after having moderately increased his income by the pursuit. He devoted the long remainder of his career to the kindly offices of friendship and social intercourse, leading a life of retired leisure among the society he most loved. He certainly is wanting in the peculiar skill of a *Boswell*, but then the world has never known but one. His diary shows little mental power beyond a cultivated shrewdness of intellect. He was all his life fond of discussing metaphysical and religious problems, but made no advance, and seems

at the end as much a questioner as at the beginning. Endowed with fine health and a joyous temperament, his power of attracting affection from the worthiest objects was something wonderful, almost *magnetic*. He must have been nearly eighty when he made the acquaintance of Lady Byron; yet she shortly writes to him in the most unreserved manner, and on the most delicate of topics—a subject, indeed, that she was silent on to the world; no utterance was ever wrung from her relating to it—the character of her husband. Her testimony is so new and important for appreciating Lord Byron, (in fact the most valuable thing in the book) that a few sentences must be given. Writing in 1855, she says: "Not merely from casual expressions, but from the whole tenor of Lord Byron's feelings, I could not but conclude he was a believer in the inspiration of the Bible, and held the gloomiest Calvinistic tenets. To that unhappy view of the relation of the creature to the Creator, I have always ascribed the misery of his life. . . . It was impossible for me to doubt that, could he have been at once assured of pardon, his living faith in the moral duty and love of virtue would have conquered every temptation. Judge, then, how I must hate the creed which made him see God as an *avenger*, not a *father*. His physical peculiarity he connected, as a stamp, with this idea. 'The worst of it is, *I do believe*,' he said. I, like all connected with him, was broken against the rock of predestination. I may be pardoned for referring to his frequent expression of the sentiment—that I was only sent to show him the happiness he was forbidden to enjoy." The world now knows more of the true character of Lady Byron, from Miss Martineau's beautiful sketch, in her recent volume of Biographies, and will appreciate the above testimony at its worth. Mr. Robinson's diary gives us (many will say) too much of Wordsworth, enough of Coleridge, and too little of Charles Lamb, though it is pleasant to read even the merest memoranda of him, and the oddly assorted circle of friends that gathered round his hearth for the immortal Wednesday whist parties. Godwin, Hazlitt, George Dyer, Capt. Burney, etc., names that never tire, are connected with the memory of "that frail, good man," alike endeared to us by his weaknesses as by his excellences. One feels that it is a privilege to have read the book, and participated (in a shadowy manner) in the intimacy of its writer with the great and good.

Other works of literary interest, are a complete edition of *Matthew Arnold's Poems*, in two volumes (not improved by severe revision, say some critics); a new edition, for the public, of a work hitherto only known to the few as privately circulated, *Arthur Hugh Clough's Life, Letters, and Prose Remains*, also in two volumes; and a "Globe Edition" of *Pope's Poetical Works*, carefully edited and annotated by Prof. A. W. Ward, of Manchester.

In Theological Literature the most noticeable feature is the continued success of that important undertaking, *The Library of the Ante-Nicene Fathers of the Eastern and Western Churches*; both are represented in the last issues of the series: *The Writings of Clement of Alexandria*, Volume II., and *The Works of Tertullian*, Volume I., Clement never having met with a translator into English before, and Tertullian with only a partial one. The same publishers (Messrs. Clark) have also brought out in their *Foreign Theological Library*, *The Prophecies of Ezekiel elucidated*, by Dr. Hengstenberg (whose recent death is now mourned), and *The Words of the Apostles*, by Rudolph Stier, a supplemental continuation to his well-known exhaustive work, *The Words of Christ*. Dr. Pusey's *Eirenicon*, Part II., *First Letter to Rev. J. H. Newman*, on the subject of the Immaculate Conception, fills (in spite of its name) a substantial octavo of 500 pages. The same indefatigable scholar has also just published a translation from the Portuguese of a famous work of Mystical Devotion, by Fra Thome de Jesu, *The Sufferings of Jesus*, in two volumes.

In the Literature of Travel a book that should meet with a wide reception in the United States, looking at the great interests connected with Central America and the Isthmus, is *Dottings on the Road-Side in Panama, Nicaragua, and Mosquito*, by Capt. Pim, R.N., and Dr. Seemann. Probably no part of the world that made equal noise in its day is so little known as the famous Mosquito realm and its dusky king. Both geographical and ethnological science owe much to their "Notes," their joint authors combining the peculiar provinces of the explorer and the scientific observer. It is handsomely got up, and satisfactorily illustrated with maps and plates. Almost equally fresh ground is broken in *Travels in the Central Caucasus*, by Douglas W. Freshfield, one of the three members of the Alpine Club who made the famous ascents of Mounts Kazbek and

Elbruz, recorded in this volume. His journey began with a visit paid to the Hauran and the regions beyond the Jordan, famous for the supposed identification of the ruined towns now existing there with the cities of the gigantic Rephaim, celebrated in Jewish history. Mr. Freshfield's account of these ancient remains, wonderful from their perfect state of preservation, will be read with interest by biblical students. He is indisposed to allow them a higher antiquity than a late Roman era. As relating to biblical subjects, it may be mentioned that Sir Henry Rawlinson, at the last meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society, gave the remarkable announcement that the progress now reached in the collection and arrangement of the Nineveh inscribed fragments, made it beyond a doubt that they would be able to derive the whole of the history given in the Book of the Genesis, from the time of Abraham, from the original documents, and it was not too much to expect that almost the same facts and descriptions would be found in the Babylonian documents as in the Bible. He hoped very soon to have ready a paper on the Garden of Eden, in which he would show that was the natural name of Babylon. The rivers bore the very same names, and the Babylonian documents gave an exact geographical account of the Garden of Eden. The Flood and the Tower of Babel would be found to be most amply illustrated in the Babylonian documents. This is startling news; some would almost suppose some confusion of ideas in the reporters, as hitherto it has been understood that little progress had been made in the interpretation of the Babylonian inscriptions (as compared with those of Nineveh), owing to the greater complexity of the characters and the large admixture of a Hamitic or Turaman element in the language. The sphere of knowledge widens every day, however, and we just learn from a letter of Dr. Beke's that Professor Owen, while journeying in Egypt with the Prince of Wales, discovered in the remains exhumed by M. Mariette, in the northeasternmost portion of Egypt, proof of the existence of a people, "certainly not African, not Ethiopian, but Asiatic, with indications of a more northern origin than the Assyrian or the Hindoo." In Greece, Mr. George Finlay (the first living authority in all that relates to that region) draws attention to the use of the study of pre-historic archæology, and the proof already afforded by it of the existence

of a considerable population who lived all over Greece, who used stone implements, and had no knowledge of working in metal. All tradition of this period seems to have been utterly lost to the races that invented the mythology of the Greeks. Mr. Finlay observes, "But surely the popular myths of the Golden Age and its concomitants may allow us to think that the poets retained glimpses of a past that was totally obscure to the sages and historians." The last new ethnological fact to be mentioned, is the late discovery by M. Sartel, in the rocks of the Dordogne, of human remains coeval with the mammoth, and possessing unique points of interest. Five skeletons have been found belonging to some gigantic race, whose limbs, both in size and form, must have resembled those of the gorilla. "Three of the skulls are perfect, and evidently contained very voluminous brains." A report is expected on them from a committee of savants. These exciting topics have led me away from books. Fortunately there needs not much to be said about the latter. *Roma Sotterranea*, the joint production of a Catholic and a Protestant divine—Dr. Northcote, President of St. Mary's, Oscot, and Rev. Mr. Brownlow, of Trinity College, Cambridge—is a beautifully illustrated volume, and gives the fullest account of the famous Roman Catacombs, and the relics they enshrine of early Christianity, in our language. Mr. John Stuart Mill's *Subjection of Women* is of course in every hand in America long before this will reach

you. The English critics seem shy of speaking on the merits of the question, but all agree as to the sincere, deep, and genuine feeling of the author in the advocacy of a cause that promises little glory for its champion. Mr. Arthur Young's *Historical Sketch of the French Bar, from its Origin to the Present Day, with Biographical Notices of some of the Principal Advocates of the Nineteenth Century*, has the advantage of a new subject. It will be read with attention by others than the legal fraternity, who study the influence of law, and, of course, lawyers, on a nation's development. *Historical Reminiscences of the City of London and its Living Companies*, by the Rev. T. Arundell, has a direct historical bearing on the deep questions of municipal polity that spring up with the growth of great cities in America, as well as in Europe. The completion of the Life of the famous Lord Cochrane by his son, the Earl of Dundonald, in completion of his father's *Autobiography of a Seaman*, narrates to its close a career of never-failing interest. Cochrane was the Napier of the Sea.

Among announcements of future books, two of the most promising are, *The Queen of the Air, being a Study of the Greek Myths of Cloud and Storm*, by John Ruskin; and *The Origin and Development of Religious Beliefs*, by S. Baring Gould:—Part I., *Heathenism and Mosaism*. Mr. Froude's *History of England* will reach its termination in volumes XI. and XII., now described as in the press.

## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

### LECKY'S HISTORY OF EUROPEAN MORALS.<sup>1</sup>

MR. LECKY belongs to the school of liberal thinkers who assume the antagonism of Science and Revelation, theology and freedom of thought, the progressive spirit and the philosophy of the nineteenth century, and the authority of a divine and supernatural faith. Hence the necessity of reading him with care and discrimination, noting his assumptions, scrutinizing his statements, and making great allowance for his theological biases and antipathies. His former work, published a few years since, entitled "The Rise and Influence of Rationalism," gave him no little reputation as a brilliant and effective writer, whose chaste and beautiful style charmed

the reader. But it was a partial, and far from an original and satisfactory view of the subject. And the same is true of the present work. While an able, and, in some respects, an original and highly valuable contribution to the ethical literature of the day, it is marred by defects and prejudices and assumptions which detract not a little from its merits. The author's religious skepticism crops out frequently and very offensively. So strong are his sympathies on the side of Rationalism, that he fails to see the need of evidence to sustain many of his positions, and fails to do justice to Christianity as a divine and supernatural religion. While he freely acknowledges its transcendent worth, and sets forth its beneficial effects in language so forcible and eloquent as to remind the reader of some of the noblest Apologies of Christian

<sup>1</sup> History of European Morals, from Augustus to Charlemagne. By Edward Hartpole Lecky, M.A. In two volumes. D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, pp. 493, 423.

writers, he yet boldly denies its Divine origin and ignores the very elements and forces to which it owes its wonderful efficacy.

It is not a little singular that Mr. Lecky should not go back to the rise of Christianity in Judea, but starts from the date of its introduction into the Roman Empire. Was it to avoid the difficult question as to its origin, which a mind naturally candid and judicial like his would have found it hard to solve? "The first rise of Christianity in Judea is a subject wholly apart from this book. We are examining only the subsequent movement in the Roman Empire. Of this movement it may be boldly asserted, that the assumption of a moral or intellectual miracle is utterly gratuitous."

The sketch of the state of Roman morals under Augustus is masterly, and drawn with historical fidelity. The conflicting schools of philosophy are clearly and ably described, and their utter insufficiency to check the tide of declension and save the Empire from ruin is vividly depicted. He then passes to consider at length the introduction and rapid spread of the Christian religion throughout the Roman dominion, and traces and notes its remarkable effects. And here the author appears to best advantage. He seems in sympathy with his theme, and his pages glow with burning thoughts, often expressed in language singularly eloquent and impressive. No champion of the Cross ever uttered stronger and truer words in asserting the superiority of Christianity to all the other philosophies and religions of mankind, and the significance and grandeur of its conquests. His admissions and pleas on this point are worthy of special note. After showing how passionately and restlessly the world was seeking for a new faith, having discarded their old religions, he remarks:

"In the midst of this movement, Christianity gained its ascendancy, and we can be at no loss to discover the cause of its triumph. No other religion, under such circumstances, had ever combined so many distinct elements of power and attraction. Unlike the Jewish religion, it was bound by no localities, and was equally adapted for every nation and every class. Unlike Stoicism, it appealed in the strongest manner to the affections, and offered all the charm of a sympathetic worship. Unlike the Egyptian religions, it united with its distinctive teachings a pure and noble system of ethics, and proved itself capable of realizing it in action. It proclaimed, amid a vast movement of social and national amalgamation, the uni-

versal brotherhood of mankind. Amid the softening influences of philosophy and civilization, it taught the supreme sanctity of love. To the slave, who had never before exercised so large an influence over Roman religious life, it was the religion of the suffering and the oppressed. To the philosopher, it was at once the echo of the highest ethics of the later Stoics, and the expansion of the best teachings of the school of Plato. To a world thirsting for prodigy, it offered a history replete with wonders more strange than those of Apollonius; while the Jew and the Chaldean could scarcely rival its exorcists, and the legends of continual miracles circulated among its followers. To a world deeply conscious of political dissolution, and prying eagerly and anxiously into the future, it proclaimed with a thrilling power the immediate destruction of the globe—the glory of all its friends, and the damnation of all its foes. To a world that had grown very weary gazing on the cold, passionless grandeur which Cato realized, and which Lucan sung, it presented an ideal of compassion and love—an ideal destined for centuries to draw around it all that was greatest as well as all that was noblest upon earth—a Teacher who could weep by the sepulchre of his friend, who was touched with the feeling of our infirmities.

. . . The chief cause of its success was the congruity of its teaching with the spiritual nature of mankind. . . . Above all, the doctrine of salvation by belief, which then for the first time flashed upon the world; the persuasion, realized with all the vividness of novelty, that Christianity opened out to its votaries eternal happiness, while all beyond its pale were doomed to an eternity of torture, supplied a motive of action as powerful as it is perhaps possible to conceive."

And again, in summing up the achievements of Christianity in a philanthropic point of view, he says: "The high conception that has been formed of the sanctity of human life, the protection of infancy, the elevation and final emancipation of the slave classes, the suppression of barbarous games, the creation of a vast and multifarious organization of charity, and the education of the imagination by the Christian type, constitute together a movement of philanthropy which has never been paralleled or approached in the Pagan world."

Notwithstanding the author affirms that he has endeavored to "exclude all considerations of a purely theological or controversial character," theologians will find enough in it to criticize. He is terribly severe on the dogma of salvation on the ground of orthodox belief. Calvinism is his abhorrence. The theological spirit is the mother of abominations



in his sight. "There arises in the minds of scientific men a conviction, amounting to absolute moral certainty, that the whole course of physical nature is governed by law, that the notion of the perpetual interference of the Deity with some particular classes of its phenomena is false and unscientific, and that the theological habit of interpreting the catastrophes of nature as divine warnings or punishments or disciplines, is a baseless and pernicious superstition." And much more of the same sort. But what must we think of the following statement?—"Had the Irish peasants been less chaste, they would have been more prosperous. Had that fearful famine, which in the present century desolated the land, fallen upon a people who thought more of accumulating subsistence than of avoiding sin, multitudes might now be living who perished by literal starvation on the dreary hills of Limerick or Skibbereen."

A large space is devoted to a consideration of the effects which the evolutions in morals which he describes, have had upon the character and position of woman, and upon the grave moral questions concerning the relations of the sexes. This important branch of the subject is treated with great delicacy and at the same time with thoroughness and ability.

On the whole, we commend this work as a scholarly and able production. While not a thoroughly original and exhaustive treatise, nor entirely impartial and reliable, it is yet an admirable guide, and presents the results of extensive reading in a highly interesting and suggestive manner.

#### BRIEF NOTES ON BOOKS.

Essay on Divorce and Divorce Legislation, with special reference to the United States. By Theodore Woolsey, D.D., LL.D., President of Yale College. C. Scribner & Co. 12mo, pp. 308.

The substance of this volume was contributed to the *New Englander* during the years 1867-1868. In this form the discussion attracted wide attention and comment, not only because of its opportuneness, but also on account of the position of the author, and the sensible, able, and thorough manner in which the subject was handled. In addition to a careful revision of the original essays the author now adds several notes on various points. The headings of the several chapters will show the wide range which President Woolsey gives to the discussion. I. Divorce among the Hebrews, Greeks and Romans. II. Doctrine of Divorce in the New Testament. III. Law of Divorce in the Roman Empire, and in the

Christian Church. IV. Divorce and Divorce Law in Europe since the Reformation. V. Divorce and Divorce Law in the United States. VI. Attitude of the Church toward Divorce Law; Principles of Divorce Legislation.

The subject here discussed in the light of Scripture teaching, and ancient and modern history and legislation, is, confessedly, one of great importance to religion and to morals, to the Church and the State, and we are glad that one so eminently fitted for the task has applied himself studiously and conscientiously to it, and produced a work that cannot fail to have great weight with the public, and especially with legislators and jurists. The Divorce Laws of several of our States, even those of Connecticut, are extremely lax, and the facility with which divorce can be obtained, and the tendency of much of the social life of the day, are inducing low views of the marriage relation, and fast demoralizing the family state. His exegesis of the New Testament will stand the test of criticism. According to the law of Christ, as he clearly establishes it by various passages, there is but *one* ground on which divorce can be lawfully sought and granted. He points out clearly what ought to be the aim of legislation on the subject, and how the Christian Church ought to act in enforcing the command of Christ within its own pale. Not the least valuable part of the volume is that which embodies a clear and intelligent view of the legislation of various times and nations in relation to divorce.

Walter Savage Landor. A Biography. By John Forster. In eight books. Fields, Osgood & Co. 8vo, pp. 603.

The biography of such a man cannot be otherwise than interesting as a whole. But it is unfortunately too voluminous, making over 1100 pages in the English edition, and a large octavo in solid type in the American. It is necessarily tedious reading, and much of it dull and unimportant. As a biography, it is not only full and exhaustive, but candid and impartial. The man is described as he really was, with all his foibles, weaknesses and eccentricities, and they were many and excessive: nothing is kept back. The friendship and admiration of the biographer do not color the picture. And we confess that the portrait is not a very lovable one. The book will not awaken any enthusiasm in behalf of the subject of it. To us the most valuable part is that which gives an ample analysis of his various writings and full specimens of the most important of them.

Five Acres Too Much. By Robert B. Roosevelt. Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 296.

The "Five Acres Too Much" consisted of Flushing building lots, bought at a speculative price, upon which the author set up as an amateur farmer, experimenting freely according to the latest "science," and giving the public in this racy and humorous book

the benefit of his experience in the matter of profit and loss. It is a wholesome satire on the class of books represented by "Ten Acres Enough." It is as good as a plunge-bath for a poor soul afflicted with the country fever. We advise our city readers, if they are casting longing eyes towards the country as a place to live cheaply and make money by farming, to get and read "Five Acres Too Much" before they purchase and remove into some rural district.

*Mopsa the Fairy.* By Jean Ingelow. With illustrations. Roberts Brothers. 16mo, pp. 264.

We have so recently expressed our high appreciation of the writings of this gifted author, that we need only at present announce a new work from her pen. It is a work that is sure to take high rank among books of its class. Indeed, we have seen nothing for a long while in this line so exquisitely beautiful and so healthful. No truer picture of fairy nature has ever been drawn.

*Wandering Recollections of a Somewhat Busy Life.* An Autobiography. By John Neal. Roberts Brothers. 16mo, pp. 431.

An autobiography by so veritable a Yankee as John Neal—a man who has been a "painter, peddler, poet, confectioner, novelist, shopkeeper, reviewer, lawyer, lecturer, and, in fact, almost everything by starts, and nothing long"—can scarcely fail to be entertaining. He writes of himself with the utmost freedom. He begins with his boyhood, and gives reminiscences of every period of his life, and of his experiences in every relation of life, and on every field of activity. His sketches of many of his friends and contemporaries are lively and gossipy. Many of the anecdotes related are fresh, and will be relished by the reader.

*Sights and Sensations in France, Germany, and Switzerland; or, Experiences of an American Journalist in Europe.* By Edward Gould Buffum. Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 310.

The author began his career as a journalist in this city; spent several years on the Pacific coast as an editor, explorer, and legislator; and the last nine or ten years of his life in the capitals of western Europe as a correspondent of a leading New York journal. The style of the book is racy and entertaining. It is also informing. It gives the results of a good deal of close observation. The two most interesting chapters in the book are those on the Mont Cenis Tunnel and on the Baths of Hombourg, and the Great Gambling-hell of Europe.

*Famous London Merchants. A Book for Boys.* By H. R. Fox Bourne. With 25 illustrations. Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 295.

The design of this little volume is to furnish the younger class of readers with some account of the growth and influence of trade, and the work and character of its heroes. The author sketches briefly the career of thirteen London merchants of eminence, the last of whom is Mr. GEORGE PRABODY. The

purpose of the book is a happy one, but the execution is commonplace enough. He gives us mere skeletons instead of living characters. Had he confined himself to a single one of them, or at least to three or four representative men, and rounded out the history more, the lessons he aims to teach the young would have been more apparent and more impressive.

*Hymns of the Church. With Tunes.* A. S. Barnes & Co. 8vo, pp. 496.

We welcome books of this description when judiciously compiled, as this evidently has been; for it is an indication of a growing taste and demand for congregational singing. This has been prepared by a committee of the Reformed Church, consisting of Messrs. John R. and Alexander Thompson, and Ashbel G. Vermilye, greatly aided by Dr. Zachary Eddy. The musical part of the book has been arranged and edited by Mr. U. C. Upham. The collection embraces over a thousand hymns and chants, about half of which have been selected from the old book, and are, of course, familiar favorites, and the others from the 600 new hymns and chants approved at the last session of the General Synod. The new hymns include the best hymns from modern writers, several from Dr. Ray Palmer never before published, and translations from old German and Latin hymns. We are glad to see the original words restored to many favorite pieces. The Committee have set their faces against hymn-tinkering, of which so many compilers have been guilty. Of the music we are not competent to speak; but not a few competent critics who have examined the work say that it will be found in advance of that in any of the preceding books.

On the whole, we think "Hymns of the Church" will make its way into favor and extensive use. We like it even better than "Songs of the Sanctuary." The arrangement is simpler and more convenient. It makes more generous provision for congregational singing. The whole mechanical execution is superior to any book of the kind that has fallen under our eye. The publishers have shown excellent taste and judgment, and a commendable spirit of liberality, in the getting up of the collection.

*The Golden Chain of Praise.* Hymns by Thomas H. Gill. London: William Hunt & Co. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

IN HOURS AT HOME for February, 1868, under the title "An Unknown Hymn Writer," will be found a highly interesting sketch of the life and character of the author of this collection of hymns, and specimens of his composition, with highly appreciative criticisms upon them. It was announced in the paper referred to, that Mr. Gill thought seriously of collecting and publishing his hymns, quite a large number of which had already been contributed by him to a collection which his friend Mr. Dawson had published in England. We are glad to see that his purpose has been

carried out in the exceedingly beautiful volume before us. Hitherto he has scarcely been known in this country. And yet he is, beyond all question, one of the most original, intelligent, evangelical, and genuine of hymnists. His hymns are not of the common sort. There is a freshness and breadth of thought, a depth and maturity of Christian experience, a tender sensibility and a vehement spiritual ambition, united to a marked individuality of thought and style, which stamp them all as superior. We marvel that our collections have gathered so few from this source. There is one in a mutilated form in the "Andover Sabbath Hymn Book," and one in Mr. Beecher's "Plymouth Collection," and 28 in Dr. Freeman Clarke's "Disciple's Hymn Book," and this, we believe, is about all. We trust the time has come when the superior merits of many of Mr. Gill's hymns will be recognized. Mr. Randolph ought to find a ready sale for the work.

From Dawn to Dark in Italy. A Tale of the Reformation in the Sixteenth Century. Presbyterian Board of Publication. 16mo, pp. 538.

Less is known about the Italian Reformers who fought and fell in the struggle for God's truth, and whose names and histories should not be allowed to die out of our memories and grateful love, than about any others. This historical tale, which has been prepared with great care from the best authorities, is meant to make them better known. The writer presents a faithful picture of the period when the little light that had always lingered among the Vaudois in the recesses of the Alps, seemed rising and spreading on the horizon toward a perfect day. But that glorious light was quenched, gradually but surely. One by one, Italy's contingent to the noble army of martyrs was dismissed heavenward, amid blood and fire which darkened the land. Ruthless and bloody persecution was followed by a terrible retribution of spiritual death, from which there seemed, till quite recently, to be no resurrection. The same publishers have sent us *GOLDEN HILLS*, a tale of the Irish Famine, by the author of "Cedar Creek," truthfully and vividly sketching many of the scenes and incidents connected with that terrible visitation. Such books as the above are infinitely preferable to the fictitious trash and twattle which crowd the shelves of our Sunday-school libraries. We rejoice that the Board has brought out a new edition of that eminently useful and powerful book—never more timely and needed than in the year of our Lord 1869—*AN EARNEST MINISTRY THE WANT OF THE TIMES*, by John Angell James. A noticeable book too, published by the Board, is *THE PROPHET ELISHA*, by John M. Lowrie, D.D., with a memoir of the author by Rev. William D. Howard. The memoir is brief, but gives the outlines of a fine character, and a devoted and useful life. The dissertation on the Prophet Elisha

shows the author to have been a man of ability.

Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets. Lectures on the Vocation of the Preacher. By Edwin Paxton Hood. M. W. Dodd. 12mo, pp. 453.

This book, with so queer a title, is composed mainly of familiar lectures delivered to the students of Mr. Spurgeon's Pastor's College. It is not a treatise on homiletics, as one might naturally suppose, but is made up of anecdotes, biographical and historical sketches of preachers and preaching in various ages of the Church, and various other things having a bearing on the art of preaching. It is somewhat pretentious and very miscellaneous in its character; still it contains much useful matter, and theological students and young preachers may derive very many valuable hints from it. The same publisher has brought out a new edition in handsome style (2 vols. in 1) of that invaluable and exhaustive work, *THE GOSPEL TREASURY*, and *Expository Harmony of the Four Gospels*, by Robert Mimpriss. No Sunday-school teacher or student of the Bible should be without it. Also a new edition (30th) of *SIMMON'S SCRIPTURE MANUAL*, one of the best text-books in use.

Uncle John's Flower-Gatherers: A Companion for the Woods and the Fields. With illustrations. By Jane Jay Fuller. M. W. Dodd. 16mo, pp. 316.

Philip Brantley's Life-Work, and How He Found it. By M. E. M. M. W. Dodd. 12mo, pp. 262.

Emily Douglass; or, A Year with the Camerons. By T. R. Y. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. 16mo, pp. 252.

The first of these juveniles is an admirable book for young botanists. It combines good religious teaching with recreation, and is fitted to inspire a love of nature and a spirit of devotion. The second is in the form of a journal, in which the author weaves the story of his life, which, if not characterized by anything strange or eventful, will afford interest, and possibly profit, to the reader. The last of the three is a simple story, pleasantly told, of a worldly-minded child, whose religious training had been sadly neglected, received into the family of her aunt, and there won to Christ by good example and a holy atmosphere.

God's Furnace. By One Tried in the Fire. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. 16mo, pp. 165.

This little volume records the experience of a Christian woman of superior natural talents, with respect to the nature and efficacy of prayer, which is certainly remarkable. The author refuses to have her name appear. But Dr. McIlvaine, of Princeton, who knows her, and vouches for the genuineness of the record, was permitted to see the MS., and having read it with great interest, and believing that it might do great good to others, obtained the author's consent to have it published. It is a spiritual history which cannot fail to edify Christians.

The Marriage of the King's Son, and the Guilt of Unbelief. Two Sermons. By Rev. William James;

with some Memorials of his Life. Randolph & Co. 12mo, pp. 142.

Dr. James was a man of rare gifts and attainments, and a Christian of extraordinary purity and consecration, as all who knew him personally can testify. The brief outline of his life by Dr. Sprague, and the fuller sketch of his character and life by Rev. Henry Neill, are faithfully and beautifully drawn, and will prove highly acceptable to Mr. James's numerous friends. As a preacher he took a very high position, as the sermons here given will show he was entitled to. As a correspondent he was remarkably painstaking and faithful, as the letters here printed will prove.

The Divine-Human in the Incarnate and Written Word; and some Thoughts on the Atonement older than the Creeds. By a Member of the New York Bar. Randolph & Co. 12mo, pp. 201.

The object of this anonymous writer, and the spirit in which he writes, are good, and still we do not see that he sheds any new light on the two grave topics which he discusses—Inspiration and the Atonement. The essay is valuable chiefly as the production of a mind trained in the school of legal science, and viewing and discussing the subject from the stand-point of his profession. It is free from the technicalities of the schools. The style is singularly clear and simple, and yet forcible. It is brief, and yet comprehensive, and for the most part satisfactory. Many may be induced to read it and be benefited by it, who will not read one of the many learned and voluminous scholastic treatises which have been written on the subject.

The Third National Sunday-school Convention of the United States, 1869. Published by authority of the Convention. Philadelphia: J. C. Garrigues & Co. 8vo, pp. 188.

This Convention was held in Newark, N. J., during the month of April, and was probably the most important meeting of the kind ever convened. We have here a full photographic report of its proceedings, embracing the entire addresses made by the most prominent Sabbath-school workers in the country. It contains also a fine portrait and biographical sketch of the late R. G. Pardee.

The Sermons of Henry Ward Beecher, in Plymouth Church. From verbatim reports by T. J. Ellinwood. 8vo, pp. 438. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

The 27 sermons embraced in this neat volume have already appeared in the *Plymouth Pulpit*, published weekly by Messrs. Ford & Co. It is the only regular and authorized publication of Mr. Beecher's sermons. This volume closes the first six months. The prayers likewise are given, and the Scripture lessons and hymns sung are also indicated. Of the character of the sermons we have not space to speak: nor need we. Their variety and freshness are wonderful. One remark of their author in the preface is worth bearing in mind; for it expresses a great truth, but one too often lost sight of by our preachers: "Sermons will be interesting, not by the merit of

their contents, but by their skilful adaptation to the wants of men. The master-sermons of one age will fall powerless on another."

Stories in Verse. By Henry Abbey. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. 12mo, pp. 128.

We are no poet, and therefore are poorly qualified to judge of the merit of poetry. But when we see the name of our friend RANDOLPH, either as author or publisher, associated with a poem or a volume of poetry, we know there is something good in it. His name will do more to conciliate criticism and gain favor for this exceedingly neat volume, than any words of ours. And then we are restrained from praising it by the consideration that the author is a personal friend, and a very modest man withal, who writes poetry (this is not his *first* venture) *con amore*; not for fame or profit, but because the spirit of poesy is in him, and it *must* find expression, whether it find readers and admirers or not.

Men, Women, and Ghosts. By Elizabeth Sturt Phelps. Fields, Osgood & Co. 12mo, pp. 334.

These stories have mostly appeared in various magazines, one of them under the title of "Magdalene" in *HOURS AT HOME*. They possess varying merit. Some of them will charm, while they edify and move the soul to pity and sympathy and prayer; while others, like "The Day of My Death," and "Kentucky's Ghost," will excite morbid passions to the injury of the young and credulous. We are pained that so gifted a pen should lend its countenance to spirit rappings and other spiritual manifestations, and recount marvelous ghost stories for the amusement of young people, and doubly so that she should assure them that "every syllable is true," and affirm "why a man who can swallow Daniel and the lions' den, or take down t'other chap who lived three days comfortable into the inside of a whale, should make faces at what I've got to tell I can't see." Such things may seem smart, and such spicy writing may cater to a vitiated public taste and sell well, but it is a sad use of genius nevertheless, and the moral effect is anything but good.

The same publishers announce a uniform household edition of THACKERAY'S NOVELS, similar in style to their household edition of Reade's novels, combining "cheapness, legibility, compactness, and elegance," bound in green morocco cloth, and sold at \$1.25. That masterpiece of modern fiction—VANITY FAIR, THE NEWCOMES, THE VIRGINIANS, HENRY ESMOND, LOVEL THE WIDOWER and PENDENNIS, are already published. The Messrs. Harper have also begun an edition of the same novels at rates so low as to excite surprise. Think of VANITY FAIR in 332 large octavo pages, well printed on good paper, with all of Thackeray's own illustrations, for 50 cents! They have already issued VANITY FAIR, THE NEWCOMES and THE VIRGINIANS.

**Problematic Characters.** A novel. By Friedrich Spielhagen. Author's edition. Leypoldt & Holt. 12mo, pp. 507.

The author of this work is acknowledged in Germany to rank among the best of modern writers of fiction, and most German critics regard "Problematic Characters" as the most practical and interesting of his many works. Prof. de Vere's translation is excellently done.

**Warwick; or, The Lost Nationalities of America.** A novel. By Mansfield Tracy Walworth. Dedicated to the Editor of the *Home Journal*, MORRIS PHILIPS, Esq. G. W. Carleton. 12mo, pp. 490.

The change from the pure, out-door air of such a quiet German novel, to the hot-house atmosphere of an American sensational story, is not agreeable nor conducive to favorable criticism. "Warwick" is neither better nor worse than the class of novels to which it belongs. It is not entirely wanting in interest as a story, but there is no marked individuality of character in it, and no vivid picture of real life. The absurdity of much of it is absolutely ludicrous. May Delano, the heroine of the story, is beautiful, accomplished, gentle, pious, and a real theologian—but an inveterate horse-racer! On her famous "Warwick" she distances the fleetest high-breeds in all the country about; indeed, she challenged a bevy of gallants to compete for her hand and fortune in a race the most daring that man or woman ever ran, and her neck was not broken! His hero, too, is made to fall down a pit, into which he was being lowered, till he reached the very bowels of the earth, but instead of being dashed to atoms he landed safely, and found there his lost love, which he had been sighing and searching for in vain during many years! All such absurdities, with such language as the following: "Their highest offices were held by the Pentacosiodimni; their second grade were called the Hippodatoelomtes; the third class the Zyengitæ; and the common people." Beat that who can.

**Italy; Florence and Venice.** Translated from the French of H. Taine, by J. Durand. Leypoldt & Holt. 8vo, pp. 285.

This work is uniform with "Rome and Naples," by the same author. Its mechanical appearance is perfect, and its literary merits of the first order. The reader will find it difficult to lay it aside until he has read the last page of it, and at every step he will feel increasing admiration for the author till it amounts to downright enthusiasm. His faculty of observation and his power of description are keen, discriminating, and vivid in the extreme, while his æsthetic tastes and critical judgments respecting art are exquisite and highly valuable. With the history of Italian art he is thoroughly conversant, and he has studied its art from its history, and not its history from its art, as Ruskin does. The strongest language seems weak in praising such a book.

**Frank Harvey in Paris, and How he Spent his Sundays.** Presb. Pub. Committee. 18mo, pp. 197.

**Annie's Gold Cross, and its Mysterious Motto.** By the author of "Nellie Grey." 16mo, pp. 267. Same publisher.

We regret that so little taste is shown in the choice of type and some other things in the generally good books issued by this Board of Publication. They lack the exquisite taste and fitness which mark the publications of the Messrs. Carter of the same class of books.

**Friday Lowe.** By Mrs. C. E. K. Davis. J. C. Garrigues & Co. 16mo, pp. 346.

One of the best books of the kind we have read in a long while. The story of the orphan girl, the moral of the book, and the whole mechanical execution of it, are excellent. Give us more of such books for the Sunday-school—sensible, healthful, and bracing to the mind and heart of a child. It is quite time that our Sunday-school literature, both prose and poetry, was thoroughly overhauled by some one competent for the task, and quite a new style of books—sensible, thoughtful, historical, and informing—were introduced.

**The Ingham Papers.** By Edward E. Hale. Fields, Osgood & Co. 12mo, pp. 266.

This volume is made up of stories which have already appeared in various magazines. The author is too well known to need an introduction to our readers. He is widely regarded as one of our best story writers. And yet his style of writing is not to our liking. It is not a healthy, instructive one. We tire of this endless frivolity and nonsense. The several stories here reproduced, such as *The Good-Natured Pendulum*, *Paul Jones and Dennis Duval*, *Round the World in a Hack*, *Friends Meeting*, *Did he Take the Prince to Ride*, etc., are rather awkwardly made to hang upon a factitious Mr. Ingham, whose queer biography introduces the series. Still it is a book that will afford pleasure to those fond of this kind of writing.

**The Dodge Club; or, Italy in 1859.** By James De Mille. With 100 illustrations. Harpers. 8vo, pp. 133, paper cover.

**Mental Photographs. An Album for Confessions of Tastes, Habits, and Convictions.** Edited by Robert Saxton. Leypoldt & Holt.

**Aspects of Humanity, Brokenly Mirrored in the Ever-swelling Current of Human Speech.** J. B. Lippincott & Co.

**Care Cast upon the Lord.** By the Rev. J. Hall, D.D. D. F. Randolph & Co.

**The Ark of Elm Island.** By Rev. Elijah Kellogg. The first of a series of Elm Island Stories. Lee & Shepard. 16mo, pp. 288.

**Journal of Social Science, containing the Transactions of the American Association.** No. 1, June, 1869. Leypoldt & Holt. 8vo, pp. 200.

**Breaking a Butterfly; or, Blanche Ellerslie's Ending.** By the author of *Guy Livingstone*, etc. Harper & Brothers. 8vo, paper cover, pp. 139.

**Kathleen.** By the author of *Raymond's Heroine*. No. 322 Library of Select Novels. Harper & Brothers. Paper cover. 8vo, pp.

**The Danish Islands: Are we Bound in Honor to Pay for Them?** By James Parton. Fields, Osgood & Co.

# HOURS AT HOME;

A POPULAR

MONTHLY OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

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## A DOUBLE LITERARY CAREER.

ABOUT thirty miles north-west of Strasbourg, there stands on an abrupt elevation, forming part of the romantic Vosges Mountains, and within a short distance of the old dividing line between the provinces of Lorraine and Alsace, the small fortified town of Phalsbourg. Like the other links of the chain of fortresses extending along the eastern frontier of France, the place has stood many severe shocks of war. In former days it had a well-established reputation as one of the strongest points in Central Europe. Rising, like an eagle's nest, on the crest of an isolated hill, the little stronghold can boast, indeed, that no enemy has ever forced its gates. But with the modern improvements in artillery, its old fame for impregnability, vindicated for the last time in 1815, against a besieging force of the allies, could now probably be maintained no longer.

Every building of the town is comprised within the fortifications, which form a vast rectangle. Although situated on the great highway from Strasbourg to Paris, Phalsbourg has had, like all places suffering from compression within ramparts and ditches, but a stunted growth. The population, numbering less than two thousand souls, nine-tenths of whom are German-speaking Frenchmen, has experienced hardly any increase during the last fifty years. The inhabitants live, without

thriving, mainly upon the relatively large garrison. Their business consists almost exclusively in keeping *cafés* and *brasseries* for the entertainment of the military idlers among them, and in supplying their own wants and those of the inhabitants of the neighboring villages from small retail stores. The only local branch of industry, besides the ordinary mechanical trades, is the manufacture of a liquor of considerable provincial repute, known as the *Eau de noyau de Phalsbourg*. Though of pleasant appearance, with its regular streets, a fine public square in the centre, and several commanding public buildings, the town has a decidedly provincial look. The only noteworthy public institution it possesses is a second-rate college, a dependency of the University of Nancy.

Of this college, good or bad fortune made me an inmate in the year A.D. 1849, when I was a little more than fourteen years old. The circumstances that brought me to the bosom of this ALMA MATER, form no pleasant part of the reminiscences of my younger years. There was a sort of tradition, arising no doubt from the still vivid recollection of the days of French rule under the first Napoleon, in the small town of Rhenish Bavaria where I was reared, that French colleges, with their more rigid discipline, were far better places for curbing unruly youths than the domes-

tic gymnasia. In accordance with this belief, some of the less promising offsprings of the upper classes of the town, were regularly consigned every year to the tender mercies of the nearest colleges on the other side of the line, one of the best patronized being that of Phalsbourg. The cause of my condemnation to a correctionary term in the latter, was an extraordinary one. The revolutionary excitement that prevailed throughout Germany in 1848 and '49, had seized the rising generation no less than people of riper years. When it rose to the pitch of open insurrection against the royal government in our province, in the summer of 1849, the students of our local gymnasium were among the most enthusiastic sympathizers with the democratic uprising. Though a mere boy, I was one of the most ardent democrats among my schoolmates and improved every opportunity to manifest my hostility to the old order of things. Our recitations were opened daily with a prescribed prayer, which was read by the members of the class in regular succession, and which contained a special plea for the preservation of "the anointed of the Lord, his majesty our gracious sovereign and king." Upon the establishment of a provisional government, our class agreed, that the portion of the prayer, relative to the king, should be thenceforth omitted by us. It so happened that my turn to read the prayer came first, after we had made this bold resolve. True to our mutual pledge, I skipped the condemned passage. Our professor having noticed the omission and asked me what it meant, I replied without faltering, that, as we had now a republican government, a prayer for the king was not only no longer appropriate, but unlawful. The professor, a fanatical royalist, seemed at first entirely taken aback; but soon recovered from his astonishment and, in an enraged tone, gave us one of the severest lectures we had ever received from his lips. But his ire, of which we had formerly stood in great awe, had lost all terror for us. I refused to obey his order to read the omitted sentence, and when he advanced thereupon threateningly from his desk towards me, the whole class

jumped on the benches with a shout of defiance. This vanquished him. He picked up his hat, left the room, and was not seen again that day. The next morning, at the reopening of the class, he asked me quietly to read the prayer. I complied, but again skipped the objectionable passage, whereupon the scene of the day before was repeated. Finding himself unable to cope with us, he announced, in his sternest tone, that he would no longer submit to the insults of "a set of young rebels," but should suspend the recitations until after the restoration of "law and order" in the land should enable him to curb our mutinous spirit. True to his word, he made his exit, and did not reappear in the class-room as long as the provisional government swayed over the province.

We were by no means displeased with this turn of the crisis. Nor did our boldness result in any immediate disagreeable consequences. Freed from the fetters of collegiate discipline, doubly irksome in that period of political ferment, we spent our ample leisure in watching the drill of the republican volunteers of the town, escorting moving bodies of troops through the streets, and in attending the daily meetings of the "democratic club." Having no books, no professors, no overseers to bother us, we felt as free as birds in the air. My freedom was even more absolute than that of my companions. For I was relieved for the time being even from the restraints of parental surveillance. My father, the presiding judge of the district court and a devoted royalist, had made himself specially odious to the dominant party by severe sentences in former political trials. Knowing that his liberty, if not his life, would be in danger, if he remained, he had left for distant parts with the rest of the family, leaving me with the servants in charge of the household. His absence enabled me to do in all things exactly as I pleased—a privilege, which my comrades, who remained under the parental eye, envied me no little.

The fun was great, while it lasted; but it was not of long duration. The insur-

rection was short-lived. In less than six weeks after the institution of the provisional government, an army of sixty thousand Prussians, under the command of the now King William I., invaded Rhenish Bavaria and swept the whole fabric out of existence. In spite of the apparent enthusiasm of the inhabitants for the republican cause, and the strenuous efforts of the leaders of the insurrection, but a few thousand men, and they poorly drilled, armed, and disciplined, were available for disputing the advance of the Northern myrmidons. Realizing the futility of resistance to the mighty invading host, the provisional authorities ordered all armed bodies to fall back before it across the Rhine, with a view to forming a junction with the more numerous and better organized forces at the disposal of the revolutionary government of Baden. I remember well the general consternation in our town, when the news arrived, that the Prussians had crossed the frontier, but a few miles distant, and when, a few hours later, marching orders were received by our volunteers. As the "general" was beating, the whole population crowded excitedly into the streets. There was plentiful weeping and wailing, as well as defiant singing and shouting. The young men rather liked the prospect of stirring events; but the sedate burghers beyond the middle age and the weaker sex paled at the sudden apparition of the grim spectre of civil war. A proclamation of the provisional government was distributed, summoning all able-bodied men to arms and ordering them to join the organized volunteers in the "glorious struggle for liberty." It had, I regret to say, anything but the desired effect. Not a corporal's guard of all the crowd of "citizens" that was to be seen at every meeting of the political club, appeared on the drill-ground, where the volunteers assembled previous to their retreat. Even of the latter a considerable percentage failed to respond to the roll-call. But I, for one, felt of sterner stuff. I resolved—I cannot now help smiling when I recall my youthful ardor—that I would not be one of the craven; went home, hunted up

one of my father's fowling-pieces, packed a change of clothes and a few eatables into my school knapsack, and returning to the place of assembly, reported for duty to the commandant of the volunteers, a Prussian ex-officer, who received me with a "bravo, young man," which made me feel the bravest of the brave.

We left late in the afternoon, and marched twelve miles to another town in the direction of the federal fortress of Landau. The next day we made fifteen miles, and rested for the night in a large village. During the day we were joined by various other bodies, increasing our number to twelve hundred; much to the disgust of the villagers, upon whom we were quartered. Our next halt was to be in the fortress named; but we had hardly got under way the next morning, when we were stopped by the intelligence, that the Prussians, who had moved on a parallel road instead of following in our wake, as our commander supposed, were between us and the former. Soon after vedettes announced, that the enemy was actually advancing upon us. Our commander marched us at once by the flank to a range of hills, commanding a road to the French frontier, the only safe line of retreat left to us. Posting us on an eminence to the right and left of the road, he made known his determination to await the coming of the Prussians.

I must confess that my martial fire had been considerably cooled by my two days' actual experience of campaigning. I was foot-sore, hungry, and tired. Neither marching in a hot sun nor sleeping on hard floors nor eating at irregular hours and in insufficient quantities had proved very fascinating to me. My gun and knapsack had already become disagreeable burdens. The vulgarities of many of my companions in arms too had shocked and disgusted me. Thoughts of the comfortable home I had left added to my demoralization. What with this condition of body and mind and the recollection of what I had read of the terrible power of the needle-gun, with which I knew the Prussians to be armed, I did not contemplate the prospect of a colli-



sion with very cheerful feelings. Still, although I felt as though I would have given a good deal to be back in our town, I had pride enough left not to think of deserting in the face of the enemy.

The latter did not keep us waiting very long. In less than an hour after we had taken our position, the road in the valley below us was filled, as far as we could see, with the shining helmets, bayonets, swords, and guns of infantry, cavalry, and artillery. The hostile column moved on until it was fairly in our front. We had a battery of six guns with us, which commenced playing upon the enemy with round shot, as soon as they were within range, but apparently without much effect. Suddenly the column below halted, wheeled into line, and in a few minutes advanced upon us, preceded by swarms of skirmishers. With faint heart I gazed upon the spectacle. The little courage I had left deserted me altogether, when the hurrahs of the quickly moving assailants reached my ear. I was ready to run. In less than fifteen minutes I had the desired chance of following this impulse. The first shots were no sooner exchanged between the skirmishers we had thrown out and those of the enemy, than a marked wavering became perceptible along our line. The officers knew its meaning, and endeavored to prevent its culmination into an outright break. But their efforts, at first successful, were neutralized by the effect of the whistling of hostile bullets over our heads. This strange sound was too much for the nerves of the volunteers, mostly beardless youths, whose only acquaintance with villainous saltpetre dated from the drill-ground. As though moved by some invisible, but irresistible force, the rank and file, of a sudden, and with instinctive unanimity made a movement to the rear. Some of the officers were now willing enough to follow their commands; others, with brandished swords and violent objurgations, tried to check the flow of the backward tide. But their orders, no more than their remonstrances and threats were of any avail. A few minutes sufficed to intensify fear into terror, and to change

the retreating body into a confused mass of panic-stricken fugitives, flying in every direction.

I must avow the humiliating truth, that I was not the last to turn my back upon the field of glory. On the contrary, my previous fatigue was entirely forgotten, and, having rid myself of the impediments to rapid movement in the form of my piece and knapsack, made as good time as any one. I kept close to the heels of two fellow-townsmen who sought safety by striking at haphazard across the country in a direction leading away from the enemy. After running until our breath gave out, we stopped to catch the hue and cry of the supposed pursuit. No noise of either man or horse being audible behind us, we continued our flight at a slower pace. We soon came to a village, where we were directed to a little-travelled road, leading to the French frontier, for which we had concluded to make.

The distance being too great to reach the line the same day, we stopped overnight at a small hamlet. The next morning we resumed our journey, and before noon found ourselves under the protection of the French tricolor. Our further experience as refugees on foreign soil was not interesting enough to be related in detail. We made our way leisurely along the frontier until we reached the nearest point to our homes, where we recrossed the line, and on the evening of the sixth day after our inglorious escape from the Prussians saw the well-known steeples of our town once more before us.

We had not heard any news from home during our brief campaign. We supposed the Prussians were occupying our town, and their presumed presence together with our dilapidated appearance led us to wait until after nightfall before we sneaked through by-streets to our several homes. All day I had been tormented, not only with visions of imprisonment, if nothing worse, by the invaders, of whose merciless treatment of republican sympathizers in other parts of Germany I had read so much, but also by fears of paternal wrath. I hoped and prayed that my father had not yet returned from his

exile; but, alas! as I approached our house, the lighted windows warned me plainly enough that the absentees had returned, and that I would have to face the dreaded domestic storm at once. My reception by the head of the household was less trying than I had anticipated. Instead of the expected long reproaches, nothing but a sarcastic "Tis a pity that a cause which has such noble defenders should go down," escaped his lips. Still the expression of his eyes told me that I would not be let off so easily, and that harder punishment was in store for me.

The very next day I was informed by him, that, as I had myself conclusively demonstrated my need of severe training, I should be sent off to Phalsbourg at the end of the month. Knowing the inflexibility of his decisions, I abstained from all remonstrance, and resigned myself at once to my fate. But my mother, who was rather pleased than otherwise with my adventures, labored hard to change his mind upon the subject, and might have succeeded but for a new disagreeable development. I had not been at home more than a week, when my father received a communication from the rector of the gymnasium, conveying the unpleasant announcement, that, by an unanimous vote of the council of professors, I had been dismissed for my repeated refusal to pray for his majesty the king, and for my mutinous conduct towards the professor of my class. This settled the question of my going, and a fortnight later I mounted the mail-coach en route for the "*Collège de Phalsbourg*," whose reformatory influences I was to undergo for two years.

I do not exaggerate in saying that during all that period I did not for a single day know such a thing as real contentment. As may be known to some of my readers, the students of all French colleges consist of "*internes*," i. e., those from a distance, who receive both tuition and board and lodging in the college, and of "*externes*," or day-scholars. I was an "*interne*," and as such became as much a sufferer from the defects of the collegiate branch of public instruction in

France as the natives. The college was located in the dingy old buildings of a former convent, used as a barrack in the days of the first republic and Empire. The high walls that protected the monks from the noise and temptations of the outer world, still enclosed it on all sides. As is the rule in all French colleges, the students studied, slept, and ate together in large so-called *salles d'études*, dormitories, and refectories. The daily routine was as follows: Reveille in the summer at 4.30, and in the winter at 5 A.M. Ten minutes for washing in troughs so primitive that even a stage-horse would have disdained to use them. Next prayer, followed by an hour's study in the *salles d'études*, where overseers were always present, enforcing the strictest silence and diligence, and inflicting the severest punishment for the slightest infraction of the rules. Then came breakfast, consisting invariably all the year round of a chunk of dry bread with water to suit on five days of the week, and a small glass of sour red wine every Thursday and Sunday. Only to sick and convalescent students a cup of warm milk was allowed. Half an hour's recreation followed, in either the corridors or the small yards, after which the recitations commenced and continued until twelve. Ten minutes later a trumpet-signal announced dinner. The fare was composed with unfailing regularity of broth, with slices of bread cut in, boiled meat, one kind of vegetables, bread, and a glass of wine. Only on Sunday there was a variation by the addition of a piece of cake. After dinner another recreation till one; from one till two study; and from two till four recitations. Four o'clock brought us another slice of bread and an hour's recreation. From five till half-past seven study, followed by a meagre supper, made up of some sort of ragout, salad, and bread, as little varied day after day as breakfast and dinner. After the evening meal another hour of recreation, at the end of which we were marched to bed. Not even whispering was allowed in the dormitories. The beds were of the rudest description, and more remarkable for

abundant vermin than anything else. No chair, bureau, or wardrobe was provided, our own trunks being the only means we had for storing our clothes. But a single dim lamp was allowed to a dormitory, though sixty students and two overseers slept in each.

The routine described became modified only on Thursdays and Sundays. On the afternoons of the former day a long promenade outside of the town took the place of the recitations. These walks, taken by classes, accompanied by overseers, through the picturesque surroundings of the town, and occupying from one to five hours, were to me like temporary releases from prison. On Sunday, when we were allowed to sleep an hour later, the forenoon was devoted to divine service and recreation, the afternoon to promenades like those on Thursdays, and the evenings to play. The only other opportunities, besides these semi-weekly walks, we had to see something of the world beyond the college-walls, was the so-called "*sortie*," i. e., a day's liberty in town, granted once a month in reward of uniform good conduct. The town being destitute of all attractions, this was really but a poor privilege. Yet it was considered a great boon by most of us and this mainly for the reason, that it gave us a chance to fill our stomachs, ever hungry under the scanty college diet, at the principal tavern, to the full extent of their cravings, at least once every thirty days.

But the insufficient and badly cooked food; the impossibility to keep cleanly, owing to the want of facilities for bathing and the allowance of only one change of linen a week; the confinement, the excessive amount of study required, and the tiresome sameness of our life, were not the only causes of my deep discontent. Though young, I knew enough to perceive the incapacity of most of the instructors. The military discipline to which we were subjected, too, was very irksome to me. To wear a uniform; to be drilled every day like army recruits; to perform every daily duty by strict command and in machine-like military order; to be punished for the slightest infraction of discipline as

rigorously as any regular soldier, was not at all to my taste. But the most trying part of my experience was the intense national prejudice of the native collegians towards me and my compatriots. We all went by the generic term of "Prussiens," by which most Frenchmen express their dislike of Germans ever since the invasions of 1814 and '15, and which has in their mouth the same meaning as "Hessian" in this country. This prejudice we were made to feel on every possible occasion. Malicious tricks were performed and intentional quarrels forced upon us almost daily, and but for our strong German muscles and the protection of the overseers, our existence would have been unendurable.

This anti-German feeling naturally prevented me from making many friends. There were, indeed, but two of the native students for whom I cared anything and who cared anything for me. The person to whom I became most attached, was, indeed, not a student. When I first came to the college, I could carry on an ordinary conversation in French; but was not familiar enough with the native vernacular to follow the several branches of study with facility. To perfect me as rapidly as possible in the language, I took for some time private lessons of one of the *maîtres d'études*. It was for him that I conceived a stronger attachment than for any other person in the college.

When I saw him for the first time he seemed to me the very type of manly beauty, and this impression never left me afterwards. He was of middle height, and of strong, but well-proportioned build. His rich auburn hair was cut short enough to bring out the outlines of a remarkably fine head. His fully, but closely-trimmed beard framed a most intellectual face. A lofty forehead, large piercing eyes of a brilliant black, a fine Greek nose, and firmly set, yet handsome mouth, were the striking features of a countenance in which thoughtfulness, determination and nobility of purpose were reflected as though from a mirror. His voice was rich in tone and at the same time one of the most melodious I ever

heard. Altogether, his appearance was such that even an inexperienced observer of human nature would have pronounced him at once a more than ordinary man.

The feeling of respect with which his striking exterior inspired me like all the rest of the collegians, became a warmer one as I learned to know him better in the course of my private lessons. As he was many years older, a close communion of thought and feeling between us was out of the question. Yet I soon saw that he entertained something beyond a mere interest in my studies for me, in return for the admiration, which he could not help noticing I felt for him. He occupied a little, scantily furnished room in one of the college-buildings, where I received my lessons several times a week. Those hours formed so bright a relief from the dreary monotony of the college routine, that they never came around fast enough. I must confess, however, that the principal attraction of my visits to his room was not so much the increase of my knowledge of French, which resulted from them, as the familiar chats, which followed invariably after the first few lessons at the close of each recitation. His face usually bore a stern expression, and he had the reputation among the students of being reserved and taciturn. This belief was natural enough, considering his uniform habit of pacing up and down with his arms crossed on his back in the *salles d'études*, without hardly ever uttering a word. But I soon found out, that, though not mirthful, he was really very sympathetic and communicative, and that, when once interested in a subject, he would talk as freely as any one. Encouraged by this discovery, I began to make various confidential communications to him in regard to my past history and my aspirations for the future. In return he told me by degrees a good deal of his personal history.

Alexandre Chatrian—the name will reveal to the reader that the humble overseer of 1849 has since become a celebrated personage—was born in 1826, in the hamlet of Soldatenthal, situated within a few miles of Phalsbourg, where his father held an official position in connection with the

management of the public forests. His parents were anxious to give their son a liberal education and for that purpose sent him to the Phalsbourg college after he had mastered the rudimentary branches in a neighboring village-school. But they found, after he had spent there but three of the prescribed six years, that their means would not permit them to let him go through the whole course. Alexandre was very reluctant to abandon his studies; but, of course, had to yield to stern necessity. Some of his ancestors having distinguished themselves in the manufacture of glass, his father destined him for that calling. He served his apprenticeship in a Belgian factory so successfully, that he had every prospect of speedily taking high rank in the trade. But he had never got over his compulsory abandonment of mental for manual labors, and resolved to seek distinction in intellectual pursuits as soon as he was free to choose his own destiny. On attaining his majority he paid a visit to his home. While there he learned that the position in which I found him, was vacant. He immediately applied for it and obtained it from the principal of the college, who had always taken a great interest in him. His parents remonstrated against his sudden change of profession, but their counsel did not prevail. They lived long enough to become satisfied that their son had but followed the instinct of genius.

Besides becoming familiar with M. Chatrian's outer history, I obtained an insight into his inner life. I learned that his great ambition was to devote himself exclusively to literary pursuits. He had worked with might and main during the few years he had held his place in the college to mend the defects in his training and to qualify himself for what he believed to be his true mission in life. Though twenty years have since passed away, I remember clearly, how, carried away by the warmth of his feelings and forgetful of my years, he dwelt sometimes with a perfect glow of enthusiasm upon the aim he proposed to himself—to join in the lofty labors of those who elevate the human race by the refining influence of literature. In those moments he always spoke of a dear

friend, Emile Erckmann, a graduate of Phalsbourg, who was then following the study of law in Paris, as one who shared his ambition and who had been and would be a partner in his efforts for literary distinction. He told, with no little pride, that already the year before they had made their *début* with some tales, written conjointly in the *feuilleton* of the "*Démocrate du Rhin*," a daily published at Strasbourg. One day he surprised me by handing me a small volume, containing the tales in question, which had attracted so much local attention, that a Strasbourg publisher had reprinted them in more enduring form. I need not say that I swallowed the contents with the greatest avidity. The tales interested me the more, inasmuch as their subjects were either incidents of rural life in the Alsace and Lorraine or some of those popular saws, with which the borders of the Rhine abound. Of course, I was not a competent critic at the time, but I recollect very well the fascination which the simple narrative, the charming descriptions of scenery, the life-like painting of characters, the quaint humor and fanciful imagery of these first-fruits of my friend's genius exercised upon my mind. I have re-read the tales since and can truly say that my riper judgment does not differ much from that first impression.

Notwithstanding my humiliating experience as an active defender of the cause of republicanism, I still cherished the strongest attachment in my youthful way to democratic principles. I felt no small joy when I discovered that M. Chatrian was a democrat of the purest and most radical type. He bore the most intense hatred towards political and clerical tyranny. He believed absolutely in the sovereignty of the people and in a republican form of government as the only true source of human happiness. Yet he sadly confessed that in his opinion the republic of 1848 had already passed the zenith of vitality. He detested all political shams and none more so than Louis Napoleon, who had already reached the first step of the ladder that led to the second Empire. At the same time he did not believe in san-

guinary revolutions, which he considered justifiable only in cases of extreme oppression. Unlike most of his countrymen, he abhorred war. Upon wars for conquest's or glory's sake he looked as the greatest crime against humanity. One of his favorite themes, upon which he would speak with more than ordinary severity, was the culpability of the first Napoleon in this regard. That these views were deeply rooted convictions, was fully proved by his subsequent career.

My friendly relations to M. Chatrian continued uninterruptedly during the whole time I remained at college. When with the end of my term of exile from home the hour of separation from him arrived, I felt sorely distressed at the prospect of losing his society. The adieu was very painful to me, and I am not ashamed to say, that when I rolled in the diligence out of the town, I wept bitterly and was almost sorry to escape from the thralldom of college discipline, deliverance from which had been my steady prayer.

I did not meet M. Chatrian again for sixteen years. Circumstances, which I need not relate, transferred the scene of my life from Germany to the United States within two years after I had bid him farewell. Settled for many years in the Far West, where opportunities for watching the progress of modern European literature were very limited, I had no means of learning whether the ambitious hopes of my former teacher for literary renown had been fulfilled. It was only in 1863, when I took up my residence in one of the Eastern States that I accidentally came across a critical notice in a foreign review of a historical novel, recently published in France, which had proved a great literary success and attracted the widest attention from the fact that it was the joint product of two minds. In the names of the authors I recognized the literary firm, with the founder and junior member of which I had become acquainted at Phalsbourg. The rapid succession of other works from the same authors during the following years and the favorable reception they found with the reading public of all civilized countries, satisfied me that the friend of my

college-days had really become a shining star in the literary firmament of France.

It was not surprising, under the circumstances, that I grew anxious to renew my acquaintance with him. I thought at times of writing to him. But then my French had become very rusty, and again I hoped from year to year to revisit the old world, when I would try to hunt up the *ex-maître d'études* in Paris, where I supposed he was living. It was only in the fall of 1867, however, when the Universal Exposition attracted me, like so many others, to the French capital, that I was able to carry out my purpose.

I had no difficulty in obtaining M. Chatrian's address from the house that have published nearly all the works of Erckmann-Chatrian, and one Sunday afternoon I started out in search of his abode. I had supposed that I would have to look for him in the so-called *Quartier Latin*, the centre of Parisian intellectual life. But my directions carried me to the opposite side of the city. I brought up in front of a five-story building in one of the new streets, opened of late years in the vicinity of the Western Railroad, at the base of the historical landmark, "*le Montmartre*," the most elevated part of Paris. The *concierge*, in response to my inquiry, informed me that M. Chatrian was "*chez soi*," and that I would find him "*au quatrième à gauche*." Arrived at the head of the fourth flight of stairs, I rang the bell of the door on the left as directed. In a few seconds a person opened for me, in whom I recognized at once M. Chatrian. But he did not know me, and I had to prick up his memory by mentioning my name. I had no sooner done this, than exclaiming "*Ma foi, voilà une surprise*," he seized my hands and bid me a hearty welcome.

On entering I found myself in one of the small apartments especially intended for the use of bachelors—such was my friend—into which the upper stories of most of the innumerable Parisian lodging-houses are divided. It consisted of three small rooms—a chamber, library and *salon*—furnished in the most unpretending style. After the first salutations and explanations, my friend brought out a

bottle of Burgundy wine, lit a common clay pipe—already at Phalsbourg he had been an inveterate smoker—and made me sit down opposite him in the library. Then followed a social chat, which continued for many hours.

I found, that the two-thirds of a generation, which had elapsed since I last saw him, had made but little impression upon M. Chatrian. His eye was as beaming and his manner as dignified as at Phalsbourg. No wrinkles were yet to be seen in his face. His voice retained the old metallic ring. Still his hair showed signs of coming baldness and his form had grown stouter. But his mind seemed as fresh and elastic as ever and his conversation even more sparkling than in his younger days. He showed even a vein of humor, which, unless my recollection was at fault, he did not possess when I first knew him. As was natural, our conversation at first turned to the scene of our former acquaintance. Reminiscences which had slumbered in me for years were awakened in me and suggested one question after another as to the present condition of Phalsbourg, the several college-professors, and the career of my fellow-students. My host seemed to remember everything—and everybody. Though his connection with the college had been severed long ago, the fact, that, as he told me, he made a regular practice of paying every year a six weeks' visit to his old home, where his parents were still living, had enabled him to remain well informed of local doings and the fate of college-acquaintances.

After exhausting his store of Phalsbourg intelligence, I commenced questioning him in regard to his own experience since our separation. I had no difficulty in making him relate his personal history in detail. Indeed, like most men who, after years of hard struggles, have achieved honorable success in life through their own unaided efforts, he seemed to take pride in looking back from the height of fame and fortune to the years when obscurity and want were still his lot. From his statements to me at the time and from what I learned upon inquiry in other quarters of his literary successes, I will

endeavor to give in the following a sketch of his career, which affords another illustration of the sure reward awaiting talent united with perseverance in this world.

Already when we were together at Phalsbourg he entertained the plan of coming to Paris and striving conjointly with his friend Erckmann for distinction in that great intellectual arena. His salary as *maître d'étude* was too slender to allow him, even with the strictest economy, to save enough to carry him through the years of ill-requited labor, which the experience of other literary beginners had taught him to anticipate. The volume of tales had also added but little to the resources of the two friends. To fill their purse, they wrote together a drama, entitled "*l'Alsace en 1848*," which they offered to the manager of a Strasbourg theatre. It was readily accepted and in due course of time put on the stage. It made a decided hit at the very first representation and would have no doubt had a successful run. But, unfortunately for the authors, the sarcastic allusions it contained to the rule of the first Napoleon, which drew the most applause from the audience during the first production, attracted the attention of the Prefect—the second Empire had been established in the mean time—and led that official to prohibit further performances of the dangerous piece. This sudden check had the effect of necessitating the postponement of M. Chatrian's contemplated removal to Paris for a long time, and it was only some years after I had left the college, that he resigned his position as *maître d'étude* and came to the capital to unite his fortunes with those of his friend.

The latter was the older of the two by four years. The son of a poor grocer, who keeps to this day a small store at Phalsbourg, it was but by a hard struggle that he managed to obtain a thorough education. Indeed, so late did he enter the college of his native place, that, when he graduated, he had attained an age at which young men in France are usually already wedded to a profession. Like most

minds for whom the road to knowledge is not easily accessible, he made the best use of his opportunities after he had once obtained them. He was at the head of every class and graduated finally with the first honors. So remarkable a student had he been, that during my stay at the college he was still held up by the professors as a model worthy of close emulation. Born and raised among a population which was then and is still essentially German, in spite of the most persistent efforts during centuries of French rule to denationalize it, he had German characteristics of body as well as of mind. With his heavy frame, light hair and beard, rather broad face, blue eyes armed with spectacles, fair complexion and meditative expression, he would be taken anywhere for a professor from a German University rather than for the Frenchman by education and feeling that he really is. The habit of patient, severe study, for which he was distinguished at college, he owed no doubt to his German origin. The sentimentalism and idealism, in the better sense of the terms, with which the earlier no less than the later productions of Erckmann-Chatrian are strongly pregnated, too, are specific outgrowths of his nature, rooting in his nativity.

When Chatrian joined him, he had for years been alternating between the study of the law and literary pursuits. Sometimes it was his consciousness of what he, like his friend, had felt to be his true calling ever since his college-days, and at others, pecuniary necessities, that had made him at different periods turn his back for months and years upon the law-school and resort to the pen. But when he found after a time that the latter would not yield him promptly fame and fortune, he would again drop it, discouraged, and go back once more to his professional studies. Thus when Chatrian arrived in Paris, he had neither completed his legal training nor was he deriving reliable support from his literary labors.

Mutually inspired by each other's presence, the two—they always speak of one another as "*les deux*"—began to write

together with great ardor. Never did two human beings pursue the same object with greater resoluteness of purpose and stronger faith in each other's powers. For some years they confined themselves to writing short tales, the scenes of which were again uniformly laid either in the mountains and valleys of the Lorraine and Alsace or on the German side of the Rhine. Their choice of subjects was dictated both by a genuine love and a thorough knowledge of their native country and of the quiet, unpretending life of the simple-minded, honest-hearted people inhabiting it. But, although these tales were as perfect pictures in their way as the *genre* paintings of the great Flemish masters, the very simplicity of their subjects prevented an immediate and general recognition of the talent displayed in them. The village pastors, landlords and doctors, and the rustic beaux and belles that constituted their heroes, and the usually far from extraordinary incidents in which they figured as main actors, were not dramatic and exciting enough to captivate the Parisian public. The circumstance that in many of the stories miracles, witches, hobgoblins, ghosts, monsters, haunted castles and houses and other unrealities played a prominent part, was another cause of the cool reception they met with. The authors, it was true, in introducing these supernatural ingredients, simply reproduced the popular traditions current in the Rhine provinces; yet it was owing to just this feature that they had the greatest difficulty in securing for their stories, notwithstanding their positive charms, purity and liveliness of style, genuine humor, truthfulness of character and faithfulness and picturesqueness of description, admission to the *feuilletons*—the usual gates to literary reputation in Paris—of journals of good standing even at the lowest rates of compensation. For the same reason the stories did not command much attention even after they were printed, and what little criticism they received from the periodical press was sometimes anything but flattering.

Sensible of their failure to find favor

with the reading public at large as *feuilletonists*, the two made another trial in the dramatic line. They wrote a piece entitled the "Polish Jew," in which the tortures of conscience of a murderer were very dramatically described, and offered it to one of the principal Parisian theatres. But their success in this direction was equally precarious. After a few years of tentative efforts, none of which brought any satisfactory pecuniary results, they despaired at last of their ability to maintain themselves solely with their pens, and Erckmann once more took up the law, while Chatrian sought and obtained an humble clerkship in the Central office of the Eastern Railway Company.

Notwithstanding their discouraging experience, however, they still had faith in their final success, and continued their joint literary labors in their leisure hours. Their confidence in themselves and unfaltering perseverance were in the end rewarded. Between 1858—1861 they devoted themselves to working up subjects, drawn from their usual pastoral sources, into a series of longer tales, which they named "*Romans Populaires*." Of these, "*The Illustrious Doctor Matheus*," published in 1859, was very well received. It chronicled the good-natured eccentricities of an erratic village-doctor, who, animated by a belief in his high mission on earth, roamed about the country in company with a rollicking, mischief-loving, roaming fiddler, as whilom the knight de la Mancha and his faithful squire. "*Friend Fritz*," an exquisite picture of the life of the quiet burghers of small German towns, also excited considerable interest. Broad humor was the main characteristic of both these. Others of the series, as "*The Forest House*," and "*Hugh the Wolf*," produced a less favorable impression, inasmuch as the fantastic and the awful preponderated too much in them. A well-known publishing house was induced, in consequence of the success of the "*Romans Populaires*," to reprint in book form under different titles all the briefer tales previously written by the two. But this enterprise did not at first prove very profitable, owing to the unsparing criticism of some of the



leading reviewers, who mistook those records of popular traditions for contributions to the lowest sensation literature. One of the critics said at the time: "You have in these tales all that is improbable, bizarre and horrible. You live in a continual dream, with occasional pleasant visions, but mostly with terrible nightmares. Somnambulism, hallucinations, and second-sight alternate upon the scene with demented judges, murderous burgo-masters, man-eating monsters and the like." Yet, however severely some of the early productions of the two were denounced, there was no question raised as to the great relative merits of the "*Romans Populaires*," and the steady improvement they indicated in the authors.

The latter had every reason to believe that they now had passed the turning-point in their career. Until 1860 so little had they become known, that the general public had no suspicion of the double-headed authorship concealed under the name of Erckmann-Chatrian, which appeared without initials on all their works. In a literary year-book for 1860 they are still spoken of in a notice of their tales as one person. This relative obscurity arose mainly from a shrinking modesty and a conscientious reluctance on their part to avail themselves of the easy notoriety which the mere announcement of the extraordinary phenomenon of two minds working in all respects as one would have given them independent of their capacities as writers. So anxious were they to achieve reputation solely through the merits of their works, that they preferred to wait until the curiosity of the public was sufficiently aroused to cause general inquiry into their personal history.

Emboldened by their perceptible steady gain in popular favor, the literary partners resolved in 1861 upon a larger venture. They conceived the idea of writing a series of historical novels under the title of "*Romans Nationaux*," the subjects of which were to be taken from the most dramatic episodes of modern French history since the outbreak of the first revolution. To this happy conception they became eventually indebted for their

greatest triumphs. They chose a field, for the cultivation of which, as it turned out, they showed the greatest natural aptitude. By drawing their material from historical events, which had never before been used for the same purpose, and in which the popular interest never flags in France, they secured the advantage of originality, and made sure of a wide circle of readers. But they recognized also that the proposed undertaking would, as it required deep and wide historical research, be arduous to no small degree, and hence it was only after the most careful consideration that they decided to devote to the new task the years of earnest labor which they felt would have to be spent upon it. As soon as they had, however, fairly made up their minds to try their hands in the novel sphere, they dropped every other literary project for the time being, and concentrated their joint energies in the pursuit of this one great scheme.

They adhered firmly to this resolution. Since 1861 they have made every year an addition to the series of "*Romans Nationaux*," which at the close of 1868 reached eight volumes. In the several volumes, which bear the titles "*Madame Thérèse*," "*L'Invasion ou le fou Yegof*," "*Histoire d'un Conscrit*," "*Le Blocus*," "*Waterloo*," "*L'Histoire d'un Homme du Peuple*," "*La Guerre*," and "*L'Histoire d'un Paysan*," historical glimpses are successively given of the wars of the first Republic; of the campaign of 1813 up to the overthrow of Napoleon at the battle of Leipsic; of the first and second invasion of the Allies; of the Waterloo campaign and of the political crisis, resulting in the establishment of the second republic. With the exception of "*La Guerre*," in which the struggle between the republican forces under Massena and the Russians under Suwarrow in 1799 in Switzerland is described in a regular drama, the form adopted is strictly that of the historical novel. The mode of treating the several subjects followed by the authors is to make the main characters of the stories relate contemporaneous events from their personal obser-

vation. The heroes or narrators are uniformly representatives of the lower orders of society. Although appearing as the humblest of mortals, and speaking and acting entirely as one of their kind, they become, under the skillful management of their creators, not only faithful historians, but exponents of the noblest sentiments. The "*Romans Nationaux*" are really as many lessons in the moral teachings of history. Their principal aim is that of the true novel—not simply to tickle the imagination, but to elevate as well as to entertain. The authors, indeed, make it their steady endeavor to produce an ethical effect by propagating the noble views of the rights and duties of man, which Erckmann entertains no less sincerely than Chatrian. Their hatred of political and clerical despotism; their abhorrence of war; their ardent sympathies with the oppressed in every condition, speak from almost every page. The "*Romans Nationaux*" rise truly to the highest standard of the literature of fiction. While the purest impulses of man are constantly appealed to, there is not an incident, not a character, not a sentence or word in them, that can give offence to the strictest moralist. In this they contrast most creditably with the productions of most modern French novelists. But it is not only on account of this ethical element that they deserve commendation. They contain other excellencies, which entitle them to a place among the master-works of fiction. They are remarkable for classic purity and simplicity of style. The narrative has an easy, limpid flow throughout, the descriptions of scenery and of human life are wonderfully accurate, and at the same time of poetic sweetness and picturesqueness. But it is in the admirable drawing of characters, above all, that the authors are not surpassed by any living writers. It would be difficult, indeed, to match the boy Fritz in *Madame Thérèse*, the Jew Moses in the *Blocus*, and the heroes of "*Le Conserit*," "*Waterloo*," and "*L'Histoire d'un Pauvre Homme*."

The success of the "*Romans Nationaux*" was as rapid as lasting. The first

of the series, "*Madame Thérèse*" and "*L'Invasion*," already had the effect of drawing greater attention to the authors than they had ever received before. Inquiries were made as to their private history, and when an account of their intellectual brotherhood was at last printed in the press they speedily became the lions of the day. The most signal success they achieved with "*Le Conserit*" and "*Waterloo*." Their boldness in revealing the unvarnished historical truth about the campaigns of 1813 and 1815 made a great sensation. Their biographies now appeared in political and other journals. The illustrated papers made haste to adorn their pages with their likenesses. They received invitations to compete for academic honors and prizes. The first "salons" were ready to welcome them. The ruling powers, alarmed at the evidently deep effect of their graphic delineations of the dark sides of the first Napoleonic régime upon the public mind, became anxious to conciliate the rising stars, and intimated a willingness to enroll them among the Knights of the Legion of Honor. But the two, unlike so many of their literary brothers, were not dazzled by the brilliant inducements, now suddenly held out to them from all sides after long years of obscurity. To their lasting credit be it said, that they have declined to this day imperial decorations, academic honors, social distinctions and all. As men of the people and laborers for the good of the masses, they would not be identified either with political tyranny or with social and intellectual aristocracies. They are to-day what they have always been—plain, unpretending citizens, living in the most retired and modest manner; shunning rather than seeking public notice, and having no higher ambition than to enlighten and elevate their fellow-men and to contribute their share towards the re-establishment of a pure democracy in France.

The "*Romans Nationaux*" not only made the literary twins famous, but obtained for them the long-desired pecuniary independence. Years ago

Erckmann bade farewell forever to the never-loved law, and Chatrian resigned his clerkship. The idea of the material success of their works may be gained from the following facts and figures. Up to the present time "*Madame Thérèse*" has passed through twelve, "*The Invasion*" through eight, "*The History of a Man of the People*" through ten, and "*Waterloo*" through nineteen editions. Of "*The Conscript*" the twenty-fifth edition was issued in the month of June of this year. "*The History of a Peasant*," which appeared only last year, has already reached the fifth edition. The copies of "*Waterloo*" and "*The Conscript*" amount to hundreds of thousands in the aggregate. Altogether, more than a million of copies have been sold of the series. With the steadily-growing popularity of the "*Romans Nationaux*," the demand for the *Tales* and "*Romans Populaires*" has also greatly increased. Within the last few years, illustrated editions in uniform style of all the works of the authors have been brought out, the illustrations being contributed by the best artists in France. With singular disinterestedness, "the two," caring more for the effect of their writings than for the profit to themselves, stipulated with their publisher, that, as soon as his sales had covered the cost of the illustrated editions, the price should be reduced to a figure, which left but a very small margin for the copyright. This was actually done some years ago, and the result of this liberal policy has been an unprecedented demand for the cheap illustrated editions throughout France. And this in spite of the hostility of the government, which, upon the authors' persistent refusal to worship at the shrine of the second Empire, issued a decree several years since, prohibiting the sale of any of their works at news dépôts. Imperialism had good reason to fear Erckmann-Chatrian. Their books have attained the weight of a great moral power. To them, as much as to any other cause, must be ascribed the lessening of the prestige of Napoleonism and weakening of the foundations of

autocratic rule that has been going on in France since 1860. It is even not too much to say, that the popular protestations against all warlike schemes of the government, and especially against the enormous armaments made since 1866, which constituted one of the most curious features of the recent French elections, were due in no small degree to the demonstration of the historical truth in almost every chapter of the "*Romans Nationaux*," that political oppression is inevitably the lot of bellicose nations.

The merits of Erckmann-Chatrian have been recognized abroad as well as at home. Translations of their most successful historical novels have appeared in England, Germany, and Italy. The classic style of the authors has induced the adoption of some of these as textbooks at the University of Cambridge. It is to be hoped that the attempt now making to introduce their best novels in original translations to the American public will meet with proper encouragement. The earnest denunciation of the worst scourge of humanity in them, if widely read, would no doubt do much towards the lasting appeasement of the popular passions roused by the civil war in this country.

What interests students of literature most in the double career I have endeavored to sketch is the complete unity of mind existing in the two authors. In France it is not unusual for two playwrights to produce a piece in common. But there is no instance on record in the literature of this or any other country of such a complete and concordant fusion, so to speak, of the faculties of two minds into one power for purposes of joint literary creation as has been sustained by Erckmann-Chatrian for a period of more than twenty years. One needs but to think of the invention of a multiplicity of characters and situations and of the maintenance of relations of absolute fitness between them, required in a novel, to appreciate the inherent difficulty of compassing such a perfect congruity of two brains. The phenomenon is the more ex-

traordinary inasmuch as most of the novels of the Siamese twins of literature, as they have been called, belong to the autobiographical order, in which the problem of impersonation is by far the most delicate. To comprehend the process by which the two work as with one mind, in all its details, would require direct and long observation, for which I had no opportunity. All I can say in regard to it, is what I heard from M. Chatrian. They have no regular division of labor, such as, for instance, the making up of the mere plot by one and the elaboration of it by the other. They do not, as we might suppose, systematically allot the working out of characters, the descriptions of scenery and other details to each other. In fact they are not guided in their manner of production by fixed rules, which might impede the free exercise of their powers, but do, as men of genius naturally will, as "the spirit moves them" on given occasions. Their subjects are chosen sometimes by one and sometimes by the other. Erckmann usually makes the necessary historical, Cha-

trian the local studies of men and things, though in this respect also they often change parts. The material being gathered, both familiarize themselves thoroughly with it. In working it up, sometimes both try their hands simultaneously on the framework as well as the full elaboration of the story. In that case the results are compared and made congruent at different stages of the work, and upon completion the whole is subjected to a joint revision with great care. But it also happens that one alone does the bulk of the work, and that the other performs only a correcting, suggesting and amending part. As independent a play of their faculties as is compatible with unity of production seems to be upon the whole their favorite mode of operation—a preference shown by the fact, that they always occupy separate lodgings. Their great art lies in the joining of the products of their independent activity into a perfect fabric, and herein long years of constant collaboration have given them absolute mastery.

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#### A PENCIL SKETCH.

A LEAD pencil—how few of the millions who employ this swift and convenient medium of thought know or imagine the ingenuity and labor requisite to prepare it for use! And while all who are skilled in the handling of this modest instrument are well aware that the name of FABER is a guarantee of excellence, not many are able to associate with the name any idea of the man who has made it celebrated, nor of the spot which is at once the site of the original *Fabrik* and of the present immense business in all branches of industry connected with the manufactory.

I have before me a pamphlet written and published by Mr. J. L. Faber, the present head of the firm, as a memorial of the centennial celebration of the founding of the establishment, which took place Sept. 16, 1861. It is an elegant brochure, printed upon paper as smooth as satin and as thick as card-board, with

gilt edges and ornamental cover, and containing excellent illustrations, first among which is a life-like portrait of the author—one of the sort that is occasionally issued in a small edition, regardless of expense, for private circulation, and is not expected to edify the world at large.

But the facts thus brought forward are of such general interest, and the character of the chief actor is so worthy of imitation, that I have concluded to make this pamphlet the foundation of the sketch which I had proposed to myself to write, after having enjoyed a personal inspection of the works, and the beginning of an acquaintance (which I trust will prove a life-long friendship) with their worthy owner.

It is not easy for us to realize that there was ever a period when lead pencils were unknown; but it is a fact that in classical times men were entirely igno-

rant of the use of lead for writing and like purposes; and in the middle ages, although a coarse preparation was made from the metal, it could not be compared to graphite, and was employed merely in ruling paper. So that Plato wrote, and Phidias carved, and Raphael painted, and Galileo calculated, without any help from this ready conserver and delicate delineator of ideas. In the 14th century, however, an approach to a pencil, which in Italy was further developed by a composition of lead and zinc, was in use among artists for making sketches upon prepared paper and wood, (the portrait of Petrarch's Laura was made by this instrument) and colored chalks were also occasionally employed, but the pen was still the favorite implement for designing, as for writing.

Graphite was discovered in the 16th century, and the acquisition of this unique substance gave immediate impulse to the development of the *crayon* or pencil. The first, and until recently the best, mine of graphite was found in Cumberland county, England. The value of the mineral at once became apparent, and although the mine was worked for only six months of each year, its yield in that time amounted to the value of £40,000 sterling.

It was expressly forbidden by government to export the raw material and even to sell the finished work in foreign countries, but with all this care to provide for home consumption the demand soon exceeded the supply, and various chemical processes were resorted to in the hope of finding some agent which would combine happily with the precious mineral. But all these experiments were in vain, until the French in 1795 discovered that clay could be employed in a proportion sufficient to economize largely the graphite and thus enable the manufacturer to place in market a much greater quantity of his wares at a correspondingly reduced price.

Meantime this branch of industry was not altogether unknown in Germany, though, by reason of political dissensions and the undue interference of govern-

ment in commercial affairs, business of all kinds was for a long period at a low ebb, and the inhabitants were obliged to depend upon foreign importations for many articles of necessity and luxury which could as well have been produced among themselves.

The first lead-pencil manufactory of which any record still remains was at Stein, near Nuremberg, the same which after many vicissitudes has recently developed into the largest and most important in the world.

It was founded in 1761, by Caspar Faber, and enjoyed for a time a considerable degree of celebrity for the good quality of its workmanship, especially after the French method of preparing the graphite had been adopted. But the false ideas that then prevailed respecting the relations between buyer and seller, both in home trade and foreign commerce, paralyzed the efforts of the producer and restricted the demands of the consumer, so that this brief prosperity was succeeded by a long period of stagnation and consequent deterioration.

The manufactory passed from father to son without any noticeable change in its fortunes until 1839, when Johann-Lothar Faber, the eldest representative of the fourth generation, became proprietor, and at once commenced a system of improvements which have resulted in the world-wide fame and immense wealth of the present establishment.

As a boy he had become early impressed with the necessity of a complete renovation of the business of which he should one day be called to assume the direction. He thought deeply upon the subject while pursuing in Nuremberg the mercantile education which would fit him for his future position; and after leaving school he passed three years of study in Paris, where he not only added largely to his stock of general information but also drew liberal and noble conclusions from his observations of the commercial prosperity of that nation, ideas which took still higher development through the influence of foreign travel,

but especially through assimilation with the promptings of his own sincere and generous mind.

In 1839, at the age of twenty-two, he was called home by the death of his father, and at once entered upon the practical application of his plans. It is worthy of remark, that at a time when deception of all kinds was rife in commercial affairs, and sincerity was even less the basis of contracts than at present, this young man, returning unspotted from the world of Paris, should have selected for the ruling principles of his business the virtues which have since become the motto of his house: "TRUTH—JUSTICE—INDUSTRY," and should have acted upon them with such unswerving fidelity as to have made the name of Faber a synonym for honesty and a pledge of superiority in all departments of his trade.

As soon as affairs were in working order the new master associated with him his second brother, Johann Faber, and under their direction the reputation of the house steadily increased, until, in 1849, Mr. Faber began to realize his early dreams of a permanent and widely-extended business. The large demands for his merchandise in America induced him to open a branch manufactory in New York, which he placed under the superintendence of his younger brother, Eberhard Faber, who had received a liberal education at the Universities of Berlin and Erlangen, and had also studied business affairs at Stein. A third house was soon afterwards opened in Paris, and an agency in London; and through these main channels the large commerce with Russia, Italy, India, Australia, and, indeed, the whole civilized world, is carried on with convenience and despatch. To meet the increased demands of the public a corresponding enlargement of facilities was required in the manufactory at Stein. Accordingly, new buildings have been from time to time erected to suit the various needs of the industry. In place of the small corps of twenty workmen, considered sufficient in his father's time, Mr. Faber now employs five hun-

dred, and the modest machine of one-horse power is superseded by a steam-engine for the new work, while the considerable fall of water afforded by a river which flows through the village is still used as an auxiliary force. And, as if to reward this energy and enterprise and complete this justly-earned confidence and prosperity, came, in 1847, the news of the discovery in Siberia of graphite as pure as that from the celebrated but now nearly exhausted mine of Cumberland; and by a contract between the Fabers and Mr. Alibert, the discoverer and proprietor of the Siberian mines, the entire yield is guaranteed to the manufactory at Stein. Hitherto the chief dependence had been upon the mines of Bohemia, which supply most of the manufactories in Europe. It is remarkable that while the Bohemian graphite is obtained in small lumps largely mixed with earth, and crumbling readily, that of Siberia is found in masses of much greater purity, and is so hard that it must be crushed in a powerful press before it can be mixed with water for purification.

Thus supplied with an abundance of the choicest material and possessing improved facilities for its preparation, the Fabers can, without presumption, claim to be the producers of the best pencils ever yet made, an achievement of no small honor and importance when one considers not only the ordinary uses of this instrument, but also the finer purposes of art which it is able to subserve.

Let us now notice the process of fabrication, as it is daily and hourly (for some stages of the work require constant attention, and a portion of the machinery is kept running day and night) in operation at Stein.

We first enter a large basement-room containing two rows of huge vats placed in a descending series, like steps. One row is devoted to the purification of the graphite, the other to that of the clay, and the process is the same for both substances. The raw material is thrown into the first vat and a quantity of water added; the mixture is then thoroughly stirred and afterwards allowed to settle,

when the valuable ingredients rise to the top, or remain in succeeding strata, while the earth and stones sink to the bottom. A plug is then withdrawn about midway in the vat, and the thickly impregnated water falls into the second receptacle, while the mass of mud remains in the first. In this manner the material passes through water five times, when it has become sufficiently pure to be poured into a bag of thick cloth, which is subjected to a heavy press until the water is drained away, and the lead or clay is left in a solid mass, when it is placed in iron pans and dried in a furnace. After the lead and clay have been dried and mixed in suitable proportions, water is added, and the mass is put into a mill consisting of rows of separate stones, occupying the whole length of a large apartment, and connected with the steam-engine by bands running along the upper wall. Under each mill-stone is a tub to collect the mass which slowly escapes from the tremendous pressure, and falls in thick gray drops from the wooden trough beneath the stone. This process is repeated ten or twelve times, when the mass is again dried in the oven. Afterwards it is laid upon a flat surface and hammered for a considerable time, then shaped into a cake and sent to the second press, from beneath which it falls in spirals of different sizes corresponding to the apertures through which it is pressed. These long spirals are collected and handed to operators, who sit before a table and busy themselves in straightening the still flexible cords by laying them into boards grooved to a corresponding size. The boards, when filled, are laid upon shelves just below the ceiling where the warm air of the room will have most effect. After a day or two the leads are placed in other hands to be cut to the length required for pencils, and carefully assorted: the perfect specimens are then laid in boxes and sent to another room, where they are enclosed in larger boxes of iron hermetically sealed, and subjected to the intense heat of a furnace-fire for five hours, when the lead is sufficiently tempered for writing purposes,

and passes into the care of the workmen who furnish the wooden enclosure, though it must first bear the scrutiny of the faithful proprietor, who personally makes trial of a specimen of the contents of each box before he allows it to go forth under the stamp of his honest name.

The refuse ends and broken pieces of lead are sent back to the press, where they become incorporated with a fresh mass, so that there is no waste of the precious material.

We may now leave the lead manufactory and enter the long building appropriated to the workmen in cedar. As we ascend the stairs the air is heavy with the spicy perfume, and great blocks and slabs of the pink and white wood, just as they were hewn in their native American forests, are lying in the passage. On opening the door which leads into the first work-room, we find ourselves in a cloud of dust and amidst heaps of soft shavings, the work of the many fine saws which are revolving so rapidly in their frames as to appear stationary, while the hoarse growl of the machinery below is exchanged for a sharp buzz, as though gigantic bees and flies were endeavoring to escape from spider-webs as strong as a ship's cable.

Here we see the whole process of cutting the wood for pencils: one workman holds the block under a saw which works with frightful force and prepares the slabs for a more delicate machine which saws them to the proper thickness; another set of tools, also worked by steam, gives the requisite angles to each half of the form; another makes the groove for the lead. The next room is furnished with tables, around which the workmen sit, each performing a special task according to a systematized division of labor, and then giving what he has finished to another until it thus passes from hand to hand through the successive stages of development: one lays the lead into its groove, another glues it over, a third applies the cover of wood and glues the halves together.

In the room devoted to the final processes—the polishing, coloring, gilding, stamping, arranging and packing of the

pencils—only women and girls are employed: it is the old story of Vulcan and Venus, though the harmonious union of the Useful and the Beautiful is perhaps better exemplified in the workmanship than in the workers!

There is but one more building to visit, for that long row on the other side of the river contains mills of the same kind as those we have observed, only moved by water instead of steam. This last building is the *Magazin* or "Store," where the perfected work is packed for shipment or exposed for sale. Here we find other writing implements also made by the Fabers: india-rubber, sent in its native state from America and transformed here into tablets neatly contrived for the erasure of both pencil-marks and ink; note-books of the most tasteful and convenient forms, and thousands of slates of all sizes, some of them lined for music and copy writing, others enclosed in frames gayly painted and enriched with pithy rhymed maxims in German text. These last are for the use of children, who must also rejoice in the smooth, slender, finely-pointed slate pencils, which afford a strong contrast to the blunt, harsh, many-angled instrument for ciphering employed by preceding generations.

The slates and slate pencils are prepared in an extensive manufactory recently established by the Fabers near a quarry owned by them in Geroldsgrün, a village at some distance from Stein.

In the inner room of the *Magazin* stands the elegant glass-covered case which represented the Faber establishment at the World's Fair in London. In the centre of the upper part is a splendid specimen of graphite, shining almost like silver, its massive form and sharp pinnacles suggesting the ruins of some German castle on the Rhine, or, better still, one of the hundred towers of quaint old Nuremberg, as they appear when viewed from over the plains at Stein. On one side of this mineral is the beautiful poetical face of the young King of Bavaria, on the other the portrait of his mother. The many compartments of the case are filled with specimens of all the articles

made or sold by the Fabers, among which the lead pencils are pre-eminent for their variety of size and form and their perfection of finish.

I have given but a faint outline of these various and interesting processes, but it requires an observer who understands the technicalities of machinery to appreciate all the nice arrangements of the works, and only a personal visit can give a complete impression of the order and regularity observed in all departments, and of the great benefit which this establishment in its present development and under its present management confers upon a whole community. And in this connection I will mention a few instances of the wisdom and generosity of Mr. Faber, which show that he is not merely the successful capitalist, the energetic man of business, but still more the friend and brother of those who hold any actual relation towards him, and, beyond these, of all humanity.

In the first place, the most conscientious observance of sanitary laws has been displayed in the construction of the manufactory. There is nothing injurious to health in the manipulation of graphite, nor in any work required for the production of a lead pencil, but the evils which might otherwise be created by the necessarily large number of workmen within a limited space are obviated by excellent means of ventilation, and the presence of abundant light and sunshine. There is also an agreeable prospect to be seen from the windows on every side, whether it be the beautiful gardens and shrubberies of the proprietor and his brother, or the neat cottages of the village, with the river winding between rows of willows, or, farther off, the green meadows bounded by the blue outline of the distant mountains.

The daily routine is regulated by a code of rules drawn up by the proprietor, wherein the duty of each laborer is clearly defined, and the moral obligation of all seriously enforced.

But it is not only within the manufactory that Mr. Faber has provided for the comfort of his operatives: he has also



done, as he is still doing, his best to make their home-life good and happy. Perceiving that the cottages of the village were over-crowded, while no sufficient preparation could be made by the inhabitants for future needs, he has, within a few years, built a number of substantial brick houses, in which more than sixty families are now living at a rent which is merely nominal. To encourage economy, he has established a savings-bank upon a liberal basis, including a fund created by himself, for the benefit of the sick. He has founded an asylum for children, and a school, which is well conducted, and will be sure to receive the benefit of modern improvements in education. He has opened a free library, which is a source of great pleasure and benefit to the community, and has encouraged the cultivation of music and innocent diversions as a desirable relaxation for leisure hours. And when the Industrial Fair was held in Munich, he, with thoughtful kindness, sent thither a number of the operatives that they might see for themselves the honorable place which their labor holds in the public estimation, and also receive new ideas from the contemplation of the finished products of other forms of industry.

Nor is this all: there was formerly no church in Stein, and the inhabitants felt the inconvenience of the distance between their village and Nuremberg, or any other neighboring town, while many were necessarily deprived of religious services altogether. Accordingly, Mr. Faber, in his solicitude for the welfare of his fellow-citizens, has erected a commodious and tasteful church, with stained glass windows, organ, bell, and clock, which is entirely a free gift to his native town, while his wife has superintended the cultivation of the lawn and flower-beds which beautify the approach from the street. On one side of the church is a pleasant parsonage, and behind it a graveyard or "God's-acre," in the centre of which is an ornamental tomb belonging to the Faber family, while the more humble monuments of the villagers are on every side.

In the church, the altar and desk of which are adorned with rich embroidery by Mrs. Faber and her excellent mother, is a medallion portrait of Mr. Faber, in relief, enclosed in a Gothic case of carved wood, a gift from a number of his fellow-citizens, in token of their gratitude for the benefits he has so freely bestowed upon them, and especially for the erection of the church. The pastor is a Lutheran, (as is also the congregation) and the Fabers are attendants upon his preaching, and nominally of his faith, though Mr. Faber is liberal in all his opinions, and believes, with our great Franklin, that "the best way of serving God is in doing good to the creatures whom He has made."

I cannot better finish this sketch than by giving a short description of the centennial celebration which, though it took place in 1861, may still be considered a recent event, inasmuch as it was the first of its kind, and more than ninety years must elapse before the second can transpire.

On the eve of the *fête*, the workmen of the manufactory arranged a torch-light procession, and marched through the village to the mansion of the proprietor. On their arrival, the choral societies sang three songs composed for the occasion, and a deputation of the oldest operatives presented an album, richly bound and printed upon parchment, containing a dedication in verse, a copy of the address pronounced by one of the committee of presentation, and of the original songs, and, lastly, the names of all the workmen and workwomen constituting the force of the establishment.

It was a touching scene, and more than one man whose hair had grown white in the service was moved to tears.

Mr. Faber, in his reply, thanked the people for their personal affection and their faithful labor, and expressed the hope that the pleasant relations existing between them would continue and be perpetuated. Early the next morning the operatives again met at the mansion, when each received a medal, commemorative of the day, bearing upon one side the arms of the Faber family, with this

inscription: "*Founder, Caspar Faber, 1761; Successors, A. W. Faber, 1819; G. L. Faber, 1839; J. L. Faber;*" and upon the other side: "*In memory of the hundredth anniversary of the Pencil Manufactory of A. W. Faber, at Stein, near Nuremberg.*"

Then for the first time the bell of the new church summoned the parish to public worship. The church had been consecrated fifteen days before, and had since remained closed in order that the first regular service might be held on this joyful occasion. Mr. Faber, with his family, led the way, and the villagers followed in a long procession, which completely filled the church. The emotions of the worshippers may be easily imagined when one reflects that for the people this event was the realization of a hope long deferred; while for him who had supplied the want there remained the peaceful truth of the assurance: "*It is more blessed to give than to receive.*" After the service was ended the operatives assembled before the houses recently erected for their benefit, and, preceded by the band of a Nuremberg regiment, marched to the park which surrounds the proprietor's mansion, where they met with a hearty welcome and found the grounds tastefully decorated with mottoes and inscriptions illustrative of the past and present history of the manufactory. There were also preparations for an excellent repast, to which all were soon invited, while the music of the band added to the general enjoyment.

After dinner was over, Mr. Faber mounted a tribune erected for the occasion, and ornamented with the busts of his ancestors, and gave a brief review of the history of the establishment, urging his people to continue its prosperity by worthy labor, and ending by proposing a toast to its future good success, which was received with the warmest acclamations. Then his only child, a son, with the eldest son of his brother, ascended the platform, and after the former had addressed his father in an original poem containing the congratulations of the four brothers and sisters of the family, the latter

presented him with a silver goblet as a souvenir of the fête. Then followed a merry time of social converse and games, in the midst of which arrived an autograph letter from good "King Max," which reads as follows:—

"Herr Johann-Lothar Faber,  
Manufacturer.

*I hear that you are to celebrate, on the sixteenth of this month, the hundredth anniversary of the Manufactory founded by your ancestors, the worthy reputation of which, both at home and abroad, confers the greatest honor upon Bavarian industry. I am also well aware of the solicitude which you have shown for the physical and moral well-being of your operatives. I seize with pleasure the opportunity afforded by your fête to offer my congratulations to yourself and to the establishment which you have managed with so great success, and to express my good wishes for the continuance of present prosperity.*

*With sentiments of esteem and friendliness,*

*Your affectionate King,*

MAX.

*Hohenschwangau, Sept. 14, 1861."*

Mr. Faber, after receiving the despatch, remounted the tribune and read aloud the royal letter, after which he proposed a triple toast to the King, which was given with hearty loyalty and good-will. He then proposed the health of his brothers, who had so ably seconded all his efforts, which was responded to with enthusiasm. A similar honor was accorded to various coadjutors and other persons who directly or indirectly were connected with the enterprise, especially artists who, by having given their testimony to the superlative excellence of the work of the Fabers, had greatly increased its fame and prosperity. Afterwards Mr. Faber recited an original poem founded upon the device of the house: "TRUTH, JUSTICE, INDUSTRY," and at the close withdrew the veil from an allegorical picture painted by the artist *Maar*, of Nuremberg, representing upon one hand the commercial industry of the establishment, and upon the other the commemorative fête. Short addresses

were then made by various guests, by the President of the Nuremberg Board of Trade, by the artist Maar and by several of the operatives. These exercises were varied by music from the band and also from the choral societies of Stein. As night came on the park was brilliantly illuminated and fireworks were displayed, which were terminated by a grand spectacle at nine o'clock, after which the people dispersed to their homes, with the happiest feelings and inspired with new zeal for the faithful discharge of future duties.

A few days afterwards a deputation of Magistrates waited upon Mr. Faber to present him with the freedom of Nuremberg, as a mark of the esteem and gratitude of the people for the honor conferred upon their city by the proximity of his celebrated manufactory.

It is pleasant to read and hear of these proceedings, both because they illustrate the hearty good-will and refinement of sentiment so delightfully prominent in the German character, and also, and still more, because they show the affection in which this good man is held by those for whom he has done so much to improve

their physical condition and elevate their higher nature.

All this happened nearly ten years ago, and in the intervening time Herr Reichsrath von Faber has been made the recipient of new honors, both social and political. But he dwells among his people and neither the cares of business nor the calls of ambition have been able to destroy the amiable simplicity and disinterested benevolence of his character.

As a member of the Bavarian Parliament he is at present using his influence for the extension and improvement of Common Schools in his own country, not disdaining in his researches the suggestions of foreign workers in the same cause, and giving especial heed to the development of education in the United States.

In all projects for a wise reform his voice will always be in favor of liberty and progress, and in the increase of power which years and wealth and long-tried probity are bringing him he will still be true to the self-chosen motto, "TRUTH, JUSTICE, INDUSTRY," which was the guide of his youth and is the secret of his worldly success and his enviable fame.

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## BUTTERFLY AND THISTLE.

Oh! delightful butterfly  
At thy morning revelry!  
Little bark with sails lateen,  
With a many-colored sheen,  
Like some fairy craft that flies  
Where smooth-mirrored Venice lies.

Wings that thrill and flutter ever,  
Mocking every rude endeavor,  
With the passion of the speech  
Set beyond thine insect reach.  
Would we grasp thee, as men rush  
After gold, or glory's flush,  
Ill the hand of might we trust,  
For thy feathers are but dust—  
Say to our unloved insistence  
"Beauty shows but in God's distance."

This purple thistle is to thee  
An islet in the summer sea  
That images eternity.  
As I ponder and rehearse  
This poor idle morning's verse,  
Here joy-anchored thou remainest  
And thy brief elysium drainest.

Breezy zephyr sweeps the fields,  
And the thistle sways and yields,  
But the butterfly clings fast  
As a sailor to the mast,  
As a banner in the blast  
Which, when widest sweep its folds,  
Firmest still its proud slave holds.

I who picture thee, this hour  
Thus am clinging to my flower.  
Winds on lofty errand sent  
Question me with sharp intent—  
“Where's thy honey? where thy song  
Bee or bird, thou doest wrong.”

Still I seek one last caress,  
One more breath of joyousness.  
Oh! my flower, the wealth thou hast  
Softly in my soul hath passed.  
When the happy summer day  
That unveiled thee flits away,  
When Love's bloom has hurried by,  
Know, thy butterfly will die.  
Bearing to some gentler zone  
Thy lost spirit with her own.

Thee how soon may I behold  
Lifeless in thy shroud of gold.  
Nothing in thy plaintive death  
Wholesome Nature threateneth.  
No pale corpse, with loathed ill,  
But the little wings are still.  
Vain the thistle keeps its growth,  
Vain the breeze his challenge bloweth,  
Thy gay pennon floats no more  
From the æther's meadow-shore.

Might I, when my day is done,  
Fall like thee, oh winged one!  
No contagion leave, nor soil,  
But a pure and harmless spoil,  
One might keep with relics rare,  
Saying to the stranger's stare:  
“This she was, and she was fair.”

## COMPTON FRIARS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY POWELL."

## CHAPTER VII.

## WALKS AND TALKS.

"And thus in chat the instructive hours they passed."

WITH Miss Harbledown and her pupils shut up in the schoolroom and Urith and Edwy secluded in the Scriptorium, there was nothing to hinder my having long, familiar talks with Mrs. Hartlepool.

"I am not sure all this headwork is good for Urith," said she to me one day, "but the fit is on her, and it is as well to allow her bent, or impulse, or whatever it may be called, fair play. She comes down to dinner rather jaded, and I am particularly glad to have you here at present, because, being not only a sympathizer but a helper, your society is very acceptable to her; and your keeping her in the open air as much as you can will do her much good."

"I am sure it will do me at least as much," said I, "and I thank you for giving me so pleasant an office."

"It will be good for you both, and she wants you to see more of our country walks, and you will like to do so. Happily, Miss Harbledown is aware of the value of exercise in the open air, and does by rule what we have been accustomed to do spontaneously. The worst is, she taxes their little memories too much. It is in such things that a mother knows what is good for children better than a governess. In my own case, the wonder is that I was not made an idiot by the stupid routine exacted of me; and I have always taken care to avoid the evil for my children."

"They all do credit to your system in their looks!"

"Yes, I think they do, except Urith. But I am determined that when she has finished this new book, she shall not begin another for a good while. Otherwise, setting aside the question of health, she will become a complete scribbler, and be downright disagreeable."

"Oh, Mrs. Hartlepool!" said I laughing.

"She really will. So keep her out of doors as much as you can, and talk with her on other subjects. I have invited a

good many friends here this summer, and they will make a change for her. It is not," she resumed after a pause, "that Urith has to assist her family. All this authorship is merely a hobby, and I fear it may interfere with her future happiness. She may be happy either married or single; but it may cast the die for her and doom her to single life whether she will or no."

I said, "You may rely on my keeping her in the open air as much as I can, and I will talk of anything rather than of writing books, if she will let me."

Blanche here came in, so I knew it was time to keep my appointment with Miss Harbledown. She was gratified by my punctuality, and soon showed herself as clever at learning as teaching. Pleased at my telling her so, she expressed her wish to be useful to me in some way, and offered to teach me botany.

"There are plenty of wild flowers here," said she, "and it is well to know something of them."

I replied I should like it very much if it did not interfere with my walking with Miss Hartlepool.

"It will do her good as well as you," said Miss Harbledown, "and give you both an object. So we will begin this afternoon, in the Friar's Walk."

Presently she said, "I don't think much of this fancy of hers for writing. If it were something improving, something connected with science, for instance, there would be direct good in it; but this continual drawing on imagination only fills her head with chimeras. All are agreed that excessive novel-reading weakens the mind, and if so, of course novel-writing must. Only think what a picture Sir Walter Scott gives of the weakening effect produced on Waverley by his desultory studies, which were, in fact, his own."

"And yet," said I, "they made him the 'mighty wizard of the North'—'the great Unknown.'"

"They did not make him, he made himself—"

"But partly by their means."

"And what did they make him? a writer of fiction; I grant you, a great one."

"Ah," said I, with strong sympathy, "they made him more—not only master of 'the art unteachable, untaught,' but as noble-hearted a gentleman as ever breathed—as loyal as his Sir Henry Lee—as honorable and true as his Peveril and Guy Mannering."

"They did not make him—but I perceive you are a bit of a partisan," said Miss Harbledown, with a smile, for which I did not love her. "If I had my will, Helen and Marianne should not read Scott's novels yet;—for one thing, they are so full of swearing; but I found them household books, so no wonder Urith sees no harm in writing a novel."

I was hurt for my friend, and said: "The beauty of her little tale is, that it is *not* a mere novel."

"Is it not? I have run through it, but I cannot say I observed any particular moral."

"It was the way a healthy fresh young nature found to speak. However, Mrs. Hartlepool, like you, thinks she writes too much."

"Not 'like me,'" said Miss Harbledown. "She thinks of the body, I of the mind—all the difference between a mother and a preceptress. Mrs. Hartlepool has an excellent nature—'tis a pity she has not a little more culture."

"I see no fault in her at all," said I, strongly,

Miss Harbledown seemed to become aware that remarks on the shortcomings of one to whom we were both under obligations might as well be withheld. And how superficial her objections were! Is not a mother superior to a preceptress? And did not Mrs. Hartlepool care for the minds as well as bodies of her children?

In the afternoon we had a most charming expedition to a hill-side avenue of old, very old trees, called the Friars' Walk. The brakes and bournes abounded with wildflowers, wood-strawberries, blackberries in blossom, and a profusion of ferns, which in those days, I must admit,

"Wasted their treasures of delight

Upon our *uninstructed* sight."

Here Miss Harbledown was in her glory, holding forth to me and her pupils, who listened with edification, till Urith drew me away, and said laughing:

"Come along, Bessy, and don't be pedantic. We can admire nature in the grand mass."

Eventually, however, Miss Harbledown triumphed, for she made her botanical lectures so interesting that Urith became one of her most intelligent scholars. And many a search did we have afterwards for specimens; and sometimes a hunt for a rare plant, involving scrambles down steep banks to the brink of deep pools, had almost the excitement of a fox-hunt.

Now for the visitors. The first to come, only for a few days, was a distant relation, Miss Anne Keith, with whom we one and all fell in love. Intellectual without the least pedantry, beautiful without the least vanity, there was a dignified simplicity about her that was perfectly charming. And such a voice! her singing alone would have enthralled us. While she remained we had romantic moonlight walks to hear the nightingales and look for glow-worms. Miss Harbledown said of her to me that she thought the last finish to her manner was given by her being engaged. There was no flightiness nor flirtiness about her. What she attributed to the circumstance, I laid to the character—and we judged of it on very slight premises, for who was there to flirt with but Mr. Basil Hartlepool? I could, however, conceive that a deep attachment, successful or unsuccessful, to Miss Keith, might color a man's whole existence.

We were very sorry to lose her! but then came Basil, with a traveled friend, Mr. Crofton, such a traveler as may now be less rarely met with than in those days—who had been in the Bible lands, and on the shores of the Euphrates and Tigris—the land of the Arabian Nights—among the Tartars of Thibet—to the Ophir, famous for gold—to the land of Prester John. He had traveled in Africa, too—penetrated as far as Borneo—seen the Sheik El Kanemy—shot giraffes and elephants: we listened to him as Desdemona listened to Othello.

This delightful Mr. Crofton! Though his face and hands were the color of mahogany, his features by no means handsome, and he was by no means young, the enthusiasm for him was such that I believe any one of us would have deemed herself honored by the offer of his hand. Not that we lowered ourselves by such vain thoughts; no, we knew him to be wedded to his gun and his pencil.

That a man who had sketched at Persepolis and Tadmor should condescend to make studies of the oaks, beeches, and birches at Compton Friars, seemed wonderful; yet his whole heart was in the work, and a furor for sketching was developed among us all: even Miss Harbledown. "For it is well," as she said, "to try one's hand at everything, and never let an opportunity pass; else how should we know where our strength is?"

Mr. Crofton, in his *kingly* way, set us all to rights, and, far from murmuring, we thought it an honor to be corrected. Thus, to me:—

"Miss Lyon, may I speak? you look very good-humored. If I were you, I would throw all this into the fire, and begin again on quite a new tack. Your hand is not sufficiently untied—you must give it more play. You should try to get a good touch—here, I'll show you what I mean? D'ye see?—d'ye see how I do it? You're clever, I'm sure. Make every touch tell. Give over niggling."

How useful those hints were to me! How I have treasured those touches of his on scraps of waste paper, and copied them again and again! So did Helen and Eva. In short, he put us on the right track and gave us a start. Those who had no natural taste for art dropped it when he was gone; others worked on; and to more purpose than before.

In the midst of this art furor arrived Mr. Meggot, who had for some time been reading with a tutor, and was to go to Oxford next term. He was vastly changed—very grand, stately, and sententious, and somewhat given, I thought, to bragging. He seemed to intend doing without much effort at Oxford what cost other men considerable effort to attain to—pull the best oar, fire the best shot,

be the best batter, bowler, rower, swimmer, and whist-player. I thought it hardly likely he would excel in all these things, and that if he did, it must be at the expense of the very things he was sent to college for. But he seemed to think he should take high honors in these, too; and talked grandly of trimming the midnight lamp and tying a wet towel round his head, sporting the oak and studying till daydawn. And yet he seemed to me as great an idler as ever I knew, and not ashamed of displaying his idleness before Mr. Crofton, the man of fortune who had voluntarily encountered perils and hardships of all sorts. While we were all busy, Mr. Meggot would lie on a plaid under a tree—unbending his mind, as he said—and solemnly declaim some such fragment as this—

"Oh, how I long my careless limbs to lay  
Under a plantain's shade, and all the day  
With amorous airs my fancy entertain,  
Invoke the muses and improve my vein."

"Amorous fiddlestick," said Mr. Crofton, making believe to switch him with a long nettle.

"Waller," said Mr. Meggot. "A dollar for Waller. There's an impromptu for you. Can you invoke the muses to as much purpose?"

## CHAPTER VIII.

### COUSIN KATE.

"Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom."

Sometimes Mr. Meggot would indulge us with his opinions of mankind, of womankind, and of the sort of woman his wife must be—a very transcendent creature indeed, and of independent fortune.

Mr. Crofton went away, regretted by all, but Mr. Meggot remained. He said carelessly, he should like to see Miss Rivers.

This young lady, whom the girls oftener spoke of as Cousin Kate, was the next expected visitor. Though related to the Hartlepoons, they had never seen her. She came from a distance, and was reported beautiful and delightful. As we sat idly guessing what she would be like, Mr. Meggot asked if she were not a fortune.

"A fortune? No," said Mrs. Hartlepool. "Don't make yourself out worse

than you are, Phil. You have never been mercenary."

"I thought she had been a fortune?"

"I dare say she has something, but not enough to talk of as a fortune. She is popular because she is pleasant and engaging."

Mr. Meggot put his hands down into the depths of his pockets, and remarked that if she were only engaging she was not likely to be engaged. Mrs. Hartlepool said that, luckily, everybody was not as mercenary as he pretended to be.

Miss Rivers arrived—an uncommonly pretty, airy, sprightly creature. It struck me at first that her playfulness must be of the kind that had characterized Mrs. Montagu in the girlish days when the Duchess of Portland called her Fidget. She was lively rather than witty, but she kept people constantly amused, without saying anything worth remembering.

Mr. Meggot seemed to weigh every word she said, and study every feature in her face; which she gave no sign of finding otherwise than flattering. We, who knew him better, were doubtful whether his opinion were complimentary. But, after all, we knew little of his thoughts; to me, at all events, it was difficult at any time to know whether he were in jest or earnest, and I had pretty good reason to know what he could do in the way of practical joking. And when I heard him solemnly telling Miss Rivers the very reverse of what he had been saying to us before she came, lauding her favorite poets, etc., I suspected he was making game of her.

I do not know whether Miss Rivers had at length an idea of this being the case; but if she liked rattling with Mr. Meggot, she certainly liked rational talk with Mr. Basil Hartlepool better, which improved my opinion of her taste. Basil was rather shy of her at first, and given to silent observation; but was gradually drawn into little discussions, in which, indeed, she sometimes betrayed how shallow she was, and made blunders which were booked by Miss Harbledown, but which Basil treated with great forbearance.

Meanwhile we had again glow-worm

hunts and orchis hunts, and listenings to nightingales, and once a charming picnic, ending with a row on a small lake. I say ending, because it ended very abruptly indeed by the boat upsetting just as Miss Rivers was stepping out of it, so that she got completely drenched. Amid exclamations of alarm and condolence, she made the best of her way, with Urith, to a cottage by the lake, whither we all less hastily followed her. And here an old woman supplied her with a change of garments, which, indeed, could not be expected to fit her, but with which she contrived a most ingenious and becoming masquerade. A chintz gown looped up at one side over a green quilted petticoat, a short gypsy cloak, and gay colored handkerchief tied over her beautiful hair, made her quite "fit to paint;" and the open compliments paid her by Mr. Meggot and the silent admiration of her cousin Basil were received with complacence. I must say something very much like flirting ensued; and her vanity made her sit down to a spinning-wheel, which had belonged to the old woman's grandmother, and play at spinning, as Miss Harbledown remarked to me, with great disgust, as a mere pretext for attitudinizing. Meanwhile the sociable came round, and into it we all packed; and much laughing and talking there was all the way home, but only a few were the interlocutors.

When we got home, Mrs. Hartlepool, who had been unable to join us, said to Miss Rivers: "Why, my dear, you look as if you were going to perform in an opera ballet;" and when she heard what had happened, she was urgent with her niece to go to bed, saying that her heightened color and bright eyes showed a great deal of fever. But Miss Rivers scouted the idea of bed at eight o'clock, and declared she was quite in the humor for a charade; and after some remonstrance charades were the order of the evening. I remember one was Agamemnon. Mr. Meggot made a superb Aga, with hookah and turban. But how act Memnon? Genius tramples on impossibilities. A plaster cast is placed in the background; a great amount of make-believe is required



to suppose it in the far distance. Enter Basil, with traveling-cap and carpet-bag. "Ha! the object of my youthful wishes is then attained! Here am I in Egypt. But soft! what see I yonder on the horizon? Daylight will disclose—sunrise cannot be far distant. No indeed, the glorious orb of day is now rising"—a lamp is surreptitiously set behind the bust from under the window-curtain, while soft music is heard behind it, from—an old guitar!

How Mr. and Mrs. Hartlepool *did* laugh! Miss Harbledown too; all of us. The Aga patronizingly clapped his hands; he was outdone; oriental dignity was eclipsed by absurdity. I believe he said "Mashallah," or "Bismillah," or something of that sort.

Fired with emulation, he now put in for Agamemnon. But Basil said, "No, I'll be Agamemnon—you may be Calchas." But no, he would not be Calchas. Would Miss Rivers be Iphigenia? No, she should not like to be killed, nor to let down her back hair. Finally (all this was behind the scenes) it was decided to take another point in the King of Mycenæ's history. Basil returned to the dress circles, armed with an opera-glass. We had a very strong cast—Mr. Meggot and Miss Rivers. Make-believe was now called on to see a forest. Enter Agamemnon as a hunter, though rather of the modern school. He was hastening to pick up his game, when Miss Rivers, gracefully draped as Diana, appeared in the background and rated him in good set terms for killing her pet stag. Mr. Meggot said afterwards she was too quick upon him—he meant to have had a soliloquy, and given us a touch of *Homer*. However, the emergency called up his readiness; they gave us a very smart dialogue, with plenty of thrust and parry. Miss Rivers worked herself up into a very spirited rage, and insisted on the sacrifice of his daughter. Mr. Meggot clapped his hand to his forehead; and the audience cried "Agamemnon! Agamemnon!" on which he led Miss Rivers forward and—the dame made a courtesy, the dog made a bow—so Mr. Hartlepool said.

After this, I believe, they would have kept on all night; but Mrs. Hartlepool

would have no more, but sent the young people to their rooms, just as, Mr. Meggot said, their spirits were up. She said afterwards that charade acting was one of the things that might easily be carried too far.

Next day Mr. Meggot left us; and Miss Rivers had a cold which kept her to the house. After this it came to pass that she and Basil grew very tender to one another. Marianne told me in confidence she thought they would marry some day. I laughed, and mentioned it to Urith, who looked grave, and said, "They ought not to fancy such things, nor talk of them. Basil cannot possibly marry for some years to come, and will not be with us much longer. Otherwise I don't know that papa and mamma would have much objection."

They seemed drifting into an attachment, perhaps an engagement. I could not tell how much Mrs. Hartlepool noticed, nor how much she liked it. Her manner to Miss Rivers was always very motherly, and I thought she was influenced by the studied deference and almost officious attentions of Miss Rivers to herself and Mr. Hartlepool, which to me were less attaching than the frank, unconstrained manner of her daughters. But I believe now that she was only indulgent to her as a niece, and desirous to let the young people have a certain amount of fair play and free action. To allow this enough, and not too much, is often a parent's puzzle, leading to mistake.

Rather suddenly Basil was summoned away. Miss Rivers looked rather blank, for she had just engaged to prolong her stay a little. He noticed her clouded look, and was pleased and flattered by it.

"I do hope I shall find you here when I come back," he said.

"Oh, that is so long to look forward to!" said Miss Rivers, plaintively.

"Only a few weeks; so do say you will stay."

"Have I not just arranged to remain a little longer?"

"Yes, but I hope you will stay till I come back."

"That must depend."

"On what?"

"Oh, on all sorts of things. My aunt may not want me here."

"Mother!" cried Basil, in a clear, distinct voice, "would you not like Kate to remain here till I come back?"

"Oh, certainly," said Mrs. Hartlepool.

Miss Harbledown afterwards said to me that Basil had no right to draw such an answer from his mother—he left her no liberty for a negative. However, she seemed to me to speak cordially enough; and her son gave her a grateful look and certainly was relieved by her kind assent.

He and Miss Rivers then began to talk in lowered voices, and I changed my place to be out of earshot; but I knew he was recommending her a course of reading, and, at her request, making her a list of books. She received it with an air of tender obligation, and he doubtless went away with the pleasing conviction that she was going to undertake a judicious course of study for his sake; but hardly anything could be more unpalatable to such a light mind than solid study of any sort. I could hardly help smiling when, after Basil was gone, Marianne came to me, looking much impressed, and said in a low voice:

"I met Kate just now on the stairs with an armful of books Basil recommended her to read. I dare say she will have a good cry when she gets into her own room."

"A good cry indeed!" repeated Miss Harbledown contemptuously, "Miss Rivers is pretty childish, but not quite equal to that."

"My darling Downy," said Marianne, winding her arm round her, "you are so prejudiced against Kate! You will never give her credit for being deep."

"Oh, deep—deep as the sea," said Miss Harbledown, in a tone that was anything but satisfactory.

Compton Place was let this summer to a wealthy family named Brooke. Calls had been exchanged; and it was Mrs. Brooke and her daughters who had just paid their return visit when I arrived at Compton Friars. The next time they called was after Basil had left us; and as

Miss Rivers had expressed a wish to see them, I went to summon her.

"At her books," whispered Marianne. "This is her hour, you know."

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, I went up and tapped at her door, but received no answer. Gently opening it, I looked in, and saw her enjoying a refreshing nap! Amused, but feeling guilty, I closed the door, and my doing so probably woke her. I heard a book dropped on the floor, followed by the opening and shutting of drawers and splashing of water; and then out came Miss Rivers, serene and self-satisfied after the well-spent hour. From that moment it dawned on me that she was a little humbug.

But what! may not one doze over a book? Most certainly they may, but not give out afterwards that they have had an hour's hard reading. After Basil's departure, it was wonderful how flat and listless Miss Rivers became. Helen and Marianne had romantic ways of accounting for it; and of course the presence or absence of the only young man in the family does make a difference. She took less pains to dress, less pains to amuse, less pains to conform to the family rules, was generally late at prayers, and frequently at meals. Her prestige was impaired by it.

The Miss Brookes had called to invite the girls to luncheon; it was to be only a female party, without formality, and Miss Rivers seemed to think it hardly worth acceptance. However, as it turned out, Mr. John Brooke was at home, and he made all the difference. He and Miss Rivers were charmed with each other—she threw those artless girls her cousins quite into the shade, and returned all animation. Thenceforth her drollery and high spirits were the same as at first; she evinced the same desire to please everybody; but not with the same success. Her cousins saw that her light partiality was transferred from their brother to a stranger. Therefore they cooled towards her, though Mrs. Hartlepool's manner was unchanged, for the experience of years made her ac-

quainted with the versatility of shallow characters. The good-humor of the girls was ruffled without their cousin's seeming conscious of it.

Miss Harbledown said to me: "Did not I tell you so? They are now learning what she is; and a good thing for them that the disenchantment has not been postponed."

Marianne said one day, "I don't seem to care much, now, for Kate's staying till Basil returns. I believe she cares little for any of us."

But Miss Rivers had no intention of going while the Brookes remained, for whose society she showed a marked preference.

In a little while they all took flight for Hastings. Her dullness then returned. After a few days she announced that she was going home.

"Without waiting for Basil?" said Marianne, hastily.

"Dear me, what difference should that make?" said Miss Rivers. "It would look very strange, I think, to wait on that account, and I have paid you quite a visitation already."

Urith gave Marianne a warning look, and there was dead silence. Mrs. Hartlepool then said, quietly:

"This is rather sudden, my dear, is it not?"

"Oh no, aunt; mamma has been planning for some time to go somewhere; and now, I believe, she is thinking of Hastings."

"I hope you will enjoy yourselves there—Hastings is a very nice place."

The sisters said not a word. Miss Rivers might have made warm friends of them, but did not. They parted with little regret; and the Hastings trip had no result.

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### BASIL'S LAST CHRISTMAS.

"The close-woven arches of limes  
On the banks of our river, I know,  
Are sweeter to her many times  
Than all that the city can show."

I left Compton Friars before Mr. Basil Hartlepool's return, having spent there five happy weeks.

I have read in the popular literature of the day, which has afforded my only insight into high life, that at great houses people come and go without much said on either side, and without staying long—no leave-taking all round—just a few words to the host and hostess, and perhaps one or two besides. But Compton Friars was not a great house, nor did the Hartlepoons move in high life—they never let guests go like that! They could afford to show that they were glad when friends came, and sorry when they went; not one of them would have missed the welcome or the leave-taking if they could help it. And so it came to pass that guests had the comfortable feeling that they were liked and would be missed, and not forgotten the next moment, or remembered only to be ridiculed. I like the old way best.

It was holiday-time, so Miss Harbledown had gone to her friends, leaving the girls more to do in her absence, Mrs. Hartlepool thought; than there was occasion for. I need not say they thought so too; but they were upon honor, and got through the impositions bravely, in half the time they would have spent over them with Miss Harbledown; "plainly showing," their mamma told them, smiling, "what they could do if they would." Then the dictionary was clapped together, the school-books were cleared away, and they clustered round Mrs. Hartlepool and me, to take part in whatever was going on.

"Oh, Bessy! you would like so to be here at Christmas! I should so like you to be here at Christmas!" Eva exclaimed.

"I like being here, whatever the season is," said I; "but my father and mother could not spare me at Christmas."

"Oh! not for once? Not if you asked them very much?"

"I should not think it right to do that; they would be so lonely."

"Certainly they would," said Blanche, looking as if she saw them in imagination by their lonely fireside. "Oh, Eva, it would not be fair to them."

But Eva said: "We have such fun here,

you can't think—old Father Christmas, with icicles of curled paper—St. George and the Dragon—Tom Fool and the hobby-horse—just like the people in Bracebridge Hall. I am sure you would like it."

"I'm sure of that, too."

"Oh, then do come! Mamma, do ask her."

"We don't know that we shall be here ourselves, my dear," said Mrs. Hartlepool, quietly.

Eva looked puzzled; but Blanche drew her off, saying,

"We may not be alive, mamma means—people never know what may happen."

Though this silenced Eva, it did not satisfy me, and Mrs. Hartlepool explained herself when the children were gone, by saying,

"We don't talk about it to them yet, but it is not improbable that we shall winter in London,—in old Mr. Hartlepool's house, which was let as it stood at his death. The tenant does not wish to renew his lease."

"Dear me, that will be very pleasant," said I. "And yet, I don't know that it will be as pleasant as Christmasing here."

"It will be Basil's last Christmas with us, you know, and it will save Mr. Hartlepool his cold, dark journeys here. It will be of advantage to the girls—Urith will come out, and the younger ones will have masters."

"That will be very nice."

And yet I had conjured up such a dream of Compton Friars as in the olden time, with doles to the poor, and cold meats and ale in the hall for all who liked them, and waits and carols and mummers, that a London winter seemed dreadfully prosaic in comparison. To be sure they would be nearer to me, that is to say about four miles off; but that would be beyond a walk, except now and then at a stretch.

Mean while, though Mrs. Hartlepool did not love mysteries, she forbore from speaking of this to her children as yet, because it was not quite fixed and might unsettle them, and perhaps for other reasons there was no need I should know.

And so, when the parting hour came,

we took leave of one another with warmer affection than we had felt or shown yet, and I found that in quitting Compton Friars I was leaving a good piece of my heart behind me.

Just now, the rest of that summer is a blank; and I do not care to force memory to give up any stores relating to it, for I am persuaded they would not be worth recalling. My father and mother were not quite as much interested in hearing continually of the sayings and doings of Compton Friars as they had been the first time, and when I found this I shut myself up in a kind of dreamland. I fear my dear mother thought I found home dull in comparison; if she did, she would not have been far wrong. One or two hints were dropped on the tendency of too much visiting and variety to unfit people for the duties of every-day life. I agreed to this very heartily, and did my best to prove that it did not apply to me; but, after all, it may have done so. My thoughts were so continually running on pleasant places and pleasant people I must not talk about, that it was difficult to me to start and support other subjects without betraying how little in comparison I cared for them.

I was very happy though, all the same—sitting at the open window looking out on the dead wall of the brewery, but half filled with a beautiful geranium Mrs. Hartlepool had given me—rubbing my paints, pursuing my little art with patience and neatness, and thinking all the time of Compton Friars—now, of the glow-worm hunts on sultry evenings—now, of a hunt for water-lilies—now, of visits to poor cottages—now, of copying quaint epitaphs in moss-grown churchyards—then of the various characters that had flitted by me, but most and oftenest of the dear Hartlepoos themselves. What was there weakening in this? Their lives were so harmless and healthful, their characters so transparent, their talk so cheerful and intelligent, that one could not have too much of it. At least I could not; but I can reluctantly admit now that my parents may have had more than enough sometimes of

what was retailed to them at second-hand. Sometimes, if I quoted one of Marianne's jokes (she was a most amusing girl), my mother would say, "Well, I can't see much to laugh at in that?" which, of course, was because the spirit had evaporated, owing to my awkwardness and inaccuracy. Then my father would smile and say, "Oh, fie, my dear, the fault must be in you!" as much as to imply, All *must* be clever that's said at Compton Friars. And my mother would reply, rather shortly, "Yes, I dare say it is, as is generally the case"—and bite off her thread. Then I could only say, crestfallen, "Oh, there wasn't much in it, only it amused us at the time."

"I doubt, Bessy, you were all in tip-top spirits and easily amused—at anything or nothing."

"Yes, mother, that was it." And for a little while I would feel rather humbled at having been so readily amused—at anything or nothing. But, after all, is it not a great secret of happiness?

One day, I said, "Mother, how came you and Mrs. Hartlepool to be friends when you were girls?"

"Because we were at school together," said my mother.

"But you did not make friends of all your school-fellows—?"

"No, to be sure not. I should have had some worthless ones if I had. I was half-boarder, Bessy," resumed she, drawing her work-basket towards her, "and a few years older than Urith Rivers; and it's likely we should never have had much to say to one another if she had not taken the measles just before the holidays. Her mother would not have her home to infect the rest of the family, so she was left at school while the other pupils were dismissed in double-quick time. I never went home for the holidays, for I had not a home that could be called one after the death of my parents. I had had the measles, so there was no danger to me in being with Urith. And very happy we were together that Christmas; we were sorry enough when the holidays were over, and ever after that we continued good friends. But after

we left school we did not often see one another; though when I got married she sent me a very nice letter and a pretty present. After she married we saw each other still seldomer. So that's all about Mrs. Hartlepool."

"What an uncommon name Urith is," said I.

"Uncommon ugly, I always thought," said my mother. "My liking for her did not make me like her name, though I dare say you think it pretty. She was called after one of the Miss Offleys of Derbyshire. I observe, whatever the conversation turns upon, you are sure to bring it round to the Hartlepoons. It is not good for you: people of one idea go mad. You ought to have more change."

"Where am I to find it?" said I. "And I'm sure I don't want any."

"Go and call on Miss Burrows."

Augusta Burrows had been my school-mother when we were children, having been at school the longest—there was little difference in our age. In early times I had rather liked her; she was good-humored and generous when it required no self-denial; had plenty of money, and often let me share her sweet things. She was the daughter of a solicitor living in Finsbury, and, now that her mother was dead, she kept house for him.

Augusta considered herself much above us, and doubtless was so. This was shown in a good-humored off-hand way, but it prevented my intruding on her often. Still I liked her well enough to keep up the old intimacy as far as an occasional visit went, and this just suited her.

At my mother's suggestion I went to call on her now, but found that the house was under repair, and she and her father were away, and she would not be home till winter. I did not much care about it. I had my walk for my pains. And during that walk I enjoyed uninterrupted meditations on Compton Friars.

In the autumn a letter came from Urith. It was written in high spirits. They were all coming up to the old house that had been her grandfather's; and they

were one and all anticipating with delight a winter in London. I enjoyed the reflection of their happiness, and thought how pleasant it would be to have them within reach of a walk of a few miles.

The first time I could make it convenient, I went to view the exterior of the house that was soon to contain so much happiness. It was not in a fashionable quarter; but had evidently been the mansion of one of our wealthy merchants. It was of dark, discolored brick, exceedingly in want of fresh painting, built round a court, in one corner of which grew a sycamore, looking curiously out of place. Into this court looked a great many tall, narrow windows, betokening plenty of rooms. The tenant had not yet removed; and the next news I heard was that he had begged to retain it till Christmas, to which the Hartlepoons rather reluctantly consented, as Christmas is an awkward time for changing house.

So here was the pleasure of seeing them postponed. To make amends for it, my mother, when Christmas-Eve came round, said to me, "Why don't you wrap up and look in on Miss Burrows? Mr. Tremlett is coming to play cribbage with your father, and you are never very fond of him, so it will take you nicely out of the way."

This was a welcome suggestion to me; so I started off on a clear frosty evening, with snow yet lying beside the pavement and on window-sills and railings. Though the wind was very cold, I enjoyed my brisk walk through the busy, cheerful streets, and reached Mr. Burrows' house just as Augusta, well wrapped up, was coming out of it. She was on her way to drink tea with an old friend, and she insisted on taking me with her. The visit made some impression on me, and while it was fresh I wrote the following little account of it.

### THE DIET OF BRAIN-WORKERS.

RACE, climate, and diet are the chief agencies which give character and development to a people. Race, or descent, is the first in importance, for it can prevail over climate, though it always, more or less, succumbs to the extremes. But race and climate combined cannot long prevail over unnutritious diet. Diet influences not only the physical health, but also the moral and intellectual nature; and consequently the character of any people must be, to a certain extent, determined by it.

Although it may be humiliating to admit that the brain, as well as the body, is affected by diet, and that originality and vigor of thought, as well as courage and promptness of action, will be increased or diminished according to the chemical constituents of our staple articles of food, yet every philosophic student of human nature must perceive and acknowledge its truth. Indeed, when we consider the progress that the world has recently made in scientific investigation, especially in the departments of chemistry and physiology, that so many old theo-

ries, built in the air by dreamy speculators, have been made to tumble before the touch of modern research—we can but be surprised that the proper relation of diet to character is yet so ignored or misunderstood. The meagre teachings on this subject with which either savans or charlatans have seen fit to favor the people, have until quite recently been almost entirely erroneous.

We have been taught that brain-workers—especially literary men—needed *less* food and *less* sleep than those who handle the shovel and the spade; and, furthermore, that their diet should be *plainer*, as well as *sparer*, and less tempting in richness and variety. With all respect for the sincerity and originality of Graham, and the very high personal worth of the late Dr. Alcott and President Hitchcock, as well as of many of their followers and co-adjutors, I feel compelled to say, in the interests of science, that the system of dieting that they inculcated was inconsistent with physiology, with experience, and with the common sense of mankind.

The leading idea that I seek to present in this essay is that brain-workers—whether literary, professional or business men—need the best of food, served in the most agreeable manner, and in greater variety and abundance than mechanics or laborers.

In making a comparative estimate of the quantity of food consumed by different classes we should recognize the distinction between mere bulk and nutritive material. The poor and the laboring classes are often compelled to subsist on the coarser varieties of food, which can sustain the life and strength only when taken in large quantities. The carman, who lives on potatoes, cabbages and corn bread, may appear to eat much more than the more fortunate brain-worker, who feasts delicately on the best of meats and flour, though in reality the amount of nutriment he takes is much less. Vegetables of all kinds contain only a small percentage of nutritious substance, and one may partake of large quantities of them daily, and yet be undergoing a kind of slow starvation. According to Pereira, "1 lb. of butcher's meat is equal in nutritive power to 10½ lbs. of potatoes." We are told fearful stories of the gluttony of the Hottentots, the Bushmen, the Yakuti, and the Esquimaux; but it should be remembered that these wild tribes are subjected to long fasts, and when they once succeed in getting anything to eat, they are obliged to supply an enormous waste of tissue. These gormandizing savages are often obliged to hunt and toil for days on an empty stomach, and it is yet to be proved that, on the average, they consume as much real nutriment as the civilized brain-workers. It is unquestionably true, as Herbert Spencer asserts, that barbarous races are "underfed." "In quality as well as in quantity, their feeding is bad."

The reasons why brain-workers need a better quality and larger quantity of nutrition than mechanics and laborers are the following:

1. Labor of the brain causes greater waste of tissue than labor of the mus-

cles. According to the estimates of Prof. Houghton, three hours of hard study produce more important changes of tissue than a whole day of muscular labor. Phosphorus, which is a prominent ingredient of the brain, is deposited in the urine after mental labor, and recent experiments have shown that by chemical examination of these phosphates deposited, it is possible to determine whether an individual has been chiefly using his brain or his muscles.

That the brain is the organ of the intellect is now as well established as any fact of science. The brain, being the noblest organ of the body, receives a greater proportional amount of blood than any other part, and is of course correspondingly affected by the quantity and quality of the nutrition. It has been estimated that one-fifth of the blood goes to the brain, though its average weight is not more than fifty ounces, or about one-fortieth of the weight of the body.

2. Brain-workers as a class are more active than mechanics or laborers. The literary man need never be idle, for his thinking powers—the tools of his trade—are always at hand. Bulwer, in his *Caxtoniana*, mentions this fact as a great advantage that the literary man has over all others. The mechanic has a definite task, assigned for certain hours, and when that is over, he feels free to rest. On the other hand, the powers of thought and composition are only interrupted by sleep, and the intensity of the labor is measured by our mental discipline and powers of endurance.

3. Brain-workers exercise more or less all the other organs of the body as well as the brain. Even the most secluded book-worm must use his muscles, to a greater or less extent, and the great majority of literary and professional men are forced to take systematic and vigorous exercise, in order to keep their brains in good working order. On the other hand, the uneducated and laboring classes, while they toil with their hands as their daily necessities require, are apt to let their brains lie idle, and thus the most

important part of their nature undergoes comparatively little change, except that which comes from time and disuse.

Is it now a matter of fact that brain-workers eat a better quality and larger quantity of food than mechanics and laborers? How is it with the different nationalities?

The ruling people of the world, who have from time to time shaped the destiny of humanity, have always so far as can be ascertained, been liberal feeders. This remark applies, of course, only to the ruling classes in these nationalities, and not to the slave or peasant class, who lived with them, but were not of them. But of the patrician or governing orders of society—the leaders of the world in legislation, in war, in commerce, in science and literature—it is pre-eminently true. The dominant classes among the Babylonians, the Persians, and especially the Romans, were free and luxurious in their habits of eating, although, in those days, there was less variety of food than at present. Of the Romans it has been said, that no people were ever so devoted to the pleasures of the table. Among modern nations the greatest eaters are the English, the Germans, the French, and the Americans—the ruling people of our civilization. The diet of the Spaniards and Italians is notably less substantial than that of the English and Germans, just as their brains are less active and original. The Americans are, on the average, the greatest eaters in the world. Said Carlyle to Emerson: "The best thing he knew of that country was, that in it a man could have meat for his labor."

We now turn to the other side of the picture, and see what position among the nations has thus been taken by the rice, vegetable and fruit-eating people of ancient and modern times.

The rice-eating Hindoos at one time took a better position among the nations than they do now, but neither in war nor in peace did they ever attain to anything of the standard of Europe or America. The Japanese have for ages been a fish, rather than a flesh-eating race, and all travelers agree that they have rather receded than

advanced from the low standard of civilization to which they had attained a thousand years ago. The Chinese are as peaceful and inoffensive as we would suppose a nation of rice-eaters might necessarily be. They have developed, it is true, a genius for certain mechanical arts, and a quiet skill in unique handicraft; but of those broad purposes of action, that made Rome the mistress of the world, that now compel the eyes of the planet to turn to France, England and America, China has known nothing for the long centuries of her history. And here I may say, that in estimating the relative position of any nation in history, we do not consider alone its literature, nor its commerce, nor its mechanical genius, nor its religion, nor its system of education, nor its success in war and legislation, nor its specimens of individual greatness, but all of these combined. Careless observers and thinkers, on visiting for the first time the coasts of China and Japan, are sometimes so powerfully impressed with the originality and patience and mechanical genius of the people, that they at once accord to these nations a higher relative position than they really deserve, or have ever been awarded by the common voice of mankind.

The diet of the nations of Africa, and of most of the islands of the sea, is usually quite meagre, and has too little of variety to afford the best kind of nutrition. The inhabitants of some districts of South America eat clay; certain negro tribes feed on ants; the savages of a large portion of the tropical regions subsist almost exclusively on fruit; the Greenlanders gorge themselves on train oil and blubber; and the peasant of the Apennines oftentimes makes his entire meal of roasted chestnuts; the lower classes of Europe everywhere regard meat as a luxury and not as a daily necessity, and the potatoes and sour milk of the Irish have become proverbial. But what have the natives of South America, the savages of Africa, the stupid Greenlanders, the peasantry of Europe, all combined, done for civilization, in comparison with any single beef-eating class of Europe?

Here again I repeat that our standards



by which we measure nations and individuals, are too low and too narrow. I protest against the degrading spirit of materialism that would estimate a man by his weight on the scales, or by the number of years that it takes him to rust out. As if the human soul, with all its wondrous capacities, were created only to be imprisoned as long as possible, in a gross tabernacle of flesh, and nations were to be estimated, not by the thoughts they evolve, or the deeds of glory and usefulness they accomplish, but by the amount of adipose tissue their indolence enables them to hoard, or by the length of time that it takes them to die! Even the most ignorant hog-raisers studiously consider the *quality* as well as the quantity of pork that the different kinds of feed produce. And shall hygienists, in their estimate of the effects of diet on humanity, only look at the number of pounds avoirdupois that result from the different systems or the number of years that the *body* can endure them? Just here lies the great mistake of most of the popular hygienists, and especially of the so-styled vegetarians. They argue that because the porters of the East, the native Hindoos, the Chinese and the Irish peasantry, eat little or no meat, and are well, and muscular, and capable of a good measure of physical endurance, therefore, all people, in all climates, and at all seasons of the year, should be vegetarians, and thus the world would be much better than it now is. The flaw in their reasoning is, that they take too low and material a view of humanity, and ignore entirely the fact, that although the body can be sustained and kept from dissolution for a considerable period on simple fruits, cereals and the like, yet in the history of the world nothing very great or good has ever been bequeathed to humanity by a nation of vegetarians.

With some exceptions the same facts will apply to individuals. The great majority of the leading thinkers and actors of the world—the philosophers, writers, orators, legislators, warriors, inventors, and creators of new eras in any department of human thought—have fed their brains with a greater or less abundance

and variety of animal as well as vegetable food. We have, in biography and general observation, sufficient data from which to form a satisfactory and reliable opinion. Goethe was a vigorous performer at the table, and even to an active old age, retained his fondness for good dishes. Dr. Johnson was almost a glutton, and although, at times, extreme poverty denied him the necessities of daily meals, he always atoned for his privations, when opportunity offered, by a greediness at once undignified and repulsive. That many of the great men of history were, for the times in which they lived, *bon-vivants*, is too well known to need mention here. But that fact only applies to exceptional cases; the majority were simply free livers. By this I mean that these few were accustomed to partake freely of animal and vegetable food, in as large variety as they could obtain. Whoever will go over in his mind the list of the brain-workers of his acquaintance, and with whose personal habits he is familiar, will be surprised to find that nearly all of them, even perhaps the half and half invalids, have good appetites at the table and partake freely.

We can best arrive at the truth in this matter by comparing different bodies or classes of men, and not by selecting individual cases. Students in academies and colleges, provided they are in good health, study faithfully, and do not exhaust themselves by vices, eat more, according to my observation, than young men of similar ages, in ships, and behind the plow, and far more heartily than the mechanics and artisans. None who board students, whether academical, collegiate, or professional, ever regard them as light eaters. Those exceptions who worry or fret themselves into nervous debility, or who destroy themselves by vices, only prove the rule.

Clergymen are also large eaters. Whatever their theories may be, they practically acknowledge that those who work with their brains need better nourishment than those who allow their intellects to lie idle. I have had abundant opportunities for observing the personal

habits of great numbers of clergymen, and I feel warranted in the assertion, that as a class they are very liberal consumers of nutritious food. I have yet to see the landlady who has boarded theological students, or the wife of any clergyman who has entertained the profession, who did not agree with this view. Farmers who are freeholders and who manage their estates, I have classed among the brain-workers. All will concede that they are large consumers of food, for the phrase, "as hearty as a farmer," has passed into a proverb. Those who attend the annual college alumni dinners, or the anniversaries of religious and scientific associations, often observe this fact in regard to brain-workers, and remark upon it, but they are usually so uncharitable as to believe that if these classes labored as hard as they should, they could not eat so much. This idea is a relic of a semi-barbarous age—of the era of monks, convents, and asceticism.

In matters of hygiene it is interesting to observe how frequently the teachings of experience are confirmed by the investigations of science. Experience tells us that the diet of brain-workers should consist largely of meat, with, of course, an agreeable variety of fruit and cereals. The science of anatomy tells us that man is omnivorous, and that he is not made to live entirely or chiefly on vegetables. The science of chemistry tells us that fresh meat is the best of all food for the brain-workers, not only because it is much easier of digestion than vegetables, but also because it contains those substances that are best adapted to feed the brain. Fish is also an excellent article of diet for brain-workers, but it is decidedly inferior to fresh meat.

The statement has recently gone forth on the authority of Prof. Agassiz, that fish diet, by virtue of the phosphorus which it contains, is pre-eminently adapted to nourish the brain, and that those who subsist on it largely are distinguished for their brightness and intellectuality. Now while it is true that a small percentage of phosphorus enters into the composition of the healthy brain, and while it is also

true that fish contains more or less of phosphorus, that may and probably does pass directly and unchanged into the circulation, it is yet to be proved either by theory or by the experience of mankind, that a diet of fish is *on the whole* better adapted to supply the waste of the brain than a liberal variety of other alimentary substances, and especially of meats. Indeed all the facts that in any way bear on the subject go to prove directly the contrary. For it must be remembered that, besides phosphorus, the brain is composed of a number of other important substances, on a proper supply of which its activity and healthfulness materially depend, and therefore that variety of food is best adapted for its nutrition that best supplies the waste of *all* those elements. Many of our common alimentary substances contain phosphorus, and the different varieties of meat contain it in about as large a percentage as fish. Pereira states that more phosphorus is afforded to the body than it requires when flesh, bread, fruit and husks of grain are used for food, and the excess is eliminated from the system.

Furthermore, the different varieties of meat, besides containing nearly as much phosphorus as fish, have a greater percentage of nitrogenous substances, and a much less quantity of water, and must therefore necessarily be more nutritive for the brain as well as for the system generally. It is found by universal experience that fish is not only less satisfying to the appetite than meat, but that it is also less sustaining to the mental and physical strength. Herodotus tells us that certain classes among the Babylonians and ancient Egyptians subsisted mainly on a diet of fish, and we are led to believe that they belonged to the inferior orders of society. The largest and most exclusive consumers of fish in the world are the Japanese, the savages of New Zealand, the Greenlanders and Esquimaux, and the fishermen on the coasts of Europe and America. The strongest admirers of the Japanese will surely not presume to compare them with the beef-eating Anglo-Saxon. The intellectual inferiority of the

Greenlanders, the Esquimaux, and natives of New Zealand, will be conceded without argument, and the stupidity and ignorance of fishermen and fishing communities have long been proverbial both in this country and in Europe. Indeed, civilization is very little more indebted to fish-eaters than to vegetarians.

If maritime nations have exhibited greater vigor and ability than the inhabitants of the interior, as suggested by Prof. Agassiz, the cause is to be found not so much in any peculiarity of their diet as in the recognized fact of history, that the superior races have intuitively pushed their way to the sea-coast on account of the opportunities there afforded for commerce and colonization.

The meals of brain-workers should, so far as possible, be *leisurely* enjoyed at a *pleasant social table*. This rule is of pre-eminent importance, and is usually acted upon in most civilized lands. Restaurants are an abomination, for the reason that they compel their patrons to select their meals by the names on the *carte*, and not by their appearance and flavor when brought upon the table. We cannot tell what we desire until we see the articles spread before us, as at the ordinary family table. The "European plan" of charging dearly for each mouthful as it is swallowed, works sadly on the health, because it distracts the mind from the pleasures of eating.

The maxim, "Chatted food is ill digested," is just as untrue as the idea that brain-workers should eat less than laborers. The three best digesters are, sound health, a good table, and pleasant conversation; but the greatest of these is conversation, for it can divert the mind even when the health and food are both unsatisfactory. In the charming biography of Charlotte Brontë, by Mrs. Gaskell, we are told that the father of the accomplished authoress, on account of a weakness of digestion, was accustomed to take his meals by himself, apart from the rest of the family. If that had been his habit long, it is no wonder that he was often compelled to give vent to his attacks of hypochondriasis by "firing

pistols out of the back door." Solitary dining is slow death. To board long in restaurants is not to live cheaply but to die expensively. Keepers of hotels and eating-houses are the highwaymen of our civilization. They lie in wait at every corner, allure by their tempting surroundings, and lead on their deluded victims to misery, and perhaps to slow destruction. We may visit such places at occasional intervals, to pass a pleasant hour with a friend; but when we really need a substantial meal, we should seek for the humblest family circle in preference to the most brilliant saloon in the land. The great objection to dining by a bill of fare is, that we cannot tell what we most desire until we see the articles of food and inhale their savory fragrance. The eye and the smell guide the sense of taste and really control it. French names, with high prices annexed, are at best poor appetizers. This is the philosophical explanation of the fact that, in sitting down to a public table, we often study over the schedule in nervous despair, and then decide upon a dish, which as soon as it is placed before us, we find we have no relish for. Nothing can redeem the life at a public table but a pleasant circle of very dear friends, to share the misery with us. Students in colleges, and clerks in stores, are often compelled to board themselves from motives of economy. The necessity is a dire one, but if it must be met it should not be by one single-handed, but by two or three in company.

To recapitulate in a few words: the diet of brain-workers should be of a larger variety, more delicately served, and more abundantly nutritious than that of mechanics and laborers. We should select those articles that are most agreeable to our individual tastes, and so far as possible, we should take our meals amid pleasant social surroundings. In great crises that call for unusual exertion, we should rest the stomach, that for the time the brain may work the harder; but the deficiency of nutrition ought always to be supplied in the first interval of repose.

Do the best we can and we shall make some mistakes that experience will teach us to avoid, but in the quantity as well as in the quality of our food it is better to err on the side of liberality than the

reverse. In all these matters the natural appetite, under the guidance of experience, is a safer adviser than all the books on hygiene that have ever been written.

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### FOLINGSBY'S POND.

(Continued from page 359.)

He began by saying that he was the noblest man that ever lived, and as brave as Ney himself. "He was the second son of the Marquis de Hautville. The old nobleman was a Bourbon in feeling, and had the sagacity to see the course the Revolution was taking before it was too late, and escaped with his property to England. Leon, the youngest son, was then a lad about fifteen years of age. Although I was a few years his senior, we had grown up playmates together. My father remained behind, to have the bloody waves of the Revolution sweep over his family. His head rolled on the scaffold, and I, a mere youth, was left without means and without friends—at least those that were able to assist me. Three years of suffering and destitution followed, when the young Napoleon was given the command of the army of Italy. I was then twenty-one, and at once enlisted under him and rapidly rose in my profession.

In the mean time Leon was growing into manhood in England. His family became intimate with that of an English nobleman, who had an only daughter, Lady Alice. Achille, Leon's elder brother, was handsome, accomplished, and winning in his manners, though he had led a very dissolute, disreputable life in Paris. He fell in love with Lady Alice, then only eighteen years of age, and after a while they, with the consent of their fathers, became engaged. I should judge from Leon's description of her that she was very beautiful and lovely, with a trusting, yielding disposition. A creature of affection, she, however, lacked strength and steadiness of character, and was totally wanting in decision. She fancied Achille, and finding her father wished

her to accept him she did so—but their marriage was not to take place until the restoration of the Bourbons, when the marquis, of course, would come again into the possession of his estates, and assume the important position he had formerly held in the state. This both the parents, being sturdy royalists, did not believe to be far distant.

Leon at this time was only eighteen years of age, but was fast growing into a man, and one very different from his brother. Free from vices, ardent, bold, generous, gifted, he was just the man to win renown in such a field as France then furnished to all men possessing energy and force of character.

The relation existing between the two families naturally brought them much together, and as Leon grew older, he found himself irresistibly drawn towards Alice. They were nearly of one age, and hence sympathized with each other's feelings. Achille was cold and heartless, and Alice soon discovered that his devotion was all manner, under which her budding affections were quickly chilled to death. Leon, on the contrary, was impulsive, full of imagination and feeling, that beamed from his bold, handsome face, as well as found expression in his language. It was the old story over again—these two young people, thrown constantly together, were gradually attracted to each other, and by the time Leon was twenty-one, he was hopelessly in love. With him this was no sickly sentiment or transient preference, but a passion that swallowed up his whole being. There are those, although few in number, who love only once and forever. Their hearts are like vessels launched on the deep—once wrecked there is no recovery. After

that only a hull half buried in the sand, over which the remorseless sea breaks, is all that remains to tell of the stately form that rode so proudly over the waters. Under favorable circumstances such characters become the great moving powers of the race. But if they fail, the ruin is hopeless. The same characteristics that prompt to this utter abandonment of everything to one single passion, or the attainment of one great purpose, almost forces a man into total inaction and seclusion if he meets with disappointment. Such isolated beings in high determination and purpose, I suppose are necessary in this world of distracted aims and efforts; but if unsuccessful they had better never been born.

Such was Leon, and his consuming passion spoke in every feature and look. There was an enthusiasm in his devotion, that few women can resist. It almost defies its object, and she feels that she is something more than loved—she is worshiped. Leon did not, however, tell his love in words, for as a younger brother and an exile there was no hope for him. The father of Alice was stern and proud, and had given his consent to the engagement, which had now lasted two years, and that after consulting with his daughter, and so was not one to retract his given word. Besides he would not, under any circumstances, have allowed her to marry a younger son, with no profession and no prospects. The consent of neither father could be obtained, he knew, while if he could persuade Alice to escape with him, he had no means of supporting her a month. Were France at peace, and his father restored to his former position, the road to distinction would be open to him. But, an exile in a strange land, he was powerless. This fact, however, rather inflamed than quieted his passion, for his proud, daring nature rebelled against it. Although he had never told Alice of his love in words, still she could not fail to read it in his passionate glances and in the devotional, almost pleading manner in which he hung around her. Restless and excited, Leon wandered about, a prey to distracted, conflicting purposes

and feelings; but, turn which way he would, a hard dead wall met his gaze. In her presence he forgot everything; but the moment he was alone he became gloomy and desperate. Alice knew he was unhappy, but her gentle, yielding nature could have no conception of the storm that was raging in his heart. Sweet and affectionate, she could suffer and die, but not struggle.

While affairs were in this dangerous condition, Achilles, his intended bride, and Leon, rode out one day on horseback together, and, at the suggestion of Alice, took a by-road, that led through a secluded glen. The path at one place ran along by the side of a deep, sluggish stream, the banks of which, a part of the way, were steep and high.

At one point, where the stream made a bend, the bank had become so cut away underneath by the action of the current that the firmer surface overhung the base like a cliff. Right here the horse of Alice took fright at some object in advance, and refused to go on. After trying in vain to coax him along with gentle words, she hit him a smart stroke with the whip. Instead of going forward, he suddenly wheeled. As she pulled hard on the bit to bring him round, he began to back towards the edge of the high bank. Both of the young men cried out in alarm; but too late. The soil near the bank suddenly gave way under the horse's feet, and with one desperate vain effort to recover himself, he fell backwards and went head foremost down into the stream. As he went over he was flung back with such force that he hurled Alice entirely clear of him into the water beyond where he struck it, so that in his struggles to rise he did not strike her with his feet. As she disappeared a wild shriek rang back over the bank, while a cry of horror broke from the lips of the two brothers. Achilles was paralyzed with terror; but Leon, quick as thought, leaped from his horse, and darting like an arrow towards the brink, sprang with a terrific bound from it and came down far out in the stream. The horse had recovered himself and was swim-

ming with the current, while Alice, supported by her clothes, lay on the surface, with her face to the sky and her eyes closed. Leon had barely time, with one swift glance, to take all this in, when the water closed over his head. As he came again to the surface, he struck out towards Alice, and seizing her just as she was beginning to sink, bore her to the farther shore, which was sloping, and lifted her on the grass. It was a mile to the nearest bridge, and shouting to Achilles to go for help, he held her in his arms. As he looked on her bloodless face, and felt her motionless form, he thought she was dead, and in his agony he called on her in the most passionate tones, while the most endearing epithets mingled with his exclamations of grief. Alice, however, was unhurt—she had merely swooned, and in a few minutes the warm current of life, that had been so suddenly arrested, began once more to steal through her frame, and her eyelids trembled, and her lips parted in the effort to breathe. With a passionate cry of joy, Leon gathered her closer in his arms, and called on her by all the endearing names that love can frame. Her eyes slowly opened, like the petals of a flower unfolding, and looked calmly up into the face of Leon. For a moment she lay languid as a child, but, roused by the burning kisses showered upon her, she rose up and leaned heavily on his shoulder. His arm still enfolded her, and she suffered him to pour forth his long-restrained passion without rebuke.

Long before Achilles had reached the spot, her love for Leon had been confessed. Achilles, on his arrival, claimed the right of protecting her, and sent his brother home for a carriage.

After this, for a few weeks, Leon was supremely happy. Alice, borne away by his impetuous feelings, and apparently thinking that in saving her life when Achilles made no effort to do so, he had a paramount right to her, did not attempt to check his ardor. As totally blind to the future as he, she gave herself up to the intoxication of the present moment. The ample grounds and park of the estate gave abundant

facilities for private interviews. They met again and again, and, strong in the courage of their mighty love, they, for a time, felt able to brave all dangers. Each day Leon would look no farther into the future than the next, when he should see his idol again.

This self-delusion, however, could not last forever, and, one day, being discovered in one of their stolen interviews by the keeper of the grounds, Leon woke to the fact that he was indulging in a dream. Something must be done, or Alice would be lost to him forever. If his father but suspected the state of his feelings, he would at once remove him from the place, and yet he was wholly dependent on him for his daily subsistence. But what could he do? Turn which way he would, not a single opening appeared, and a gloom began to settle down upon him which even an interview with Alice could shake off only for a brief period. In the bitterness of his heart he cursed the unequal law of primogeniture. He knew himself to be the superior of his brother in every mental and moral quality. Besides, he had a higher right to Alice—that which mutual love gives. Still, divine and natural rights must disappear before this unjust, unequal law.

The awful struggle going on in France, between the new doctrine of the rights of man and the absurd claims of the feudal system, had hitherto awakened but little interest in him. He saw in it only the attempt of the ignorant lower classes to rob those above them of power and wealth. There was something monstrous to him in the doctrines which they called the charter of human rights. But now, when practically, in all that concerned his happiness, he was put with that lower class, he found himself beginning to sympathize with it. He also became a rebel against this tyranny, which claimed a monopoly of human privileges and happiness.

The sympathy he had felt for the old régime in its overthrow was now transferred to the mass, struggling to rend asunder the iron framework that had been stretched so long above their heads.

He forgot to pity this and that old noble, now in exile, while, as he thought of Murat, Lannes, Ney, and others, who a few years before were ostlers, privates in the ranks, or otherwise plebeians of the lowest class, now filling the Continent with their deeds of renown, he began to ask himself why he could not also win a name and place. If those obscure youths, under all the disadvantages that impeded their efforts, could win a title prouder than his father's, why could not he?

While he was thus fast reasoning himself into a republican, the 18th Brumaire put an end to the internal strifes of France. Napoleon had marched his grenadiers into the Directory, as Cromwell did his musketeers into the Long Parliament, and, breaking it up, was made First Consul for life. A new terror seized the monarchs of Europe, for they knew that this was only an intermediate step to supreme power, when this matchless general, who, while crippled and restrained, could overthrow their strongest armies, would wield all the resources and armies of France with unlimited sway. Soon there came the rumors of a new campaign to be organized against the Austrians in Italy, and Leon resolved to enter the French army.

Gathering together what little money he could, he bade Alice a sad farewell, and hastened to the coast. Hiring a small fishing craft to take him across the channel, and set him ashore on an unfrequented part of the French coast, he hastened to Paris and enlisted in the cavalry. In the spring he was crossing the Saint Bernard with the army under Napoleon. In his first battle, that of Marengo, his daring and manifest superiority to the common soldier attracted the notice of his commander. In the famous charge of Kellerman, which completed the overthrow of Melas, he rallied a section of his broken company, and charged with an impetuosity that carried him all alone into the hostile ranks, from which he fought himself out, single-handed, amid the cheers of his comrades.

I was severely wounded at the very close of the battle, and was being carried

to the rear when Leon, in charge of some wounded, passed me. I recognized him instantly, notwithstanding so many years had passed since I last saw him, and called his name. Turning towards me, he gave one look, and then with a cry of joy leaped from the saddle, and the next moment was bending over me.

An interval of rest, you know, now followed, for Bonaparte returned to Paris.

During my long convalescence Leon, when off duty, was always with me, and nursed me like a brother. Oh, how many hours have I lain and watched his handsome countenance as he talked of Alice, and wove bright dreams of the future: frank and open-hearted as a child, he would speak of his love with a simplicity and tenderness that often moved me to tears. And yet there was something fearful in the unreserved, total abandonment of this strong, ardent nature to one single passion. It made me tremble to contemplate the possibility of a disappointment.

It is useless to dwell on our future campaigns together. His advancement was not as rapid as it would have been had he joined the army earlier. It was now thoroughly organized and officered; besides, Napoleon gave the preference to those who had gone through the first campaign in Italy with him and shared his fortunes in Egypt. Still, determined to win promotion, he was the first to volunteer in every desperate undertaking, and exhibited a daring and recklessness of life that bid fair to cut short his career in its very commencement. It is a pity he did not fall in some of those desperate charges in which he rode at the head of his column, with a buoyancy and enthusiasm that made his proud face radiant. I will not weary you with a recital of his many gallant deeds, and almost miraculous escapes. He rose slowly but steadily in his profession, and in the organization of the Russian campaign was promoted to colonel in my division. He shared in most of the battles that followed, and in the disastrous retreat from Moscow saved my life, which knit me still closer to him. When demoralized by the bitter

cold, and scattered by the storms, and dispersed in search of forage and food, the army became a mere mob—a wandering, dying multitude—even the commanding officers were forgotten, and each one struggled for self-preservation in his own way. The still despair that had settled down on the soldiers made them indifferent to commands or threats, and, in fact, there was no means of enforcing the one or executing the other.

One day, when my force was dwindled down to a mere handful of ragged, half-starved men, there came on a snow-storm more fierce and piercing than any that had preceded it. The soldiers, exhausted and despairing, threw their muskets into the snow-drifts, and one after another lay down to die. The wind roared through the pine-trees, whose tops were lost in the blinding drift. So rapidly did the snow accumulate that in a few minutes after a soldier fell, or lay down in hopeless despair, a little white hillock alone told where he was, and this as quickly disappeared in the wide unbroken desolation. Clouds of ravens flitted through the atmosphere, whose hoarse croak, piercing the wild roar of the tempest, struck increased terror to the hearts of the survivors. Staggering on, uncertain whither we were going, it would have been a relief to have heard, as we did the day before, the distant roar of the enemy's guns. Muffling their rags closer around them, their heads bent to the driving sleet, the soldiers forced their way slowly through the drifts, their numbers thinning with every advancing step. I still had my horse, and was slowly floundering along, when he stumbled over a dead soldier, and, falling on his knees, threw me over his head into a drift. Benumbed and weak, it was with difficulty I could extricate myself. When I did, and looked around, my horse was nowhere to be seen, for the atmosphere was so thick with the driving snow that an object could not be discerned twenty yards in advance. In my despair I shouted for help, but my voice was lost in the howling storm. Guided by the hillocks of dead, I struggled forward on

foot for a while, but, chilled and exhausted, I was about to lie down in despair, when I heard a faint muffled halloo. I answered it, and soon saw a man on horseback, leading another horse, up to the saddle-girths in snow, struggling toward me. It was Leon—my horse had overtaken the ghost of a column, and he recognized him. With a noble self-devotion he immediately wheeled about, and, too grand to ask any one to share his danger, determined to find me or die in the effort. To any one else it would have seemed a hopeless undertaking. But he, as I told you, was one who never thought of results when acting under his noble impulses. It was almost a miracle that he found me—fifteen minutes' longer search would have settled his fate and mine.

Helping me to mount my horse, he led the way which he thought my straggling column had gone. Oh, it was a frightful day, and when the storm broke toward night the cold became so intense that it seemed impossible that we could survive it. A few of us had drifted together, and getting behind some bushes that broke somewhat the cutting north wind, we huddled close, and sat with our heads and knees bent toward each other in order to retain what little warmth there was in our bodies. When morning dawned, and we prepared to resume our desolate march, we found that only about half of our number could rise at all, the rest sat frozen in the crouching posture they had assumed, stiffened corpses, that never more would hear the sound of the bugle or the beat of the drum.

Leon seemed as impervious to the cold as he had been to the enemy's bullets, and awoke from this awful bivouac with an elasticity of spirits that amazed me. There seemed to be an internal fire that kept his blood flowing when mine was stagnating; and assisting me to my feet, he urged me forward, until the exercise restored my suspended circulation.

But I won't weary you with an account of his devotion to me, nor of his heroic self-sacrifices. He simply was himself, forgetting everything but the comfort of



others. I could tell you acts of his that ennoble our race and exalt our poor humanity; but it would make my narrative almost endless.

At the terrible passage of the Beresina, when the frail bridge over it rocked to the headlong rush of the terrified multitude, and was flying into splinters under the hurricane of shot from the Russian batteries, I saw him stoop from his plunging horse and pick up a child, whose father had at that moment fallen, and bear it through the struggling crowd and blinding snow safe to the farther shore. I mention these details solely to show his unselfish, brave heart, and how impossible it was not to love him.

You know as well as I do the result of that disastrous campaign, and the issue of the after efforts to retrieve its awful losses. The end at last came: Bonaparte was banished to Elba, and Louis XVIII. ascended the throne of France. One of his first acts was to reduce the army to a peace footing. Among those struck from the service were myself and Leon. I had taken the precaution to draw my back pay, and induced Leon to do the same before the final catastrophe came.

I thought we might, in the sudden entire change of affairs, be compelled to become soldiers of fortune, and hence would need what little money we could command. It was fortunate I did; for although we were unmolested, we needed every cent we had been able to raise. As it was, we were compelled to live very economically, while the prospect in the future was gloomy enough. It was worse for Leon than for me, because he had more at stake.

France having settled back to her old condition, the estates forfeited in the Revolution reverted to their former owners, and, of course, the Marquis de Hautville would return to Paris and resume his old position, and Achille and Alice be married, as it had been arranged.

In the mean time, however, Leon, with his hopes all crushed, wrote a letter to Alice, in which he stated that he was a beggar, with no prospects in the future,

and releasing her from all obligations to him. Expressing the hope that the happiness which never could be his, might in time and change of circumstances be hers, he bade her a long farewell.

We lived together in the summer of 1814, constantly proposing plans for the future, yet still doing nothing. Leon expected every day to see an announcement of the return of his father to his estates, and the marriage of Achille and Alice.

In the mean time he received a letter from Alice, written in a desponding tone. She said that by her entreaties her father had consented to postpone the marriage until spring, before which time she hoped death would come to her relief.

Shortly after, Achille arrived in Paris to look after the family estate, although Leon was ignorant of the fact. But one day, as we were strolling through the Champs Elysées, we came suddenly upon him, and were face to face before either of us discovered the other. The meeting was constrained and formal, for, although Achille knew nothing of the attachment between his brother and Alice, he knew that his want of fidelity to the king had forever banished him from his father's house. As we separated and walked away, Leon was much agitated. The sudden meeting with his brother recalled Alice so vividly to his mind that it was some time before he could control himself.

The autumn months were slowly away, bringing no change. But with the winter there came ominous whisperings in the air, and vague mysterious hints passed between the old officers of the empire. At length, like a thunderbolt falling at noonday from an unclouded sky, came the report that Napoleon had landed at Cannes. The couriers that now kept hourly arriving at Paris with news for the king could not outstrip the tidings that seemed borne on the wings of the wind. Without troops, the emperor boldly flung himself on the heart of the people. The gates of towns swung open at his approach, or were leveled to the earth by those within, to welcome him, while the inhabitants came leaping like deer from

the hill-sides, with shouts and acclamations. The army sent to capture him rushed into his arms, swelling the shout of the people as they bore him back to the capital. The king fled in terror, and without firing a shot, Napoleon sat down in his recovered throne.

When the news of his landing first reached Paris, Leon exclaimed 'All is not lost,' and from that moment he became his former self. The light returned to his eye, and once more he moved with that same proud, buoyant air that he always wore on the battle-field.

The hundred days that followed were crowded with work and filled with excitement, for the allied powers were straining every nerve to crush the Emperor before he could organize an army fit for the field. Some of the firmest props of his Empire were wanting at this perilous moment, and he had to supply their places with such material as he could.

I was given a division in the Old Guard, and at my solicitation Leon was made brigade-general under me. You know the campaign that followed. At Ligny and Quatre Bras Napoleon's genius shone with its old splendor. Those victories had filled Leon with the wildest hopes, and on the morning of the battle of Waterloo he exhibited such an exhilaration of spirits that I was troubled, for I well knew before that hard day's work would be done, many a gallant officer, and perhaps he among them, would be sleeping amid the trodden grain.

You know, too, the sanguinary struggle that was maintained during that long summer day, of which the Old Guard were idle spectators.

At length, late in the afternoon, it was reported to Napoleon that heavy columns were seen approaching in the distance. He immediately turned his glass in that direction, and surveyed them long and anxiously. At last he shut it up with a clang, and exclaiming, 'It is the Prussians,' galloped off to the Old Guard, and ordered the final charge, hoping to break the enemy's line before those fresh troops could reach the field. It moved off in two grand columns,

one under Reille, and the other under Ney.

We were with Ney, and Napoleon accompanied us part of the way down the slope. He then addressed a few words to us—the last he ever uttered to soldiers on the field. The shout 'Vive l'Empereur' rolled like thunder along the slope, and friend and foe knew that the final hour had come. That Old Guard had never yet recoiled before an enemy, and for years its hoarse shout had always been the prelude to victory. The sun had just gone down, and the western sky was still glowing in the light of its departing rays as we moved in one dark mass on the hostile lines. The moment we came within reach, the enemy's batteries opened a terrible fire on us—but nothing could stop our steady advance. Right on into the smoke of the blazing guns, we marched with ranks unbroken; bearing back the heavy columns that opposed us with resistless power. From right and left, and in front, came an incessant storm of shot from the enemy's artillery, and death traversed our ranks with rapid footsteps; but with firm, unflinching tread our dark column kept on its terrible way. We knew the eyes of the Emperor and of the army were on us, and that we bore the destiny of France on our eagles. In vain the enemy's cavalry charged up against our solid formations—in vain their batteries played in point-blank range of the heads of our columns; right on like the in rolling tide of the ocean—as grand and awful—we swept over the trembling field. The last line of the enemy, as we thought, had been carried, and the victory won, when a line of British troops, four deep, that lay behind a ditch, suddenly rose like an apparition in our very faces, and poured in a volley at close pistol range. Our whole front sunk before it as though suddenly engulfed in the earth. Volley now followed volley in such quick succession that our shattered and almost annihilated front had no time to re-form, and rocked to and fro its entire length. The officers, alarmed, galloped amid the fire, and by voice and example strove with superhuman energy to restore it, but in vain. Those

victors in a hundred battles moved calmly up in their places, but crumbled away before the terrible volleys as a bank of sand caves before a rushing stream, and at length the whole mass began to recoil. After pausing, it would make a mighty endeavor to bear up against the now whole onpouring host. Lifting itself like a cloud against the blast, it sank away again, and finally fell back down the slope. The army from the ridge in rear had watched us descend into the valley, cross it, and ascend the farther side, with breathless interest, and were ready to shout the victory, when they saw us a torn, disordered mass, moving heavily back. Then there arose a cry never before heard on the field of battle: — '*La Garde recule—la Garde recule!*' Over the roar of the guns, and confused noise and tumult of the struggle, it went up like a wail of despair. Oh, then one might be willing to die to see what sublime self-sacrifice man was capable of. These noble officers knew that they carried France in their arms, and, forgetful of everything else, moved to death with a proud and lofty bearing. Still the great square was unpierced, and Wellington wheeled his artillery close around its three sides, and played with awful power on its solid walls of flesh. It was then that Ney, who, though he knew all was lost, made a last mighty effort to save the honor of the Old Guard, and teach it how to die worthy of its great renown. Death seemed to shun him, for after five horses had, one after another, sunk under him, and he strode on foot amid the reeling ranks, he still towered unhurt. Reeking with perspiration—his coat unbuttoned and flung back from his broad chest—his sleeve at the shoulder torn by a bullet, he calmly moved amid the wild hurricane of shot and formed those immediately around him into a solid square, determined to die with the eagles of the Old Guard waving above him. It was at this terrible moment that I saw the last of Leon; but oh, how changed! The brightness and buoyancy of his face were gone, and an expression was on it that I cannot describe. His eyes burned

like fire, but his cheeks were pale as marble. The hope of the morning had vanished forever, but despair had not usurped its place. The crushing disaster, of which he had never dreamed, instead of paralyzing him, had lifted him above humanity. Like Ney, he was thinking only of dying nobly, and, seconding his movements, was getting a battalion into line. There was a power in his glance and gesture that no one thought of resisting, and men wheeled to his orders as though suddenly inspired by his spirit. Just then came a crushing volley. I saw him throw up his hand, and the next moment reel in his saddle and fall.

It is needless to dwell on the subsequent rout and carnage. Paris fell, the empire was overthrown, and Napoleon banished to St. Helena. Many of the officers now fled into exile, and I among the rest. It was a long time before I heard anything from Leon. At length I learned that he was not killed, but dangerously wounded. He lay till autumn in the hospital, and when he crawled forth again into the world, learned that his brother was married and back in Paris. What became of him afterward I never could ascertain. There was a report that he had come to this country. But though I made inquiry of the exiles in every city, I never could get any clue to him. It is now evident that he did come to this continent, but by some chance, or for some reason of his own, he went to Canada. Borne down with sorrow, poor, and solitary, he must have wandered off among the French Indians, accompanied them on a hunting expedition, fixed himself down in the solitary place you spoke of, and there lived and died a broken-hearted man. What a wreck he became! But it is all over now, and he sleeps well in the solemn forest, on the shores of the little lake that bears his name."

As he finished this sad narrative he wiped the gathering tears from his eyes and rose to go. At the door I asked him if he ever heard anything of Achilles and his wife. "Yes," he said, "an old friend wrote me that he soon returned to

his dissipated life with redoubled appetite, and finally became so sottish and degraded that his wife left him and returned to her parents."

After he had departed I sat by my table lost in sad reflections. How full, I thought, life is of unwritten tragedies! How much sorrow one human heart can endure without breaking! What a life

this man had experienced! To-day a dashing officer, full of hope and ambition, he rides right gallantly, and with a proud and lordly bearing, amid the smoke and tumult of battle; to-morrow, a solitary hermit in the untrodden forest, he is breathing out his weary spirit alone—no one near him to close his eyes or bear him to the grave.

### THE FIRST WEEK OF THE TELEGRAPH.

THE birth-time and the birth-place of inventions that have conferred great and lasting benefits upon the world, with the incidents and personal details involved in the first dim conception, the slow and painful development, and the ultimate realization of the happy ideal, will ever arrest the attention of earnest and thoughtful minds. Many, however, that have for hundreds of years been doing signal service to man, have no well-defined point on the unrolled chart of the world's great Past. Take, for instance, that one that has been happily characterized as "*Ars omnium Artium Conservatrix*," while at the same time the prompter and the safe custodian of all literature and science as well; and who can tell us just when, or where, or by whom, it was brought to the birth? Some *where*, either in Holland or Germany; some *when*, between the years 1423 and 1452; and by some *body*, it is not quite certain by whom, the palmary, all patronizing art of printing was invented. Thus stands the record; and so perhaps it will stand forever.

The first half of the 19th century will be ever memorable as a period of vast inventive activity. Perhaps no equal space in the world's whole history can compare with it in this respect. Of its ten thousand beneficent and civilizing agencies, it will not be deemed extravagant to place in the first rank the *Electro Magnetic Telegraph*. Spreading its magic network over whole continents, crossing straits, seas, and ocean-beds, and destined soon to girdle the world, it flashes intelligence with a speed literally anni-

hilating time and space, and brings individuals, communities, and nations into living contact; thus tending, may we not hope, to promote the great cause of human brotherhood, and to speed the "good time coming," when "right, not might, shall be the law."

The birth-time and the birth-place of the Telegraph, as a recording instrument of intelligence; how Science lighted the way, and made possible the humbler achievement of Art; the men who furnished the requisite material aid, in the face of incredulity and ridicule;\* the parties who wrought the rude original plan into working order, and gave it efficiency; the man who invented the Morse-alphabet, so-called, and to whose ingenuity, mechanical skill, and tireless perseverance the clock-work of the telegraph-machine is largely due, and without whose intelligent appreciation the telegraph, even when it had come to the birth, could not have been born when it was, though it must have been, soon or late,—for the way was prepared, and the world was waiting for it; all this is well

\* The late Judge Vail, of Speedwell, near Morristown, N. J., and the late Mr. Alfred Vail, and the Hon. George Vail, his sons, by their assistance enabled Mr. Morse to perfect his instrument, which was done at the residence of Judge Vail, in the latter part of 1837; and, with three miles of coated copper wire, stretched around a room of the "Factory" on his premises, was privately made the first trial, on a long wire, of the completed Telegraph, on Saturday, Jan. 6, 1838. This important date is copied from the Diary of Judge Vail for the year 1838.

understood, and for the most part is written down, and the record, some day in the near future, must find its place in history, upon the true principle of *sum cuique*. \* Into these details it is not the purpose of the writer now to enter. All that he proposes is, to give a scrap of early history not generally known, but which, he thinks, cannot fail to interest the great public. The small beginnings of things that have grown to world-embracing magnitudes, possess, if not an intrinsic, at least an historic interest, that in the long run cannot fail of worthy recognition.

In the fall of 1850, Mr. Alfred Vail, of Morristown, New Jersey, gave the writer an account of the receipts of the telegraph at the Washington office during the first four days of its operation, after it had been taken under the patronage of the government, and at his request Mr. Vail afterwards wrote it down. That record is now before him, and from it the present statement is made, mostly in the words of the manuscript.

The telegraph was first put in operation, between Washington and Baltimore, in the spring of 1844, and was shown without charge until April 1st, 1845. Congress, during the session of 1844-'45, made an appropriation of \$8,000 to keep it in operation during the year, placing it, at the same time, under the supervision of the Postmaster-General. He, at the close of the session, ordered a tariff of charges of one cent for every four characters made by or through the telegraph, appointing also the operators of the line; Mr. Vail for the Washington station, and Mr. H. J. Rogers for Baltimore.

This new order of things commenced on April 1, 1845, and the object was to test the profitableness of the enterprise. The receipts for April 1st-4th, inclusive, were as follows:

It should be borne in mind that Mr. Polk had just been inaugurated, and, as is always the case on the advent of a

new administration, the city was filled with persons seeking for office. A gentleman of Virginia, who stated that to be his errand to the city, came to the office of the telegraph on the 1st day of April, and desired to see its operation. The oath of office being fresh in the mind of the operator, and he being determined to fulfil it to the letter, the gentleman was told of the rates of charges, and that he would see its operation by sending his name to Baltimore, and having it sent back, at the rate of four letters or figures for a cent; or he might ask Baltimore regarding the weather, etc. This he refused to do, and coaxed, argued, and threatened. He said there could be no harm in showing him its operation, as that was all he wanted. He was told of the oath just taken by the incumbent, and of his intention to observe it faithfully; and that if it was shown to him by the passage of a communication gratuitously, it would be in violation of his oath of office. He stated he had no change. In reply he was told, that if he would call upon the Postmaster-General, and obtain his consent that the operation should be shown him gratis, the operator would cheerfully comply to almost any extent. He stated in reply that he knew the Postmaster-General, and had considerable influence with some of the officers of government, and that he, the operator, had better show it to him at once, intimating that he might be subjected to some peril by refusing. He was told that no regard would be paid to the extent of his influence, etc., be it great or little; that he did not think he was at liberty to use the property of the government for individual benefit when under oath to exact pay; and cited the rules of the post-office in relation to the carriage of letters; but that he was willing to do as directed by the Postmaster-General (Hon. Cave Johnson). The discussion lasted almost an hour, when the gentleman left the office in no pleasant mood.

This was the patronage received by the Washington office on the 1st, 2d, and 3d of April. On the 4th the same gentleman "turned up" again, and repeated

\* It is understood that Prof. Morse is preparing a History of the Telegraph. As he has the necessary materials for doing justice to his subject, its publication is awaited with interest.

some of his former arguments. He was asked if he had seen the Postmaster-General, and obtained his consent to his request; to which he replied, he had not. After considerable discussion, which was rather amusing than vexatious, he said that he had nothing less than a twenty-dollar bill, and one cent, all of which he pulled out of his breeches' pocket. He was told that he could have a cent's worth of telegraphing, if that would answer, to which he agreed. After his many manoeuvres, and his long agony, the gentleman was finally gratified in the following manner: Washington asked Baltimore, 4, which means, in the list of signals—*What time is it?*—Baltimore replied, 1, which meant—*one o'clock*. The amount of the operation was one character each way, making two in all, which, at the rate of four for a cent, would amount to half a cent exactly. He laid down his cent, but he was told that half a cent would suffice, if he could produce the change. This he declined to do, and gave the whole cent, after which, being satisfied, he left the office.

Such was the income of the Washington office for the first four days of April, 1845. On the 5th, twelve and a half cents were received. The 6th was the Sabbath. On the 7th, the receipts ran up to sixty cents; on the 8th, to \$1.32; on the 9th, to \$1.04. It is worthy of remark, concludes Mr. Vail, that more business was done by the merchants after the tariff was laid than when the service was gratuitous.

The above details may strike many as very trifling and undignified. So they are in themselves; but therein consists their charm, and their relevancy to the subject in hand. Deep in our nature there is a principle that loves to contrast small beginnings with grand results. History is full of this. Development is characteristic of the works of God, and of the works of man as well. Nothing great ever comes all of a sudden. To the ignorant and unobservant it may seem so; but it only seems, for it is not so. It was not thus with the commonest implement of the peasant—the Plough, for

instance. Only of late has this—the pioneer and the honored symbol of civilization—risen to its present advanced degree of improvement, for doubtless it has not yet reached perfection. So of every other in the service of man. The TELEGRAPH is but a particular instance of a general law—development. To note a single point in its germ-period was all that the writer proposed to do.

As a *finale* to this humble scrap of history, it would seem to be eminently fit to reproduce a relation made by Prof. Morse, which will explain itself. It may be proper to add, however, that the date of the midnight passage of the Telegraph Bill must have been in May, 1843, as the passage of the dispatch suggested by the lady friend of Mr. Morse was on Monday, May 27, 1844, which, he says, was about a year after the law was passed.

Says Prof. Morse:—"My bill had indeed passed the House of Representatives, and it was on the calendar of the Senate; but the evening of the last day had commenced, with more than one hundred bills to be considered and passed upon before mine could be reached.

"Wearied out with the anxiety of suspense, I consulted one of my senatorial friends. He thought the chance of reaching it to be so small that he advised me to consider it as lost. In a state of mind, gentlemen, which I must leave you to imagine, I returned to my lodgings to make preparations for returning home the next day. My funds were reduced to the fraction of a dollar. In the morning, as I was about to sit down to breakfast, the servant announced that a young lady desired to see me in the parlor. It was the daughter of my excellent friend and college class-mate, the Commissioner of Patents [Henry L. Ellsworth]. She had called, she said, by her father's permission, and in the exuberance of her own joy, to announce to me *the passage of my Telegraph Bill at midnight*, but a moment before the Senate's adjournment!

"This was the turning-point of the Telegraph Invention in America.

"As an appropriate acknowledgment for the young lady's sympathy and kindness

—a sympathy which only a woman can feel and express—I promised that the first dispatch, by the first line of telegraph from Washington to Baltimore, should be indited by her. To which she replied: ‘Remember now, I shall hold you to your word.’

“In about a year from that time the line was completed, and everything being prepared, I apprised my young friend of

the fact. A note from her enclosed this dispatch:

“‘*What hath God wrought!*’

“These were the first words that passed on the first completed line of electric wires in America. None could have been chosen more in accordance with my own feelings. It baptized the American Telegraph with the name of its Author.”

## NEANDER'S LAST BIRTHDAY.

(Continued from page 352.)

EVERY Saturday evening Neander receives his young friends; every student is free to come. The study is always crowded. They all look for seats, and find plenty of them upon piles of church fathers. In years past, Hannah used to stand at the door like a little Cerberus, and privately keep count until 17 students had entered; all that came after them she mercilessly sent away by manifold artifices prompted by her ready wit, because Hannah had only 18 teaspoons in her possession. Long since, however, love increased the number of teaspoons, as well as that of students on her reception evenings, by dozens.

On one of these evenings it does one's heart good to see the aged man, in his comfortable study-gown, sitting among his young students, himself young in his activity. Kneading a bit of wax in his fingers, Neander, in a low, deep voice, leads the conversation on theological subjects; and with the most affectionate deference to those around him, enters into every question, every thought, every subject, however uninteresting, always simple, earnest, and gentle, like his own calm, accommodating system of theology. If he perceives but a breath of doubt or want of clearness, how well he knows how to arouse and incite to investigation. He is never impatient, even with the most garrulous greenness, but tries to ripen it in the sunshine of his love. A breath of loving tenderness surrounds him; he would rather be harmed himself than harm another. Therefore all that

he says and does is strictly truthful; the arts of conversation are detestable to him. If he says good-evening to a student as he enters, he takes his hand, asks after his welfare, thanks him for some little favor; nothing is for form's sake, everything comes from the heart.

And not with words alone does this “man of the youth” express his affection for his students, but also with self-sacrificing deeds. He is continually lending and giving to them his treasures, *i.e.*, his books, and he supports them with self-denial out of his own poverty; he gives with a touching tenderness. He who, from love to his work in Berlin, has declined every honorable call to richer professorships, established out of his own modest income the Academical Society for the care of the sick, and gives to it almost beyond his ability.

But Neander's own personal wants are of the smallest. During the feebleness of sickness he most decidedly refused to take wine as a tonic—he who had carried so many bottles of expensive wine under his cloak to the room of a sick student. Even Hannah's desire and authority did not prevail in this instance over her brother's frugality; he took wine only by the prescription of his physician—as a duty!

With all this, Neander loves and practises the heartiest hospitality. Almost every Sunday, at noon and evening, he has friends, old and young, at his simple table. He very seldom goes himself into company, and then only for Hannah's sake.

And Hannah has invited a large company to dinner to-day, as she has done for many years on her brother's birthday. At the simple dinner-table, in the long, narrow dining-room, 30 persons are seated. Neander, sitting shrunk up and almost embarrassed at the head of the table, has just said grace—simple childlike words—but whoever has once seen and heard him carries away with him in his heart a purifying and sanctifying breath.

Behind Neander stands his faithful old servant, Karl, who places his master's napkin before him, brings him his hot soup in a large old-fashioned cup, cuts up his meat, and waits upon him throughout the meal as if he were a helpless child. It is touching to see how grateful Neander is for this little service, how gently and tenderly he says: "Be so good, dear Karl!" A sad experience which Neander had with another servant, who, after living nine years in the house, where he and his family received the greatest kindnesses, absconded one day with all the silver and other valuables, did not harden his gentle heart; Neander would not prosecute the thief.

Neander's right-hand neighbor is, in spite of his seventy-four years, still of noble aspect, full of energy. His delicate features beam with benignity and intellect. He is the court-preacher, Friedrich Ehrenberg, who, especially by his "Book of Devotion for the Educated," has exerted a most beneficent influence upon the minds of women. To this friend of many years Neander dedicated his "Life of Jesus," written in reply to Strauss, "as a slight token of gratitude for his edifying preaching."

At Neander's left hand sits an old man with a sagacious look, a high, thoughtful forehead, and flashing eagle eyes—Schilling. The indignant philosopher, who closed forever his lectures in the Berlin University when the last one, "On the Philosophy of Revelation," was secretly published, with critical notes, by his Heidelberg opponent, Paulus, and Schilling's complaint of it was dismissed from court,—the indignant philosopher has since that time read only in the Academy of Scien-

ces. Neander, who, when a student, was one of Schilling's most devoted pupils, and who holds with his beloved teacher, in opposition to the pantheistic Hegel, that the highest province of philosophical speculation is to think over the thoughts of God as He has revealed them, still, in his old age, gladly listens at the feet of his friend Schilling.

The rosy, joyous, benignant face next to Ehrenberg is that of Lisco, the author of "The Parables of Jesus," Neander's confessor.

That large, powerful man, with the loud, hearty laugh, is the court-preacher, Strauss. He tells with great humor of his journeyman travels with Neander and Noodt from Halle to Göttingen, and speaks of the celebrity which Neander's classical Latin had even then attained among his companions. His favorite expression, "becoming—culminating—non-becoming," strikes the younger guests at the table as somewhat strange.

During the prevalence of rationalism, Strauss has been rich in good works, as a devoted pastor, and as the author of "Bell-Strokes; or, Recollections of the Life of a Young Christian." The following fact, often related by Strauss, shows what was the condition of things in Berlin, in regard to pastoral care, before the days of Ehrenberg, Strauss, and Lisco.

The provost of St. Peter's at that time was by no means a friend of preaching. "Mr. Schilling, you certainly do not understand how too much preaching degenerates into babbling!" he used to say to his faithful sacristan. "Oh, Mr. Provost, I feel about it exactly as you do!" was Schilling's sympathizing reply. "Mr. Schilling, if the week-day sermons could only be given up, it would be well!" once more the provost complains to the sacristan. "Mr. Provost, perhaps nobody will come to church to-day, and then we can go home at once!" "Heaven grant it, Mr. Schilling; just go and see if anybody has come!"—"Mr. Provost, one woman has just come—it is your cook, Dorothy—nobody else!" reported Mr. Schilling. The provost rushed into the church—"Dorothy, what



the plague are you here for? Am I going to preach to you and nobody else? Run home, Dorothy. Now, Mr. Schilling, we can go too!"

That noble-looking man, with the fine, beaming face, and soft thick hair, just turning gray, is Immanuel Nitzsch, the "flower of modern theology." Called three years since from Bonn to Berlin, a hearty sympathy in faith drew him at once to the "Pectoralist," as the Hegelians sportively call Neander, from his already-mentioned maxim, "*Pectus quod facit theologum.*" Even in external things Nitzsch reminds one of Neander: thus, when he is talking, he must have some constant occupation for his hands. Neander, lost in thought, breaks up a cork with his fingers; Nitzsch unbuttons his coat from the bottom to the top, takes pleasantly a pinch of snuff out of his snuff-box, and slowly buttons his coat again from the top to the bottom; and then begins to unbutton it over again.

Professor Piper, Neander's enthusiastic pupil, and for many years his amanuensis, who has done so much for the history of Christian antiquities and for the theology of the church as derived from its monuments, had published, the previous Christmas, the first volume of his "*Evangelical Calendar.*" In a witty toast he now aims a joke at Director Ranke, who was sitting at his side, that though he is the model of a precise gymnasial director, yet he always comes too late to these social gatherings.

Next come Professor Trendelenberg, Lachs, the genial Director of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, Krummacher, the brilliant pulpit orator and author of the works on Elijah and Elisha, and the Privy-Councillor Eilers, the conductor and protector of the higher Prussian educational institutions, who had been many years before, in Heidelberg, a devoted pupil and friend of Neander.

Dr. Julius of Hamburg, an intimate friend of the Neander family, is Hannah's next neighbor at the foot of the table, and is continually the good-natured target of her wit. Till the year 1848, Dr. Julius had a free place in the king's cabinet,

laboring in behalf of prisoners; having for his hobby the Pennsylvania system of solitary confinement. Hannah's humane heart condemned this system as horrible; in her bantering, sharp way she sought every opportunity to change her friend's views on the subject. So, together with her friend Frau Besser, the wife of the publisher, she once sent him a cup with the inscription:

"Freundschaft ohne Liebe  
Gleicht der Welt ohne Diebe,  
Drum schick ich und die Besser  
Dies dem Diebsprofessor!" \*

And to-day again Hannah has the "Thief's professor" at the mercy of her sharp raillery.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, "our birthday table looks altogether too bare. No wonder—I have forgotten the china service!" And she hastens to her own room and brings back and places on the table a very original piece of china. It is an earthen vessel full of holes, at first filled with earth and bulbs by Dr. Julius, and sent by him as a present to Hannah. Now, instead of a crocus or snowdrop, a doll's head, in the dress of a prisoner, peeps out of every hole.

"What is that, Hannah?"

"My Pennsylvania prison, after the recipe of our thief's professor," says Hannah soberly, and goes on to repeat with humorous pathos:—

"Laster wohnt auf allen Wegen,  
Tugend wohnt für sich allein,  
Laster kommt dir schnell entgegen,  
Eingesperrt wird's Tugend sein." †

Hannah is in her element to-day. While the grave circle of friends at her brother's end of the table are engaged in learned conversation, the heartiest and most overflowing hilarity gushes forth in Hannah's

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\* As is friendship without love,  
The world without a thief would prove;  
Therefore I and Mistress Besser  
Send this to the thief's professor:

† Vice on every path you see,  
Virtue all alone doth dwell;  
Vice to come and go is free,  
Virtue is a prisoner still.

neighborhood. Hannah, as well as her brother, likes above every thing the society of the young, and "her students" are devoted to the merry, lovable old lady.

Hannah is the soul of her circle, and always keeps it alive by her stirring activity and gay good-humor. Many a student or candidate, who is here for the first time to-day, has supposed that he must put on at Neander's table as solemn and wise a look as if he were in the pulpit; but now, while he is looking so handsome, the mischievous Hannah puts the sudden question:—"Mr. Candidate, you are engaged, are you not? I suppose it is taken for granted that every candidate has his lady-love;" and so brings him completely to the point. He cannot help it, he must be as merry as the rest. It impresses one singularly, to see this plain little old woman of seventy-three years, with her sharp Jewish features, and unusually short-sighted dark eyes, in a remarkably gay, untasteful dress, in which yellow and red predominate, assuming, in the company of young people, an almost boyish wit,—but her genuine excellence, which continually beams forth, bright and warm, through the singular exterior, forbids a smile of ridicule. Certain little stings of her sharp wit are remembered.

"Honored miss," said a young Greek, who was studying in Berlin, and who had frequently annoyed Hannah with Hegel's Philosophy, "will you have the goodness to write a line in my album? I am going away next week.

"Certainly;—here it is!"

A quiet, satirical smile played around Hannah's mouth, still adorned with very fine teeth, as she handed back the album to the Greek.

As he was requested he read aloud: "To Be and Not to Be are identical, according to Hegel; so Here to Be and Not Here to Be must be also identical; and yet you wish to have something written in your album, as you are going away?"

"You will travel for your pleasure before you return to Greece?" asked a be-

nevolent bystander of the confused Hegelian.

"No, he is going for *my* pleasure," Hannah at once whispered in the questioner's ear.

Thus Hannah's sharp wit and lively humor scatter sparks on all sides like a fire-wheel. The dullest stick kindles in her presence.

A glass clinks at the upper end of the table. Ehrenberg gives a hearty, appropriate toast to the industrious historian Neander, rich in the fruit of good works and rich in heaven's blessings, alluding, in few words, to the new edition, about to be published, of Neander's monographs, "Saint Bernard, Chrysostom, and Tertullian," and remarking that the works of the noble theologian of the heart had gone over the ocean, scattering blessings as they went, and had founded a new and shining church upon the firm basis of Christianity.

The speaker had scarcely finished, when voices called from all sides:—"Strauss—now for the toast—the prime toast!"

A quiet smile played even over Neander's serious face, while Hannah clapped her hands.

Several years ago, on Neander's birthday, Strauss had thus risen, and with a peculiar expression of countenance had clinked his glass and said: "My friends! our Neander, whose jubilee we celebrate, by his rare assiduous labors and rich learning, has given to the world a work which will make him honored and blessed for all time, so long as the world of books is studied,—his 'Church History,' which, founded upon the most comprehensive research and the sincerest love of truth, may with equal justice be called a history of the church and a history of piety. The author, in this book, brings before us a truly Christian method of writing church history; pervaded by his own spirit, so firm and yet so gentle in its faith, it instructs and edifies us in equal measure. In this 'Church History,' Neander steps worthily into the illustrious line of the church fathers. And yet I say nothing new to

you all—though you are hardly aware”—he raised his voice as he said this—“that our honored friend is *not the sole author* of Neander's ‘Church History.’”

The speaker paused; the guests looked at each other in surprise and perplexity; Neander turned this way and that, uneasily and uncomfortably, on his chair; but Hannah shot furious looks at the bold speaker, and plainly showed her dissatisfaction.

Strauss proceeded solemnly:—“Yes, my friends, I pride myself on having discovered that Neander's ‘Church History’ originated with the help of a highly esteemed coadjutor, and only thus could have originated!”

The guests were perplexed—Neander moved about uneasily—Hannah's looks showed anger and her whole bearing determination.

“And this till now unknown and unknown coadjutor of the church historian is now among us.”

“Strauss! No! That is too bad! That is shameful!” Hannah broke out.

With a beaming countenance Strauss proceeded:—“I am proud to bring my tribute of gratitude to this co-author, or, more properly, co-authoress of the ‘Church History’—*Hannah Neander*, the most devoted of sisters, who gives up to her brother her whole life in unwearied love, in thoughtful attentions—who, with touching assiduity, has kept away everything which would have disturbed the writer of the ‘Church History’—everything that would have given him care or uneasiness—Hannah Neander, who so thoroughly sympathizes with the inward life of Augustus Neander—Hannah Neander, whom, therefore, I am perfectly right in calling the true coadjutress of Neander in his immortal ‘Church History,’ long life to her!”

What a clear shout then burst forth! How the dark eyes of the Neander children beamed with love! How heartily Strauss laughed, so that the table shook!

This has become a standing toast on Neander's birthdays; “Strauss, now for the toast!” is the regular call. Every-

body knows the point, but it is always received with the same enthusiasm.

The simple meal is ended. Leaning on the arm of Strauss, Neander goes with his old and true friends to his study.

It is a circle of friends which constantly grows richer and nobler; and yet in the lapse of years how many noble members have dropped away from it! His old companions of the “North Star,” Wilhelm Neumann and Adelbert von Chamisso, have been torn by death from the true heart of Neander; life has loosed its hold upon the royal Councillor of Legation, Augustus Varnhagen von Ense, the brilliant light of the proud world! And the gentle childlike heart of the Norwegian Henrich Steffens—the genial German philosopher, the lovable, intellectual, and soul-full poet of the “Four Norways,” and “Walseth and Leith,” whom Schilling taught Neander to know and love, has long slumbered in Trinity church-yard, with Schleiermacher and Marheineke.

But no separation has been so hard for Neander to bear as that from the early-glorified Hermann Rossel, his pupil and friend, who, by the beauty of his character, by his philosophical and poetical mind, by his ardent enthusiasm and clear reflection, by his sharpness of reasoning and depth of feeling stood forth as a king among all his fellow-students—and who, four years since, was taken away for this life from the heart of his teacher. To this “princeps juvenutis”—this “foremost of the youths”—Neander had hoped in his heart “to hand the torch that he might leave it burning;” to him had he transferred all that was “the soul of his life;” but Neander, in his sorrow, has one consolation: “Everything comes from God, and we must thank Him for all!”

Hannah Neander has led her merry companions at the foot of the table into her room, which, with its yellow curtains and covers, and a thousand little ornaments, mostly gifts from friends and remembrances of journeys, is almost as gay as its possessor. Many reminiscences of

Carlsbad are related, and various little tricks and anxieties on passing the borders; Hannah takes a comical pride in calling herself the originator of the custom-house institution. Among all these little ornaments stands out finely a large white marble bust of Neander, the work of the artist Drake, which, several years since, was a birthday gift from the students to their beloved teacher.

Several of Hannah's female friends, mostly young girls, come in, and they have a merry time in the yellow parlor: games are played, riddles and verses improvised, enigmas propounded, and the most horrible stories of ghosts and apparitions told in the twilight, and little old Hannah is the merry heart of it all.

Suddenly a flickering red light glares up from the street, and fully a hundred strong young voices begin to sing: "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," and on through the whole of the twenty-third Psalm. It is the students who have, as is their custom, a torchlight serenade and a hearty cheering in honor of their best beloved teacher on his birthday.

A deputation from the students enters the room to express to *their* Neander the congratulations and good wishes of the students, and particularly to thank him for continuing his lectures uninterruptedly, at a great sacrifice to himself, in spite of the disease and suffering in his eyes, which has continued for over three years. In former years the students were accustomed to present to their dear "church father," on his birthday, some valuable works of the church fathers; but of late Neander has, with hearty thanks, forbidden the gift. The students have, however, united together, and now beg Neander to accept a large donation for his Society for the Relief of Sick Students.

Deeply moved, Neander stands with folded hands and swimming eyes. In former years he has expressed his thanks to the students without, in a speech from the window, but the disease in his eyes now prevents him from doing so. "But I must thank my young friends—ask them all to come up—all of them!" said he to the deputation.

Hannah thinks with some apprehension of the small room, and her slender array of teacups and bread and butter, but she comforts herself by the thought, "They will not all come in at once!"

As they sing the rousing

"Vivat academia,  
Vivant professores," etc., etc.,

the torches are thrown together in a heap, and high the light streams up.

The students fill the room and the passages, and Neander, with a trembling voice, in simple, hearty words, expresses his thanks, his love, to his "dear fellow-students and beloved friends." He owes it to his intimate fellowship with his young friends that his old heart is still young and fresh. He lives his best life, therefore, for the youthful students. It were beautiful indeed to live among one's beloved books, and gather fruits from their study; but fruitless would such a harvest seem to him if it were not permitted him, while in the enjoyment of the fruits, to train up young and vigorous laborers for the vineyard of the Lord; and how heartily he then shakes hands with every single one!

When the students separate, late at night, there rise grandly from the street, like a "good-night," to the quiet study and the peaceful heart of Neander, the words:

"Integer vitæ scelerisque purus."

This was the last birthday of "*our*" Neander!

On the fourteenth of July, 1850, a clear, bright Sabbath morning, Neander woke not from the deep sleep in which, after several days of violent nausea, he had closed his eyes the evening before, saying, as he did so, "I am tired—I will go to sleep—good night!"

On the seventeenth of July he was buried next to the green old graves of his mother and his sister Henrietta, in the Jerusalem Church-yard. At the open grave Krummacher spoke from the words:—"Know ye not that this day a prince and a great man has fallen in Israel?"

The poor, old, solitary Hannah did not recover from this blow—it reached and broke her heart. The best part of her life was taken from her with her brother. When a friend wished her joy on her birthday, she replied, "Don't! I have no more birthdays, for I have no more life!"

Hannah's former cheerfulness was entirely gone, though her keen wit broke out at times. She never laid aside her deep, almost widow's mourning for her brother. She removed from the dear, old, desolate home to one nearer her brother's grave. She never walked again in the Linden and Thiergarten, where she had walked so often and so happily on her brother's arm, and where every child knew the "Neander children." She never went again to Carlsbad, although her physician ordered it; every step in that beautiful watering-place would have reminded her too sadly of her loss. Her greatest pleasure was to adorn her little "widow's room" with all the likenesses which she could find of her dear and noble dead. It was affecting to see that little, old, bent mourner sitting hour after hour, with her weary, half-blind eyes fixed upon a bust of Neander, which always stood on a table before her.

At Neander's death, Hannah had nothing—but books. Brother and sister had always given away lavishly. But King Frederick-William IV. took upon himself the care of Neander's sister, settling upon her a large annuity for life.

The books, most of them having valuable marginal notes in Neander's handwriting, went to America. Neander's library, collected with so much love and care, is in the Theological Seminary at Mercersburg. Berlin, Germany, Europe, had no place for it. Hannah used the proceeds in the spirit of her brother; she established a free table for poor students, and made over the remainder and her own savings to the "Neander Foundation," so near to her brother's heart. The beautiful large marble bust of Neander, the birthday gift from the students, she gave to the university.

Hannah commissioned Drake to make

a beautiful white marble monument for the grave of her brother. Beneath the excellent likeness of Neander, in relief, are these few words:—

AUGUSTUS NEANDER,

born January 16, 1789, died July 14, 1850.

"Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face!"

For four years the bent form of Hannah, with the widow's hood drawn down close over the bushy, trembling eyebrows, was seen, almost daily, going to the grave of her brother, and then the weary one—in the same month with her Augustus, of whom her last feverish fancies were full—found at his side her longed-for rest.

The grave of Hannah Neander has sunken in; no cross tells the name of this devoted sister; but so long as Augustus Neander is remembered by grateful hearts, Hannah Neander will not be forgotten.

Of the friends who were present on that last birthday of Neander, many have followed the "Neander children" thither where there are no birthdays and no deathdays—Schilling, Ehrenberg, Strauss, Lisko, Eilers!

"The departed comes not back,

But leaves a long and shining track!"

#### A LETTER FROM NEANDER.\*

In the "Daheim" there is a very humorous but interesting article, entitled "Neander's Last Birthday." It reminded me of a letter from Neander to myself, which, on searching for it, I found among my papers.

Believing that this letter will awaken in many hearts precious and ennobling recollections of our dear deceased Neander, I will not refuse to share it with them, giving, in the first place, a few words of explanation.

In the year 1823 I was in Berlin, in a state of great spiritual doubt and conflict, and I went for advice and comfort to Neander, whom I did not know personally,

\* What follows is translated from the "Evangeltische Kirchen-Zeitung," Berlin. Sept., 1867.

but only through his writings. I found him buried among his folios, and hard at work. As soon as I began to tell him of my troubles he was full of sympathy, entered into it all in the most affectionate manner, and, after a long and deeply affecting conversation, insisted upon going down with me from his study.

Soon afterwards, as I was sitting alone one evening in my room, I received the following letter from the beloved Neander:

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—My thoughts have been constantly full of you and of your condition ever since I became acquainted with your warm heart, and my heartiest prayers and desires ascend to heaven that He, from whom cometh down every good gift, and who has promised to be always near to the bruised and burdened heart, will give you His peace, and that He will heal your wounded heart with his own infinite love, so richly given us in Christ Jesus! This will surely be, if you only do not make yourself unhappy; instead of clinging to yourself, let your thoughts go out childlike toward Him, without whom you cannot indeed feel your misery, which we all, as poor sinners, share with you—and let yourself be led by Him. He has so loved you that He gave His only Son for you, that you might have eternal life, which is surely, irreversibly yours. He has spared not His own Son, but given Him up for you, how shall He not with Him give you all things? Who can accuse you when God will justify you in Christ Jesus? Who can condemn you, when Christ has died for you, and is ever at the right hand of God? Neither tribulation, nor distress, nor doubt, nor thoughts which rise against your will, nor power of darkness, nor hell, can separate you from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

These are not my words, but the words of God Almighty, spoken directly to you

in the Scriptures, which you must so believe and follow as that you can laugh at your gloomy thoughts; comforted and joyful in your trust in the Almighty Lord, from whose hand no man can pluck you, follow your calling which He has committed to you. Childlike obedience is the sacrifice well-pleasing to God.

I cannot, without more certainty than I now have, answer definitely your question, whether it is best for you, in your present condition, to read the '*Idea Fidei*.'

I do not know that you are now in a state to comprehend properly a consecutive book upon religious subjects; whether it were not better to give yourself up to reading the Holy Scripture, alternately with your friends, and talking about it with them. Do not indulge in solitary thought; stir yourself up in the society of pious friends, and talk with them about other than strictly religious matters. Give yourself to the calling which God has intrusted to you. Could you not also be associated with dear Professor Ritter,\* whose affection for you will surely not fail.

I am always at your service, gladly, with all that our God gives me.

I thank you for your undeserved confidence, and once more, with my whole heart, wish for you the blessing of the Lord, who is surely near to you, in as great a measure as you desire—as He is to all who call upon Him with broken hearts.

With my whole heart, yours,  
NEANDER."

With deep emotion, the undersigned has re-read this letter, so well adapted to comfort a heavy heart.

AN OLD SEPTUAGENARIAN SOLDIER.

\* Professor Karl Ritter, the geographer, a near friend of the writer of this.

## LIFE AT GREAT OCEAN DEPTHS.

WHEN we consider what advances investigations have made in other directions, it is surprising that we know so little of the ocean. Astronomers have weighed the most distant planets, and have determined the motions and influences of stars which are so far off that, had they been created only six thousand years ago, their light could not yet have reached us: but the region which lies even less than two miles beneath the surface of the sea is almost unknown.

In all times, and among all nations, the ocean has had its myths, and its untold wonders. There has always been a longing to penetrate into the mysteries of its depths; but were we, with our present knowledge and surmisings, to draw up a map of the great ocean-bed, it is very certain that we should come not even as near to the truth as did the Spanish voyagers who followed Columbus, in their outlines of the countries discovered by them, which are now not only objects of historical interest but of curiosity.

Until about the time of making the first soundings for selecting a route for the Atlantic Telegraph Cable, we knew very little, not only of the depths of the sea, but consequently of its volume, temperature, and currents; and yet, beyond a doubt, these have an influence, inseparable from that of the air, on the physical geography of the dry land.

Though every truly scientific man feels that all things are of interest in themselves, apart from what is called their practical utility,—as whatever is worth creating is worth finding out,—the mere desire to *investigate* was not alone sufficient to lead to a means of reaching the great depths, and of bringing up for our inspection portions of the bed of the ocean. When it was seen that an immediate application could be made of such knowledge, a way was devised, and the nature of the floor on which the cable was to lie, and the existence and strength of currents in that region were, for the first time, determined. Here, as

everywhere, we perceive that progress in one branch of science contributed to the advancement of another.

What little is already known of the nature of the life at great ocean depths, has greatly assisted the naturalist in accounting for the present condition of considerable portions of the dry land. The chalk formation, for instance, which is so extensive, being found in southern England, northern France, Germany, Russia, Asia, and North and South America, and which, in England, rises to nearly a thousand feet above the sea, was formed, it is now rendered highly probable, thousands of feet below its present level. The white cliffs of Dover, that to the general observer have little of interest apart from their color, the naturalist finds to be composed of the remains of minute animals still living, as species, in the depths of the sea. Many a mountain range, thousands of feet in height, has been, no doubt, similarly formed, and, by the mighty forces of nature, either suddenly or by degrees brought up to its present elevation far above the place of its creation, and human settlements have grown up and flourished on its fertile slopes and in its rich valleys.

Before the investigation of the bed of the ocean between Europe and America was begun, for the purpose of laying a telegraph cable, some very deep soundings were reported both by foreign and American naval officers.

Capt. Sir Edward Belcher, R. N., found bottom, just north of the equator, in the Atlantic, at a depth of 18,390 feet; Capt. Barnett, R. N., in latitude  $41^{\circ} 2' N.$ , also in the Atlantic, sounded to the depth of 22,200 feet; Capt. Sir James Ross, in the South Atlantic, reported two soundings, one of 16,062 feet, and the other of 27,600 feet; and Capt. Denham, on board H.M.S. *Herald*, sounded to the depth of 7,706 fathoms, or 46,236 feet, which is equal to 8½ English miles. This was in the South Atlantic, and is the deepest sounding ever made. American captains

had also reached depths varying from 3,000 to 3,500 fathoms.

But in all the above soundings, no information in regard to the nature of the ocean-bed was obtained; for, in most instances, the line and lead, which weighed from 60 to 100 pounds, were lost; the pressure of the water, at even 15,000 feet, being equal to three tons on the square inch, and sufficient to render it almost impossible to haul in such a length of line attached to a heavy weight. The usual lead, which is fastened to a marked line, and is often provided with a hollow, cup-like depression, filled with tallow, for the purpose of bringing up small particles of matter, stones, and even impressions of rocks or coral, cannot be used on account of its comparative lightness, as it gives no shock when striking the bottom, even at the depth of a few thousand feet, and is also liable to be greatly influenced by under-currents, which interfere with its direct descent.

In the summer of 1844, the Academy of Sciences of France furnished Prof. Milne Edwards, one of its members, with a diving apparatus for the purpose of studying the natural history of the shores of Sicily. This consisted of a metallic helmet or reservoir, communicating above with a flexible tube, through which air could be forced. Covered with this casque, the lower part of which was adapted to a cushion placed around the neck, and wearing sandals of lead, as a counterpoise to the air carried down, the learned Professor descended into the sea. The air pumped in from above escaped around the neck. Thus protected he examined very closely, in the clear water, through the glass eyes of the helmet, the cavities and fissures of the rocks, for mollusks, sea-worms, zoophytes, and other marine animals, and frequently remained walking about on the bottom for more than half an hour.

But it is evident, from what we have above said on the pressure of the water, that by no such aids can we expect to gain a knowledge of the ocean bed at a depth of even a few hundred feet; for though by means of the diving-bell one

may safely descend to 60 or 100 feet below the surface, where the pressure is equal to 40 or 60 pounds on the square inch, yet beyond this limit not only the effect on the body becomes injurious, but the difficulty of supplying air through tubes not compressible by the weight of water is greatly augmented. The pressure on the chest increases rapidly as the diver descends, and requires him to make a corresponding effort to hold his breath. The pearl divers of Ceylon, who remain under water from one to six minutes, very frequently come to the surface with blood-shot eyes, and give evidence of internal injuries by the spitting of blood.

Between the years 1845 and 1850 the possibility of laying an Atlantic Telegraph Cable began to be admitted, or at least there was a desire to give the matter a thorough investigation, and deep sea soundings received the special attention of the U. S. Coast Survey, under the direction of Professor A. D. Bache. It was seen that some means must be contrived for bringing up portions of the bottom, both for the sake of ascertaining the nature of the sea-bed on which the cable must rest, and for making it certain that at great depths the lead actually reached the floor of the ocean. This gave rise to the apparatus known as Brooke's Sounding Machine, the essential feature of which is that the lead, on striking the bottom, detaches itself from the line, and the latter may then be hauled in without the risk of loss, which always accompanied the old method. The weight is a cannon-ball, or iron cylinder pierced to receive a rod, which is attached at its upper end to the line, and has secured to its lower end several open quills, or an inverted cup with a valve. The rod, thus suspended, strikes the bottom first, and being driven into the mud, portions of the latter are secured for examination. By the use of this instrument, the invention of Passed Midshipman Brooke, satisfactory explorations of the depth of the Gulf Stream were made, and specimens of the ocean bed beneath were easily brought up, even from a depth of 1,350



fathoms, and submitted to Professor Bailey, of West Point, for microscopic examination.

In 1849 two citizens of Philadelphia, Horatio Hubbell, Esq., and Col. John H. Sherbourne, presented a memorial to Congress, promulgating a plan for establishing telegraphic communication across the Atlantic, and asking government aid. They gave reasons for supposing that there exists a *plateau*, stretching from Newfoundland to the coast of Ireland. In compliance with this request, the first experiments were made by Commander Berryman, in the summer of 1853, and later, in 1856, over the route proposed. This was the first systematic effort instituted to determine a section of the bottom of the sea along a continuous line of great depth. Sometimes one, and sometimes two 32-pound shot were used as leads, attached to an iron wire  $\frac{1}{16}$  of an inch in diameter, and capable of bearing a strain of 60 pounds in the air. Six hundred feet of it weighed about one pound. The soundings were generally made from 50 to 100 miles apart.

In the following year Capt. Dayman of the British navy, by appointment, repeated the soundings of Commander Berryman. These experiments confirmed the truth of the predictions as to the existence of a plateau stretching from continent to continent, or at least they showed that the sea in this part is not fathomless, and that there exists a suitable bed on which to lay a telegraphic cable, at a depth varying from ten to twelve thousand feet. In one place, however, near Newfoundland, the sounding line reached a depth of 15,000 feet, equal to the height of Mt. Blanc.

Soundings were also made at the same time and later in other parts of the Atlantic, and in other seas. A great basin was discovered running east and west for nearly one thousand miles, beginning south of the banks of Newfoundland, which in depth exceeds the height of the Himalayan mountains; in fact six miles of line failed to reach bottom, thus making the vertical distance from the top of the highest mountain to the level of the floor

of the ocean in this region over 60,000 feet.

The soundings made over the route of the French cable have added nothing materially to our knowledge, but have served to confirm the results obtained by earlier investigations.

In the Pacific and Indian Oceans soundings have been made to the depth of from four to five miles. In 1855 Lieut. Brooke obtained specimens of the bottom from the respective depths of 5,400 feet, 10,200 feet, and 16,200 feet in the Sea of Kamtschatka; and in 1861 some Swedish naturalists found the sea, off the coast of Spitzbergen, to have a depth, in some parts, of from 6,000 to 8,400 feet.

Professor Trowbridge, of the U. S. Coast Survey, considers the soundings of Com. Berryman as more reliable than those made by Capt. Dayman, because the former used, attached to Brooke's sounding apparatus, "Massey's Indicator." This consists of a spiral-shaped wheel, moving with regularity on being drawn through the water, either in a horizontal or vertical direction. An arrangement of cog-wheels registers the revolutions, but owing to the imperfect mechanism of these Indicators, as yet made, they are still open to some objection, and are not perfectly reliable under all circumstances.

In the summer of 1860 Capt. Sir Leopold McClintock, of H.M. Steamer *Bulldog*, used for his soundings in the Northern Atlantic a modification of Brooke's apparatus—a double-scoop machine acting like a pair of shears, in place of the inverted cup and valve. As the weight falls off the scoop closes, and even as much as four pounds of the bottom may be brought up at one time.

Methods have been proposed for sounding the ocean in which the line is dispensed with. One is by detaching a float at the bottom when the lead strikes, and watching for its return to the surface, and computing the depth from the time required in the experiment. But, unfortunately, there is no material applicable, on account of the great pressure, which condenses bodies to such an extent,

even at moderate depths, as to render those specifically lighter than water at the surface, heavier than this element after being subjected to its influence. The pressure increases to the amount of 15 pounds upon the square inch for every 34 feet in depth, but the *density* of the water is not correspondingly affected. At 3,000 fathoms the pressure upon the square inch is nearly 8,000 pounds; but the column of 18,000 feet of water is only shortened about 60 feet, and its density is thus but slightly increased. The effect of this enormous pressure upon wood, and almost all organic materials, is to condense them, and to render them heavier than water, and, of course, they then fall of their own weight. Some imagine that ships which founder at sea sink to a certain depth and float eternally about at that level; but the truth is, that the lower a compressible body sinks in water, the faster it descends, becoming specifically heavier and heavier till it reaches the bottom.

Professor Trowbridge has constructed an apparatus in which the line is also practically dispensed with, so far as the lead is concerned. His effort is to avoid the objections to Brooke's machine, which are, chiefly, the uncertainty of knowing the exact moment when the lead strikes, and the great loss of velocity in descent, requiring the taking of so much time for a single cast. The main difficulty lies in the "endwise resistance," or friction upon the line. His apparatus avoids this friction by coiling the line within a cylinder attached to the lead, so that it will uncoil from the moving body, like the thread which allows the spider to drop from the ceiling. The time now required for Brooke's machine to sink to the depth of 3,000 fathoms is one hour and a half; but by Trowbridge's apparatus the same depth may be reached in 15 or 20 minutes, the original velocity of 16 feet per second being kept up all the way. Massey's Indicator may also be attached with less chance of error, on account of the shorter time required. The line may be a silken thread of only sufficient strength to haul in the speci-

men box and register. The Professor also suggests that, as the motion is uniform, the depth can be ascertained from the time of descent, making use of a small insulating wire as a sounding line, and determining the instant that the weight strikes the bottom by an electrical signal transmitted through the line. This plan seems quite feasible, but for some reason the instrument has not come into general use.

Others have tried the explosive power of gunpowder, and have hoped, when the winds were still and all was quiet, that they might be able to compute the depth of the ocean by marking the lapse of time between the explosion at the bottom and the echo at the surface, knowing the rate at which sound travels through water; but, invariably, echo has been silent, and no answer has come up from the mighty deep.

We have still another method to mention, which has been used by Professor A. D. Bache and others, depending on the rate of progress of earthquake waves. It is believed that, knowing the length of a wave, and its velocity, the depth of the ocean through which it travels can be computed. In December, 1854, the sea rose suddenly, on the coast of Japan, more than thirty feet, five or six times in quick succession, and overflowed the town of Simoda. On the evening of the same day, which was December 25th, the earthquake wave, for such it was, reached San Francisco, distant about 4,527 miles. Its length was ascertained to be 210 miles, and its velocity six miles per minute, which gives, according to Professor Bache, an average depth of rather more than two miles to the Pacific Ocean.

We have thus far been principally occupied in considering the methods of making soundings, and with the depths reached by the lead in various seas.

We come now to the more immediate object of this paper, and have first to notice the nature of the bottom, as ascertained either by the use of Brooke's apparatus or by Captain McClintock's modification of it.

In 1845, Lieutenant C. H. Davis, while

running a line of deep-sea soundings across the Gulf Stream, brought up, from a depth of 1,350 fathoms, portions of the ocean-bed having the appearance of greenish mud. In 1853, Commander Berryman obtained, on the route of the present telegraph cable, a similar tenacious mud, from the depth of 10,000 feet and over; and during the soundings made later, in 1856, by the same officer, in 1857, by Captain Dayman, and in 1860, by Captain McClintock, the line brought up almost invariably this "oaze," as it is called; showing that the condition of the bottom is uniform, in this respect, in the deep waters of the North Atlantic, on what is called the plateau, which is supposed to be at least a million square miles in area.

The specimens obtained by the officers in the U. S. navy were submitted to Professor Bailey, of West Point, for examination by the microscope, and truly may it be said that this instrument not only reveals to us worlds as interesting as any brought to light by the powers of the telescope, but that no other contrivance of man is, at the present time, contributing so much to the solution of the difficult problems of nature, or is so indispensable to the sure advancement of the natural sciences. Almost all the progress in natural history and physiology, within the past twenty years, has been due, directly or indirectly, to the skillful use of this wonderful instrument; and many of the great questions relating to the origin and development of life await for their solution the disclosures of the microscope.

In regard to the specimens submitted for examination, Professor Bailey says: "The bottom of the ocean, at the depth of more than two miles, I hardly hoped ever to have a chance to examine. It is composed of shells of foraminifera and diatoms, numbering hundreds of millions in every cubic inch." Professor Huxley, who examined the soundings secured by Captain Dayman, makes a similar report, and says, that when dry the "oaze" is reduced to an impalpable powder,  $\frac{1}{16}$  of which is composed of

the skeletons of foraminifera of various forms. He agrees with Bailey in there being little or no sand present; and the same conditions were found by Dr. G. C. Wallich, who assisted Captain McClintock in the North Atlantic. The Swedish naturalists, by the aid of the "Bulldog Sounding Machine," brought up, on the coast of Spitzbergen, from a depth of 6,000 and 8,400 feet, bottom "having a fine greasy feeling, of a yellowish-brownish or gray color, rich in diatoms and polythalamia, and nearly devoid of sand."

But as most persons are unacquainted with diatoms and foraminifera, or polythalamia, we will stop a moment to give a concise description of these interesting beings. A foraminifer is composed of a simple, jelly-like substance, contained in a thin calcareous shell, which consists of a single cell, or is divided transversely by partitions into chambers connecting with one another by one or more apertures. There is no distinct separation of organs, but filiform processes issue from pores in the shell, and perform both the function of locomotion and of nutrition; for an object seized as food, which cannot be carried through the foramina, is covered by the coalescing of these, and thus an outside stomach is formed, in which digestion is temporarily carried on. These animals are found of all sizes, from  $\frac{1}{1000}$  of an inch to one, and even two inches in diameter; and as the greater proportion have spiral, many-chambered shells, they were classed by Cuvier and Lamarck, who were not acquainted with the soft parts of the body, with nautilus and the ammonites.

The diatoms are low microscopic plants. Each individual generally consists of a single cell, which has an external flinty or glasslike coating, composed of two symmetrical portions or valves, comparable to those of a bivalve shell, as a muscle or clam. These are circular oblong, linear, saddle or boat shaped, and so on. Their broad surfaces exhibit various more or less delicate sculpturings and markings in the form of bands, lines—either parallel, radiate, or crossing one another—dots, and cellular appearances. The shells of diatoms are of special in-

terest, not only on account of their extremely beautiful symmetry, but because they furnish a standard wherewith to gauge the powers of our highest optical combinations, some of the lines having been made out to be as near as  $\frac{1}{17000}$  of an inch to one another.

A microscopic examination of chalk shows that it is composed of the solid parts of plants and animals, many of which are identical as species with those which are now found living in the depths of the ocean; hence naturalists very justly infer that the chalk formation, so extensive in Europe and Asia, acquired its present thickness far below the surface of the sea. The soundings made by the United States Coast Survey have shown that there is a growth of these minute beings beneath the Gulf Stream which rivals those vast accumulations of analogous forms constituting the marl beds under the city of Charleston, South Carolina.

The "calcaire grossier," which is employed at Paris as a building stone, contains foraminifera in such abundance that one may say the capital of France is almost constructed of these little complex shells.

More than 657 fossil species have been described. They began with the dawn of life in the earliest ages, and have increased in number and variety to the present era. They have, as species, a wonderful tenacity for life, many passing through several geological formations; and the existing forms are considered to be the oldest known living organisms, some of them being found not only in the chalk, but even farther back. In the south of Europe, in the north of Africa, in India, and in Jamaica, there are mountains of "nummulitic limestone," or "coinstone," of which the Pyramids of Egypt are built, composed in great part of a large species of foraminifera, which reached the size and form of a piece of money one or two inches in diameter.

The diatoms in the plan of nature evidently perform as important a part as the foraminifera. At the present day we find them forming, in the Southern

Ocean, beds of four or five hundred miles in length, and in the Sea of Kamtschatka, even at a depth of 2,700 fathoms, there is a similar growth of these plants. They have been known to multiply so rapidly as to diminish the depth of channels, and even to close up harbors.

What we have said in regard to the age of foraminifera applies also with but little modification to the diatoms; for they are met with in all geological strata. They form rocks which are often thrown up as hills or mountains, and the city of Richmond, Virginia, is built on silicious marine beds twenty feet in thickness, which are composed chiefly of these infusorial shells. The polishing slates and powders of Cassel and Tripoli consist almost entirely of the flinty cases of these microscopic plants, and Ehrenberg has discovered that twenty of the species now living in the Baltic occur also in the chalk formation. Well may we say, as did Buffon, that "the very dust has been alive," and that these minute beings, which are so feeble individually, collectively have exerted an influence in nature compared with which that of our largest animals sinks into insignificance.

But those who are only familiar with the text-books on zoology, geology, and physics will accuse us of unwarrantably assuming that these plants and animals live and flourish in immense numbers where their remains are found by the sounding line, and will have no difficulty in presenting strong arguments against any such assumption. It is not possible, they will say, to conceive of such frail, jelly-like beings as the foraminifera and diatoms, living and developing from their minutest forms under a pressure of ten or twelve thousand feet of water, a pressure equal to four hundred times that which our firm tissues endure. The entire absence of light at these great depths is another difficulty in the way of there being life there. Plants cannot exist without it, for by its action carbonic acid is absorbed and oxygen given out; consequently algæ or sea-weeds disappear at less than two hundred fathoms. But all animals, carnivorous as well as herbivorous, de-

pend, either directly or indirectly, on plants for their nourishment. Besides, we find at the surface of the sea, above these profound depths, conditions sufficient to account for all that there seems to be of life beneath. Foraminifera and diatoms abound in the sand and mud of the seashore, as well as attached to sea-weeds; and often the upper waters of the ocean actually teem with their brilliant glistening forms—some species of the latter being  $\frac{1}{4}$  or more of an inch in diameter. The sea assumes all shades of color according as these minute beings are more or less abundant, and in the frigid zones they impart peculiar tints to the ice. Another evidence of the great numbers of these infusoria in the surface-waters of the ocean, may be drawn from the fact that ships sometimes pass for miles and miles through vast layers of water so thronged with the phosphorescent bodies of a species of salpa (a kind of floating mollusk without a shell, and about half an inch in length) as to present the consistence of jelly. This animal, which in certain seas is the principal food of the whale, itself lives on the free floating diatoms and foraminifera of mid-ocean.

Is it not, then, it will be urged, highly probable that the bed of the sea is one vast sepulchre, and that through the waters above there is a never-ending shower of the bright shells of infusoria falling like snow-flakes?

Such was indeed the view held by all naturalists till about the year 1860, when Dr. G. C. Wallich brought up, from a depth of 7,560 feet, as many as thirteen ophiocomæ (a species of starfish with slender arms), convulsively embracing a portion of the sounding line, which had been allowed to remain for some time on the bottom. In the digestive cavity of these there was an abundance of foraminifera, which also formed 95 per cent. of the material obtained by the sounding apparatus. As long ago as 1819, Captain Ross found entangled on his sounding line, drawn up from a depth of 4,800 feet, also in the North Atlantic, a beautiful "*Caput Medusæ*" and a starfish; but the belief that animals so highly organiz-

ed could not possibly live at such great depths was so strong that these radiates were considered to have taken hold of the line as it came through the upper regions of the water, and the occurrence was entirely forgotten till the time of the above like discovery. From the same region Dr. Wallich obtained several living worms, called serpula, encased in their solid calcareous tubes, and also worms of similar habits to some living on our own coast, which construct for themselves tubes out of minute particles of sand; but instead of sand these little creatures pick up the shells of foraminifera and diatoms. What the worm does at these great depths, man does on the land, taking up millions of infusorial shells at a time, and building houses of them for his protection.

Later, Dr. Sars dredged from a depth of 1,800 feet, off the coast of Norway, many living worms, polyps, echini, and mollusks. About the same time other Swedish naturalists also obtained, from a depth of from 6,000 to 8,400 feet, near the coast of Spitzbergen, living worms, mollusks, and crustaceans.

During the past two or three winters L. F. de Pourtales, Assist. U. S. Coast Survey, has been exploring the bottom of the sea between Key West and Havana, and of the Gulf Stream outside of the Florida reef. From a depth of 517 fathoms he obtained a crab, an ophiurian, and some annelids; and though not meeting with fishes at a greater depth than 100 fathoms, he nevertheless concludes "that animal life exists at great depths, in as great diversity and as great an abundance as in shallow water."

In regard to the dredge which he used, he informs us by letter that "it works very well even beyond 500 fathoms, and I have no doubt will do as well in a thousand. With a steam reel to haul it up it takes no more time than a deep sea sounding, except that you want to drag it over the bottom for some time." He also adds, that "the sounding apparatus we most generally use now is one devised by Commodore Sands. It has the advantage over Brooke's in detaching the weight more certainly, and admits of the

use of a larger and better specimen cup."

In the Proceedings of the Academy of Sciences for 1860, Professor Milne Edwards gives an interesting account of some marine animals which had attached themselves to the Mediterranean Cable, extending from Bône to Cagliari, at a depth of from 6,000 to 9,000 feet. Among them were several species of corals, worms, and mollusks; one of the latter, a species of oyster nearly two and a half inches in diameter, had completely moulded itself on the cable, and was consequently greatly deformed.

Finally, Dr. Wallich states that many of the foraminifera, brought up from a depth of 12,000 feet and more, were not decomposed, but in a perfectly fresh condition; and Mr. Stimpson, having a good microscope at his command, examined at the time the diatoms brought up by Lieutenant Brooke from a depth of 10,000 feet in the Sea of Kamtschatka, and found them living!

What must one then think of the arguments generally given against the existence of life at these great depths, since animals of high organization and considerable size, belonging to three of the grand divisions of the animal kingdom, are known by recent discoveries to live there? It is clear that great pressure is no obstacle to their existence. We ourselves are adapted to a certain amount of pressure, and suffer when this is diminished, as when we ascend to very high altitudes.

As yet no vertebrates have been discovered in the vast depths of the sea; but as fishes are not air-breathing, we see no reason why they may not live there as well as the other animals, some of which are much larger than many of these.

The assertion that plants cannot exist without light must be admitted to have its exceptions, or else it reaches to a much greater depth in water than has been generally supposed, and "everlasting darkness and eternal death" do not reign in the lower ocean regions. Besides, if light does not penetrate to great

depths, then color does not depend on it, for many brightly colored corals flourish far below the depth (700 feet) to which it is said the smallest amount of light comes. The Swedish naturalists dredged crustaceans of "brilliant colors" from a depth of 6,000 feet off the coast of Spitzbergen, and not far from the Greenland shore mollusks of "bright red colors" have been obtained from a depth of 1,800 feet.

It is evident, from what little we already know, that the floor of the ocean as well as its surface has its fauna, and, to some extent, its flora, and that these are influenced not only by the depth and nearness to land, but also by currents, for their growth is dependent on what is brought to them by the water, and as this varies in its contents the animal and plant-life must change; for how else can we account for the existence in one sea—for instance, Kamtschatka—of silicious diatoms almost to the total exclusion of foraminifera, which, on the other hand, are so abundant on the plateau of the Atlantic? These differences cannot be due to temperature, for this is uniform (39° 5' F.) over the whole globe below a certain line, which forms an isothermal curve. This line has its greatest depth at the equator, where the temperature of the air is relatively high, and reaches the surface of the ocean in lat. 56° 62', and then dips from this point as it approaches the pole.

The nearness to land has a very decided controlling influence, especially where great rivers or fields of ice come down into the sea. In the arctic regions, where the largest glaciers in the world exist, this is quite perceptible. The steadily moving masses of ice, on reaching the sea, float off as icebergs, carrying with them the materials of which they have robbed the land, and depositing them perhaps at a depth of ten or twenty thousand feet lower than the places from which they were obtained.

Since writing the above we have met with Dr. E. P. Wright's report of his deep-sea investigations, made during August or September of last year, off the coast of Portugal. From a depth

of 480 fathoms his dredge brought up mud full of spiculæ of a sponge called *Hyalonema*; and five or six sharks, from three to four feet long, were caught by letting down ropes 600 fathoms in length, to which baited fish-hooks were attached.

Dr. Wright is convinced that these sharks took the hook at the bottom of the ocean, from the fact that they were all dead when hauled on deck. Knowing how tenacious of life these fishes are, we are forced to come to the same conclusion.

## CHRISTOPHER KROY.

### A STORY OF NEW YORK LIFE.

#### CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED.

GOING out from his room on the morning in which he found the door locked between his father's room and his own, John Kroy met Grace Clear passing along the hall.

"Grace, did you admit Mr. Kroy last night?" he asked.

"I did," replied the girl, "and there was something queer about him too, very queer. I think he has taken the bad news to heart in some dreadful way."

"Then, then, Grace—you know very well that my father is expecting every day to have the story denied. Did you lock the door between his room and mine yesterday?"

"I never locked it, not since I have been in the house."

"Go down, Grace, and send Peter up to me."

The girl followed John's bidding, but hastened back in time to catch a glimpse of the young man kneeling on the carpet, with his ear pressed close to the key-hole. Quite distinctly John Kroy heard the low bubble of the gas and its escape, and the heavy, deep breath of Peter Kroy as it labored to carry the burden of life over the stony pass that the man had come to in his way.

Neither cries of "Father! father!" nor loud knocks upon the door aroused the sleeper. He slept on until a door had been forced open, and a doctor stood by his side, and lifted him from the place where he had fallen.

"I was afraid of it all along," said Grace, in a low tone, as she moved softly around the table.

"What is that you said, girl?" questioned the physician.

"I said that poor Mr. Kroy was so queer since he heard the bad news," said Grace, her large eyes dilating suddenly as she saw a pen lying upon the carpet and the outspread papers upon the table.

Under the pressure of excitement to do for Mr. Kroy what might be done, no one perceived the cautious way in which the girl gathered the papers together and laid them away, nor was it noticed that the pen was put with the papers. In fact, the very existence of pen and paper was forgotten.

Mr. Cloud demanded an interview with Mr. Kroy that day, and was denied admittance by the physician. The day following, and for a week, the demand increased in importunity, until, at last, on the blessed day when a letter arrived from Zilpha, written later than the date of the burning of the steamship, he was permitted to see Mr. Kroy.

What passed at the interview was not known even by Grace, who lingered about the adjoining room, vainly trying to find some thread to unwind in the words that floated out to her hearing.

The words that thus escaped were a mystery to her; but to the reader who remembers the spiteful bit of temper under whose spell Christopher Kroy seized a parcel of papers, in Dr. Benjamin Firm's office one night, and threw it into the fire there, it may not be uninteresting to know that of the number of papers a certain parcel bore the bonds of the Great Steamship Company, issued in the name of sundry persons, over whose property Dr. Firm had guardianship—that the said bonds were declared by Dr. Firm never to have come to his hand, and that

he steadfastly refused to pay the instalment required by the company.

"And, as if that were not enough, other bonds are missing," said Mr. Cloud. "Something must be done, and that instantly, or we shall have a shadow over our enterprise that nothing can banish. You, Mr. Kroy, have shares of this stock that you can put in to fill up this break, and never miss them in the least. You know right well that I would sacrifice every dollar of my own interest, but that my bonds are hypothecated."

"Very well, sir," said Mr. Kroy, a gathering thickness of utterance testifying that he had endured all the fatigue he was equal to; "I will be out again in a day or two, and we will see what can be done."

"I may rely upon you to fill the deficiency, then," almost gasped Mr. Cloud, in real distress, as he fancied he saw all the good he had promised his soul to revel in flitting from his grasp, and remembered the great price he had paid for it. At that moment there uprose in the air before this man a vision of his wife, as with half-pleading, half-defiant air she had begged him never again to ask her to part with the "Jersey" meads and marshes she had inherited. He beat at the picture with his hands, to brush it from his face, as he went out from the door. Nevertheless it haunted him then and long thereafter.

The same evening Mr. Kroy made a visit to the places where he was accustomed to keep his private papers, but not among them did he find that which he sought. By general consent of the household, the special duty of nurse, during Mr. Kroy's illness, had been taken by Grace Clear. She sat in a room opening out from Mr. Kroy's, and listened while he searched, knowing full well what he was seeking, and that he would at last appeal to her.

He rang the small bell, and instantly she was at the door.

"My good girl," said Mr. Kroy, "did you put my room here in order the day I was taken?"

"We thought so much of you, sir,

were so frightened about you, that we did not think much about tidying up the room at all," she said, not daring to meet the eyes of her master.

"There were some papers that I remember I was looking at, Grace, the night before—maybe you can remember where they were put, and find them for me."

"I found some lying on the table yonder, and a pen, too, that looked as if you had just been using it, and I thought maybe—Mr. Kroy—you see you were so ill, that if you never could speak again the papers and the pen would tell what you were doing when you fell down. I'll bring them to you in a minute." And straightway she placed them on the table, saying, "I'm sure they're all here, sir, for I was very particular about such kind of solemn evidence. You see I didn't know how important they might be; but of course they're just nothing, now you can take care of them yourself. You'll forgive me, won't you, for thinking as you did, that the bad news from over the sea wasn't true, and believing that maybe some day Miss Zilpha would like to know what the last work you did was."

"Bring me a glass of water, quick, girl!" half gasped Mr. Kroy, his hands reaching out toward the evidence of his guilt as though he would crush it out of existence; and no sooner was the girl gone to do his bidding than he did tear the certificate he had signed into minute pieces.

The same evening John Kroy came up from the office of the Steamship Company—he had been temporarily installed there—and with him a note from Mr. Cloud, importuning Mr. Kroy in the strongest words, and with argument not to be resisted, to come to the rescue and save the good name of the concern.

That night Mr. Kroy nerved himself to the task. It is needless to narrate the process. Neither detaining voice came over Atlantic billows to warn him, nor mysterious force held back his hand. He did his work well. You well remember that he had contemplated it so often that the materials were ready for the deed.

He signed paper after paper with firm-



ness, his eyes kindling as the work advanced. Every stroke of his pen came with greater ease until he was compelled to pause. The signatures of the officers of the company were exhausted, and he had not half finished his plan. He took up one certificate, and, with contracted eyes, gazed at the signatures. Could he copy them exactly? He would try one, just to see. Under similar circumstances, with the evil in one's nature loudly predominant, mere muscle and nerve become wonderfully obedient, even as the supremacy of Good in the opposite scale bears a man on gloriously to stake and martyrdom.

He was surprised at the fine accuracy with which he had written the name of Norman Cloud. He compared the two, and knew full well that his co-laborer would never think of contesting that signature. It was written with the very ink and pen with which Mr. Cloud had put his name to genuine certificates. Mr. Kroy had taken care to secure them weeks earlier, in case of need. The pen he used was the same which Grace Clear had found upon the carpet, and taken care to secure in case it should be *needed in evidence*.

"I must send that girl away," thought Mr. Kroy, as he carefully destroyed every evidence of his work. Pen, ink, and fragments were hidden from mortal sight before the man gave himself to sleep. It was wonderful—it seemed so to Mr. Kroy—the ease with which he laid himself down and fell into slumber that night. Often he had been haunted by troublesome dreams. No dream disturbed his rest that night. He awoke early, declared himself able to go to business, and, despite the warning of his physician, went out. The stock deficiency was remedied, Norman Cloud thought—indeed he had no occasion to think otherwise—by the private substitution of Mr. Kroy's securities. There was no longer reason to fear for the company, and all went well—so smoothly, that in a week's time side by side had gone forth the good and the bad stock, and equally they commanded buyers and faith.

Mr. Kroy did not dismiss Grace Clear.

The girl might tell, he knew not what; it was better, he deemed, to keep her in the family and on good terms to the last minute, for, unaccountable as it might seem in the calm and the lull, Mr. Kroy expected a storm. He made ready for it.

He sold his house, but that sale excited no suspicion, for side by side with it grew a contract for a mansion greater than it, one which should adorn his Isle of Fortune. Some weeks passed by. The weeks were months, and all went so well that Mr. Kroy began to carry on with spirit the contract for the new house. It would be so pleasant to surprise his wife and Zilpha with it when they should come home.

One evening, sitting in the library reading the third edition of an evening newspaper, Mr. Kroy came upon a little paragraph that turned his flesh rigid, and yet it was but an account of a robbery—a safe broken, bonds stolen, securities gone—the certificates were numbered.

Had he been less alarmed his crime might have remained unknown.

A month earlier he had made very large remittances to his wife, a hundred-fold beyond her actual requirements, but he had directed her to hold the moneys against a time of need. Some rumor of a foreign war was his pretext to her, and carefully she executed his design.

He had kept in readiness funds for a sudden emergency, but so great had been his security that a week before he had parted with a large portion of the funds.

Where could such a man as Christopher Kroy hide himself, having defrauded his fellow-men? It would be known on the morrow, he thought, the full enormity of his deed, even as he knew it that night, and, as he suspected, Grace Clear knew it; but she did not. On the morrow the fangs of justice would be out feeling for him, and he knew how the poison of his fortune and position would feed them, and strengthen the chances for his detection. Where could this man go? Escape by steamship to his wife and child he had dreamed of as the ultimate resort; but the time was come and he knew that he could not get off undiscovered. Even could

he, there was the Atlantic cable, and no hope helped him that he could cut that before taking his departure. Where could this man go? He thought of his boyhood's home among the Green Mountains; but there he knew no soul to whom he could go and cry out, "Hide me while justice rides past." There was one place, if only he could get to it. He remembered it so well, although he had not thought of it in years. It was a cave on a lonely mountain side, where the rocks lay piled around. Once he had crawled into it and peered up through its fissures to watch the great cumulous mountains of cloud pass by. He thought of the cave with a shudder. That would not do for him. The dimness, the rocks, the mountains, the winds, they cried so there; the thunder, it shook the solid earth among the hills; he remembered the presence of Nature;—one and all these things kept the man from hiding in the cave, even could he find it as a man as he left it as a boy. Where could he go? Silently he gathered together the small parcel of moneys that he had prepared and made ready for flight. There was not one particle of sentiment in his leave-taking. Already the house was another's; its contents soon would be. John, the boy he had been so proud of, that he had expected to see taking his place at the summit of an American's ambition, for one minute the father's heart softened. He took a step in the direction of his son's room, as though he would fall on his neck and say, "I have sinned, my son, I, your father; but for the sake of the father-love that yearns in my heart for you, forgive me and help me to hide myself from my sin." Instead of doing that, he carefully enclosed a certificate of deposit in a Boston bank in his son's name and sealed it. The man had long been playing with temptation, and this certificate, dating three months toward the past, was but one precaution. "Poor fellow!" sighed Mr. Kroy, and there lightened upon him the thought that, "after all, if John had died in his exceeding illness at New Haven it might have been better." John slept. Midnight approached. Mr. Kroy dress-

ed himself in a travelling suit, plain and unpretending, that there might be nothing in it to betray him by description, and descending stairway and hall he walked out of his house for the last time, almost without a pang. There was some thing that arose within him bright and elastic, a something akin to relief in casting off the old shell of Christopher Kroy, and emerging into a new existence, even though it be that of a defrauder flying from justice. He walked on half jubilant. It was nice, he thought, to be relieved from all the old business and annoying cares. He passed the pile of marble that was growing into his future home and paused a moment. He smiled grimly.

"Looks well at midnight, doesn't it, Mr. Kroy?" questioned a voice, and from one of the marble blocks a boyish figure uprose.

"You here at this time of night? What for, may I ask, Morton Cloud?" questioned Mr. Kroy.

"I couldn't sleep very well, sir, so I got up and came out. I am boarding not far from here," said Morton.

"Boys like you should be able to sleep. At your age I could sleep the night through," said Mr. Kroy.

"I am hardly a boy now; twenty years have made me feel old," said Morton; "but sir, if you had such trouble as I have on your mind at this minute you could not sleep."

"What is the matter, boy? Out with it, and if I can help you I will."

"You will, Mr. Kroy," ejaculated Morton. "Don't forget your promise;" and Morton told a long and painful story—the story of his mother's life in brief, and the cause of his present emotion. He had found a portion of a letter to himself from his mother, which had in some way gotten into the mail. It was but a fragment that he had found, betraying the fact that more had been written. "Morton," he had read, "my only hope now lies in your finding your way hither and causing my release." He recognized the writing. In vain did his father, to whom he had gone in his pain and agony of

mind, assure him that the letter was a fragment of one that had been sent while Mrs. Cloud was in the Asylum at Hartford. Morton did not believe it; beside, the very paper on which it was written betrayed the lie Mr. Cloud had sought to lay over and cover it with.

Mr. Kroy listened to the story to the end of it, and then he said:—"What can I do to help you, sir?"

"O, if you only would let me have money enough to go to Europe and search for my mother, I will work for you, I will serve you all my days, if need be, to repay the debt," said Morton, drawing near and nearer to Mr. Kroy. He stretched out his hand almost with the air of a beggar.

"Don't touch me, youth, stand aside, and see what I can do for you." Mr. Kroy took out a bit of paper, on which, by the light of the gas, he traced in pencil a brief instruction to his wife. He then gave the youth the necessary amount of money to cross the ocean, and the bit of paper which would secure his protection when there.

"God bless you forever and ever," said Morton, choking with emotion.

"Look here, young man! You seem to be grateful. I hope that you are what you seem. Now promise to do what I ask you when I ask you."

"I have promised, Mr. Kroy, even though it takes all my life long to repay you," said Morton.

"Then go—a good voyage and prosperity, with trouble if ever you forget your promise."

"Amen!" said Morton Cloud, and a something in his own voice recalled to memory the singing of Zilpha in the church at New Haven. Mr. Kroy passed on his way, and Morton Cloud went to his boarding-house to think. Mr. Kroy was the very last man in the city to whom he would have gone for aid, or from whom he expected it.

"There!" he thought in his young experience, "it is the last time I will ever judge a man hastily. Mr. Kroy is a great deal better man than I ever thought him to be." Morton was early on his way to New Haven to consult Dr. Firm and Dr.

— as to the best means of carrying on the search for his mother, for in vain had the youth begged and entreated his father to tell him where his mother was detained. By stratagem of one kind and another Mr. Cloud had concealed from his son the place of Mrs. Cloud's confinement.

"That is a brave boy, Jane," said Dr. Firm; "I—I shouldn't mind adopting him one bit, if you didn't think it foolish in an old fellow like me."

Miss Firm was preparing her annual "Offering to the Orphan Asylum," a work she expended a good deal of repressed sentiment and emotion, duly mingled with brain and muscle, upon.

"You don't say so, Benjamin! I never thought that of you."

"Nor I of you, Jane; but, of course, I mean to inherit after you."

"You *know* you'll outlive me a great many years, so don't be calculating on that," said Miss Firm.

"No, I *don't* know any such thing, nor do you either. The chances are all against it. Just look at the physicians that have fallen in this city at middle-life," and Dr. Firm began counting them out on his fingers, but Miss Firm stayed his counting to say:—

"You misunderstood my meaning. I have enough of my own to live on, thank Providence and my father for that. You may adopt as many Morton Clouds as you like."

"With your full consent and cordial approval, Jane?" he asked, looking across at the garment she was sewing on.

"On one condition," she said.

"What is it, sister?"

"That they shall all call me Aunt Jane."

"Which I cheerfully promise in the name of my bairns; but, as I have fully determined to have Morton Cloud for my eldest son, you will have a good while to dream about it yet, for it will be some months before he comes back. Why, what an old fool I am. Why didn't I go with the boy? I declare, if I thought the next train to Boston would get on in time for the steamship, I'd go as it is."

"It would do you a deal of good, Ben-

jamin. I wish you had thought of it earlier."

"Jane! you don't mean that you would have given your consent to my going."

"How could I keep a man from going with his boy, and my nephew too?" said Jane Firm, a smile going up her face and settling in her good brown eyes.

"Oh, sister! Do you mean it? Are you in earnest? Would you let me go? If you knew how I have longed to go for the past ten years."

"Go, then!" she said. "Why not?"

"Wait!" said the doctor, and he rushed down to his office, and drew on his boots with haste, and was off down Chapel Street. A telegram shot along the wires and reached Boston two hours in advance of the train that conveyed Morton thither. Unfortunately Morton had undertaken to leave America with an assumed name, therefore the telegram did not find him, and Dr. Firm stayed at home, to the exquisite delight of Jane, his sister, who never could be heroic, she declared, for more than a half hour at any one time.

Christopher Kroy's house was closed. An officer of the law paced up and down his large flagstone, and ragged little beings crept close to the steps and peered into the windows, eager to see the man that "the papers said so much about."

Grace Clear had somehow learned of the family of Mrs. Kroy in Brooklyn, and when the storm broke over the Kroy mansion—for it was three days ere the disappearance of Mr. Kroy came to be suspicious, and the rumor that he was a defaulter and an issuer of fraudulent stock spread—the girl determined to find them and to hide herself there until Mrs. Kroy and Zilpha came home, which she knew they would do when the dreadful news reached them.

On the second day of her search she was rewarded by finding the place. She told her story of the house and the furniture, what John had done, and what the servants had done, and made known her errand in seeking them. Christopher Kroy was beginning to feel secure in his

hiding-place when Grace Clear paid her visit to Mrs. Twining. He had read the daily reports of the newspapers; he knew just where he had been sought, and the course that, had he taken it, would have been fatal to his plans.

At midnight he had knocked at the small house of Mrs. Twining, and gained admittance. The despised woman who dwelt there, and whose condition he had so often spurned from his notice, hid him in security from the hundred hands of the law outstretched to grasp him. Day by day, with trembling, he saw the sum of the reward for his capture increased. How could he know at what point he might be betrayed and delivered up to justice. On the day when Grace Clear paid her visit—although no reason could be assigned for the act—the man grew suspicious. He lost faith in Mrs. Twining. He had in his own nature so little of trueness and honor that he could not understand how so much poverty could resist the temptation of such large reward.

He left the house, stealing out softly by midnight, unknown to any member of the family, and found his way to the woods of Maine. Under pretence of a fishing excursion, he purchased a suit of clothing such as the lumbermen of Maine are used to wear, and labored at subduing the forest. In his boyhood he had cut wood in Vermont, and his skill came back. He worked with a will, and, working, hid himself until the excitement was spent.

Three months intervened. During the first two months of that time a private detective had carefully watched every movement of Mrs. Kroy and Zilpha. Under various disguises he went where they went. On the same steamer that conveyed John Kroy across the Atlantic—for in his utter confusion and humiliation he fled to his mother and sister—there went a detective; for no one doubted, not for a moment, that John had knowledge of his father's locality, and that some time, at some place, he would join them; but as the weeks went on, and the very minutiae of the lives of

the lonely wife and children were disclosed, Justice began to close its eyes and turn away, wearied with the search. It became evident that the family of Mr. Kroy were separated entirely from him.

Only one letter went across the Atlantic from the wretched soul who worked in Maine woods. It was addressed to Morton Cloud, and bade him communicate with his wife the fact that it was his wish that she should remain away from America. The letter was so written that it might have fallen into the hands of Justice itself without conveying any knowledge of its actual meaning. That letter never reached Morton Cloud.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

"There now, Benjamin, don't you see that it was all for the best that you did not go to Europe with your eldest boy," said Jane Firm to her brother one day in the early spring-time. "Who now, do you suppose, would have set my arm as you have done? I should have waited until you came home before I would have trusted another doctor with it."

"Nonsense, Jane," said Dr. Firm; but although he said nonsense and tried to smile disdainfully, he drew his chair nearer to the place where his sister sat, and looked affectionately at the arm carefully fastened to its place. Miss Firm had, in house-cleaning, fallen and broken her arm the day before.

"I've something here, Jane," he said, producing as he spoke letters and papers, for he had just come up from the post-office.

"What is it? let me see," and she looked hungrily toward the pile of letters he carried. Jane Firm had looked longingly toward every letter that had come into the house for years. She had for a few months lessened her vigilance, but when her brother said, "I've something here, Jane," all the hunger came back.

"Give it to me!" she demanded.

"Wait until I see what the boy says. Why, Jane, it is from Morton, and I'm afraid he is in trouble, or he wouldn't find time to write a long letter to an old fellow in America." So speaking he rent away the envelope and began to read

aloud, and unconscious of everything save the letter. He read out:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—You were so kind to me at the last moment that, in sore need of help, I do not know of any one to whom my heart prompts me to go for aid except yourself. I told you of my meeting with Mr. Kroy, and how unexpectedly he gave me money to carry out my plan. He wrote a few words to his wife, which he told me would be all that I should need to insure the funds I might require. The note he addressed to Mrs. Kroy at Paris. I went to Paris, but Mrs. Kroy had gone to England. I went to England, and missed meeting her there. I have since that time traveled a thousand miles, and now have lost all trace of her locality.

"I cannot understand why it is, but this morning I picked up an English newspaper and saw a reference to a great American steamship company's bonds being almost worthless, etc., through the action of its officers in issuing false certificates of stock. Do tell me what it all means. But this is not my present object in writing. I am entirely without funds, having failed to find Mrs. Kroy. My hope and expectation were so strong that I did not pause until I was reduced to a few shillings. I am teaching English in a little village school in Germany until such time as I can get foreign aid. I know perfectly well that I have no earthly claim upon you, and yet I frankly ask you to send me money enough to carry me on my search. I cannot even promise to repay it, for Death may claim me ere my obligation to you be cancelled. I have written to Mr. Kroy twice, but no reply has come to me, and my earnings are not sufficient to give me more than bread, but for that I am thankful. I feel confident that you will not disappoint me. If you do, I must appeal to my father, and that appeal is death to my prospect of success. Give my kind regards to your sister, Miss Firm, and accept the gratitude of an unfortunate youth, compelled by Nature to sad service. If I can but find my mother I shall be happy.

"Yours respectfully,  
MORTON CLOUD."

Dr. Firm read out every word of the letter without comment. Without speaking he refolded it, returned it to the envelope, and sat a full moment, his large eyes fixed on the carpet.

His sister aroused him.

"Well, Benny, what will you do?" she questioned. "You'll send the boy some money, won't you?"

"Of course I will!" he said, and straightway went off to forward funds to the teacher of English in a German school.

Mean while there came a vacation, in due course, in the school mentioned. Morton had secured a trifling sum in the course of his teaching. Upon depositing his watch with the head of the school, he received a certain sum for that, and thus equipped he started on a pedestrian trip of two hundred miles. By the time of his return he trusted to get a letter from Dr. Firm.

He had taken care to inform himself of the exact locality of every asylum for the insane in the region he intended to pass through; but Morton Cloud was altogether too young in years, and too transparent in soul to make use of the art which an elder person would have done to effect the given object. He never for a moment imagined that his fellow-man could be guilty of keeping his mother concealed from her son, therefore he went boldly to the entrances of the asylums and desired to see the persons in charge. He had sought his mother in similar places until a dumb kind of answer seemed to precede the reply, invariably given, that his mother was not there.

One day he had traveled from early morning over a wild region, whose inhabitants were few and poor. He had been directed to take it as the shorter way to reach a certain town in the northern part of Germany.

He had dined poorly and early, and had not broken his fast for hours.

Night was drawing near, and his vital forces were so far spent that he could have thrown himself down under the cover of a thicket of fir-trees and slept. Feeling the need of excitement of some

kind, to keep him up until he could reach a place where he could rest, he began to shout out the chorus of a college song. His voice was clear and strong, and penetrated freely through the lonely highway. Suddenly a noise behind caused Morton to turn about in time to see the approach of a traveling-coach, the driver of which was urging his horses through the heavy sand at their utmost speed.

As the carriage rushed past, the youth caught sight of a face and heard sounds that caused him to follow the carriage with what haste he might. He had managed to keep in sight of the vehicle for a half mile, when there came into view the same building to which Mr. and Mrs. Cloud had drawn near months before.

Now, Morton had been distinctly told by a person that morning that no institution for the insane existed within many miles of the place, and he was urging himself on to get fifty miles further, where, he had been informed by the same person, was an asylum with a great number of English patients.

Morton witnessed at a distance the struggles of the man he had seen in the carriage, as he was overcome by his attendants and carried in. He saw the great doors shut and the coach pass on.

There came through the roadside thicket a white-haired boy of not more than seven years. The boy had been tending sheep, and was anxious to get home to his supper. Morton hailed the little fellow, and asked him in German what building he saw, pointing to the large house in view.

"Bad place, sir—very," said the boy. "I run to get by afore the dark catches me," and he would have run on had not Morton held him back.

"Boy! I want to know what it is," he said, "and you must tell me."

"The folks there roll their eyes, and swing their arms, and talk queer," said Seven Years. "O let me go afore it gets dark; I'm afraid of them folks."

"Do you live near here?"

"No! a good bit, and across the lake. My sister that's Minnie, will be tired

waiting in the boat to row me over the lake. Don't go to that place, it's bad, very, all bad—maybe they won't let you out again." And the boy went on a little way, then he ran back, saying, "Are you going up to the village to-night, sir?"

"Perhaps I may, why?" inquired Morton.

"Because maybe you'd take a little bit of a letter for somebody just as well as me. See! I've all blistered up my feet to-day tending sheep, and it's so far to the village."

"Well, my boy, where's the letter then? I'll promise to put it all right."

"O dear!" said the boy, "that's too bad, a great much too bad, but I haven't got the letter yet, it isn't give to me. She said she'd come and walk by the lake to-night. She is a nice one—she don't roll her eyes, nor snap her teeth, nor do any of them awful noises either. I likes her, I do."

"And she is going to meet you down by the lake to-night, you say. Then I will go with you and see her maybe," said Morton.

"He'll be along somewhere, he most always is, and I don't believe he will let you see her; but you can come along, and Minnie will put you over the water, and that's a nearer way to the village," said the boy.

"Who is he, my boy?"

"He is the doctor; the little man 'thout any hair on top of his head. He lets this one walk on the bank, and once he let her take a row with Minnie and me."

During the questions and answers given the child had been hurrying along the walk, keeping a nervous lookout toward the huge building he feared so greatly. When they had passed it in safety, he said confidentially, "I'm always afeard to get by there. I think some of 'em is coming out the windows to gobble me up like."

"Did you ever know any one that was gobbled up?" asked Morton, with a serious air.

"Oh, you ought to hear 'em talk, and I wonder if you wouldn't run too," said the boy.

In a short time the lake was reached, but no boat was seen. They wandered along the shore until the time grew near to darkness, and still neither boat nor Minnie appeared. Suddenly the boy started off in a certain direction, and Morton, following him, found him talking to a man, whom he instantly recognized, by the boy's description, as the doctor. No sooner had the doctor espied Morton than he went hastily to the place where he waited and demanded his right to be intruding on that shore. Morton scarcely regarded the words he used when he again heard the accents of the English language.

"Oh, sir!" said Morton, "will you please tell me if you have among your patients a lady from America, Mrs. Cloud?"

"What right have you to inquire?" asked the doctor, in tones that would have made most men throb with a heart-quake.

"What right, sir!" repeated Morton; "the right I have because she is my mother, and I have searched everywhere I know to find her."

"Young man," said the doctor, "have you any proofs of your identity to offer? Even were Mrs. Cloud here, how could I accede to your demand, having no proof that you had a right to make inquiry."

"Oh, sir! I am so sorry; but if she were here you would know me by my resemblance to her."

A sound of oars smote their hearing.

"It's Minnie coming," said the boy.

The doctor took a peculiar whistle from his pocket and sent backward toward the asylum notes from it. He then ordered Morton from the spot, threatening to have him arrested and confined for intruding on private grounds, but Morton's eyes were fixed on the row-boat nearing the shore.

"There she is—in with Minnie now!" said the boy.

It was almost dark, but the figures on the sands could be seen. The doctor looked around for help, none was in sight. He raised his cane and was about to strike at Morton, when a voice from

the boat rang along the shore, "Morton! Morton, my boy—it is my Morton!" Morton sprang forward and plunged into the lake. He was a good swimmer, and without permitting the boat to draw near the shore he gained it, and three minutes later the doctor stood helpless with a hundred feet of water between himself and his patient.

"Morton, Morton!" gasped Mrs. Cloud, "don't go on! don't go on! You do not know what you are doing."

"Yes I do, mother, I am carrying you away from this place forever. I have been looking for you too long to let you go now." Minnie began to cry and to utter powerful plaints in the German tongue about her poor brother left on the bank.

At a safe distance from pursuit, Morton drew in his oars to listen to his mother's words.

"Morton," she said, "I promised not to run away without fair warning, and I cannot tell a lie. Go back! Go back! Give me up now and trust to the future to restore my liberty."

Night grew to darkness and still the little boat lingered on the lake. Mrs. Cloud determined to go back, and Morton trying to convince her of her folly, while shouts and commands for their return were borne across from the bank. Great was the excitement in the asylum. A patient had escaped, and not a boat was at hand for the capture.

"Mother!" at last said Morton, "if

you go back there I shall never be able to rescue you, all the toil and trouble I have had will be for nothing. He told her how destitute he was, how destitute he had been, and put before her the despair that would follow him if she insisted on keeping a promise so foolish, "one," he added, "that no man would have made."

At length Minnie gathered up the oars, and in good stout German accents signified that she was going.

"I shall go back, Morton," said Mrs. Cloud, "if not now, on the first opportunity."

Morton regained the oars and slowly turned the boat about. The party on the bank kept breathless silence as the dip of the oars drew near.

Mrs. Cloud was the first to land. She stepped from the boat the instant it touched, and a step or two brought her face to face with the irate little doctor.

"I have returned because I would not tell you a lie," she said.

"Madam," he replied, "this is the first proof of an unsound mind I have seen in you. Take my arm if you please."

"Doctor, my son is here, let me present him," she said. Morton bowed, but made no response other than the bow.

"Young man," said the doctor, "come with me and I will furnish you with more comfortable clothing."

"Don't go," whispered the boy, "they'll gobble you up maybe, and I like you."





## WORDS FOR PARTING.

O, WHAT shall I do, my dear,  
 In the coming years, I wonder,  
 When our paths, which lie so sweetly near,  
 Shall lie so far asunder !  
 O, what shall I do, my dear,  
 Through all the sad to-morrows,  
 When the sunny smile has ceased to cheer,  
 That smiles away all sorrows !

What shall I do, my friend,  
 When you are gone forever ?  
 My heart its eager need will send  
 Through the years to find you, never  
 And how will it be with you,  
 In the weary world, I wonder ;  
 Will you love me with a love as true,  
 When our paths lie far asunder ?

A sweeter, sadder thing  
 My life for having known you ;  
 Forever with my sacred kin,  
 My soul's soul, I must own you.  
 Forever mine, my friend,  
 From June till life's December ;  
 Not mine to have or hold,  
 Mine to pray for and remember.

The way is short, my friend,  
 That reaches out before us ;  
 God's tender heavens above us bend,  
 His love is smiling o'er us.  
 A little while is ours  
 For sorrow or for laughter ;  
 I'll lay the hand you love in yours  
 On the shore of the Hereafter.

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 THE BURGUYNE HOUSE.

ALBANY is still a queer old place, and shows some oddities of the olden time. A few years ago, and it was full of all sorts of Dutch tumble-down places, squatty houses with sharp-terraced roofs, laughable gables, with the one turret cocked like a turned-up nose at the apex of the roof, and with the date of the erection in iron letters. There is an old fabric now in North Pearl Street, with the black iron-lettered date on the small Holland bricks (brought over as ballast when Albany was Beaverwyck), a roof

sharp enough to split a log upon, and full of groceries. No question it was a brave mansion in its day, the residence of the captain of the garrison, or at least the mayor, albeit it boasts of naught but strings of sausages and onions, and "such like gear," now. It is the only one in the street. Yankee enterprise looking askew at Dutch stolidity has every now and then swept away the old Dutch relics, till but few survivors "of the good old days" are left. Instead of the Dutch burgher and sturdy vrow, we have

the fine gentleman and mincing belle; the "stoop," with door parting in the middle, and the brass knocker, shaped like a beaver or dog's head, have given place to the stone steps, and polished silver bell and door-plate. "Where be the" meadows now, and the palisade, and the stone fort on the hill, and its stone guns or "steen-stucken?" You might as well ask where the modesty, and honesty, and industry of former times are hiding.

One relic of other days, however, "still lives"—the Burgoyne House. It is at the intersection of North Lansing Street with North Broadway. An old-looking fabric is it, with an elm battered as with a thousand storms, yet bearing on its broad stem, and lopped, sturdy limbs still a wreath of green foliage.

How came it named "The Burgoyne House?"

"There's a battle going on somewhere!" said Dirk Steenkirk, the tailor, in October, 1777, laying his ear to the ground. "I thought I heard the sound before. It can't be an earthquake, I think; the jar is not heavy enough! There it is again. It must be some great battle or other. I guess Gates has met Burgoyne away up north."

"I always thought your ears were long, Dirk," said old Dominie Schnaaps, chuckling; "but, I must say, I didn't think they stretched from Albany up toward Saratoga."

"It may not be Saratoga," said honest Dirk, "he may have met Burgoyne closer to home. At all events, there's a battle going on somewhere, certain."

"I can't say I hear anything," said the Dominie, stooping his ear in turn to the ground. "Stop, though, I do hear a sound; I vow I think it's the sound of cannon too. I believe with you, Dirk, Gates is fighting Burgoyne."

"We'll hear in a few days," responded Dirk, and they separated.

The conversation occurred at the corner of the two streets mentioned. It was at sunset, and the broad meadows on either side were glowing in the rays of the level sun. The two streets were merely wide grassy lanes, with wooden fences

either side. Cattle were grazing in the meadows, and colts rambling, with trees scattered over the surface of the meadows. The landscape, touched with red and gold was smiling, and the river reflected red clouds and blue sky. Sloops were lazily drifting with the tide; here and there a snub-nose penangua glided past, with its one broad sail spread to catch the sun-down wind. A bateau from the Mohawk was creeping down, with its red-sleeved boatmen poling it onward, pushing with their shoulders along the narrow platforms inside the heavy, clumsy craft. Altogether it was a busy scene and lovely. The purple haze of the season was thickening around the horizon, filming the near distances, while the woods winked through golden gauzes. The bells of the little city were ringing, intermingling pleasantly with the cattle-bells of the pastures. The gilded vanes, in shapes of sturgeon, codfish, and crowing roosters glittered, and the opposite hills were bathed in soft brilliance. Shrieking and whistling black urchins were driving home the lowing and loitering cows, the sleek coats of which gleamed like silk. Here and there a little imp, black as Satan, was urging a shaggy colt to a swift gallop by the halter, grinning like a catfish as he clung tight as a glove, bare-backed, on the sharp ridge of the animal's body, the colt now and then launching out his unarmed heels in the vain hope of dismounting his tormentor. Groups of female gossips were on the "stoops," or standing in the doorways, the upper and lower leaves of which were swung wide open. Numbers of honest burghers, with clay pipes long as yard-sticks, wearing broad buttons, and breeches with knee-buckles, that shone in the low light as if made of the precious metal itself, talked "Ya, mynheer," and "Nein, mynheer," and spoke of Gates and Burgoyne, and the chances of a battle; for all were not gifted with the keen ears of the tailor and the Dominie. A sweet scene, and a peaceful was Albany that soft September evening—sweet as a pinkster blossom, and peaceful as the glassy Hudson creeping on its watery way to the ocean.

At the very moment that Dirk and the Dominie heard the sounds of the cannon during the first battle (I should have mentioned it chronologically), a group of women were at Foxen Creek washing. Owing to their finer organization, they all heard the cannon jar louder than either Dirk or the Dominie. Perhaps the silence of Nature in the green dingle of the creek had something to do with it.

"Oh, my poor husband!" said one. "God rest his soul in glory!"

"There goes another shot!" said the second. "He's shot to pieces he is! Oh, blessed Mary, receive him into Paradise!"

"That's the way poor folks are used!" cried a third. "They fight all the battles and the offishers git all the glory!"

And so ran the lamentations of the poor women till all the sylvan dell was filled with their sorrow.

Days passed along and no tidings from the north. At length came another sunset towards the middle of the month.

"Good-evening to you, Dominie!" exclaimed Dirk Steenkirk to the Rev. Derrick Schnaaps, as both met again at the corner of the two streets.

"Our ears must have deceived us, Dirk," said the Dominie, after returning the salutation of the old tailor. "No news of any battle as yet."

"Hardly time, Dominie, hardly time!" responded Dirk. "You must consider that we're thirty miles from Saratoga, if the battle, as I think it was, was fought there, and no end to the woods between. In fact, as you know, it is all woods except where General Schuyler cut down the trees to make his camp at The Sprouts of the Mohawk, and at little Fort Ann, that's hardly big enough to swing a cat round in it."

"Oh, no; it isn't all woods!" returned the Dominie. "There's Deacon Bronck's clearing, not more than four miles out, and then Jan Jansen has cleared up quite a place two miles farther up. And then there's Brom Stryker, a mile or two above 'The Sprouts.' Still I think myself there's been hardly time for any news yet."

"Well, I declare, here comes Widow Schneider's son Cantine, that went off in Gates's army, and he's limping too. He looks dreadfully pale. I wonder if he's come home wounded? How do, Cantine. Why, what's the matter, boy, with you?"

"A good deal," said the lad, wearily. "I'm wounded in the leg, and come home to be cured, I hope."

"How did you get wounded, boy?" asked the Dominie.

"We've had two great battles between Gates and B'gyne, and we've whipped the plaguey Britishers out of sight."

"Ah, ah!" said Dirk. "I thought so. Our ears, Dominie, did not play false after all. When did the first fight come off?"

"The first was on the 19th of September, and the last on the 7th of this month," said the lad, lifting himself proudly on his crutches. "And if both were not good stand-up tough fights, there 're no snakes."

"No doubt of that," ejaculated Dirk.

"Well, give us thy story, Cantine!" said the Dominie.

Before, however, the lad, who had taken a seat on a grassy bank, commences, let us describe the house beside which the three were gathered.

It was a two-story building, with a gambrel roof, in which squatted two or three dormer windows looking on Market Street, along which rose its front, directly at the corner, as noticed. It was full of little rooms as a worm-eaten cheese is of holes, and its broad-benched "stoop" was of wood. Its door had the customary two leaves swinging in the middle, and the brass knocker was a grinning wolf's head. The foundation walls composing the lower story were of rough plastered stone, and the upper half of the door leading into the story was a window. The whole building (with the exception of the foundation) was of the small, flinty Holland brick. It had little windows dotted all over it, and a range of loop-holes belted it. Altogether it was an odd concern, half dwelling, half block-house, and was built when an incursion was expected, day by day, from

the Esopus Indians. On the side toward the cross street was the date of its erection, 1765, in small iron letters.

"Well," said Cantine, "when Gates heard that old weather-beaten red-faced B'gyne had left Fort Edward, he marched as far north as Bemis Heights and entrenched. I was put on picket, and so, one day, I saw red spots breaking out of the dust on the road further north leading to Fort Edward, and I give the alarm. Sure enough B'gyne was coming, and we knew that a fight would come off right away, for Gates was a tough old serpent to deal with, and wouldn't stand no nonsense anyhow. So we began to prepare for a high old time. Gates is like a singed cat—he's better than he looks—and don't mind a Britisher a bit more than old granny Vanderheyden minds a pinch o' snuff. And talking of snuff, I shouldn't mind a mossle o' whiskey if you have any about ye. However, there was Gates and there was B'gyne."

"Do go on with the fight, lad," said Dirk, "and don't shoot round the haystack like a humming-bird round a tumbler. I guess you've had more whiskey now than is good for you, boy."

"Well, ain't I a telling on ye!" said the lad, curtly. "If ye know more about it than I do, go on and tell it yourself and be hanged to ye!"

"Don't be angry, good Cantine," said the Dominie, soothingly. "We're so anxious about the fight, you know, that we're impatient, you know."

"Well, if ye know, as I said before, go on and tell it," said the lad, in hope the whiskey would be forthcoming at the delay.

"I should think," he continued, after a while, "you might squeeze out a drop or so of cider. I won't go on, that's flat, until I wet my throat." And the boy looked as pig-headed as possible.

Dirk and the Dominie, finding the lad determined not to proceed without the whiskey, reluctantly handed him a few small silver pieces, and with them Cantine hobbled to the little cowering shed-grocery of old Mrs. Vanderheyden, nearly

opposite. In a few moments he emerged wiping his mouth.

"Well, you see!" said the lad, reseating himself, this time on the stoop, "about ten in the morning B'gyne sallied out in three bodies to'rds Gates and Arnold, and I tell ye what 'tis, Gin'ral Arnold's nobody's fool at fighting, mind I tell ye!"

"Gates met him with a part of his army, led on by old Morgan, of Virginny, and a real old hoss he is at fighting too, and Gin'ral Dearborn. Morgan fought the Indians and Canada Tories alongside of Dearborn, while B'gyne comes along up to a place called Freeman's Farm; and here Gin'ral Fraser and Gin'ral Arnold have a tussel, and finally at last both armies meet here and the real battle begins. Now we drive the British, and now the British drive us. Now we push, and now they, just like a couple of sawyers at a log. At last night come, and both sides stopped fighting. In the morning, though, B'gyne was nowhere with his troops; he'd got enough of fighting for the present, I tell ye.

"The night before, though, we boys were all alive. Every one of us thought we'd have another fight, and we lay down by our arms all ready. The talk around the camp-fires and in the tents was whether we couldn't lick B'gyne, and we all rayther thought we could.

"There was one thing though that made me feel a kinder ugly. It was this: I was sentry at Gin'ral Gates' tent, and I heard, without meaning to, a little talk between the old Gin'ral and the Quartermaster that made my hair stand up. 'Twas only a sort of broken bits of talk I heard, but I couldn't help putting them together. Says Gates, says he, 'Quartermaster, how about the ammunition?' 'Pretty bad,' says the Quartermaster, and then they both fell to whispering. 'Enough to last if B'gyne attacks us in the morning?' asks Gates. 'Well, hardly,' said the Quartermaster. 'That's bad, very bad,' says Gates; 'but let's keep it all to ourselves, and if worst comes to the worst we can retreat to the "Sprouts" again and entrench, or we can stay where we are and wait for ammunition from Albany."

"Well, as I said before, there was no B'gyne to disturb us next morning, 'n the next, 'n the next. We almost got tired of waiting. I acted as a picket, and one night I got close to the British lines. I crept behind a thicket, close to a camp-fire. 'Arrah,' says an Irish grenadier, 'and I wonder what B'gyne manes to do? As for my part, I'm tired to death doing nothing.'

"'Wait a little,' said another, 'and if B'gyne don't give these rebels the old scratch I'm mistaken.' Just then a twig snapped under my foot and I made myself scarce.

"In the mean time, the story got about among the men that Gates and Gin'ral Arnold had had a quarrel. But we was all strained up to the right pitch for a fight, and I do believe if all the Gin'ral's had quarrelled amongst themselves we men 'ud a fit B'gyne ourselves.

"At last B'gyne come to the scratch again, and attacked us. This was on the 7th of October. The battle began about two o'clock in the afternoon, and it was a tough fight, I tell ye. Morgan and Fraser fit each other, and Pon led up his brigade against Col. Ackland, and Gin'ral Dearborn and Lord Balcarris had it hot and heavy. Arnold, although he'd been stripped of his rank by Gates, mounted his horse as a volunteer at the head of three regiments of Gin'ral Learned's brigade, and charged B'gyne's centre where the Hessians stood, and routed 'em, and off they run. Just about this time I happened to be fighting by the side of Tim Murphy, of Morgan's rifle corps. There was a fine-looking British officer in front, on a white horse. He was very active in rallying his troops and leading them on. 'Do ye see that officer, Tim?' says Col. Morgan. 'I do,' answers Tim. 'It's Gin'ral Fraser,' says Morgan. 'I respect him but it's necessary he should die.'—'Amen,' says Tim, and a short time a shot comes from a tree which Tim had taken a station in, and Gin'ral Fraser falls shot.

"Then come the last charge, and didn't the boys go it? I tell you they did some. On they went, on they went, hurrah boys! There was Gin'ral Patterson and Brooks,

and Glover and Learned and Tenbroeck, and Arnold at the head of all, and Morgan next. We driv' the British out of their works, and at last we come upon the Hessians in their camp, and we driv' them out, all except Gin'ral Breyman, who was shot, and as the sun went down we found we'd got the victory.

"'Twas just about this time that I was shot, and I don't remember any more, and so I come home to tell you all about it. There was one thing, however. Gates was fully prepared if the fight had gone against him. He had a horse all saddled, close by his tent, to make a run for it if we got defeated; and the baggage wagons were all loaded, with the horses' heads pointed to'rds Albany. As I went limping along by Gates' horse, the darkey who was holding the bridle, says he, grinning, 'This hoss of Gin'ral Gates 'll jump all the gates 'twixt here and Allbonny,' says he, 'that is, ef there was any gates, which there ain't,' says he.

"And as I went past the baggage-wagons, says the head driver, says he, 'How goes the battle?' says he, 'for my hosses won't go to'rds Albany till old Arnold says the word. When you see him a comin' this way you may be sure the Britishers is a comin' too, and then the old Harry take the hindmost.'

"I up and told him how it had gone, and didn't they hurray! I rath'er guess some! And down here I come in a empty baggage wagon to tell ye all the news! And now I think of it, how's mother?"

A day or two after Cantine's description, confirmation of the news reached the little antique city, which was illuminated in honor of the tidings.

Cantine found the news a capital excuse to get drunk, and found himself the next morning in the stocks standing by the Dutch Church, at the intersection of Deer (now State) Street with Market.

The inhabitants were carried away with excitement. Fort Frederick fired a salute, and King George was burnt in effigy in Lyon (now Washington) Street. The mayor, who lived in Queen (now Elk) Street, kept his house illuminated three nights, and the little boys kindled bon-

fires in all the streets and lanes of the city, while the larger played "soger," parading Deer Street continually with tin swords and broomsticks.

Days passed with no further tidings. At length, one fresh October morning (the 20th of the month), ripe to the heart as a golden pippin, old Brom, the black Dutch fiddler of Albany, living in a little log cabin on the edge of Pinkster Hollow, came to Dirk's house, and was just about mounting the stoop toward the wolf's-head knocker, when Dirk opened the window portion of the basement door with—

"How now, Brom, what's the matter?"

"Golly, massa, how de do? Bery well, I tank-ee, same yourself. And B'gwine is a comin' wid de Bittish, and de mean Hessian, right straight along. Golly-me, dad!"

"Who, what, where, what ye're about, Brom; drunk or what?"

"Well, de trut is B'gwine is on the road to Albany, and his army wid 'em!" and Brom cut a caper.

"Aha! surrendered, has he?" said Dirk.

"S'rendered! what's dat? He guv up, and Gin'rall Gates he tuk his sword; and B'gwine is a comin', and Gin'rall Herides-well, and Gin'rall Phil-lups and—"

"General He-rides-well!" repeated Dirk.

"General De Riedesel, he means, neighbor Dirk!" said the Dominie, who had approached unobserved.

"Ah, yes!" said Dirk, "and Phil-lups is doubtless General Phillips, Burgoyne's commander of artillery. Well, this is news indeed. But how did you hear it, Brom, so ahead of every one?"

"De Injin chief, Skin'-em-down—"

"Skin'-em-down! what a name," said Dirk.

"Sken-an-doah, of course, Dirk," said the Dominie.

"Well, I call 'm Skin'-em-down!" said Brom resolutely. "Heskins 'em down and up too, and all over, when he's got a hold on 'm. Golly, I've seed 'm up dere in de Mohawk country—he skin one white man, a Frenchy, from de head to de toe. Bress

my shins! No matter dough! He said 'Kah-kah!' dat's me—de Crow—in Injin; dough why he call colored gentleums Crows for, dis niggah didn't know, 'cept both be brack, and de eagle brack too, and he ain't no crow. But, says he, Kah-kah, de Red Face, dat's B'gwine, don't call hisself war-ye'r no more. He's a woman to de Blue Coat; dat is, B'gwine give up to Gin-rall Gates, as he telled finally at last, and here ole Brom comes up to tell Massa Dirk!"

"Here's something for your good news, Brom," said Dirk, throwing him a silver piece, which Brom caught with his hand as a dog catches a tossed bone in his mouth, and started for Mrs. Vanderheyden's grocery.

"Here comes Cantine, and with a young tree too. Well, Cantine, how are you this fine brisk morning?"

"Very well, tailor!" said the boy, using his crutch more than ever. "The stocks are not very good for wounded limbs. Here's an elm I've got for ye, tailor!" continued he.

"Tailor, tailor," responded Dirk. "Here's impudence, and from boys too."

"If ye ain't a tailor what are ye?" said the lad, grinning. "Mayor, perhaps, but I don't believe in it."

"You don't believe in anything but whiskey and the stocks."

"Precious little whiskey I see from you," said Cantine in a rage; "and as for the stocks, look out or I'll have your heels tripped up too, confound ye."

"Well, what have you got there?" said Dirk, pulling out his pipe as a sedative.

"An elm for ye, from the hill by the old Fort. It grew just by Pinkster Hollow, nigh the big spring. But if ye don't want it, say so."

At this moment a cloud of dust rolled around the corner near the Patroon's mansion, at the head of the long street. Nearer it came, and now through it forms were dimly discernible. Down rolled the cloud, and clearer showed the forms. Tramp—tramp—tramp—down the rural road marched the forms. First came the blue coats of America, blue laced with

red, two regiments led by Gen. Bricketts. The Stars and Stripes (just made the national banner by Congress, and unfurled for the first time in the nation at the surrender of Burgoyne) came next, borne by a mounted officer. Then the Irish grenadiers with their bearskin caps, and the Scotch fusiliers in their red turned up with blue. Next rolled ponderously along the royal batteries, with the artillerymen in their blue turned up with red. The Germans followed; the Hessian yager with his great canteen, and studded with brass ornaments, and the De Riedesel dragoon, with his heavy plumed helmet. Squalid, emaciated, were these troops, leading the wild inhabitants of the woods they had tamed—the great black, waddling bear, the light, springy, graceful deer, the fox, the black-cat, and in one instance a spitting, snarling wild-cat in a wooden cage. Down they went; no fife piped, no drum sounded. Triumph there was none from the gazing groups, over the sad, dejected, downcast procession, with the exception of the Stars and Stripes, that glittered wide in the breeze of the rich October day. Down, down

they went, until at length the last of the conquered army of Burgoyne had passed Dirk and his two companions.

Down they streamed to Deer Street, then, turning to the left, down Deer to the waterside, whence they were wafted in boats to Groen-en-busch (now Green-bush), on the hills back of which barracks for their accommodation had been hastily erected.

"I wonder if they'll go near Tiger (now Lancaster) Street, where mother lives!" said Cantine. "But again, do you or don't you want the elm?"

"Of course I do, good Cantine!" said Dirk. "Plant it right before the house, as a remembrance of the day Burgoyne's army went through Albany."

"All right, tailor, as your left leg!" said the reckless Cantine, and the tree was planted.

"It shall be called The Burgoyne Tree," said Dirk, and the Dominie assented.

And the name from the tree crept to the house, which is called The Burgoyne House down to this present day.

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### LEISURE MOMENTS.

It wasn't a good, healthy, hearty cry, such as healthy, hearty children tell their petty sorrows with; but something so sad and wailing and pitiful that we needs must stop and ask the little one what ailed it. The girl was hardly six years old, scantily clad, soiled, very poor looking; and with her was another girl, a year or so her senior. Both, evidently, had come from the same home of poverty; no one to look after them, to keep them from being crushed in the crowd of wheels and hoofs and men that hurried, crunched, and rolled over the pavement into the near ferry-house at Jersey City; nobody to keep them from ill word or harsh treatment, or any harm that may come to children in the dangerous streets. There they stood, leaning against the brick wall, the smallest one still weeping. "What is the matter, my little girl?" Only the continuous low sobbing for an answer; but the elder said, with that strange indifference brought by familiarity with pain, "She's only

a headache, sir." Then we chanced to look at a tiny foot, all twisted and bent out of shape, and knew what the small, suffering face had already told. Nothing could win her from her quiet, bashful tears; no sympathizing words, no offering of oranges,—great ripe, golden fruit that would have brought a smile to the troubled face of any child not soul-tired with suffering. To the elder one:—

"Where do you two live?"

"In Brooklyn, sir."

"What are you doing so far away from home?"

"We sing on the boat, sir!"

Still through the gates the crowds jostle and push; fathers hurrying home to clasp their happy children in their arms; mothers gathering up with one hand their fine garments as they passed, lest they should touch the loathsome beggars, and with the other leading their own bright, daintily dressed daughters to homes of plenty and content. Still the carts

rattle by, the bells ring, the whistles shriek, men shout and swear. But beneath all is the voice of that little child, so tired, even of weeping, that tears are no relief; she has sung, through her misery, all day on the boat for the rich people's pennies; she has walked so far on that poor deformed foot that the long journey home seems too painful for her to undertake; her head throbs; it is growing late.

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HAVE we pity only for the little sufferer who sings on the boat? We have known other children of song, the trembling pathos of whose tones has moved the world to tears. "Oh, what a sweet voice has this one; how touching, how sympathetic; here is a penny, my child;" and, "Oh, how fine the sentiment in this one's verses; what a sublime melancholy and passion; how thrilling; let us buy his books, and make him famous." Pennies and fame. Good people, it is well!

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"WILLIAM, son of Major William and Mrs. Anne Ledyard, died Sept. 14th, 1777, in the 11th year of his age.

Who e'er thou art that doest approach  
The dreary mansions of the Dead;  
Let not thy hasty feet encroach,  
Or on these sacred manes tread;  
But if soft pity moves thy breast  
Or innocence invites thy thoughts,  
If blooming Youth and lovely crest  
With beauties highest raptures wrought,  
If all that flattering hope could boast  
Or fondest wishes centred here,  
Think——"

Strange that one can read no more. Brush away the little grasses that the soft summer air is fanning, and try to feel out a word or so; in vain—the stone is quite smooth. "Think." There is too much to think about here, in the old graveyard of Groton, Connecticut, in the shadow of the monument to Colonel William Ledyard, patriot and hero, who commanded the garrison in Fort Griswold, on Groton Heights, Sept. 6, 1781, the day of the massacre.

We all know the bloody story. "I guess there never was such fighting done," says the sergeant's wife, who unlocks the door of Groton Monument. Then you mount the steps to the height of 127 feet, and coming out into the light and air, look down upon the ruins of the old fort, where cows are grazing now. Ankle deep in blood they say it was after the massacre. Here is the hill down which the British ran our wounded in an ammunition-

wagon,—peaceful gardens now, and the blue smoke from quiet homes arises whence the shrieks of the tortured came that day. The town of New London, then in flames, now sleeps in peace on the opposite bank of the river; and returning to the sergeant's wife with the key, you find Canterbury bells blooming near her door-step, and a solitary chicken pecking at a crust of bread.

"The traitor Benedict Arnold burnt the towns of New London and Groton, and spread desolation and woe throughout this region."

It is engraven upon the monument; we know it to be true; and yet the same yellow butterfly that is now closing its wings on the traitor's name, may fly over the fields and light upon the Ledyard Monument in the Groton grave-yard.

"Sons of Connecticut, behold and emulate the heroic deeds of your ancestors."

"Who-wheet! Who-wheet!" whistles a bird in the bushes. A child gathers blackberries from the vines on the graves.

What is the lesson to be learned? For we have not learned it, else there had not been a late war of brother against brother.

We stumble over the graves of the heroes of that day. Averys, Billings, Chapmans, Chesters, Perkins,—friends and neighbors they must have been, all buried here. The same flat-nosed angel, with bat-wings, stares on the head-stone of all. A scent of wild roses. The sun sinks behind the hills of New London,—and if we sat here till Colonel William Ledyard arose by the side of Anne his wife, Charles in her arms, William and Sarah at their father's right hand, we would know no more than that "Our Redeemer liveth," and that "The Lord is good to all; and his tender mercies are over all his works."

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In the old stone school-house there was a beetle-browed boy who sat on the bench behind us, and in any unguarded moment gave us a prod with a pin. In these maturer years we find ourselves in frequent contact with just such another—a gad-fly critic who stings and burns. He is a "hedgehog dressed in lace," always ready to prove that, if he had only the time, he could do things a great deal better than any one else. A believer in metempsychosis would suppose that boy on the back bench to be dead, and his soul to be translated into the fellow who annoys us.



Of all problems, that of patriotism is the most difficult. State the thing in its nakedness. For what they call a "cause," men will go and kill other men, and permit themselves to be killed. It seems to be a human instinct. It pervades all minds. Women approve it, and towards would like to be heroes. All such consuming and universal passions have their reason—their design. To us a Broadway policeman escorting school-children across the street is the compendium of all the purposes of good government. He embodies the idea of protection and all-pervading care combined with utmost liberty and kindness.

WHAT do you think of this despairing utterance: "I am not worth a cent at lying, and might as well give up the practice of that virtue. All my fibs are failures."

RETURNING from a long summer day of pleasuring, which one who ought to know said was exceptional, because with ride, sail, surf-bath, dinner, and return, no one of the admirably balanced party had uttered a petulant or unpleasant word, the dog testified his displeasure at having been left with the servants. You can see his portrait in Landseer's picture of aristocracy compared with plebeianism. Raising his solemn face to ours he uttered a wail,—not a howl,—then going through a "walk-around," he repeated his melancholy cry several times, and finally laid his head in our lap, closing his eyes with an ineffable sense of satisfaction. Somehow it suggested Longfellow's beautiful verses:—

"No one is so accursed by fate;  
No one so utterly desolate  
But some heart, though unknown,  
Responds unto his own—"

"Responds as if with unseen wings  
An angel touched its quivering strings,  
And whispered in its song—  
Why hast thou stayed so long?"

The comparison is absurd; but a more grandly solemn face than that of "Dash" is rarely to be seen.

ALL must have noticed the dead lull in politics during the summer just closed, and the tendency of journalism to turn from the vexed question of reconstruction to the social issues of the time. We talk of lesser things than when, in the passionate religion of the war, we hated heartily. It is a restful change, a strangely happy contrast with the hot ap-

peal, the deadly earnest, which marked the painful experience of the passions of the last ten years. It is slow, but good. It is a Sabbath.

A LADY, a Sunday-School teacher, came to us for some appropriate text for the subject of the next lesson, which was, "What does the Bible teach about Heaven?" We gave her this:—"How that he was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter."

Yet in the forereaching of the soul toward its hoped-for home, it may be lawful to guess, as it was not lawful for St. Paul to reveal. We know nothing. We are blankly ignorant of what manner of place heaven may be, yet the idea of Scripture is that there, as here, one star dieth from another star in glory, and there is a social gradation; in other words, a chance for promotion. But there may be an ecstasy which is full fruition, and needs no hopes—a peace, which, to us of this world, "passeth all understanding." Assuredly we do not understand it now. All our ideas of the hereafter are colored with the competitions of this preparatory life.

WANTING to get a street car the other day, we found it almost impossible to attract the attention of the conductor. His thoughts seemed to be heavenward, for he was looking straight up into the sky—probably expecting to entertain angels unawares; fare six cents.

In that same car sat a woman—thermometer was somewhere above 80°. She wore a brown, seeded silk, high-necked and eminently proper; a brown seaside hat, trimmed with brown ribbons; kid gloves that were yellow when they were clean; and a red shawl of worsted net-work. Even a pure and good face in such a setting made a bad picture.

HAS any one said, in describing Quebec, that your neighbor's piazza may be your roof? Standing on "The Terrace" we see an old man step out of his front or back door and sweep his neighbor's roof and seat himself on it. This gives you an idea of the steep ascent and the jumbling of the houses in the old part of Quebec.

But none of the books of travel that we have seen convey to you the charm and fascination of the odd French town. If only for a day, go to

Quebec and drive to the Falls of Montmorenci, just to have in your memory the sweet visions of neat, simple, quaint little homes, clean healthy children, bouquet-sellers chasing your carriage, foreign-looking beggars, the dumb girl-guide, and the wild, grand, beautiful Falls.

Was there ever anything prettier than the gardens along the road, and the tall old brown hats, with women under them, that work so industriously in the gardens and fields, and the long old roofs, with houses under them, that stand in the pretty gardens?

Such white floors, and polished window-panes, and clear-starched capped grandmothers can only be attained in a place that was finished long, long ago. The polish and purity are inherited, handed down from generation to generation, with the bloom on the children's cheeks, their good manners, and their dear old-time flowers.

The huge candlesticks of the Cathedral; the scholar priests; the crest of the Prince of Wales in the Citadel, cut in stone on the wall, ("Ere's where 'e laid 'is royal 'and"); the burnt district; the Heights of Abraham; Wolfe; Montcalm; Montgomery; "Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note." We are almost dropping to sleep, you see, as we did in that large square pew in the Cathedral yesterday morning; and we are passing, in our little steamer, the town of St. Nichol's, where the famous saw-mill, at this distance, looks like a descent of granite steps.

"Vous ne verrez pas beaucoup," the new pilot says, speaking of seeing the Rapids. "Sets them churches off, the tin on the spires makes them look very rich," says our old pilot.

He stands by the Doctor, with his glass in his hand. He hails from Maine.

Straight and strong as one of his native pines, very gentle in manner as he gives his glass to a lady, and points out a lighthouse; his voice is so round and good that it is a pleasure to hear him speak. His French is charming! Pictou he pronounces Big-toe without flinching.

We like him much better than these stout Canadian pilots that remind one of Napoleon's marshals. They are husky and uncommuni-

cative, walk the deck with their heads down, and swear in the breasts of their capy overcoats.

"Delightful, beautiful nice air," says our pilot in his hearty tone.

"Delightful, beautiful nice life altogether," we think, as we listen to the distant bell of Sorel (Sorel on the "Rishloo"), taking our tea on deck, while the ladies hem towels by way of pastime. To-day's towel is to be marked "Pointe aux Trembles." The "Gut of Canso" was given to the steward to wipe glass with. That seems so long ago; the day we heard the tune of "Off we go to Miramichi, Miramichi, Miramichi." It's quite a lifetime since we first saw a gannet and awks, and those dear old buoys, like fat old women in bathing: inanely, incessantly bobbing in the water.

The pilot points out the great Victoria Bridge. Twenty-three hours from Quebec to Montreal. Children wave American flags in the Consul's green garden as we pass. The deck of the Hochelaga covered with horses and peasants in carts, the island of Montreal disfigured by rows of low sheds with red roofs, city cars passing in the streets; none of the charming quaintness of Quebec.

We go ashore and drive to the Heights—very like any other heights, although our driver seems to think we never can have seen anything so fine as the new residences he points out, and is incredulous when we disparage the market and the shops.

We saw Miss Thackeray's "Reine" in one shop,—recognized her in a minute by her solemn black hair and the atmosphere of silence about her, but vainly hoped to meet her in the church of the Jesuits at vespers. She would have accorded well with the quiet frescoes in soft sepia tints. She might have stood for a model of the Virgin with a distaff in her hand, looking at the infant Jesus assisting Joseph to saw a log of wood.

We leave Montreal in the evening by canal,—a church spire sharp against the sky,—a boat, heavily laden with planks, aground across the canal,—the sun going down, golden as gold can be, behind poplars and beautiful, soft, fringe-like trees.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS ABROAD.

LONDON, July 20, 1869.

AFTER a spring and early summer of almost unexampled cold and wet weather, we are now in the midst of a short "heated term," especially trying to the comfort of individuals in a country where the occurrence is so rare that no adequate provision is made for it. Ice is, of late years, obtained "on demand" in London; but it is so rarely required that the supply is anything but profuse. Every one goes sweltering in broadcloth in spite of the thermometer, for the uncertainty of the climate is so great that any change of dress for summer is quite an exception to the general rule, except when travelling; and then a passion for encasing himself in strange "plaids" and "Tweeds" seizes on the usually sombre-attired Englishman. The papers say that the thermometer in the Volunteer Camp at Wimbledon stood, on Friday last, at 130° in the shade; and though this seems to be an exaggeration, the heat has been so intense that books have become a "weariness to the flesh," and the issues of the publishers drop off gradually until they nearly cease altogether during the months of August and September—or what is called, from the legal holiday, "The Long Vacation"—when "everybody" that is "anybody" betakes himself away from town.

The chief literary sensation of the month is undoubtedly due to the books of Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Gladstone—*The Queen of the Air* and *Juventus Mundi*. The position occupied by John Ruskin is perhaps more peculiar than that of any English author of the day. To thousands of the most intellectual classes he has been the prophet and interpreter of the inmost harmonies of nature and art, gifting his readers with a new sense, and opening to them inexhaustible sources of enjoyment. An intense personal sympathy, therefore, waits on all his words, heightened, indeed, by the foibles and weaknesses of the man, so honestly shown in the self-contradiction, the dogmatism, and the prejudices that a more cautious writer, who spoke less from the fulness of his heart, would carefully hide from view. From the desponding tone of his last published work, *The Mystery of Life and its Arts*, in the last volume of the *Dublin Afternoon Lectures*, it was feared he was about to abandon the subjects that he had almost made his own. In this noble address he mournfully relates his failure to secure attention to the objects he has most at heart, or even to be fairly com-

prehended. "In the bitterness of a mind that has surrendered its best hopes, and been foiled in its favorite aims," he regrets not that "the poor knack of setting his words pleasantly together" is passing away from him, and comes to the conclusion that "art must not be talked about. The fact that there is talk about it shows that it is ill done, or cannot be done." An auction sale of a portion of his famous collection of Turner Drawings in the spring seemed to confirm this view of his intentions. The appearance, however, of *The Queen of the Air: a Study of the Greek Myths of Cloud and Storm*, has reassured all his admirers. It shows that the unrivalled power of word-painting is still the possession of Mr. Ruskin, and stamps him the greatest master of the English language. The theme of the book is suggested by the researches of comparative mythologists; but while breathing a soul into the shadowy forms of the old Greek myths, with a poet's insight he is animated by a spirit kindred to that of their creators, and leaves all mere dry scholarship far behind. In earnest thought, nobility of purpose, and wealth of illustration from all the kingdoms of nature, it is inferior to none of his writings. It has been reported that Mr. Ruskin had in preparation a large and costly illustrated work on botany. There is in *The Queen of the Air* what may be called an affectionate study of a portion of the vegetable kingdom, that gives credence to the rumor. There is a casual expression in one of the lectures—"In beginning the series of my corrected works"—that will cause much expectation until the writer's purpose is more definitely announced. It is unnecessary to say more about a book that every one will read, delightful in itself, and giving promise of more good to come.

It is curious to find the first living statesman and the greatest writer of England simultaneously publishing books on the twilight of history; both engaged in the study of the shapes of power, wisdom, and loveliness that brood over the intellectual infancy of the race, as transmitted to us by its noblest inheritors, the ancient Greeks. Mr. Gladstone's *Gods and Men of the Heroic Age* is a condensation, with improvements, of the book published by him about ten years since, on *Homer and his Age*. For a college professor it would be a remarkable work; but as the production of a minister of state so deeply en-

gaged in the contests of the day it becomes still more surprising, and, with Lord Derby's translation of the *Iliad*, is enough to prove that public school education in England cannot be so utterly fruitless and worthless as we are often led to suppose. Mr. Gladstone's treatment of his subject is peculiar, gaining in acuteness what it loses in breadth. He considers that the splendors of Homer's poetry have led to a comparative disregard of the historical, ethnological, and mythological data afforded by his works. He therefore sets himself to a microscopic study of the text of his author, almost to the exclusion of collateral aid, making Homer himself the painter of his age, nation, and history. To do this he is obliged to assume the authenticity and homogeneity of every line of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*; in short, to defend what may be called the "plenary inspiration" of Homer; and portions of the poems are illustrated by mutual references, just as is done with the Sacred Text in the *Commentary wholly Biblical* and similar works. This view, of course, causes Mr. Gladstone to regard less conservative writers like Grote, Müller, &c., in the same light that orthodox biblical scholars look upon Strauss or Renan, and naturally weakens the force of his conclusions for those who hesitate fully to accept the "standpoint" of his inquiry. But, independent of all controverted points, the interest, novelty, and extent of his researches are undeniable. The sources of origin, as traceable in the national appellatives; the influence of foreign nations, and notably of the Phœnicians, in the development of Greek life; the Olympian system; its gods—their moral aspect; the ethics and polity of the heroic age; the geography of Homer, and other subjects, are all treated with the freshness derived from perfect familiarity with the fountain-head of information—Homer himself. The mythological section will probably excite most attention, where the author traces to the Holy Scripture traditions in Homer of (1) "a Deliverer conceived under the double form, 'first of the seed of the woman,' a being at once divine and human; secondly of the *Logos*, the 'word' or 'wisdom' of God. (2) Next, the woman, whose seed this Redeemer was to be. (3) Next the rainbow, considered as a means or sign of communication between God and man; and finally, the tradition of an evil being, together with his ministers, working under the double form of 'open war' and of 'wiles'—as a rebel and as a tempter."

The general characteristics of the heroic age were never so thoroughly brought out before, and Mr. Gladstone regards Homer as a faithful painter, "copious, animated, comprehensive, and minute," from his own experience, of a state of society in his time, indeed, undermined at its foundations, and commencing to decline, but still an historic verity, recommended to our belief by long circumstances of probability.

The present month sees the conclusion of the library edition of *Thackeray's Works*, in twenty-two volumes. It is satisfactory in most respects, and will long remain the literary monument of their author. Thackeray, however, wrote so voluminously for the press during many years, that the present edition is by no means an exhaustive collection of his writings; probably a wise discretion has been exercised as to what is deserving of a permanent place in literature, though it is likely, at some future time, a further selection from the miscellaneous papers of this author may be called for. There is a finish and precision of style about all that Thackeray wrote, giving value to his slightest productions.

After being for some time out of print, a new edition of Mr. Darwin's book on *The Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection* has recently appeared. The author mentions with excusable pride that it forms the fifth impression and tenth thousand of his work, independent of foreign translations and American reprints; a sale scarcely equalled by any other abstruse book on Natural History, and attained in less than ten years from its first publication in November, 1859. There are various important additions to the present impression, making its possession essential to all who would keep up with the most matured views of the author. Other recent works in various branches of natural science are: the Rev. J. G. Wood's *Bible Animals*, a beautiful volume, describing every living creature mentioned in the Bible; Rev. Hugh Macmillan's *Holidays in Highlands*; or, *Rambles and Incidents in Search of Alpine Plants*; a new illustrated work on *Entozoa*, by J. Spencer Cobbold; *The Fern Garden*; or, *Fern Culture made Easy*, by Shirley Hibberd; and the *Lepidopterist's Guide to Collecting*, &c., by H. G. Knaggs. Relating more to Psychology are: Sir James Clark's *Memoir of Dr. Conolly (of the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum)*, and *Sketch of the Treatment of the Insane in Europe and America*; and

*A Physician's Problems*, by Dr. Elam, on *Natural Heritage, Degeneration in Man, Moral and Criminal Epidemics, &c.* Some valuable works on mechanics and physics should be mentioned, including a new book by Prof. Rankine, whose *Treatises on Civil Engineering, The Steam-Engine, &c.*, have placed him at the head of living authorities on those subjects in England and America; it is entitled, *Machinery and Mill-Work, comprising Machines, their Geometry, Motions, Work, Strength, Construction, Objects, &c.* It forms a volume uniform with the author's other works, and is illustrated with 300 woodcuts. The first division of *Spon's Dictionary of Engineering, Civil, Mechanical, Military, and Naval, with Technical Terms in French, German, Italian, and English*, has just appeared in a handsome royal octavo volume, profusely illustrated. It is edited by Oliver Byrne, whose qualifications for the task are already well known to scientific men in America. *A Practical Treatise on Modern Screw Propulsion*, by N. P. Burgh, with 150 plates and woodcuts, in quarto; *Lectures on Wrought-Iron Bridges and Roofs, before the Royal Engineers at Chatham*, by W. C. Unwin; Smith's *Hand-Book of Iron Shipbuilding*; Box's *Practical Treatise on Mill Gearing, Wheels, Shafts, &c.*, and a new edition of B. B. Stoney's work on *The Theory of Strains in Girders*, are all books that will readily find a market among practical men in the United States; and a work "just ready," *Speeches and Statements in favor of abolishing Patents for Inventions*, and on international arrangements with regard to patent-right and copyright, edited by R. A. Macfie, M.P., will claim the attention of the same class to a subject now calling aloud for legislation in England and America.

Occasional reprints of old authors show the hold that the ancient literature of England has on modern readers, independent of the publications of societies established for the special purpose of preserving its remains, as *The Early English Text Society, The Roxburgh Library, The Ballad Society, &c.* These are all in successful operation, but, as they deal directly with their subscribers, they are not favored by the trade; and there is indeed too frequently a lack of business tact in their arrangements, as the work of amateur or unpaid managers, very perplexing to all concerned. The readers of Dr. Thomas Fuller will be pleased to see a reprint of one of his scarcest and most curious books,

hitherto accessible only in its original folio shape: *A Pisgah Sight of Palestine and the Confines thereof, with the History of the Old and New Testament acted thereon.* This is well called by a competent authority (Mr. Orme, author of the *Bibliotheca Biblica*), "one of the most curious books ever written on the Scriptures." The author was distinguished for his learning, and not more remarkable for wit and quaintness than for the felicity with which he clothed fine thoughts in beautiful language. Not the least remarkable portion of the book are the *maps*, evidently designed by the author; they contain a sort of abridged pictorial representation of every incident of Sacred History at the place where it occurred. By some modern scientific process they are all beautifully reproduced in perfect identity with the folio originals, to the number of thirty or forty in the present volume. It forms a continuation of the new edition of Fuller's works now in progress, edited by Mr. Nichols. A compact edition of "honest Mr. Cotton's" translation of *All the Essays of Montaigne*, one of Charles Lamb's most favorite books, in one volume, will be a boon to those for whom the old three volume edition had become too scarce and dear. The recent number of Mr. Arber's *English Reprints* contains *Instructions for Forreine Travell*, by Jas. Howell, the Letter Writer, 1650, and will be followed by *Ralph Roister Doister*, the first English comedy. The old drama brings to mind the Rev. Alexander Dyce, whose *Edition of John Ford*, brought out just before his death, and emphatically his last contribution to Elizabethan literature, has been received with so much favor that it must soon become a scarce book. The destination of Mr. Dyce's fine dramatic and Shakespearian library is now announced to be the Fine Art Museum of South Kensington. One reason for this bequest was probably that it was the owner's desire the collection should be kept separate and intact. If left to the Bodleian or the British Museum, certainly half or two-thirds of the books must have been duplicates; whereas now they will form a special collection in a new field, and are certain to be made generally accessible to readers, and be valued accordingly. The noble volume of *English Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases*, collected, arranged, and annotated by W. Carew Hazlitt, comes nearer an exhaustive survey of its vast field than anything yet published, and with Mr.

Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, illustrating the differences between *Elizabethan and Modern English*, closes the list of new works on early English literature. The author is master of the City of London School, and is remarkable for the success that he has attained in familiarizing his pupils with "the wells of English undefiled," as a portion of their daily studies. The appearance of low-priced, handsomely printed, and compact *Students' Editions*, each in one volume, of Lord Macaulay's *Essays*, and Sydney Smith's *Works and Life and Letters*, is a sign of the times in England, where they have until recently been costly and expensive books. Better travelling companions than these same *Students' Editions*, for those who affect "infinite riches in a little room," it is impossible to have.

History and travels have been comparatively barren during the present month. The principal books in this department were *Mary Queen of Scots and her Accusers*, the work of Mr. Hosack, a Scottish barrister, and claiming some novelty in the production of recently discovered documentary

evidence; Colonel Thompson's *The Paraguayan War, with Sketches of the History of the Country, and the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants*; the new volume of the time-honored *Annual Register* (originally conducted by Edmund Burke), now in its 110th issue; the Arnold Prize Essay, on *Modern History*, Oxford, 1869; *The American Colonies previous to the Declaration of Independence*, by J. A. Doyle, a work evincing a careful study of the best authorities; Mr. Devereux's *Cruise in the Gorgon, for the Suppression of the Slave Trade, and Trip up the Zambezi with Dr. Livingstone*; Colonel McCrea's sketches of life in Newfoundland, appropriately entitled *Lost in the Fogs*; and Mr. R. Browne's *History of the Island of Cape Breton*, a very little-known dependency of the British crown on the American continent.

Announcements for the future are yet kept back, or very scantily made. One interesting one, by Mr. Murray, is a new popular edition of *Grote's History of Greece*, to be published in monthly volumes, post 8vo, uniform with the histories of Hallam, Milman, and Lord Mahon. \* \*

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### LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

JOHN STUART MILL's work on "the subjection of women" (republished by Appleton and Lippincott) we think disappoints the expectations of the advocates of Women's Suffrage. The acknowledged ability and distinguished reputation of the author, and the flourish of trumpets with which it was announced on both sides of the water, led us to expect a masterly and comprehensive treatise, which should shut the mouths of gainsayers, and go far to solve this difficult social problem. But, instead, we have only a brief essay, discussing the subject from a single point of view, and by a single line of argument, and in any but a philosophical and satisfactory manner. The book is written in an earnest spirit, evidently from deep and sincere convictions, and with apparent logical force and consistency. That it is marked by ability, all will concede; and we accept much of his reasoning and many of his conclusions as just and sound. And still, in our judgment, he fails totally in his main point; his argument has no basis in a broad and philosophical view of

the subject; and the law of Nature and the law of Scripture alike oppose it. Mr. Mill is an acute metaphysician, but not a sound logician. He reasons on facts which need themselves to be explained. His conclusions are drawn from premises which embrace only a part of the ground of the controversy, and from which he studiously excludes elements that are fundamental to an intelligent discussion and satisfactory settlement of the subject.

The task the author attempts is best stated in his own words, viz.: "That the principle which regulates the existing social relations between the sexes—the legal subordination of one sex to the other—is wrong in itself, and now one of the chief hindrances to human improvement; and that it ought to be replaced by a principle of perfect equality, admitting no power or privilege on the one side, nor disability on the other." Here are the two main points of the essay: *First, the principle that woman's nature is a subject one is wrong in itself; and, secondly, the practical recognition of this principle is one of the chief*

*hindrances to the world's progress.* We deny both positions, and ask for the evidence. To settle a question in morals, it is wisest to appeal "to the law and the testimony." But Mr. Mill does not do this once throughout the discussion. There is no appeal to the law of Nature, as declared in the difference of sex, or to the law of Revelation, expressing the purpose and mandate of the Creator and moral and providential Governor of mankind. In common with the school to which he belongs, he deems it a mark of superior wisdom and independence to discuss the question in the light of reason alone, without the least reference to a Divine economy and a Divine lawgiver. But such a course, it strikes us, is as unphilosophical as it is impious, and betrays both moral obliquity and logical weakness. Mankind are not yet cut loose from Divine revelation. The Bible is still the world's text-book on moral science, and underlies all true civilization, jurisprudence, and legislation. And is the principle of woman's "subject nature," which Mr. Mill affirms is "wrong in itself," and so great a hindrance to improvement, condemned in the Scriptures? Just the reverse doctrine is taught—taught in both Testaments, taught in formal precept, and in other ways. God's own hand in the very act of creation asserts what he denies. The philosophy of woman's nature, the world over, falsifies his reasonings. Dr. Bushnell's main position, that the reform is *against Nature*, is impregnable. And until it can be shown that woman is the counterpart of man, and not a supplemental creation, and is adapted equally, by her physical and mental constitution, to man's sphere of labor and social functions, sensible people will be slow to see that the reform, so vehemently urged, is a natural or a Christian one. It is easy to dismiss this vital point with a sneer, or to pass it over in silence, as Mr. Mill does, though it lies at the foundation of the whole subject; but it will continually assert itself in this discussion. The *Nation* had an article a while since, on the question, "Is there such a thing as sex?" which went to the core of the subject, and its positions can never be controverted. Can Mr. Mill expect to settle this question without a careful examination of so fundamental a point? Woman is a law unto herself in this matter, and until she can change the constitution of her being, she can never abrogate the existing social relations between the sexes. God has made her nature a "sub-

ject one,"—not in the sense of inferiority or slavery, but in the sense of being physically the weaker nature, dependent on man and claiming his protection, and fitted for the peculiar and exalted sphere now assigned to her, but not for the function of governing, which God has assigned to man. If Mr. Mill is right, then God is wrong in giving so different a nature to woman, and in establishing and perpetuating the vital and wonderful fact of sex. God also says to the first woman, "Thy desire *shall be* (or, as it is in the margin, *subject*) to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." And in the entire history of the Paradisiacal, Patriarchal, and Jewish dispensations not a solitary instance can be found in which God conferred the governing function, in church or State, in civil or religious matters, upon the woman. And the New Testament is equally explicit. Paul would have the Corinthians "know that the head of every man is Christ; and *the head of the woman is the man.*" And again to the Ephesians: "Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord . . . Therefore, as the church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in everything." And Peter reiterates the doctrine in language equally strong and unequivocal. If the principle of "the subjection of women" is not plainly taught in God's book, both preceptively and in all its economies, then no fact or doctrine is taught. What, then, becomes of Mr. Mill's main point? Is the principle "wrong in itself," which God has sanctioned in the creation of man and woman, and on which he has governed mankind as moral and religious beings since the world began, and which inspired apostles of the Christian faith have put into the form of positive precepts?

Failing in this vital point, the author's other proposition falls to the ground of itself. A principle which obviously entered into the original purpose of the Creator in making man and woman as he did—a principle which has hitherto governed in the several economies under which mankind has made its greatest advances hitherto—and a principle which the inspired apostles of Christ enjoin as a positive Christian virtue—cannot be "one of the chief hindrances to human improvement" in our day. Mankind, society, has not so radically changed as to reverse the moral order of things. Mr. Mill's views, as he admits, rest upon theory only; there is no experience to pronounce a verdict in his favor. Is it wise, then, to urge a reform so palpably against nature and Scrip-

ture, and one which, if it succeed, must not only vitally change the relations of the sexes, but reconstruct society, and human nature itself, upon a new and untried basis, simply to satisfy a school of theorizing philosophers and noisy reformers?

One of the most remarkable works that has ever been printed is the treatise on the "Spectrum Analysis" of Professor Henry E. Roscoe, of Manchester, England, of which the Appletons have recently issued an edition exactly similar to that published in London by Macmillan. It contains the results of modern scientific investigation upon the solar spectrum, which the author embodied in six lectures, delivered last year at Apothecaries' Hall, in London: results so astonishing in their nature as to startle alike the learned and the unlearned, and to suggest the ultimate removal of all the barriers by which the domain of the unknown has been hitherto excluded from the human mind. Mr. Roscoe's lectures are popular in style, and suited for readers who have no scientific acquaintance with the subject, being perfectly lucid and comprehensible; but more advanced students will find in the Appendices the theories and facts on which the argument is based, presented in greater detail. While the whole work is of absorbing interest, the fifth and sixth lectures, wherein the Spectrum Analysis is treated in its application to astronomy, are those which exercise the greatest fascination over the reader. There is something unspeakably wonderful in the very phrases employed by savans in discussing the subject. "Solar and Stellar Chemistry"—what are these? There are many educated men to whom they would seem enigmatical, and a person of ordinary intelligence, who has read nothing about the modern experiments upon the spectrum, if told that a mere examination of the rays emitted by a planetary body will reveal the substances of which that planetary body is composed, would probably reject it as an attempt to practice on his credulity. Yet it is a demonstration that the sun's atmosphere consists mostly of the vapor of iron, but contains also the vapor of fifteen other metals, among which are certainly nickel and perhaps cobalt. As nickel and cobalt are found always in meteoric stones, this would seem to suggest the origin of *aërolites* in the atmosphere of the sun. But the revelations of the spectroscope are not confined to the great central luminary of our system. The chemistry of the fixed

stars is defined by it, and the exceeding delicacy of the observations by which such amazing knowledge is obtained lends a higher attraction to its pursuit. A small star in the Northern Crown, which all at once attained to the brilliancy of a star of the first magnitude, has been shown to owe its preternatural light to a sudden combustion of hydrogen gas, a cause to which is also referable the red prominences in the sun's disk. Equally striking is the conclusion which has been reached by the spectrum analysis concerning the "Nebulae," which were for a long time supposed to consist of stars so numerous and so remote that their light was blended and confused, but which have been satisfactorily proved to be luminous gases or cosmical clouds, as, strangely enough, the early astronomers supposed. The work of Mr. Roscoe most happily combines and arranges all the researches and discoveries on this subject of Bunsen, Kirchhoff, Angstrom, Huggins, Miller, Lockyer, Frankland, Janssen, Stokes, and others, and exhibits in a very forcible and surprising manner the wonderful progress that has been made in science, especially in optics as connected with astronomy, within the past twenty years.

A book of a very different kind, from the same press with the foregoing, is "Forest Life in Acadie," by Captain Campbell Hardy of the English army, which is devoted to a description of the woods and waters of the Lower Canadian provinces. An ardent sportsman, equally practiced with the rod and gun, Captain Hardy was not less eager in his quest of the salmon and the brook trout than of the moose and the elk. The accounts he gives us of the *fera natura* of the Acadian forest are perfectly credible, wherein they differ from the more wonderful stories of other travelers; and interspersed with the narrations of camp adventure are many sensible reflections and accurate observations drawn from the climate and products of the country.

While the wilderness beyond the St. Lawrence has thus found its delineator, our favorite savage region, the Adirondacks, has not been neglected. Mr. W. H. H. Murray's volume on "Camp Life in the Adirondacks" has lately been reissued by Fields, Osgood & Co. as a tourist's guide-book, and, bound in yellow boards, with an excellent map of the country accompanying it, the work makes a conspicuous figure in the paraphernalia of the tourist, and suggests a mountain



ramble, as the English Murray's red-backed volumes in summer suggest Switzerland and the Rhine. It will doubtless be found a popular and useful *vade mecum*; but we should not advise tourists in doubt as to their direction for early autumn shooting and fishing to go to the Adirondacks upon the faith of Mr. W. H. H. Murray's trout-catching, which is, indeed, marvelous to consider. At the same time with the republication of this work, a new edition, with an additional chapter, has been published of Professor J. T. Headley's pleasant book on "The Adirondack," which met with great favor twenty years ago, and was the earliest minute pictorial description of the lakes, forests, and mountains, which are embraced in that general geographical title.

There has been a great change within the last few years in the principles upon which theological discussion is conducted. A new arena has made new methods of combat necessary. The learned and technical polemics of other times are unsuited to an age when the great mass of the community think, and base their thoughts not on what they hear so much as on what they read. Formerly, when zeal did not need the support of knowledge, it was enough to have vast arsenals of argument, to which the leaders of the people alone had access, and from which they could arm their followers on occasion; but now the weapons of disputation must be scattered among the multitude. A new class of theological treatises has come into existence. They are terse, because they address a community having little leisure and many books; practical, for they appear in an age strongly and consciously utilitarian; anonymous, or at least relying little on the names of their writers, for they appeal to men intolerant of authority, suspicious and incredulous of theorems which do not bear with them their own demonstration. "Credo" (published by Lee & Shepard), the latest work of this class, is a courageous and able defence of the principles of the Evangelical Church. Under four divisions, entitled "Supernatural Book," "Supernatural Beings," "Supernatural Life," and "Supernatural Destiny," it discusses not only the questions upon which the church and the world are at issue; but the doctrines about which Christians differ among themselves. The most noticeable thing about the book is its daring—a daring worthy of the unqualified faith which the author professes in his title. He enunciates

with the same distinctness and conviction the essential principles of the Christian faith, and those tenets which theologians generally regard as non-essential, and over which they are more willing to wage a defensive than an offensive war. It may be doubted whether he does not, in some instances, carry this spirit too far. It is questionable, for example, whether the present attitude of the church with reference to the apparent conflict between scientific teaching and the revealed history of creation, be not a safer and better one than the position he assumes. His theory may be consistent with the facts to-day. To-morrow new discoveries may overthrow it. There are too many incontrovertible proofs of the inspiration of the Bible to make it necessary to take up positions which depend on the changing basis of an unsettled science. The church is learning to substitute a teachable trust for that eagerness to explain things inexplicable, which has led the expounders of the faith to occupy so many untenable positions, and to suffer so many humiliating defeats, throughout that grand era of discovery which commenced with the revelations of Copernicus and Galileo. We question the expediency of introducing political comparisons into such a work. The author may be right in his political beliefs, but assuredly he is not likely to increase his influence by asserting them here. His doctrines will meet opposition enough. He need not provoke it by his style. How great the power for good this little volume will be, it is impossible to estimate. Vigorous and scholarly, with the force of enthusiasm and the completeness which springs from careful preparation, it equals the best works of its class in its strength and finish, while it goes beyond them in its scope.

If Mr. Turreydrop had written a work on Deportment, it could not have been accepted as better authority on that all-important matter than the manual on polite behavior which the Countess of . . . . . has condescended to prepare in "Good Society," a dainty volume which George Routledge & Sons have just brought before the public "in full dress." As a specimen of the typographic art and of pretty binding it is quite faultless, while the context, coming from so shining a source, is of necessity impeccable upon all questions of etiquette. To young persons of both sexes, who are disturbed by a harrowing doubt that they do not know how to be ladies and gentlemen, the teachings of the Countess will be absolutely in-

valuable. They will learn from her what to wear at evening parties, how to manage the emotional part of their natures, how to conduct themselves in every situation of fashionable life, and many other things necessary to be known to the aristocracy. Young ladies must never use paint, they must never yawn, they must wear a general smile, and they must read the works of Sydney Smith, Southey, Defoe, Jeremy Taylor, Macaulay, George Eliot, and Anthony Trollope. The introduction to the treatise on manners is profoundly literary, and there are scattered throughout some remarks which are sensible enough, though dull, as wit is not strictly in accordance with the rules of "Good Society." Altogether the book is less foolish than such manuals usually are, and while it may fail of giving the incommunicable refinement of good-breeding to those who are without that quality, it can certainly do no harm.

It is remarkable, when we consider how large a space John James Audubon filled in the present century, both at home and abroad, that eighteen years should have passed by after his career was ended before any record of his life should have been given to the public. That want in biographical literature has at last been supplied, and the "Life" has been recently issued by G. P. Putnam & Son. It is set forth as "by Mrs. J. J. Audubon," but the office discharged by his widow has been little more than that of editor, for the work is substantially autobiographical, and is made up chiefly of extracts from his private journals, which would seem to have been very full and minute, and to have chronicled all the incidents of his singularly varied and picturesque career. Indeed, we are told by Mrs. Audubon that the volume contains only a small portion of the manuscripts left behind him by the artist. The whole bulk of them was placed by her in the hands of a London publisher, who brought out the "Life" two years ago, suppressing four-fifths of the material it had been designed to contain; and she promises, in the event of her being able to regain the MSS., which are withheld in consequence of some vexatious misunderstanding between herself and this Englishman, to issue further memoranda of her husband hereafter. We have spoken of Audubon as having filled a large space in the world's attention, both at home and abroad, though it would not be easy to

say where his home was. Born in Louisiana when that State was a colony of France, his father a Frenchman, his mother a Spaniard, living for many years himself in France, we can hardly claim him for our own, though the birds, if allowed to vote upon the question of his citizenship and nationality, would unite in declaring him American. The reader will follow in these pages with a vivid personal sympathy the checkered fortunes of the frank, joyous, mercurial, undaunted votary of art, struggling with poverty, now giving drawing lessons, and now teaching a dancing-school, but always upborne by the noble ambition to achieve something for the cause of science, which was the key to his whole life, ennobling it and crowning it with ultimate success.

The lovers of sterling English literature will welcome a handsome reprint of that delightful work, "Friends in Council," which James Miller has recently given to the public. The writer's reflections on the most important questions of modern society are given in the form of dialogue, a method which has the advantage of presenting the truth as it is seen from every point of view. We have long ago learned to regard Ellemere and Milverton and Blanche and Mildred as dear friends whose talk never wearies us and with whom we never quarrel. Indeed "Friends in Council" has taken its place among the purest classics of the language, and editions of it will continue to be published from year to year, in like manner with Sir Roger de Coverley and the Vicar of Wakefield.

The American Annual Cyclopædia of D. Appleton & Co. has now reached its eighth volume, which contains the record of facts and events for the year 1868. There are articles on seven hundred and seventy-three subjects, beginning with Abyssinia and ending with Wurtemberg. Though it has been reserved for 1869 to witness the completion of the Suez Canal and the great Pacific Railroad, these vast works were in large part constructed in 1868, and are therefore within the survey of its careful annalist, as is also the tunnel under the Mont Cenis, of whose progress a full account is given. Negotiations in diplomacy, discoveries in science, the phenomena of nature, including the terrible earthquakes in South America, and the obituary of distinguished persons, are all brought up in the summary of the year. Of the men who came to the front in 1868, we have

portraits of General Prim, Mr. W. E. Gladstone, and Vice-President Colfax.

Mr. Charles A. Wiley has prepared and Messrs. Clark & Maynard have published a work on Elocution and Oratory, remarkable for its systematic arrangement both of the principles of vocal culture and the rules for delivery. In addition are given numerous selections for practice, of both prose and poetry, which are so arranged that the book may also be used as a reader in schools and academies. While old-time favorites have not been neglected, the spirit of the decade is embodied in citations from some of the most notable writings of the day. We notice one error of a serious nature, which, however, will doubtless be corrected in future editions. That very fine and philosophic little poem entitled "Larvæ," which first made its appearance in the "Atlantic Monthly," is credited to B. F. Taylor, instead of to Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, of Milton, Mass., who is also the author of "Behind the Mask," and other verses in the same rare and exquisite vein.—President Haven's "Rhetoric" (Harpers) is a practical and suggestive work which will prove a valuable assistant to the intelligent teacher, and afford helpful hints to those who are endeavoring to improve themselves in "the difficult art of writing," as well as that of oratory.—Prof. Whitney, of Yale, one of our most eminent linguists, gives us, through Leypoldt & Holt a textbook which, "along with a lucid and rational statement of facts and principles of German grammar," presents the subjects of the derivations and connections of the words, the construction of sentences, and the correspondences between German and English, and their grounds. Accompanying this is a German Reader, in Prose and Verse, admirably arranged and with notes and vocabulary. Those who wish to dig deep into the rich mine of the German, will be glad of the assistance afforded by this valuable work; the surface student may still obtain an ordinary acquaintance with the tongue, by skimming over the portions in "larger type."

We find the tables of the bookseller piled deep with new novels. The one thing which strikes us of these at first glance is that so many are translations from the German or refer to German life and manners. The Mühlbach historical series seems interminable, but that prolific author must now give place to the German love-story, or the tale of mystery and terror, such as the "Sacristan's House-

hold," (Harpers) with its charming little tender passages and its lilliputian Court, or "The Dead Guest" of Zschokke, (Appleton) and the "Habermeister," (Leypoldt & Holt) of Hermann Schmid. But passing over these and the usual novel of Anthony Trollope, we come upon some noteworthy American stories. "The Stranded Ship," by L. Clarke Davis, from the press of George P. Putnam & Son, is the first book of a very strong hand. The *mise en scene* is here at home, in New England and New Jersey, and the characters are types that we recognize at once: a pretty Yankee girl and an orthodox professor and some boys at college; but out of these materials Mr. Davis has constructed a very high and imaginative story of the good and evil passions. The plot is exceedingly well contrived, and the secret is kept close until in his own time the author chooses to reveal it. "My Daughter Elinor" is a tentative volume by a new novelist, who does not give his name, but comes before the world with the valid introduction of the Harpers. In the matter of style the book is unequal, many passages being carefully finished while others are slurred over, and the dialogue, which is sometimes brilliant with epigram, relapsing often into dreadful twattle. The great fault of the story is that it is needlessly spun out. Something, too, might be said of objection, in that English rather than American country life is delineated. But the writer has a bold, free pencil, and he places his heroine and his villain before us in a strong light. Mrs. Piffit and The Idol and Tad are somewhat *en caricature*, but they are genuine Americanisms and will be recognized as such by all readers. Mr. Gray, with his pride and his polish, and his dishonesty, which Elinor keeps from the world, and his fatal paralysis, is a well-drawn character, but as a politician he seems to be copied from the Trevanions and Lestranges of Bulwer-Lytton.

#### BRIEF NOTES ON BOOKS.

*Studies in Philosophy and Theology.* By Joseph Haven, D.D., Professor in Chicago Theological Seminary. Andover: Warren F. Draper. 12mo, pp. 502.

These essays—eleven in all—five on philosophical and six on theological themes, have, for the most part, been already published, chiefly in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*. The subjects of the studies are (in philosophy) Philosophy of Sir William Hamilton—Mill versus Hamilton—The Moral Faculty—Province of Imagination in Sacred Oratory—The Ideal and the Actual. (In theology) Natural Theology—The Doctrine of the Trinity—Theology

as a Science—Place and Value of Miracles in the Christian System—Sin as related to Human Nature and the Divine Mind—Arianism—The Natural Development of the Views held by the Early Church Fathers. These themes are of vast moment and permanent interest in the estimation of the scholar and the thoughtful, though they do not commend themselves to the popular taste. Prof. Haven handles them with great ability and skill, and his former pupils in college and seminary, as well as many others, will welcome these able essays in their present form.

*The Villa on the Rhine.* By Berthold Auerbach. Author's Edition. With a Portrait of the Author, and a Biographical Sketch, by Bayard Taylor. Parts I.—IV. Leyboldt & Holt. Paper cover, Also Library Editions. 2 vol 12mo. pp. 990.

The extreme popularity of this German writer is shown by the rivalry among our publishers to get the start and the advantage over each other in bringing out an American edition of his works. The author recognizes Leyboldt & Holt, of this city, as his publishers here, who arranged with the author for advance sheets of *The Country-House on the Rhine*, of which they have already completed four parts, in paper covers, and also a Library edition in two volumes, on fine tinted paper, uniform with the American edition of "*On the Heights*," which gave the author so great and sudden a reputation here when published some months since. This edition contains a steel portrait of the author, marked for its expression of intellect and sensibility, and a brief sketch of him from the pen of Bayard Taylor.

But, not to be outdone, the enterprising Boston house of Roberts Brothers have begun an illustrated edition of the same serial, the first two parts of which have been for some weeks before the public, and they have also published one of his earlier works in their "*Handy Volume Series*," a cheap and neat edition.

*Malbone: An Oldport Romance.* By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Fields, Osgood & Co. 12mo, pp. 224.

The readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* are already familiar with this story, which is one of the best American tales which has fallen under our notice in many a day. Free from sensationalism, the characters natural ("*Aunt Jane*" is singularly original) and well sustained, and the moral atmosphere of the book pure, it is infinitely preferable to the thousand and one imported novels with which our publishers are crowding the market.

*Beautiful Snow, and other Poems.* By J. W. Watson. Philadelphia: Turner, Brothers & Co.

This elegant volume takes its name from the opening poem, which is exquisitely beautiful, and which originally appeared in *Harper's Weekly* in 1858. It is remarkable that a dozen persons should lay claim to its authorship. Mr. Watson, however, clearly establishes his claim. It was written, he says, while on a visit to Hartford, in the fall of 1858, and was not suggested, as has been stated in the newspapers, "while sitting in any Broadway saloon," or having "the idea suggested by any fallen woman." None of the other poems in the volume will compare with the first.

*Hans Breitmann's Ballads.* By Charles G. Leland. Complete in one volume. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 118.

We cannot express our opinion of this unique piece of humor, better than in the language of the *London Leader*: "The book is full of exquisite fooling, and the comic element is sustained from the first to the last stanza. The idea of making Don Quixote a German, placing him on American soil, and chronicling his exploits in the ludicrous dialect of the American-German, is irresistibly droll. It would be impossible to conceive anything more genuinely humorous than some of these verses. We have laughed so heartily while reading them, that we positively criticise with tears in our eyes. The book has a kind of philological value, apart from its merits as an intensely humorous production. It is one of the richest specimens of Yankee humor."

*Twenty-fourth Annual Report of the Executive Committee of the Prison Association of New York, and Accompanying Documents for 1868.* 8vo, pp. 672.

We regret that our space will not admit of a notice of this, the most comprehensive document probably ever issued by any society. Besides the report of the Executive Committee and of the General Agent, in which topics of vital importance are discussed and a mass of interesting facts are exhibited, the volume contains separate papers, some of them of great ability and value, on no less than thirty subjects, all connected with the important work which this society is carrying on. We have recently given to our readers a valuable paper reviewing the present state of prison discipline in this country, from the pen of Dr. Wines, the indefatigable Secretary of the society, and we now commend this able and valuable Report to our readers as worthy of careful and general attention.

**A Stranded Ship.** A Story of Sea and Shore. By L. Clarke Davis. G. P. Putnam & Son. 16mo, pp. 175.

A story of shame and murder, of marvels by sea and land, of roving and adventure, but ending well. The author must be a "stargazer," for continually he will repeat, "starlight on field and sea and river," "the stars looking in at the farm-house," and "looking down" at everybody and everything.

Hurd & Houghton have published the concluding volume of their Globe edition of **DICKENS' WORKS**, containing the Commercial Traveller, Master Humphrey's Clock, New Christmas Stories, General Index of Characters and their Appearances, and Familiar Sayings from Dickens' Works. 16 mo, pp. 1024.

**The Wedding-Day in All Ages and Countries.** By Edward J. Wood. Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 299.

A learned and interesting work, embodying much curious information and ancient lore regarding the customs of different ages and nations on the subject of marriage.

**Three Seasons in European Vineyards;** treating of vine-culture, vine disease and its cure; wine-making and wines, red and white; wine drinking, as affecting health and morals. By William J. Flagg. Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 332.

This is a scientific and yet popular treatise on a subject of growing interest among us. It is full of information, both practical and theoretical. We advise all wine-drinkers and wine-growers to get and read the book.

**No Sects in Heaven;** and other Poems, by Mrs E. H. J. Cleveland. New York: Clark & Maynard.

A unique and very beautiful edition of this popular poem, which has attained to an immense circulation in England, and has appeared here in various forms. The volume comprises several other pieces by this gifted author, all marked by the same broad charity and Christian love.

**Shining Hours.** By Paul Mornine. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 16mo, pp. 394.

This is announced as a "\$500 Prize Story." It needs not this fact to recommend it. It is really an attractive and useful volume. We commend it earnestly, and wish it might find its way into ten thousand households, where its teachings should inspire the young with right views of life, and a high moral purpose.

**Cord and Creese.** By the author of "The Dodge Club." With illustrations. Harpers.

**The Sacristan's Household.** By the author of "Mabel's Progress." Harpers.

**My Daughter Elinor.** A Novel. Harpers.

**Stretton.** By Henry Kingsley. Harper & Brothers; also by Leypoldt & Holt.

**The Lost Manuscript.** By Gustav Freytag. D. Appleton & Co.

**The Dead Guest.** By Heinrich Zschokke. D. Appleton & Co.

**Married.** A Domestic Novel. By Mrs. C. J. Newby. He Knew he was Right. By Anthony Trollope. Harpers.

**Elements of Astronomy.** Designed for Academies and High Schools. By Elias Loomis, LL.D. Harper & Brothers.

**The Siege of Babylon.** A Tragedy. By the author of "Afranius." Hurd & Houghton.

**The Habermester.** A Tale of the Bavarian Mountains. Translated from the German of Herman Schmid. Leypoldt & Holt. 12mo, pp. 379.

**Patty Gray's Journey to the Cotton Islands.** A series of books for children, by Caroline H. Dall. From Boston to Baltimore. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

**An American Woman in Europe.** The Journal of two years and a half sojourn in Germany, Switzerland, France, and Italy. By Mrs. S. R. Urbino. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

**Wedlock, or the Right Relation of the Sexes:** Disclosing the Laws of Conjugal Selection, and showing who may, and who may not marry. By S. R. Wells. New York: Samuel R. Wells.

#### PRANG'S CHROMOS.

WE have long intended to say a word to our readers in favor of the Fine Art publications of Messrs. L. Prang & Co., of Boston. Their catalogue is already a long one, and embraces many pictures of rare beauty, fit to adorn the walls of any parlor or library. Indeed they publish no inferior pictures, but some of them, as "Sunset," "Early Autumn," "Late Autumn," "The Crown of New England," "The Boyhood of Lincoln," and several of the fruit pieces, as "Raspberries" and "Currants," are exquisite pieces, so beautifully executed as to make it difficult to tell them from oil paintings. Indeed we prefer several of Prang's chromos to three-fourths of the oil paintings which are sold in these days. And yet their cost is moderate. We rejoice that this wonderful art has been brought to so high a state of perfection in this country, and the public are under great obligations to Mr. Prang for his wise and efficient leadership in the matter. We are glad of the success which he has achieved, and believe the day is not distant when these beautiful works of art will be multiplied by tens of thousands, and will do much to educate the taste and promote the love of the beautiful all over the land.

We are happy to learn that, by special arrangement with Mr. Prang, the publishers of **HOURS AT HOME** will furnish, on most liberal terms, any one or all of his chromos, in the way of premiums to those who procure subscribers to this monthly. At the cost of a little effort, therefore, any one of our numerous readers can secure these treasures of art.

# HOURS AT HOME;

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## TRADES UNIONS AND STRIKES.

WE approach the subject with diffidence. As in the Ten Commandments we find but little difficulty in interpreting the first four, which define our relations to our Maker, while we have vast trouble in arriving at the true intent of the six succeeding, which relate to the obligations of man to his fellow-man, so here we can easily agree upon an abstract right, but find insurmountable difficulty in its practical application. The distance between God and ourselves is so wide, His superiority is so inconceivable, that we assert no rights, but only ask for privileges. But with our neighbor the case is different. He is of one blood with us. Our judgment of the written law is as good as his. He looks to his interest, and we to our own. Where is the margin between thrift and selfishness? A Japanese, spinning a top along the keen edge of a sword, is its emblem. Only the most dexterous intellectual and moral touch can maintain its equipoise, and prevent it from toppling to one or the other side.

Now we say that the labor-question, in all its developments of Trades Unions, strikes, lock-outs, eight-hour theories, apprenticeship, peonage, coolie traffic and slavery, involves so many of the relations of man to his fellow-man, to his government, to his own sense of self-re-

spect and independence, that there is hardly anything — absolutely nothing, this side the grave, save the passions of family attachment—involving more serious, and frequently painful, considerations than the relations between capital and labor; not only those of the man who hires and the man who works, but those between workman and workman, when they resort to associated action. It is no mere question of a day's wages; or the number of hours which shall be granted or demanded. It is this: How far may combination and association rightfully and wisely control, not only the business of the employer, but the individual liberty of the employé to judge for himself, and independently of the interests of others, as to how he shall support his family? In trade phrase, to reverse the question, may a master employ a "foul hand?"

Let us pause here, to eliminate from this discussion what is known as the Eight-Hour Controversy. Its importance has been vastly over-estimated by both politicians and mechanics. Its scope of action is very limited. The Eight-Hour law, which Congress and some of the States have given us, is, practically, class legislation. It applies only to day-laborers. Supposing it to be a benefit to them, which is doubtful, it excludes from its

privileges a far greater number of workers. As civilization progresses the number of men who work for a per diem wage constantly decreases. When a man is hired by the month, or the year, there is always a tacit, and generally an expressed, contract that a certain amount of duty shall be done, without regard to the hours it may occupy. As a rule the learned professions give most hours to labor. For the clergyman, the lawyer, the physician, the round of duty begins with the waking hour, and closes, with brief intermissions, when the tired spirit seeks repose. The soldier paces his weary round by night or day, or marches without reference to the toil of the previous day. The sailor pleads no limit when the call comes of "All hands on deck." Merchants, book-keepers, editors, railway employes, expressmen, hotel waiters, newsmen, car-drivers and conductors, and all farm-laborers and house-servants work without regard to hours. The farm-laborer who, having toiled twelve hours in the harvest, would desert his wheat in the probability of a storm, would find his mission ended. This is simply a necessity of civilization. Under no other rule can capital afford to invest in enterprise.

We find, then, that an Eight-Hour law can only apply to a few of the trades. To how many of them? To none which work by the job or piece. Printers set so many thousand ems per diem, their wages depending altogether upon dexterity and industry. So with tailors, shoemakers, hatters, jewelers (manufacturing), and many other forms of trade. The Eight-Hour law, then, is just what we have called it—class legislation, made in the interest of a few of the lower forms of mechanical art, where brawn, and not brain, is the essential. It is noteworthy that art, in its true sense, and high mechanical skill, want no Eight-Hour laws. They are a folly which will cure itself.

As to Trades Unions. A little personal experience is worth a deal of theory in such a study. A close personal knowledge of, and constant association

with, mechanics has stripped us of many notions which we had derived from studies of political economy as we read it in books. Let us, then, explain and define our position at the outset, in the proposition that, in the present relations of labor and capital, Trades Unions are a necessity. Of course we assume that they must be wisely conducted. Of what we consider wisdom we shall speak hereafter. Of the unwisdom of the present organizations we shall also have a mention.

We have just thoughtfully read the constitution and by-laws of a prominent, powerful, and, let us in justice say, an honorably conducted Trade Union. Let us give an instance of their management. Recently the men in a certain large concern decided that they must have higher wages. Their action took this shape: There should be no compulsion, no strike; but they addressed a letter to the proprietor, saying that other employes in neighboring cities were receiving higher wages; that, although their treatment was kind and their pay prompt, they could not remain when they could do better elsewhere; that each individual would drop out, one by one, as opportunity offered; and that, logically, the best hands would be those who would first leave. The proprietor saw the force of the argument, and the wages were raised. The result was that the best hands in the vicinity sought an establishment where the pay was full and prompt.

Mixed up, as we were, in this not unpleasant adjustment of differences, we sought out an intelligent Union man, and asked for information. It was given clearly, dispassionately, and in terse phrase. The sum of his statement was this: "The Union is a necessity, and an evil. It is hard," he said, "for a mechanic like myself, who know my trade, to submit to a dead level of wages, and settle down to a life in which there is no hope of promotion. Look at it! There is a blacksmith, twenty years at his trade; a patient, sober, skilful workman. He is the only man in the shop who can be trusted with his peculiar work. At the

next anvil is a lubberly boy, just out of his apprenticeship, hardly fit to forge a share to a plough. Both get the same wages, because both must have the Union price. There is nothing for the old man to look forward to. He wins a fair living, but the Union robs him of the chance to rise; to become a partner, by turning his skill into capital. It is, after all, a miserable concession that capital is the almost absolute master; and that the mechanic—a slave with two owners—must make the best terms he can."

These words, full of pith, are not our own. They came from a man who prefers to lead in the Union rather than be led by it. His statement expresses a serious evil; one tending to immeasurably degrade the dignity of labor. Fortunately there are many avocations to which it cannot be applied. For instance, in the working jewelry business, of which we have some incidental knowledge, a rolled plate of gold is given to a workman, and charged up against him. He is to make a ring, a bracelet, a breast-pin, or some other ornament. His wages depend entirely upon what he returns. They may be twenty, and they may be fifty dollars a week. If he can only copy models, weld, file, and polish, he gets the lesser sum. If he is an artist, and returns his gold in novel and artistic form, charming to the eye, his wages become a sale of his talent, his genius, and not of his mere manual labor; just as a fine poem of four stanzas will bring more money than a closely written page upon a ledger. And this, again, suggests that the higher the form of labor, the more independent it is of the restrictions of Trades Unions. Fancy Church or Bierstadt going into combination with daubsters, to paint pictures by the hour, or by the square foot! House-painters can have, nay, imperatively need, Trades Unions. Genius cannot afford them. It must claim all the rights of competition; must work under the high stimulus of hope and ambition.

But this one evil of the degradation of the excellent to the level of the many, is merely a part of the problem which, per-

haps, can have only a millennial solution, when the lion of capital shall lay down by the lamb of labor. There are several incidents in the organizations of labor which are erroneous. First of these is the idea of an irrepressible conflict between man and master; of a tyranny on the part of the one only to be met by the tyranny of the other. But that is only a result of conditions precedent. It is an outgrowth of antecedent blunders; and may some day cure itself. Perhaps the Unions may cure it. The power they assert to do infinite damage to their natural enemy has been so often proved that it begets, in return, a feeling of respect. The grand evil is the terrible tyranny of the Union within the Union; the stern repression of personal ambition which it exerts, lest all should not be equal. The Union demands of its members a fearful sacrifice, and we can honor the courage, if not the unwisdom, with which it is so cheerfully made.

Now there never was in the United States any further necessity for a Trades Union than the natural and honorable feeling of social intercourse among brother-craftsmen; and the prime requirement that a "strike" shall include men enough to be effective. Unions, as now conducted, are not American. They are a foreign importation, brought to us by men who, God help them, have lived starved and unhappy lives in countries where labor is cheap and money is king. We justify strikes. There is no unfairness in them when honestly conducted; nothing unreasonable in a man's refusing to work for unsatisfactory wages; and nothing wrong in his combining with his fellows to coerce just and remunerative pay. We honor the pluck with which some of these battles are fought; we honor still more the generosity with which one Union, at work, supports another which is on strike.

But here we reach the limit. The Union tries to accomplish too much; and some of that too much is very wrong. Let us look at the apprenticeship system. Under the old laws, and when manufactories were smaller, a man's shop was a part of



his household. The laws of some of the States, now obsolete, require that the apprentice shall be a member of his family, shall have proper schooling, and shall sit even at the same table with himself. The effect of such a system is obvious. It is true there were brutal masters and worthless apprentices; but as a rule the latter learned his trade well enough to become himself a master in his turn. There is no character in the world more full of worth, enterprise, thought, and mechanical skill, than has been developed under the old American apprenticeship system. But here the Union comes in to break or control this almost parental relation. It says to the manufacturer that, having so many journeymen, he is entitled to only so many apprentices. It even dictates whom he shall select, in some instances as to nationality, often as to color. The family element in the contract is erased. The employer has no interest in his apprentice, forms no attachments, and looks upon him as a part of his machinery for making money. He gives him no instruction, but allows him to blunder along at the mercy of the foreman, or his shop-mates. If a boy is bright, he cannot fail to learn something in this shabby school. If not, a good cow-herd has been perverted into a bad mechanic.

But this is not the worst of it. A year ago, wishing to train a young relation to a profession, to which we deemed a certain mechanical education necessary, we sought a place for him. It was to be had, as an apprentice was nearly out of his time, and there was a vacancy in the shop, under the rules of the Union. Passing, for the moment, the hardship and wrong involved in the fact that, except for the accidental expiration of another's term, we could not buy or beg for the boy the education which his future business success required; that we could not purchase his schooling in a trade, as we could in any of the learned and so-called exclusive professions; we were met with a miserable question of detail, "What branch do you want him to learn?" "The trade—all branches!" was our answer. The reply was that he could learn

this or that department of several involved in the business; but only one of them! He must stick to his place in the subdivision of labor. We could not educate him beyond a certain level. It was as if a school should teach a child to cypher, and refuse to teach him to read. Sick with this injustice we abandoned the plan. The boy is left to a life he does not relish, and is stuffing himself with Latin, Greek, and French, that he may become a dull preacher, an indifferent doctor, or a slow lawyer.

The theory of the Union in this affair—in which we were assuredly wronged—was this:—"An over-supply of labor will depreciate its rewards. The cheap labor of the apprentice comes in competition with that of the journeyman. Therefore, keep the trade as small as possible; hold out no inducements to young men whose friends can support them, maintain a stringent labor market, and then we shall have—what? Why a monopoly; the very thing we are organized to resist; which in all our constitutions, by-laws, speeches, and resolutions we denounce as intolerable." Thus our friends of the trades have fallen into the same error which they combined to overcome.

We have said that we justify the combination of workmen for what we call "straight strikes for higher wages." Like all broad assertions this will bear modification. Labor, as well as capital, can be tyrannical. It can also be cheated by corrupt agencies. Last spring, or in the early summer, there occurred a great strike in the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania. We cannot pretend to an exact knowledge of its causes; but there are some surface indications. There was an overstocked coal market. A mild winter had shortened the demand; and the summer came on with a slack business among the manufacturing consumers. It was not in the interest of the mine-owners to go farther in that direction. It was better for them to cease operations for a time, and get rid of the stock on hand at paying prices. Then came the strike. It was sudden as a thunder-bolt. The miners had been working con-

tentedly. No fault had been found, no discussions even had been held in their Unions. But an order came from the "Central Committee," and they left their work; in some mines being driven away by compulsion. Some of them were in debt; many were unable to see their way to find food for a month. How shall we account for this? It was in the interest of the owners to stop work; in that of the miners to keep on. Yet the men stop in implicit obedience to their "Central Committee," a small junta of their own leaders, who are heads of the county Unions. The owners immediately increased the price of coal; the strike being their apparently valid excuse. That is all we know; but who believes, in view of these probabilities, that the "Central Committee" are not in the clover-field of financial prosperity, dividing their blissful state with the mine-owners?

Political rings are not alone in their great outrages upon public justice. Money is the objective; and in the fierce, ravenous competition very mean things are done by Aldermen and "Central Committees." In this case, if our unpleasant, but too probable, theory is correct, the actual wrong committed was far greater than that of a New York tax-levy. In every household fuel became more costly. How costly, what pinching want a rise in coal may involve, let us illustrate. A kindly gray-haired gentleman met a sturdy boy, with a basket of coal upon his arm, and cheerily said—"Got some coal, sonny?" The reply came back as cheerily—"Yes, sir, and my father is going to buy a quarter of a ton next week!" What a wealth of poverty there was in that answer! And how hardly practical is the fact that the father must pay next week as much cartage on that quarter ton as if it were a full load! But outside of the household, in every shop the expenses of the owner were increased, and his ability to pay his men full wages was lessened. It was a calamity costing many millions; yet it looks as if it were brought about by the expenditure of a few thousands. Strikes, to be properly conducted, should grow out of

some real hardship and general discontent. They should be ordered by the popular vote of dissatisfied men, and not left to the mandate of a central junta, human, and therefore corruptible. It is some satisfaction, even at our own cost, to know that in the final adjustment the men compelled the owners to make terms far more liberal than they wished, but to which the consequences of their own greed compelled them. The working miner, in many cases, is now an actual partner in the profits, and not in the losses, of the mine.

But the great, glaring wrong in these minor rules of the Unions is done to the workman himself. He puts his life, his success, his hopes of promotion, all in the hands of other men. The boy is as good as the man; the tyro crawls to the same dead level with the skilled workman. There are employers who secretly pay, and workmen who surreptitiously receive, more than the regulated wages. But this working under a cloud can never take the place of entire frankness and honesty of dealing. What we need is a reformation within the Unions; the concession to the employer of the right to take apprentices as he needs them, and of the right of the lad to seek the form of education he requires; and the further concession of the right to pay the man what he is worth; to stimulate, forward and promote him. It can easily be agreed between the two parties that a day's wage for common hands shall be so much a thousand ems for setting type, so much a day for moulders, finishers, packers, etc. But an excellent hand should have excelling pay. He should not be dragged down, as we know that good men are, by the incapacity of others. He should have his chance to rise in this world's fortunes. All recognize this principle in the fees of lawyers and physicians, and in the salary of clergymen. Years ago there was an attempt to establish a horizontal tariff of salaries in one of our ecclesiastical denominations; but it has long since been abandoned for the better plan, which by worldly rewards provokes to higher preparation

and more diligent zeal. "Poor preach, poor pay," and the same idea extends to all the business of life. Much of the charm and dignity which attends the professional career, rests upon this freedom of action, this ability to measurably control one's own destiny; or, to use the homely phrase, "Charge what you please," because your services are admitted to be more valuable than those of another. Yet it is the policy of the Trades Unions to shut out this competition, and to assume that one man is as good as another—a terrible error; for it contradicts all the instincts of our nature, and all revealed religion. We bow reverentially to the aristocracy of intellect. Otherwise, why apostles in the church? Why admitted gradations among the angels?

We have conceded the general correctness of the fundamental principle of Trades Unions. They form a necessary barrier against the greed of capital; but the limit of their true mission is far within the margin of their present laws. As now organized they are a despotism framed to resist another despotism. They

are of English origin, and we can see how even the faults of which we complain have been, and now are, imperative necessities. There, under the pressure of class legislation, and in the struggle of the commercial classes to rival the splendors of an hereditary aristocracy, combined with a crowded population, there is a stern, hard fight between prerogative and poverty. In the rush of a mob, each man must look out for his own life; and when the British manufacturer claims the trade of the world, and so cheapens labor as to control it, the British laborer must combine in every way, and so coerce his comrades even, as to resist the horrible grinding between the upper and the nether millstones of aristocratic avarice and commercial pride. But here, in a better land, where there is an eager demand for labor, where there is bread and work for all, where the limitless expanses of undeveloped wealth continually cry for more workmen, where they must be had, at any cost, the need for this foreign invention is narrow, and it should be adapted to American wants.

### AHMED AGHA, THE JANIZARY.

AHMED AGHA, the Janizary, is a representative man and should be better known. He stands at the head of his profession, and his good points are so numerous that his widest field of labor is found outside of his official duties. The husband of three wives, the father of fifteen children, tall, stately in his carriage, grave, dignified and self-contained, he is at once a model janizary, an irreproachable husband and father, and an important member of society. His functions are as varied as his good qualities are numerous. He deserves a place in the esteem of all American residents and travelers in Syria; and as he may never attain to the much desired honor of American citizenship, or wear a decoration conferred by the government of the United States, he is entitled to a tribute of praise from those whom he has faithfully served.

Ahmed is a Moslem, an honest and a pious man. He keeps all the fasts, and obeys to the letter all the injunctions of the prophet that he considers binding upon the conscience of a good Mussulman. During the month of Ramadan he eats nothing from sunrise to sunset, and during the nights, which are frequently devoted by many of his co-religionists to intemperate feasting, he maintains his consistency of character, and is temperate in all things. A little paler than usual, he is invariably at his post, and spends his leisure moments in reading devotional portions of the Koran and in prayer; and though faint from fasting, is always ready to do the bidding of his superiors, and apparently never weary in well-doing. As Chief of the Consular Guard, he carries the keys of the Consulate in his pocket, while he carries the

honor of the flag in his heart. Next to his religion, the American flag is the object of his worship. To him every star is sacred, and every stripe is redolent of a glory which he reveres but cannot understand. To him the flag which has been committed to his care for use on all suitable occasions, is typical of the highest honor, greatest purity, and holiest truth. I have not the least hesitation in saying that I believe Ahmed Agha would shed his heart's blood in defence of the flag, for he has proved his fidelity even at the point of the sword more than once during his period of service.

The family of which Ahmed is an honored member came originally from Mecca, and during their residence in Syria they have maintained a good reputation. Ahmed himself was at an earlier period of life a grain-merchant, and was reduced to poverty by a sudden fall in the market, which rendered him honestly insolvent. After devoting all his property to the payment of his debts, he entered first the service of the Persian Consul-General, where he was highly esteemed as a faithful officer. But the field was inadequate, and he found a more congenial sphere in the service of the Consulate of the United States, where his varied qualifications were called into action.

The position of a Consular Guard in Turkey is anomalous and but little understood. The treaties of the nations of Christendom with the Sublime Porte give them the right to establish Consulates at various places throughout the empire. Consuls of Christian nations are invested with civil, and, in many cases, criminal jurisdiction over the subjects or citizens of their respective countries, so that in cases between American citizens the Consul sits as judge in the Consular Court, held by his appointment. The Consul fines, imprisons, and, subject to the limitations and conditions of the law enacted by Congress, executes judgment upon all offenders among his countrymen. In case they die intestate, the Consul administers upon the estate, and in case of insolvency, he takes legal action in securing the interests of all parties. In

matters of civil marriage, divorce, mutiny on shipboard in the harbor, the Consul acts judicially, and with the aid of his janizaries, or Consular Guard, he arrests all disturbers of the peace, maintains a prison, serves warrants, pursues deserters, and performs a variety of other duties too numerous too mention. The fact that the United States Consul-General at Shanghai, acting under the same law of Congress, arrested, tried, and condemned five Americans for murder, and the additional fact that, with the approval of the American Minister, he executed three of them, will sufficiently show the peculiar and important nature of the functions of a Consul in the East. Of course the Consul must depend in a great measure upon the intelligence and fidelity of the *personnel* of his staff. In the performance of the subordinate duties which fall upon the Chief of the Consular Guard, Ahmed shines with unusual lustre. He considers every American citizen as being under his personal care and protection, and in the routine of service he becomes acquainted with each individual member of every family, with the business relations and standing of every household, and with the wants and peculiarities of every establishment.

Ahmed's sense of responsibility, developed in him to an unusual degree, would weigh any common Arab down to the earth; but, fortunately for the service, he rises to the necessities of every case, and meets all emergencies with that sublime confidence in a favorable result which can arise only from his convictions as a fatalist, and his confidence in the power and purity of the American name.

The Consular district in which Ahmed is such an important functionary must also be described, in order to give a proper idea of the elements that contribute to the development of this man's character. It comprehends Syria, Silicia, and a portion of Asia Minor, with Aleppo, Bagdad, Damascus, and Beirût as its principal cities, with such smaller towns as Tarsus, Adana, Anitab, Marash, Antioch, Alexandretta, Latakia, Tripoli, Sidon, Tyre, Acre, Caipha, Nazareth, and Ti-

berias. In most of these places there are large missionary establishments, under the control of American missionary families. The antagonistic attitude of the various races who inhabit these cities, especially when aroused by appeals to their fanaticism, renders the safety of these families a matter of considerable uncertainty. The many Christian sects are hostile to each other, and cases of persecution on the part of the clergy are not uncommon; but in the towns the Moslems are generally in the majority, and the government officials keep belligerents in order to the extent of their ability. But there come times when a wave of fanaticism sweeps over the land, and every one is more or less exposed to the angry elements which are temporarily aroused into fatal action. At such times the small police force in attendance upon the local authorities is inadequate to the task of preserving peace, and then a faithful janizary is worth his weight in gold.

During the Syrian massacres Ahmed was at his post. Information arrived daily of fresh outbreaks in different parts of the country;—the Christians of Deir-el-Komr were slaughtered, and horrible details came in from the surrounding villages. Zahleh was captured, and the torch applied to the dwellings. Parties of fugitives were overtaken and slain, and the Druses were said to be combining with the Moslems of the towns for the extermination of the Christians. The tragedy of Sidon occurred, and the American families were brought up to Beirut by Captain Mansell of the British navy, in his surveying vessel. Beirut was rapidly filling with refugees, and terror spread from house to house, and the fever of panic raged in every Christian heart. When the news of the wholesale slaughter of the Christians of Damascus and the destruction of the Christian quarter was made public, Beirut quivered to its centre and trembled in every nerve. More than twenty thousand fugitives flocked to the city, and called for food, clothing, and shelter. But now the question arose as to the safety of Beirut. Rumors came thick and fast that the Druses had effect-

ed a combination with the Arabs of the desert and the Moslems of the Plain, to annihilate the growing strength of Christianity by the destruction of its nest, the city of Beirut. Several times the day of doom was announced by rumor a week or more in advance, and preparations were made on every hand for the safety of women and children, and for the protection of the town. The shipping in the harbor was filled with people from the shore. Many families fled to Greece, Cyprus, and Egypt. Strong men, who spent their days on land, slept on board the British frigate "Exmouth," then in port, while the European colonists organized a company for barricading and defending the town street by street. It was agreed by the captain of the frigate—who had given the English Consul-General several signal rockets, to send up at night from his house—that one rocket should indicate an attack, two, great danger, and three an appeal for the ship's boats. On seeing the first rocket the captain would lower his boats and beat to quarters; the second would bring the boats to the shore, with orders to receive all fugitives, and the third would insure the landing of the sailors and marines, for the rescue of the British and other foreign and Christian residents. By means of the precautions taken, and the arrival of General Kmetty—Ismail Pasha—then in the Turkish service, with two thousand fresh troops who were well under control, because not yet contaminated by the local fanaticism, Beirut was saved the fate of Damascus and other Syrian towns. But the times were well calculated to try men's souls, and to bring out every latent virtue and vice. Several American families had come in from various out-stations, after having been frequently warned that it was beyond the power of Consuls or Pashas to protect them outside of Beirut, and they were located in or near the mission premises and the American Consulate during the period of greatest excitement, when armed bodies of men ran shrieking through the streets, singing their war-songs and crying out for the blood of the Christians.

During the three months of the year

1860 in which this bloody drama was being enacted upon the mountains of Lebanon and in the towns, Ahmed was "faithful among the faithless found." He was not merely an eye-servant. After office hours he visited the mosques and coffee-shops, as was his custom, and there sounded the intentions of the young men, the light-headed, and the mischievous members of the Moslem community; he traced every plot, watched every suspicious character, and exhibited a sleepless vigilance that inspired the highest confidence in his fidelity. When not on guard he walked the streets at night, to keep an eye on the houses in which the American families and schools were lodged—and all this without ostentation.

During this period of excitement he was questioned as to his course in case he should be compelled to draw his sword. He made no reply, but his answering glance was one of withering scorn and injured innocence combined. No one ever doubted him again, and whether he stood guard at night, or went from house to house, he was regarded as a faithful friend, and was admitted at all hours without question. From that day to this his zeal and his fidelity to the American colony have been above suspicion. Two years later he accompanied his official chief to Tarsus and Adana, in Cilicia, with the view of tracking, identifying, and bringing to trial the murderers of an American missionary. On this expedition his duties were varied and somewhat difficult, but he met every emergency with his usual imperturbability, and contributed greatly to the success of the measures which resulted in the execution of the assassin. At Adana he slept near the room of the Consul, and on being awakened at night by the approach of an intruder from the low terrace, he sprang after a man who was stealthily creeping toward the chamber door with a drawn dagger in his hand. The man escaped by leaping from the roof of the house to another across the narrow street, but the apprehensions of the guard were thoroughly aroused.

On the following night he did not sleep

but kept strict watch, and towards morning, hearing the voices of men at the front entrance, he seized a favorable opportunity and succeeded in taking them by surprise. Leaping out he found himself in the midst of three armed men, whom he suspected of further attempts at assassination. He grabbed a man by the throat with each hand, and drove the third before him, as he urged them on to the seraglio, where he was determined to hand them over to the Governor-General in person. The third man, whose organs of speech were not in Ahmed's clutches, expostulated in vain, and all his protests that they were peaceful in their intentions, that they meditated no evil, and that they were present merely with a view to protect the house of the Consul from attack, had no effect upon the irate Ahmed but to tighten his grasp, and to deepen his imprecations upon the murderous wretches who prowled about the house. On arriving at the palace, the chief of police was hastily summoned, and the Pasha himself aroused from sleep by Ahmed, who with the greatest difficulty was finally convinced that his prisoners were policemen, placed on guard to prevent mishaps. His easy victory was thus accounted for; but he was in nowise crestfallen in consequence. He had proved his vigilance, and had shown that the Consul was not dependent upon the guards of the Pasha, who might or might not prove trustworthy in time of trial. The Pasha laughed heartily over the occurrence, and said Ahmed deserved a decoration from the American government.

Apocryphal decorations, Ahmed's philosophy has no explanation, owing to the fact that the great and glorious American nation is not willing to reward her faithful servants with *nichans*. Other governments, comparatively insignificant, adorn their representatives with many of these shining badges of distinction; and while, in the humility of his great soul, he may submit to his probable fate of going down to the grave without a decoration, he feels less resigned to the fact that, while all the consuls and vice-con-

suls, and many of the dragomans, and even kavasses of some governments have been bountifully decorated, his own Consul has not so much as a bit of a ribbon or a medal to bless himself with. The question of a diplomatic or consular uniform is also a grief to him, for it cuts him to the soul to see the consular officers of other governments clothed in gay trappings and rich feathers on state occasions, while he has no uniform for himself, not even a gold embroidered jacket with flowing sleeves.

But this republican simplicity in a country where external appearances contribute so much to the social status and influence of individuals, is gradually producing an effect upon Ahmed's mind. He knows that there are many contrasts between Oriental and European customs, and he is now approaching the conclusion that, as America is a new world, there may also be contrasts between the American and the European modes. Accustomed to be governed in all matters of taste and convenience by the "*asdet*" or usage, an Oriental ceases to wonder or to reason upon a custom, however strange it may appear to him, when you once assure him it is your custom.

Mohamed Effendi visited Paris and published an account of his voyage. One thing only appeared to make an impression upon him—the gardens of Marley. "In seeing," said he, "these marvels I understand that *finé* passage in the Koran—"The world is the prison of true believers and the paradise of infidels." On his return to Stamboul he described the French to the Sultan thus:—"The French no more resemble Turks than night resembles day; when we enter a room we take off our shoes, and remain with covered heads, while a Frank does the reverse. We allow our beard to grow and shave our heads; we write from right to left; we put the tablecloth under the table, while the Christians reverse these usages. In short," continued he, "stand a Frank on his head, with his feet in the air, and you will have a Turk." Ahmed does not, of

course, take this extreme view of the subject, but his mind dwells much on the differences that exist in the customs of Oriental and Occidental man. "Franks," said he, "move the hat, while we touch the breast in salutation; they use the lips, while we kiss the forehead and cheek; you bring your daughters out, while we keep our wives and daughters in; your ladies go barefaced through the streets, while our women are always covered, so that they cannot be distinguished from strangers, by their own families, in public. With us the veil covers and equalizes all. With you, woman is a companion, and one wife is deemed enough, while polygamy prevails in the East. Among Franks the birth of a daughter is a blessing, but here the father of a girl is entitled to commiseration, and receives the condolences of his friends. In the West, people are ever making progress in wonderful inventions, and change is marked on everything, but the thousand influences with which Western society is interpenetrated and impelled onward are unknown here. In the East all is still, and the sea of life is unruffled, save when four wives dwell in the same house, and the Lord and Master is not at home."

Poor old Ahmed! I fear that his domestic life has not been one of serenest calm. In fact, he naively admitted one day, when we were discussing the subject of polygamy, that wife No. 1 was not of the sweetest temper, and that after trying many expedients, such as seeking the corner of the housetop, and possibly the use of the switch and other similar remedies in vain, he took a second wife, more with a view to keeping No. 1 in order than with the hope of doubling his own felicity. By playing off one against the other, he expected to keep both upon their good behavior, or to secure for himself one alternative, in case the other proved uncontrollably fractious. But alas for Ahmed's peace of mind! he but multiplied his griefs without increasing his joys. He could have been comparatively happy with one, in the absence of the other. His condition

was not precisely that of the donkey who starved between two haystacks—the attraction toward each being equal and counteracting the other; for while the haystacks were attractive, they were passive, and harmless to each other and to him; but the husband of two wives found that they were aggressive, and armed with that unruly member, the tongue, to say nothing of other offensive and defensive armor; so that the corner of the housetop was no longer a place of quiet repose, and the café became his only resource. This remedy also proved inefficacious, for he must still go home to his dinner, and the unavoidable conjugal tiffs proved too much for his equanimity. Even if he had been familiar with the successful treatment of Petruccio, in the “Taming of the Shrew,” he could not have practised it upon one wife in the presence of the other, and he was soon compelled to find another house for his second wife. With one home inside the city walls, and the other in the suburbs, his fireside, or rather his carpet—for the Arabs have no firesides or hearthstones—became more tranquil. Pleased with his success, he added a third wife in course of time, and, what is more wonderful still, he has seriously contemplated a fourth. The last idea has not been realized, and I trust it may not be, for although Ahmed obtained some little property with each wife, such as a small house and garden, his own income is pitifully small. His official pay is less than twenty dollars per month, while he has not less than twenty mouths to feed. Sometimes they do not taste meat more than once a month, and their æsthetical development in the direction of art and society is proportionately limited. But to do Ahmed justice in the matrimonial line, his idea in seeking for a fourth wife was not to increase his happiness so much as his dignity. “The prophet,” said he, “had four wives, and I have had but three; one more, and I shall arrive at the same pre-eminence.” I have sometimes wondered what color Ahmed’s inner life would assume if brought to the light; but his reticence precludes a satis-

factory answer. I can only infer that he too is of the opinion that

“Man never is, but ever to be blest,”

from his proposition to accompany me to the United States, leaving, of course, his family behind him. Ah, Ahmed! I have hardly forgiven you that one indication of cowardice, of shrinking from the responsibilities of your dignified and responsible position of husband of three wives and father of fifteen children, for it is the one dark spot on your otherwise unblemished escutcheon. The fact is, Ahmed, in his younger days, entered the service of the American missionaries, to escape, by means of foreign protection, the merciless conscription of that tiger-hearted Egyptian, Ibrahim Pasha; and while a member of the missionary community he had ample opportunity to see a model Christian family, in which the wife was an affectionate, considerate, and intelligent companion to her husband and mother to her children. There he learned to admire all the graces which adorn a civilized womanhood, and to enjoy the atmosphere of a Christian home. He learned to read the Bible in Arabic and English, and ascertained from personal observation that the Christian foreigner was not the giaour and heaven-forsaken infidel he had been described. The contrast between the American home and his own has no doubt had its effect upon our brave Ahmed’s mind, and in the hours he has spent at the café over his narghile, and in days he has passed in pacing slowly up and down the walk before the consulate door, he has doubtless thought much upon these things. His wives and children cannot read; they have no resources of their own; they must be fed and clothed, but they cannot hope to receive any education. Ahmed knows something of books; but with him books are accessory, not essential. Not one Moslem woman in a thousand knows how to read, therefore it is no shame to him or them. And what if they could read? Books are enormously expensive, and there has not been, until recently, any newspaper



published in Syria. Ahmed never reads this paper, published weekly, and containing nothing to interest women, and it is not a desideratum with his family. And if this were not the case, the high price of the paper would put it beyond their reach. And while he does not believe with Omar, when he said, "Burn the libraries, for their value is in the Koran," he still gives that book the preference. He reads the Psalms, too, with great satisfaction; but he seems to have no anxiety about the education of his children, for many of the civil and military pashas have been entirely dependent upon their seal-bearers for all literary attainments, and the use of the seal renders even the art of writing one's name a superfluous accomplishment. It would seem, in brief, that he has settled down to the calmness of despair; the contrast between Eastern and Western family life being too great to permit the hope of accomplishing, during his life, the changes he would be glad to effect. Sadly enough, Ahmed has fixed his standard far above the reach of his family, who, having inherited no culture from their parents, and stimulated by no public sentiment, cannot rise above the level of their surroundings. This I imagine to be Ahmed's grief. Sorrow has made him a philosopher, and he has come to regard life as a school of discipline, believing that all that he suffers in this world will be carried to his credit in the next. It is said that every rose has its thorn, and it may be that the reverse is also true, and that the thorn in Ahmed's side may be accompanied by the germ of a rose which may bloom hereafter.

Thrown upon his own resources, Ahmed has endeavored to find occupation for his mind in communion with the invisible world. This curious mixture of creeds and philosophies has left him as it were upon the bridge connecting the old and the new, the revealed and the unknown, the visible and the invisible. It would be impossible, in a word, to describe the school of philosophy in which he is an humble and a prayerful pupil. In political economy he is not

with Malthus, for he has fifteen children, and his salary is small. In philosophy he is not a Platonist, although it has been said that Mahometanism draws its philosophy from Plato. I think he would have been charmed with Swedenborg and Mesmer, for he is a mystic, and loves to deal with the supernatural. He believes, with the native Jews, that Adam, the father of mankind, had a second wife named Lilith, from whom is descended a race of beings called Jin (Genii), some of whom are male and some female, some believers and some infidels. They beget children as men do; we cannot see them, but they can see us; they have the power of assuming different shapes, and they appear to some people in the form of men, cattle, or dogs, especially black ones. They have the power of entering objects, so that they can possess a man and cast him into danger or impregnate him with disease, and they frequently enter into an infant and strangle him, unless there are suspended on the four corners of the cradle papers containing the names of the four angels, who, under contract with Lilith, have covenanted to prevent her posterity from killing an infant on whose cradle their names are thus inscribed.

Ahmed, sly fellow, may not be altogether disinterested in this belief, for the existence of the superstition among his countrymen, that evil spirits are manifest in convulsive diseases, is to him a source of revenue. The Jews, many of the Moslems, and some native Christians who share this belief, apply to sheiks, of whom Ahmed is one, for these writings and other cabalistic charms. When their infants die of epilepsy they accuse these genii, and not the disease, of their death. They believe that these sheiks can employ the genii in great affairs—as in the case of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp—and that they rule them by their adjurations. In cases of loss or theft, or of sickness, and especially of insanity, these sheiks, or pious men, are employed to write papers, which the sufferers carry on their persons. Sometimes these papers are put in water,

which thus becomes a medical draught, while some persons burn the papers and fumigate themselves with the smoke.

I believe that Ahmed is honest in his creed, but some of his practices look much like quackery. He is often called to epileptic cases, and is marvelously successful in his treatment. He first examines the patient with much care, and by long practice has acquired considerable skill in diagnosis. If the case is one in which medical aid is required, he announces distinctly that a skilled physician must be summoned, and retires from the field. When he undertakes a case he burns incense under the patient's nose, so as to affect the senses and the imagination, if not the consciousness, by a delicious narcotic perfume, and then, after placing his hands upon the sufferer's head, he repeats several prayers and imprecations, and, finally, with a loud voice and an energetic stamping of his foot, orders the spirits, whom he calls by name, to depart from the infected body, and adjures them in the name of stronger spirits—Beelzebub if necessary—to obey his mandate. He has sometimes received a fee of one thousand piasters (or \$40) for a successful treatment of a rich Jewess. He has no tariff of fees, but receives according to the generosity of the donor. He believes that his success in casting out evil spirits from the human body depends upon the purity of his own heart and the fervency of his prayers, and that the result is according to his faith. A lie in his heart, or an impure thought, would, in his opinion, impair his usefulness in this as in every other direction. God, he thinks, has given him this power over devils for a good purpose; and he claims that Christ and the Apostles exorcised devils, who then, as now, entered into persons and did them great harm. Some of Ahmed's remedies, however, suggest the colored water and bread pills of our Western doctors, for he is not averse to treating hypochondriacs, finding, as our own physicians have found, that the *maladies imaginaires* constitute a lawful and a lucrative source of income.

Here is an example which he gives in justification of this style of treatment. A mother, disturbed by her fears that she would be unable to supply nourishment for a newly-born child, actually failed to give milk. Fearing that the spirits were in league against her, Sheik Ahmed was sent for. After due investigation, Doctor Ahmed, with his big spectacles over his Arabian nose, looked very wise and very potent, but was satisfied, in his own mind, that the spirits were innocent of interference with the commissary department of the child in question. But the fountains were dry. Something must be done. It was evident that the fears of the mother had changed or obstructed the natural lacteal secretions; her apprehensions must therefore be done away. This wise man of the East burned his incense under her nose, and her nerves were gradually calmed; her faith in the Sheik Ahmed, who was unquestionably playing the quack in this case, was firm. His hands were placed on her head, and his muttered prayers and invocations lulled her senses while they played upon her imagination. She was suddenly aroused from her passive condition by a smart slap upon her chest by Ahmed, F.R.S.S., who announced that the evil spirits who had dammed up the life-giving current were now expelled, and that the child would have a full supply of food in less than twenty-four hours. His success was complete, and Ahmed put his fee complacently in his pocket, and walked away with a stately grace peculiar to himself, to purchase his fourteenth child a pair of shoes, and a tarbush for his baby. I will not attempt to justify Ahmed in this piece of duplicity; but let him that is without sin cast the first stone.

Ahmed does not fear the power of demons upon himself. In reply to my question, "Do you not dread the revenge of these evil spirits, and may they not combine to do you harm?"—"No," was the reply, "not so long as my heart remains pure." I can testify that the demon bachshish has no power over him, for Ahmed is the soul of honor in this respect, and he shrinks from a proffered

dollar as though it possessed contamination. He knows, too, the value of time, and this, in an Oriental, is a cardinal virtue; for here punctuality, not procrastination, is the thief of time. He is not "one who counts time by heart-throbs, not by figures on a dial;" for the sun is not more regular in his daily round. Like the prophet, he is extremely fond of perfumes, and goes regularly to the mosque.

In a word, Ahmed is in his proper place. His heart is not torn by the conflict of ambitious hopes. In his probity he is a living sermon, and in his conscientiousness in the discharge of his official duties (for he may be trusted with untold gold) he is a constant reproach to the nominal Christians who waver in their love of virtue. I would fain believe that there may be a place for Ahmed where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

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### HEARTH-GLOW.

IN the freshtine, at the twilight,  
The pictures that I see  
Are less with mimic landscape bright  
Than with life and mystery.

Where the embers flush and flicker  
With their palpitating glow,  
I see, fitfuller and quicker,  
Heart pulses come and go.

And here and there, with eager flame,  
A little tongue of light  
Upreaches earnestly to claim  
A somewhat out of sight.

I know, with instinct sure and high,  
A somewhat must be there;  
Else should the fiery impulse die  
In ashes of despair.

Through the red tracery I discern  
A parable sublime;  
A solemn myth of souls that burn  
In ordeals of time.

How the life-spark yearns and shivers  
Till the whiteness o'er it creep!  
Till the last pale hope outquivers,  
And quenches into sleep!

Till, 'mid the dust of what hath been,  
It lieth, dim and cold,  
Yet holdeth secretly, within,  
Heart-fervor, as of old.

As from the darkening fireside  
I slowly turn away,  
I think how souls of men abide  
The breaking of the day,

When a morning Touch shall stir again  
Those ashes of the night,  
That gathered o'er our hearts of pain  
To keep their life alight!

## COMPTON FRIARS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY POWELL."

## CHAPTER X.

## A CHRISTMAS EVE LONG AGO.

"On Christmas eve the bells were rung,  
On Christmas eve the mass was sung."

"It don't make the least difference," said Augusta. "I'm going to drink tea with old Mrs. Jeffrey,—I know I may take you."

So there were we, the next minute, running through the snowy streets, shivering in the keen air, that cut like a knife. Turning the corner of a by-street, Augusta ran against a boy with a tray of mince-pies on his head.

"Well, I'm sure!"—cried he, indignantly.

"That was your fault, not mine," said Gussy, briskly. "You should mind where you are going."

"Do let us help to pick them up," said I, detaining her.

"Not I," said Gussy. "What are boys made for? The pies are no worse," and whisked me round the corner.

"I wonder what his master will say," said I.

"He won't tell his master. Please don't make me swallow any more cold air. I want to be in voice to-morrow, and you'll make me lose my G."

Stopping short, she said, "Here we are," and rang the bell of a small house.

We were not kept waiting in the cold. A small maid admitted us into a passage adjoining a small parlor, from the open door of which issued a glow of ruddy fire-light.

"How comfortable you look, Mrs. Jeffrey!" cried Augusta, bouncing in; on which an old lady, sitting beside the fire, turned round and regarded us with what struck me as being rather a weird look.

"What! two of you?" said she.

"This is only Bessy Lyon," said Augusta, unconcernedly. "I was just coming round to you when she stepped in, so I told her I knew I might bring her."

"You were quite right," said Mrs. Jeffrey, cordially giving me her hand; though I am sure she knew no more of a Bessy Lyon than a Bessy Tiger till that minute. "Who would not welcome a friend's friend on a cold Christmas Eve?"

Our wraps were taken off and carried away by the little maid, and then we drew round the fire, before which, deftly poised on poker and tongs, basked two muffins. Gussy gave an amused look at them and then at me, which I seemed not to notice.

After some chat, Mrs. Jeffrey made tea, and then we again drew round the fire, of which Gussy took quite the lion's share in the centre, with the folds of her crimson merino gorgeously spread out. By this time we were on very sociable terms.

"How well these coals burn," said Augusta. "You looked so comfortable, Mrs. Jeffrey, when we came in out of the cold; but you were deep in thought. What were you thinking about?"

"Well," said Mrs. Jeffrey, smiling, "if I'm to have a penny for my thoughts, I don't mind telling."

"Oh, do, do! You shall have the penny."

"I was thinking of a Christmas Eve a good many years ago."

"When you were a girl of my age?"

"When I was about your age."

"Was it pleasant?"

"Very. Now for my penny."

"Oh, no!—no indeed, Mrs. Jeffrey! You must first tell us all about that Christmas Eve, which I'm sure was delightful."

Smiling, she answered, "I don't think that was in the bargain, but I've no objection. It is sometimes pleasant to talk as well as to think of old times."

"Yes, to be sure—the only thing they're good for," said Gussy, sitting still closer to the fire, and holding up her handkerchief to save her face from being scorched.

Mrs. Jeffrey gave her a screen, and then quietly said,

"The Christmas Eve I was thinking of was the first I ever spent in Rome."

"In Rome?" exclaimed Augusta. "You don't mean to say you've ever been there?"

"Why not?" said Mrs. Jeffrey.

"Well, I don't know exactly; but it seems so extraordinary that you should ever have been in Rome!—Does it not, Bessy?"

I said "No," with decision; though I must confess a truer answer would have been "Yes."

"I dare say it may seem strange to both of you," said Mrs. Jeffrey composedly, "that I should not have lived all my life where I am now; though, in truth, there is no reason why that should be the case. You know little of my life, my dear, and Miss Lyon still less. I have lived, suffered, and enjoyed a good deal in my time. My memories are my wealth."

She did not seem going to say any more about them, but Gussy goaded her on.

"But your story,—your story, Mrs. Jeffrey!" said she, impatiently.

"Oh, I've no story. I was only speaking of a pleasant Christmas Eve at Rome. My father, you know, was an artist. We had recently lost my dear mother; he felt it very sadly; and he saw that my sister Ellen and I required a change. So he determined to put in execution what had long been a day dream of his and of ours, and to spend a year in Rome. It required some management, you must know, for we were not very well off, and indeed want of means had previously been the great obstacle. But where there's a will, there's a way. He worked hard at a picture, and got well paid for it; we let our house to a good tenant, and, in short, we managed it.

"The journey was delightful, of course, and gave us all a complete change of ideas. My father was a most intelligent, intellectual companion, and very fond of us. We saw whatever was to be seen

worth seeing on our way; and when we reached Rome, we took possession of very comfortable quarters in the Via della Ripetta, which a friend was just leaving—not smart lodgings, you know; quite unfashionable and homely, but they suited us exactly. My father picked up some professional friends, and, in time, one or two patrons, who gave him commissions—what artists call 'pot-boilers.' Two or three young painters used to drop in on us pretty frequently, because they liked him so much; and they said we made such an English home. Their parents in London had recommended them to his kindness, and begged him to keep a fatherly eye on them; which was just what he did.

"Well, on Christmas Eve, two of these men, Reynolds and Morley, dropped in on us at dusk, and began to laugh and talk as usual; and one of them said, 'Are you going to have any mince-pies to-morrow? the Romans don't make them.'

"To be sure we are," said papa. 'Christmas would not be Christmas without them.'

"Oh, papa! what are you thinking of?" said we, laughingly. 'We've no mince-meat.'

"No mince-meat?' repeated he with a droll look, 'but what is to hinder us of it? I suppose all the ingredients are to be bought in Rome?'

"Yes, of course—"

"And I suppose you, Miss Caroline, and you, Miss Ellen, know how to put them together?"—

"But, papa! there is not time—"

"Fiddlestick's ends!"

"Many hands will make light work," cried Morley. 'Let Reynolds and me help you; we'll stick by you to the death.'

"Oh, in that case," said we, laughing.

"Now then, what's to be done first?" asked Reynolds.

"First, you must go and buy the ingredients—currants, citron, suet—"

"But why not all go together?"

"Yes, why not all go together?"

chimed in Morley. 'Let us make a frolic of it.'

"Put your hats on, my dears," said my father. "These young men will never know what to buy—they'll be buying pepper instead of spice, and I don't know what."

"Yes, we certainly shall," said they.

"Fine help you are likely to be," said I, laughing. So there we set out, in the best possible spirits; my father taking care of me, and the young men of Ellen."

"What fun!" ejaculated Augusta, whose cheeks were blazing, either with excitement or scorching. "Go on, Mrs. Jeffrey."

"The streets," continued Mrs. Jeffrey, warming with her subject, "the old, irregular, narrow, lava-paved streets, now in darkness, now in a flare of light, were thronged with a curious medley of people—friars, soldiers, beggars, artisans, Trasteverini;—now a brace of shaggy Calabrian bag-pipers; now a scowling Schedoni; now a party of amused English or Americans. We popped into one shop after another—buying fruit here, suet there; then to the baker's for flour. Everything was put into a basket which Reynolds gloried in carrying. Everybody was merry and good-humored—delicious gushes of music came through church-doors; it seemed enchantment."

"Though dark, it was yet early, for the days were at their shortest. We got back to our lodgings and set to work merrily. Reynolds insisted on chopping the suet and apples; my father squeezed the lemons; I washed the currants and grated the nutmeg; Morley and Ellen contented themselves with stoning the raisins, and she accused him of eating a good many. Brandy and sweetmeats and spice were duly added, and then we pronounced the mince-meat only to require thorough mixing. Marcellina, the maid, whose eyes laughed with fun, helped me to make the puff-paste and line the patty-pans; and when the mince-pies were made, she carried them to the oven."

"So then you had nothing to do but to eat them," said Gussy.

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"We had a great deal to do first, and we did it. We set out again, and visited some of the grand old churches, crowded with people, and heard their Christmas music, which was as beautiful as anything earthly could be. We saw the Bambino in wax-work, lying in a manger, with Mary and Joseph, and the shepherds and shepherds' dog, and cattle, large as life, all grouped around. It was a kind of gigantic puppet-show, with a strange mixture of childishness and solemnity in it. We looked on at it as a spectacle, you know, yet could not help feeling impressed; and I think the Roman Catholics, who considered it all right, enjoyed it as a spectacle also. And then we returned to sup on some of the mince-pies, and found them excellent.—So there, Miss Augusta, is your penny-worth for your penny," concluded Mrs. Jeffrey, smiling.

"And here's the penny, Mrs. Jeffrey," said Augusta, "which I call very capitally earned. I should like just such a Christmas Eve. We never have anything like that in this stupid country."

"You spoke of it as your first Christmas Eve in Rome," said I, after a pause. "Did you then spend another there?"

"Ah," said Mrs. Jeffrey, changing countenance, "I don't like to think of the second."

"Why not?" cried Augusta, eagerly. "Do tell!"

"My dear, it was a very different thing. We had had a very pleasant spring in Rome, and a very happy summer in the mountains about Palestrina and Poli. Reynolds and Morley were there too; they were very busy with their sketch-books; my father was busy with his; Ellen and I were busy with ours. The more we saw of Mr. Morley, the more we liked him. I thought, too, he liked Ellen—I mean, I thought he was becoming attached to her. She may have had some idea of the same sort, but I cannot tell; for she was not like your commonplace young ladies who chatter about love and matrimony with no bashfulness. There was no *missiness* about Ellen; if she felt pleasure in Mr. Morley's attentions

one day, she showed no wounded feeling at their withdrawal on the next. It was a good thing she did not; for, on our return from the mountains, he dropped off from us all at once, without saying why or wherefore. He had not left Rome, but he got into a different set."

"How horrid!" said Augusta. "I think it was very bad of him. Did you never see him any more?"

"Not for months. Meanwhile, we went on in our old way; but somehow it seemed rather flat. Ellen was more serious than she had been formerly. Once or twice she told me she was longing to return to England, and to forget all about Italy—there was no place like home. The term for which we had let our house had nearly expired, so that there seemed no reason why we should not go back at the appointed time. But my father got a commission which kept him in Rome through the winter; and if my sister and I could not honestly rejoice in this, we could at any rate submit to it with a good grace.

"That winter, there broke out a terrible influenza. I was told that you could not go out in London without continually meeting hearses and mourning-coaches, nor enter a haberdasher's shop without seeing the counter heaped with black, and every customer in mourning. In Paris it was as bad; and there were many influenza cases in Rome. Ellen's was one of the first. We thought she had only taken a heavy cold, and did not make much account of it till delirium set in. Then we got thoroughly frightened; and I felt how wretched it was to be ill in a strange land. My father ferreted out an English physician. Ellen said, when he was gone, 'That man's face showed he could do nothing for me. I shall die—I shall die! Don't cry for me. I'm not afraid.'

"These were almost her last words. Towards night she began singing, and continued an incessant wail, that was almost like a hymn without words, till stupor succeeded, which ended in death.

"It was on Christmas Eve. I had gone into the sitting-room for something,

having tied a large white handkerchief over my head because of the cold; when the door suddenly opened, and Morley came in, saying in a loud, cheerful voice, 'Here we all are again, on Christmas Eve!' I turned round, and could only give him a look. It seemed to turn him to stone."

Mrs. Jeffrey here paused, and seemed swallowing her tears.

"Don't go on," said I.

"Yes, do; do, please," said Augusta.

"I told him in few words how it was with us. If ever a man's face showed grief, his did. He seemed struck."

"Has she ever named me?" said he.

"Yes," said I. She said, 'Tell Mr. Morley there's no safety but in Jesus.'

"Oh, then he was not very religious, I suppose," said Augusta softly, after a pause.

"Perhaps not. There! you have now the history of my two Christmas Eves in Rome. You cannot be surprised at its being painful to me to speak of the second, nor at my being glad to return to dear old England; but I left some one dearer to me than all the world besides, in the Protestant burial-ground."

"Then," said Gussy, after another pause, "you did not marry Mr. Reynolds."

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Jeffrey, forced to smile at the remark.

"What has become of Mr. Morley?"

"He is dead."

Afterwards, two young people, not particularly interesting, came in to supper, which was cheerful enough. One of them observed that her mince-pie was gritty.

"So is mine," said the other; "I think it has had a tumble in the snow."

Augusta and I exchanged a look. Just then, her teeth went crunch against a stone.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE BIRTHNIGHT BALL.

"Towered cities please us then,  
And the busy hum of men."

The young people who supped with us, and whom Augusta in her off-hand way afterwards spoke of as Methodists, had

previously been to church or chapel, I forget which; and as I took my solitary way home after parting with Gussy, I could not help thinking that a religious service was the fittest way of keeping Christmas Eve. I rather wondered that Mrs. Jeffery had not gone to some place of worship, as she seemed of a serious turn, though very cheerful; but I believe she was afraid of the night-air and could not indulge in coach-hire. I do not think people observed Christmas Eve as well then as they do now, for they often chose that evening for parties and spent it in dancing. Doubtless many attended some public service, but probably they were those who did not dance at all.

I liked what I had seen of Mrs. Jeffery and wished we were friends, to which her cordial manner seemed to invite me; but when I asked Augusta whether I should not call, after having been entertained by her, she said with decision, "Certainly not; you went with me."

That was the last I saw of either of them for a long time. Directly Christmas was over my head was full of the Hartlepoons. I gave them a week to settle in their new home, and then ventured to show my face.

But there had been a more formidable removal than I had supposed. The former occupant had been tardy in moving out, and the Hartlepoons had considered a good many things necessary for their comfort. When I entered the court, which happened to be all in shade, and therefore looked gloomy, a great van took up the access to the doorway and was being unloaded, while Edwy was intently watching the proceedings through a dirty window and flattening his nose against the pane. Directly he saw me he rushed to the door to welcome me; but a grand piano was being lifted in with some difficulty by three men, so as to prevent us from reaching one another; seeing which, he rushed out of sight, and, I concluded, carried the news of my arrival with him.

As soon as I could enter the hall, which was full of luggage and litter, I was met by an elderly, business-like servant, not one of the country set, who looked hard

at me, and on my inquiring for Mrs. Hartlepool, replied, "She is very busy." I said, "I am Miss Lyon. Perhaps one of the young ladies will see me."

"You can step in here, M—" said she, a little more civilly, and opened a door, which she closed on me as soon as I had entered. I found myself in a small though very lofty wainscoted parlor—the same in which Edwy had been keeping watch—with tall, narrow windows and deep window-seats: and here I waited an hour. It seemed a very long one.

At first I waited patiently enough, hearing well-known voices and much running about overhead; now and then the scraping of some heavy piece of furniture, moved with difficulty. I could well believe them to be very busy, and wished I had waited a day or two longer; but still I hoped to exchange a kindly greeting before I went away.

A clock had struck as I entered the house. I told myself that the time seemed longer than it was; and just as I was insisting on this to myself, the clock struck again! Then I *knew* I had waited an hour, and thought they must have forgotten me. I longed to run up stairs and show myself; but what I could have done at Compton Friars I could not do here. I did not even know my way about the house, which seemed full of intricacies and echoes. It was very uncomfortable! I had a great mind to go away, but if they knew I was there it would seem so strange. My hand was often on the bell, but I did not ring it. I opened the door a little instead, and looked out.

Helen was just passing through the hall. She cried, "Why, Bessy!" and flew to me and kissed me. She said, "How long have you been here?"

I said, "An hour by Shrewsbury clock," so then we both began laughing.

She said, "How very odd!—Did anybody know you were here?"

"Oh yes," I said, "Edwy saw me come in, and he ran away to tell you, I thought."

"He ran up, brimful of some intelligence," said Helen, "and mamma cut him short with 'Edwy, you have such a dirty face that I won't hear a word till you



have washed it.' Edwy's face is always dirty now—there's no clean place to kiss."

I began to laugh, and she said, "Is my face dirty?"

"You have a little speck of black on your cheek."

"I never knew such a dirty place as London is!" cried she indignantly. "One never knows when one is clean. Do the blacks settle on you so?"

"Sometimes, on a day like this, when the smoke won't ascend: you are rubbing the wrong place—let me guide your hand."

"Oh, I must go and wash it off. Come with me and we will go up together. Mamma and Urith have just gone out, not knowing you were here—and, indeed, they must have gone at any rate, for oh, Bessy! we are so busy!"

"I dare say you enjoy it."

"Oh yes, it's delightful if it were not for the blacks. We shall enjoy our new quarters immensely when we get to rights."

"When will that be? said the bells of Step-ney."

"I do not know, says the great bell of Bow. Before mamma's birthday, I hope, for then we are determined to have a party, a dance. See what a charming room this is!" throwing open the drawing-room door.

It was so in respect of size, but exceedingly gloomy, with highly decorated ceiling and old-fashioned mantel-piece. The furniture was of a day gone by, with much tarnished gilding and carving. I recollect it was of white satin that had become whity-brown, trimmed with orange and dark green gimp!

"Mamma is going to send away all this antiquated stuff," said Helen, "and have something fresh and pretty. Now, come and see mamma's room. And this is Urith's. And this is mine and Marianne's. And this is the chits'."

Two smiling faces looked up as we opened the door of Eva and Blanche's room—and they, too, were dirty. They ruefully said that the blacks preferred country faces to settle on.

"The blacks know what they're about,

then," said I; "and, after all, you only look like the ladies who wore patches in the *Spectator's* time."

"O, Bessy!" said Eva, laughing.

Then we sat down on the lids of boxes to talk, and I helped them to fold and put away some of their things. At length it was time to go, though I had not seen Mrs. Hartlepool and Urith.

My mother listened with a kind of distrustful interest to my account of them and of the house.

"They will be rather set up now, all of them, you'll see," said she.

"O no, mother—I!"

"I say they *will*, and time will show which is right. If they don't invite you to their first party, I shall call them set up."

"They know I never go to parties," said I, with a strong hope, nevertheless, that I should be invited.

"You never go because you never are asked, and there's nobody to ask you."

"Why now, mother, don't you disapprove of dancing? If they were to ask me, what should I wear?"

"That is not their affair. If they do ask you, you shall have a silk."

"How will my father like that?" said I, though pleased with the idea.

"Never mind your father. I don't ask so many things of him that he should refuse what I wish."

From this time I cast many a scrutinizing glance into the mercers' windows, and much did I meditate on the comparative merits of various colors and shades. All this while no invitation came, nor did Urith call on me. As for Mrs. Hartlepool, I knew it was out of the question, but my mother did not think so.

"Dear mother, I have no expectation or wish—our spheres are different."

"That does not signify. Friendship is friendship; it is only those who are not friends that think about spheres."

"So kind as they have been to me!"

"In the country, I grant you. If there is a difference in town, it will be because they are set up."

Talk like this made the affair seem more important than it was, and I began to

feel worried. My good mother could not banish it from her thoughts, for if we went out together she would sometimes plant herself before the window of one of the temptation-shops and say, "There now, Bessy—that would suit you exactly, supposing you went to the Hartle-pools."

"Too expensive, mother, I'm sure."

"Nay, I doubt it," and in she would go and inquire the price, and feel the texture, and examine the width, and calculate the needful quantity, while I was on thorns, being persuaded she would never buy it.

At length—only a week before the birthday, (the date of which I knew well enough,)—a dear little blush-colored note, with silver edges, came from Urith, giving good reasons for its not being written sooner, and cordially inviting me to the birthday party.

"There now, mother! you see they are not set up," cried I with glee.

"Well, no; but one could never have guessed they had been in such suspense about the recovery of a near relation. And now, Bessy, let us start off for that dress at once," said my mother, who was greatly pleased, "for much is to be done in little time."

But yet, when I showed her my answer to Urith's letter, she said, "You have thanked her as much as if she had given you five hundred pounds. And she is only her mamma's mouthpiece. 'Shall have much pleasure in accepting,' would have been quite enough. Will all the other guests express such unbounded gratitude, think you?"

"The other guests will not be such friends," said I, complacently.

"Stuff! Do you think yourself the Hartlepoons' only friend? You are conceited, Bessy. But come, let us start off for the dress, for I declare I'm as full of it as you can be."

My father coming in just before he started for the brewery, she made a spirited attack on him, which he with great good humor answered. But though he playfully pretended to make a great difficulty of it, and to think we were going to ruin him, I am persuaded that the bright pieces

of gold he told down upon the table had already been stored in his purse for the very object they were now given for.

The trouble and pains that party cost us! But, after all, the trouble and pains on these occasions make great part of the pleasure.

When the eventful evening arrived it was so bitterly cold! with an east wind, hard frost, and the ground as slippery as glass. My mother assisted with fond pride at my toilette; my father fetched a cab and accompanied me in it. We made slow progress; horses, rough-shod, were going at a foot pace, or slipping and sometimes falling. These misadventures kept us in continual excitement.

"Another horse down! How soon a crowd collects! Our man seems a careful fellow. You will get in to supper, I suppose. I'm afraid, my dear, your head being uncovered may give you cold. And this dress," taking it cautiously between finger and thumb, "does not seem to have much warmth in it."

Though it seemed as if we never should get there, we did at last. My father nimbly alighted, handed me out, gave me a knowing smile, and disappeared. I felt embarrassed. The hall looked brilliant, now it was lighted up; there were hired waiters, quite like butlers, one of whom ushered me into the "cloak-room" where I had waited that long hour, and where "pretty Fanny," as we used to call her at Compton Friars, helped me off with my wraps and pulled out my sleeves. Next I was ushered into the tea-room, where I had green tea and a drop-biscuit; next I was ushered up the wide shallow stairs, loudly announced as "Miss Lyon," and, the next moment, found myself in a crowd of strangers, amid an incessant murmur of voices.

Mrs. Hartlepool shook hands with me at the door, said a few kind, cheerful words, and retained my hand while she looked round for Urith, caught her eye, and passed me on to her.

"Come this way, Bessy," said Urith, whom I had never seen look so nice. "Have you had some tea?"

"Oh yes, thank you!"

"You are quite late. We are just going to dance. Will you?"

"Oh no, thank you."

"I thought you never did. Then let me find a nice seat by Miss Harris."

But Miss Harris was led away by her partner just as we approached her, and there remained on the seat only an elderly lady whom Urith named to me in an undertone as "Miss Poulter—a very old friend and a distant relation." She presented me to her with a few kind words, and then left us to make acquaintance.

"You don't dance, then?" said Miss Poulter with a smile, "and yet you look young enough. I'm sure I think dancing a very good way of warming one's self this cold weather; but waltzing, of any description, I decidedly object to."

Two musicians, with harp and violin, now began to play delightfully. The dancers ranged themselves for a quadrille, and could hardly help backing on us sometimes.

"Miss Hartlepool has found a partner for everybody but herself," said Miss Poulter. "I hope she will find one by and by, and for life, too"—with a meaning smile. "How surprised I was at their coming to town! They seemed to have quite taken root in the country; but it was to bring Urith out, I suppose. That man is a green-grocer," lowering her voice as a waiter did something to a lamp. "I know him quite well; he supplies me with Brussels sprouts. Talking of sprouts, how scarce they are this winter! Who are those two pretty girls in book-muslin dresses made up to the throat? I call that sensible in such weather. Decidedly *not* out. Hartlepoons, are they? Urith's sisters? They are much prettier than she is."

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE BOWER OF BLISS.

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest and youthful jollity."

I was looking at the sweet girls with great complacency, when Miss Poulter, who seemed to consider me a useful intelligence and safe listener, resumed with—

"Who is that tall, lanky young man talking to Urith?"

"Mr. Meggot."

"Humph! Seems to think enough of himself."

"He was head boy at Marlborough."

"Head and shoulders too, he might have been. There's plenty of him."

I did not think this witty, though I was expected to smile. Presently he passed from Urith to Helen, and evidently began pressing her to dance. Though I could not hear a word, I liked watching the dumb show, he was so pliant and easy. There was evidently some rillery going on that amused them much; then he carelessly and gracefully led her to her place and I enjoyed looking at their dancing. It reminded me of a line in an old song—

"Like waving corn her mien."

Miss Poulter's reflections were different. She said,

"Miss Helen Hartlepool resembles the Venus de Medici in one thing—she has large feet—but she knows how to handle them neatly."

I said, "If they are like those of the Venus de Medici, I should think they must be just what they ought to be—which she herself is, to my mind. She is such a sweet girl!"

Miss Poulter touched my arm and softly said, "Another green-grocer." I looked and saw a man carrying a tray of negus, which it required great strength to support so long with outstretched arms, while people helped themselves leisurely. When he came to us, Miss Poulter entered into conversation with him, which I thought cruel of her, and then took a second glass. The poor man seemed to think this neither the time nor place for her inquiries, and abruptly passed on, looking red in the face and ready to drop.

"It really must be quite refreshing, you know," said Miss Poulter, turning to me, "after a day of sordid care in a little mean shop, with perhaps a poor dinner, and two babies in a cradle, to step out of it all, clean shaven and spruce, into a scene like this, well warmed and lighted,

with lively music, and where, as Byron says, the lamps shine on fair women and brave men—at least we'll suppose them so!—and all in the way of earning money, not spending it. People talk of the privations of the poor, but I think they have their privileges too. May I trouble you to put down my glass?"

I was quite glad to do so, because it gave me the opportunity of changing my place; and Blanche, bright and light as a fairy, seized my hand and said energetically,

"Bessy, don't go back! come here into what Basil calls the Bower of Bliss,"—and she led me into a prettily draped recess, with a low couch running around it, where we could look at the mazy scene from the loopholes of retreat, and where Mrs. Hartlepool and then Urith had a few pleasant words to say, and one or two pleasant people came and went. I was again asked to dance, but had quite made up my mind. I did not want to do so.

By and by Mr. Basil Hartlepool came to us, and said—

"Miss Lyon? how nice! I am come to rest my weary dislocated frame in the bower of repose, and you two will be cushions for my exhausted mind. I'm very hungry too. Blanche, those refreshment-men are overlooking us most unhandsomely. Go and draw their attention to us—we want something to recruit our strength."

Blanche laughed and obeyed his bidding, and presently we were all supplied. Mr. Meggot, who had previously greeted me with a strong stare, now sauntered up, and said in a hollow voice—

"What are you people after?"

"Eating on the sly. Don't tell."

"Give me some, or I'll peach."

"All gone. More to-morrow."

"You villain."

We all laughed. Basil then took my glass, and said with a dolorous sigh, he supposed he must now return to the field of battle. He thanked us much for having assuaged his sufferings.

After this, Marianne flew to us, all smiles; but had scarcely settled down

like a snow-flake beside me, when some one came to ask her to dance; and who should he be but her cousin Tom! He had arrived unexpectedly, and came in with quite a whiff of sea freshness about him; eyes burning bright and color like carmine. Marianne colored vividly, she was so surprised and glad to see him. He immediately said, "I've no partner—be mine!—be mine!"

"I'm engaged to Mr. Clayton," said she, regretfully; and her partner came up that moment to claim her.

"Oh, Mr. Clayton will excuse you, I dare say. We haven't seen each other for a long while, sir,"—which tickled Mr. Clayton so that he laughed immoderately.

"I don't know what to say about it," said he; "the honor and pleasure of dancing with Miss Marianne Hartlepool will be quite as great to me as to you."

"Oh, excuse me, that cannot be," said Tom. "I'll explain it all to you another time. Here's Miss Lyon unprovided with a partner. Miss Lyon, Mr. Clayton," and away he led Marianne in spite of her remonstrating.

Mr. Clayton said to me quickly, "Are they engaged?"

"Oh no, I'm sure they are not," said I. "She's too young."

"I don't know about that," said he, laughing. "May I have the pleasure—?"

"Oh no, thank you—I don't dance."

So then he walked off, and amused himself with hanging about Tom for some time afterwards, making as though he were going to remonstrate, by beginning "But Mr. Hartlepool!"—"But Mr. Thomas!"—"But Mr. Tom!"—which Tom pretended not to hear.

Most of the rest of the evening is lost in the haze of distance. At supper, during a great buzz of voices and noise of spoons, forks, and plates, green-grocer John, with a champagne bottle in his hand, whispered, "The gentleman's waiting, Miss;" and as I was near the door, I hastily left my place, which was immediately filled by some one who had been standing, and escaped to the tea-room. There I found my dear father waiting

for me, sure enough, and very cold, though he made light of it. When we stepped into the outer air, where a cab was in waiting, I found there had been a heavy fall of snow; and we did not get home till what my father called "almost too early to go to bed."

My kind mother had caudle ready for us, and said, "Don't let it cool—you can tell me to-morrow of your doings."

So I obeyed instructions, went to bed warm, and sadly overslept myself next morning; but my father went off to business at the usual time.

Dear creatures! when I think of them both, my eyes fill with tears. How kind they were to me! How indulgent, generous, and self-denying! I thought a good deal more, at the time, of the brilliant party than of their goodness; but now, the lighted rooms, the delightful music, the various and pretty dresses, the graceful movements, the playful sayings, have all died out of memory—disappeared with that winter's snows. My parents' goodness lives as fresh as ever.

I felt quite jaded when I rose, and was horrified to find how late it was. My mother was sitting at work beside a cheerful fire, with my breakfast spread on the table. Outside all was buried in snow. She was afraid I had taken cold. I stoutly denied it, but she said:—

"Why, you are as hoarse as the frog in the song. You must keep in the house till your cold has gone off."

This was not a very disagreeable remedy, except that it prevented my calling on the Hartlepoons; but my mother said—

"Depend on it, they will have plenty of callers without wanting you, and you can talk the party over with me—" which I did very thoroughly. At last I thought my mother had had enough of it, though I had not; and then I applied myself to plain work, which I felt more in the humor for just then than reading. Besides, I owed my mother my best assistance in measuring and cutting out, when she had lately worked so indefatigably for me; and my cold made me

glad of employment that could be carried on at the fireside.

Meanwhile my father daily brought us home dismal newspaper accounts of shipwrecks and disasters at sea, fires, robberies, distress among the Spitalfields weavers, low fevers in Essex, &c., and my mother used to cry, "God help the poor souls!" and brood over their trials, which made our fireside comforts seem more precious. Very kind, too, was she to the poor, according to her means, and in minutiae that would not have occurred to many housekeepers. A cup of hot tea, the last slice of a loaf, a basin of broth or arrowroot, a potato, a shred of cold meat, comforted many a poor wretch out of work. It was in talking at the door to one of these, who would by no means set foot inside, that she caught a severe cold, which grew worse as mine got better.

Thus our cases were reversed, and very much we coddled and petted one another. At length she became well enough for me to look after the Hartlepoons, which she proposed herself, saying—

"They will think it strange, my dear, that you have not been near them, not knowing how poorly you have been, nor how occupied and anxious I have made you. Only wrap up well, and give my kind love to Urith"—meaning Mrs. Hartlepool, whom she spoke of but rarely by her Christian name.

"Ay, wrap up well, Bessy," added my father, "for good people are scarce, and this nasty influenza has set all London sneezing."

Fortified with extra wraps I set forth, glad to breathe the open air once more, which, compared with what it had been, felt very pleasant and refreshing. "The ways were foul," however, as Shakespeare says, and a fog coming on which rapidly grew thicker, so that when I entered Mr. Hartlepool's court-yard the air was almost the color of pea-soup.

A disconsolate-looking man-servant, evidently with a bad cold, opened the door, and answered my inquiry for Mrs. Hartlepool with

"Oh! ma'am, she's so ill!—we're all of us ill. Mistress is in bed. Miss Helen is in bed. Miss Eva and Miss Blanche keep their room. Miss Hartlepool is nursing Master Edwy in the measles."

At the same moment Marianne called over the banisters, in a hoarse and rather cross voice—

"Timothy, do shut the door! How can you think of keeping it open? Oh, Bessy!—" and, running down, she hastily took my hand and drew me into the little room, where there was a good fire. With a wadded hood over her head and shoulders, and a handkerchief held to her nose and mouth, she certainly looked deplorable.

"We're all as bad as can be," said she, hoarsely, "mamma worst of all. She *would* do too much for us all, and so is now laid up herself. You cannot think what a strait we are in. That selfish Fanny has taken this inconvenient time to leave, without warning, saying her aunt wants her, and we never knew she had an aunt. Dr. Grey has tried to get us a nursing sister or professional nurse, but they are all engaged or ill. So unfortunate, too, Edwy's taking the measles

just now. We can't think where he caught them. Urith is obliged to shut herself up with him, for fear of carrying the infection to Eva and Blanche. I am the only one well—"

"You?" said I, smiling; "why, you ought to be in bed too. Can I be of any assistance to you? I will gladly come and do my best."

"Oh, will you?" said she, joyfully. "We shall all be so glad! Mamma said only this morning, 'If we had but Bessy Lyon—'"

"I have been ill myself, and my mother has since been *very* ill, or I should have been here sooner—"

"Perhaps Mrs. Lyon cannot spare you?"

"Oh, yes, she can now. It was she who suggested my coming. Well, then, I will go home and tell her how things are, and return immediately."

"Oh, Bessy, you are *so* good!"—kissing me, with a tear in her eye.

"How is Helen?"

She could not help smiling. "Oh, Helen is in bed, with an unlimited supply of oranges. You never knew such a girl."

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### CURIOUS REPETITIONS IN HISTORY.

A NOTABLE feature of the present age is the discovery of law in regions hitherto unexplored.

What is more uncertain than the time of death? And yet a century ago an English clergyman extended insurance from property to life, and from the apparent chaos of mortality deduced a law under whose protection millions repose. A more recent advance includes *all* accidents, and a time may come when the harvests of grain and fruit shall be insured against the injuries of the weather.

The discoveries of Columbus were stimulated by the suspicion of land in the West to counterbalance the continents of the East; and physical geographers have expanded the idea until the earth, "without form and void," assumes a measured design; and oceans, islands, lakes, and mountains in the one hemisphere

are paralleled in the other. Science thus attests that "He hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand."

On the commemoration of Daniel Webster's birthday, Mr. Everett said: "His thoughts and conversation often turned upon the ocean and its great organic relations with nature and man. I have heard him allude to the mysterious analogy between the circulation carried on by the veins, arteries, heart and lungs, and the wonderful interchange of venous and arterial blood, that miraculous complication which lies at the basis of animal life, and that equally complicated and more stupendous circulation of river, ocean, vapor and rain, which, from the fresh currents of the rivers, fills the depths of the sea; then by vapory distillation carries the waters which are under the firmament up to the cloudy cisterns of waters

above the firmament, wafts them on the dripping wings of the wind against the mountain side, precipitates them to earth in the form of rain, and leads them again through a thousand channels, open and secret, to the beds of the rivers, and so back to the sea."

But is discovery limited to the mere physical? Shall chaos still prevail in that realm of mind where we most resemble God? Then, instead of looking *up* from Nature, we should look *down*—the body yield to the lily, and the gem pale before the casket. Then from such disproportioned discoveries we may anticipate a state of society paralleled by the days of Pericles or the French Encyclopædists. Is History to continue abnormal because it records the results of intelligent will? Does choice defy law? Quetelet declares that from the investigations of years there is more regularity in those results which allow of choice than in purely natural processes.

Personal identity is stamped on the vegetable, the animal, the spiritual. We recognize an author from his handwriting and style; we infer the laws from the character of the sovereign. Ascend yet higher to Him who is unchangeable identity, and we anticipate that History—his autograph—will continually repeat itself; that no event is isolated, but that all bear a certain resemblance, and all unite to proclaim "GOD IN HISTORY."

In the fourth Eclogue Virgil alludes to the successive golden, silver, brazen, and iron ages, whose returning cycle shall restore peace and plenty, realizing the last period of the Cumæan prophecy. The Assyrian Empire lasted 1580 years; the Egyptian, 1663; the Jewish, 1522; Grecian, 1410; Roman, 1129—an average of 1461 years, remarkable as the Sothic period, which comprehended the existence of the phoenix; and thus says D'Aubigné: "From the heights where thoughtful spirits climb, the world's history, instead of offering, as to the ignorant crowd, a confused chaos, appears a majestic temple which the invisible hand of God creates, and which rises to His glory above the rock of humanity."

Bishop Berkeley was a poet and a be-

nefactor, who devoted his life and fortune to American Education. Such a person was naturally a prophet, and in his only poem he thus predicts—

"Westward the course of empire takes its way—

The first four acts already past ;

The fifth shall close the drama with the day—

Time's noblest offspring is the last."

At a banquet in San Francisco, given to the Chinese embassy, the Hon. Mr. Burlingame thus spoke: "The first mission sent forth by one-third of the human race to the nations of the West has arrived. The hour is struck! The day has come for which Ricci, Verbrast, Schaal, Morrison, Milne, Bridgman, Culbertson (we may add Schwartz, Heber, Martyn, Boone), and a host of others lived, labored, and died—a day when the East should stretch out its arms towards the shining banners of Christianity and civilization." Doubtless this course of empire will advance westward through China and Japan, so auspiciously opened, and the nations of the East shall follow its ray until it returns to its starting-point on the plains of Bethlehem.

When Benjamin West visited Rome in 1760, he met a famous improvisatore, who, learning that an American had come to study the fine arts, at once addressed him with the ardor of inspiration and to the music of the guitar: "All things of heavenly origin, like the glorious sun, move westward, and Truth and Art have their *periods of shining and night*. Rejoice, then, O venerable Rome, in thy Divine destiny, for, though darkness overthrow thy seats, and though thy mitred head must descend to the dust, thy spirit, immortal and undecayed, already spreads towards a new world."

*The Courier des États-Unis* sets forth in a striking manner the similitude of the leading events in the downfall of Charles X. and Louis Philippe; both kings were dethroned at the age of 74; both abdicated in favor of grandsons each 10 years old. The previous combat with the people lasted in each case three days. During the year preceding each fall, bread rose to an exorbitant price, and, as if nature

sympathized with portentous events, terrific storms arose immediately after each downfall. Indeed the similarity will surprise any one not accustomed to the perpetual parallels of history. "For very mysterious as the government of God is, yet we may observe throughout that His providences have a tendency to unfold themselves again and again under analogous circumstances and in similar results, and all these going on to further developments in that which is infinite." And this remark of Dr. Isaac Williams is illustrated by the fact that the Israelites went out of Egypt and Christ was put to death on the fifteenth day of the month Nisan—a coincidence not intended by man. (Matt. xxvi. 5.) And the conquest of Judea by Pompey, B.C. 63, was on the very day when the Jews were commemorating its previous capture by Nebuchadnezzar.

Nor is our brief American history wanting in such parallels. The Fourth of July, 1776, was the birthday of our National Independence. The two most distinguished men in the framing of the Declaration were Thomas Jefferson and John Adams—the only two of the fifty-five that sustained it who were elected Presidents of the United States. Precisely fifty years after they signed the paper they were taken from this world. This was indeed an extraordinary event in our history; but five years after, another President died on the same day and month of the year; and again on the 4th of July, 1863, a large army, with its fortifications, surrendered, and another army retreated after three days' battle. Let any one count the number of our Presidents, estimate their average age, their probable duration of life from that age, and then calculate the probabilities of two dying on the same day of the year, and another on the same day of another year, and he will find thousands of probabilities against one, and he must conclude that historic days reproduce themselves in their offspring.

Says Disraeli: "The heart of man beats on the same eternal springs; and whether he advances or retrogrades, he cannot

escape out of the march of human thought. Hence in the most extraordinary revolutions we discover that the time and place only are changed; for even when events are not strictly parallel we detect the same conducting principles. . . . . We have discovered the principles of prescience in the necessary dependence of effects on general causes, and we have shown that, impelled by the same motives and circumscribed by the same passions, all human events revolve in a circle, and we have opened the true source of this yet imperfect science of moral and political prediction in an intimate but discriminative knowledge of the past."

It is a curious fact that the most abnormal event of historic times, the French Revolution, "the most astonishing that has happened in the world," affords striking illustration of historic repetition. It flashed across the nations like the comet, with its portentous trail, but, like the comet, it revealed a beautiful and universal law. In the Reflections on the French Revolution, Mr. Burke says: "We do not draw the lessons we ought from history. A great volume is unrolled for our instruction, drawing the materials of future wisdom from the past errors and infirmities of mankind. . . . . You would not cure the evil by resolving that there should be no more monarchs, nor ministers of State, nor of the Gospel; no interpreters of the law, no general officers, no public councils. You might change the name, the things in some shape must remain. A certain *quantum* of power must always exist in the community. Wise men will apply their remedies to vices, not to names; to the causes of evil which are permanent, not to the occasional organs by which they act; otherwise you will be wise historically, a fool in practice. The very same vice assumes a new body; the spirit transmigrates, and, far from losing the principle of life by the change of its appearance, it is renovated in its new organs in juvenile activity. You are terrifying yourself with apparitions while your house is the haunt



of robbers. It is thus with those who, attending to the husk of history, think they are waging war with intolerance, pride, and cruelty, whilst, under color of abhorring the ill principles of antiquated parties, they are feeding the same odious vices in different factions, and, perhaps, worse."

These thoughts suggest the denunciation of those who build the tombs of the prophets and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous, and yet are witnesses that the spirit of their fathers is reproduced in themselves.

Says Disraeli: The French Revolution called our attention to the public and private history of Charles I. and Cromwell, and, taking a wider range, we found that in the governments of Greece and Rome the events of those times had only been reproduced. The same principles terminated in the same results, and the same personages in the same drama. "A History of the French Revolution, by a Society of Latin Authors," is actually written by the Roman historians themselves.

Mr. Burke illustrates the parallels of history by quoting a sermon of Dr. Price, a sympathizer with the Regicides, who, "viewing from the Pisgah of the pulpit" the free, moral, happy, and glorious condition of France, as in a bird's-eye landscape of a promised land, breaks out in the following rapture: "What an eventful period is this! I am thankful that I have lived to it. I could almost say: *Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.* I have lived to see thirty millions of people, indignant and resolute, spurning at slavery and demanding liberty with an irresistible voice, their king led in triumph, and an arbitrary monarch surrendering himself to his subjects." To this rhapsody Mr. Burke replies: "The last century seems to me to have been quite as enlightened as the present. It had, though in a different place, a triumph as memorable as that of Dr. Price, and some of the great preachers of that period partook of it as eagerly as he has done in the triumph of

France. On the trial of Rev. Hugh Peters for high treason, it was deposed that when King Charles was brought to London for his trial, the apostle of liberty on that day conducted the triumph. 'I saw,' said the witness, 'his majesty in the coach with six horses, and Peters riding before the king triumphing.' Dr. Price only follows a precedent, for, after the commencement of the king's trial, this precursor, the same Dr. Peters, concluding a long prayer at the Royal Chapel, said: 'I have prayed and preached these twenty years, and now I may say, with old Simeon, "*Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.*"' Peters had not the fruits of his prayer, for he neither departed as soon as he wished nor in peace."

In the History of France Eyre Crowe observes that up to the hour of Robespierre's sway the popular force had ever prevailed over that of the government, over absolute royalty under the constitutional assembly, over constitutional royalty under the legislature, over legal and organized republicanism in the convention; but now Robespierre made his stand and vanquished the people. Like a diver, the moment he touches the bottom springs rapidly back towards the surface, the Revolution commenced to reascend, passing the same currents which it had traversed in its descent, rising from Jacobinism to Girondism, and from Girondism to Royalism, and at last to absolute power. The descent and ascent filled nearly the same period—the one from 1789 to 1794, the other from 1794 to the ascendancy of Bonaparte in 1799. Says Vergniaud: "I perceive, citizens, that the Revolution, like Saturn, will devour its own children."

History abounds not only in repeated acts; but in *personal repetitions*, and, what is remarkable, the features of character may disappear for generations, and then come up with the vividness of identity. Physicians observe the same in regard to diseases, which appear to leave the family, and then, after years of exemption, break out in their former intensity.

Grindon on the Law of Rejuvenescence, says that ideas never die; out of fashion for a while, lost perhaps for generations, they bide their time. They revive, as Ovid says, "in nova corpora mutata." What the many are, such is the individual. The parallel is exact between the soul of man and society. "Every man," says Sir Thomas Browne, "is not only himself. There have been many Diogeneses and many Timons, though but few of the name. Men are lived over again; the world is now as in ages past; there was none then, but there has been some one since, that parallels him, and is as it were his revived self."

As a certain state of the atmosphere develops the lightning flash, or a cold degree precipitates the dew, so a certain condition of society brings either the resistance of the many or the despotism of one. Says Demosthenes to the Athenians: "If there were no Philip, your inertness would create one." The hands of time move slowly but surely, and then comes "the hour and the man."

Before the execution of Louis XVI., when Napoleon was unknown, Mr. Burke thus wrote: "In the weakness of one kind of authority, and in the fluctuations of all, the officers of the army will remain mutinous and full of faction, until some popular General who understands the art of conciliating the soldiery, and who possesses the true art of command, shall draw the eyes of men to himself. Armies will obey on his personal account, but the moment when that shall happen the person who commands the army is your master."

The reader will recognize the repetition of Elijah in John the Baptist, and may trace the parallel in many minute surroundings. Indeed, history abounds in such instances, like the sun-gleam repeated in myriad billows. What martyred ecclesiastic resembled Joan of Arc? What political enthusiast? Questions like these, exercising the mind, invest history with fresh interest. It is no longer the sarcophagus of the past, but the living prophet of the future—unfabled Clio.

We see decay stamped on all the works of man. Where is the spirit of the early Greeks? The mountains look on Marathon, seed-time and harvest continue, and these are types of a kingdom that changes not. Hence we understand that History is the writing of a hand that never grows old, the voice that never falters. With such sameness in nature and Providence, what may we expect in God's direct word?

Learned men have investigated parallel texts, and the number which, in 1611, was 6,000, had increased in 1785 to some 66,000. And doubtless further search will find many more hidden resemblances. We remark the same repetitions in the recorded *events* of the New Testament; Christ, both at the beginning and close of His ministry, expelled the traders from the Temple,—the same transaction after an interval of years. A woman that was a sinner anointed his feet, and subsequently Mary, the sister of Lazarus, did the same. Christ fed 5,000 in the wilderness on one occasion, and again 4,000 in the same way—the small loaves handed to the disciples, and the very fragments carefully numbered. Three times did Simon Peter deny Him, and thrice did He ask, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?"

A distinguished theologian observes that, "after an examination of the text of Scripture for many years, in which every point has been tested at long intervals by frequent reviews, he invariably found that the very style of Scripture is constructed with a view to 'measure, weight, and number;' that as in nature every precious stone has its number which science can ascertain, so in revelation every idea has its arithmetical expression; and whenever any given idea is prominent there, a careful analysis will reveal the proper number of that idea either in its simple form or in some expressive multiple."

With such success in discovering the parallelisms of Holy Scripture, is it not strange that the principle has not been introduced into general history—a polyglot concordance of general events?

Who will introduce such a volume? The beginning would doubtless be imperfect, but increased relationships would be found in ages and events apparently disconnected. There might be the parallelism of events on the same recurring day, the repetition of historical persons—of remarkable epochs, and all this illustrating the reflection of the philosophic king: "The thing that has been shall be."

Let us take some benefactor and we shall find him closely allied to a noble line of ancestry and descendants, numerous relations gladly associating to perpetuate his memory with the wreath *immortelle*. What cumulative force does a single deed or benefactor derive from such association? What elevation of thought from a lineage commanding universal regard?

In the absence of real history, the human heart creates the imaginary and transfers its feelings to the Deities of Mythology, or to the discursive animal; and as the mind has, like the body, its identity through all ages, we may expect the fabled creations of the past realized in our midst. Hence Tantalus grasps the delusive viands, Ixion ceaselessly turns the wheel, the Danaidæ draw water in sieves, and Prometheus, sacrilegious, is the vulture's victim; the wolf still seeks pretexts for the lamb's destruction, and the dog loses the substance in the shadow. If *fables* have such potency, how closely related must the real events of history be to each one's own experience? How nearly do they come home? "The past is a biography; all that Shakespeare says of the king, yonder boy that reads in a corner feels to be true of himself." I understand John Bradford pointing to a criminal and saying, "There goes myself." I am interested in the knock that startled Macbeth, for I have heard the same; and Hamlet convicts the guilty king by representing his own personal history.

Why is the mind so capricious in its tastes? I am surrounded with books which for months are as little attractive as though written in Sanscrit. But all at once the slighted volumes become interesting, and I revel in pages which re-

cently were my aversion. Why is this? "The mind, like the universe, has its pervading law; and the soul, like the solar system, gravitates according to the plan of balancing forces and returning cycles." I sympathize with the incipient revolution as I feel the oppression of some exacting land-holder. I shrink from such sympathy when a Robespierrian crowd threatens institutions I love. That boy resisting the little tyrant in the village Hampden; or, isolated from human sympathy, in his rough nature he becomes the juvenile Crusoe, until some vessel recognizes his signal and gives him relief. The fellowship of suffering obliterates all time, locality, persons. He is not merely my neighbor; he is myself repeated in the hungry, the sick, and the stranger. "What is the foundation of that interest all men feel in Greek history, letters, art, and poetry, in all its periods, from the Homeric age down to the domestic life of the Athenians and Spartans, four or five centuries later? What but this, that every man passes personally through a Grecian period;" and thus, as the traveler may now go around the world, visiting all climes, so in the revolution of mental periods he may live in all ages, become personally interested in their welfare, and anticipate the rising issues of the future.

We might infer the unity of historical events from that modern miracle-worker, *analogy*, which has made every advance a stand-point for new discoveries. A German astronomer for thirty years observed the sun spots, and was rewarded by ascertaining that they recurred in periods of eleven years, and, strange to say, that the periods of magnetic disturbance coincide with the recurring solar spots. There is then established a relationship unsuspected, which, prior to long-continued observation, had never entered imagination's range. Now if we examine the events of history we cannot avoid the inference of a connection yet closer than that which has been mentioned, closer to each other and to ourselves, and that because the world is one.

"There is," says Bishop Butler, "a much more exact correspondence between the natural and moral world than we are apt to take notice of." How closely allied then must the *moral* events of the same world be? How indestructible the influence of a single historic deed? Its penetrating force may exceed

any physical connection. "It is a personal reminiscence. A man is the whole encyclopædia of facts, the creation of a thousand forests in one acorn."

What an impetus should historic study receive from such considerations! History becomes a life—its various dates resemble the scattered bones of the desert.

### THE SIXTH SENSE.

It has been suspected by students of natural history that some of the inferior animals not only have the five senses common to the human race, often active to a degree unattainable by man, but possess others of which we have no experience. Of course it is as impossible for us to conceive of these unknown senses as for a man blind from his birth to acquire a true idea of light, or a deaf mute to form a right conception of music.

Naturalists tell us, for instance, that ravens, which feed upon noxious and decaying substances, "obtain intimation of the existence of such objects by means of some faculty of which we have little conception. Sight it cannot be, and we know of no fœtor escaping from an animal previous to putrescence, so subtle as to call these scavengers of nature from the extremity of one country to that of another; for it is manifest from the height they preserve in their flight, and the haste they are making, that their departure has been from some far distant station, having a remote and urgent object in contemplation."

Nor can we readily comprehend by what means snails and slugs discover that the maturity of fruit approaches. Before color or smell has revealed to human observers that the plum is ripe, these slow and slimy animals have found it out, and have made their long and gradual journey to the precise spot—endued with what faculty for the purpose of discerning their food from afar, we cannot conceive.

And still more wonderful is the instinct or sense by which the male of certain rare insects finds its female. My children found a large chrysalis one day, and placed it under a common glass tumbler

in their playroom, hoping to see the butterfly emerge from it. But after watching fruitlessly for many days, they almost forgot the thing, and, childlike, went in search of new specimens. One day, however, they came running to me, exclaiming, "Our butterfly has come out! our butterfly has come out! and it fills up all the tumbler!"

Poor thing! it had been born into a sphere too small for it, and its gay wings were bent and crumpled against the confining glass. We took it out gently, and placed it on a leafy spray in a shady part of the garden. It tried in vain to balance itself or fly, and only weakly and with an effort fanned its poor wings gently, as all new-born butterflies do, in order to dry them in the air, and let them grow firm and strong. But, unfortunately, its wings had already dried and stiffened in their cramped and crumpled shape, and never straightened.

The insect was a very large and beautiful moth, of a kind I had never seen before, and have seldom met with since. Before night its destined mate found it out from afar, and came to it in its hidden bower; so our poor spoiled butterfly lived her little life, laid her eggs, and passed away, not without having accomplished all that mother-moths can do, except the spending of a few short hours in floating about on her beautiful wings.

But what told that other moth where to find her? He could not see her, for she was hidden among the leaves, and there was neither sound nor odor to attract him. By no sense of which we have any knowledge could he have discovered her. He came by chance, you think? But naturalists will tell you that

this is the rule and not the exception; that this marvellous sense, this second sight, by which the butterfly finds his distant or concealed mate, is common to the race.

Thinking of these things, I recollected an expression used by Tupper (perhaps too much scorned now, as he was over-rated once). In his *Proverbial Philosophy* upon Immortality he counts among his hopes for the future state "*other senses*," and such there is reason to expect that the spiritual body may possess, as Isaac Taylor speculates and sets forth in his interesting *Physical Theory of Another Life*.

I was reminded, too, of a singular circumstance which occurred some years ago, which seemed to show that the human mind, when insane, that is, manifesting itself abnormally, without the right use of the ordinary gateways of knowledge, may sometimes stumble upon strange loopholes of communication with the outer world.

Here let me digress upon a line in "*In Memoriam*." The poet fears lest from "the happy dead" all memories of his earthly "days have vanished, tone and tint," even as the soul, if it had a pre-existent state, has lost all memory of it. These are his words:—

"How fares it with the happy dead?  
For here the man is more and more;  
But he forgets the days before  
God shut the doorways of his head."

"*Shut the doorways?*" I questioned, when I read it first. Does he not mean to say, before God *opened* his senses to this outer world? But no, in a purely spiritual existence the whole soul might stand open to direct influences from without, and in entering into this human form it would be imprisoned and shut off from access of the external universe, except through these five windows, left open for most of us. If no human soul ever entered from a conscious wider sphere into this cell of earthly clay, there have been intelligences, angelic and divine, which have so entered for a time. Who among

us can conceive how narrow and confined would seem to them the range of communication with God's universe which is all that is possible to us?

But to relate my little story. When I was a young man I was one of the two bass singers in a New England village choir. The other was Deacon White, who had charge of the town poor. For want of asylums and public institutions in the place, he was often obliged to have undesirable inmates in his house. In the winter season, when the church was too cold for us to sing there, we had choir-meetings around at different houses, and one evening we met at Deacon White's. At that time he had two poor miserable insane women, in cages, in his house. He was very kind to them, and acquired great influence over them, so that he could quiet and control them in their paroxysms, and they respected him, and would obey him to some extent. He went to them before we arrived that evening, and told them that the choir was coming there to sing, and that he hoped they would be very good, and not disturb him and his friends. They promised to be quiet, and until the singing began they kept their word. But we had hardly finished the first hymn when there arose an outcry which the Deacon vainly attempted to ignore. The first soprano giggled, and the dear little alto, whom I had brought with me across the crusted snows of Cranberry Meadow, turned pale with alarm.

The Deacon was called out. One of his crazy inmates had sent for him. She *must* see him that moment. So he went, and I spent my time in reassuring the timid little alto.

"Why Polly!" said the Deacon, "didn't you promise me to be quiet and not disturb me while my friends were here?"

"Yes, I know," she answered; "but isn't there a man down there by the name of Hubbard?"

"Yes, there is," said the Deacon; "do you know him?"

"No; but go and ask him if his mother's name isn't Harriet."

"Oh, never mind!" said the Deacon,

"he is busy now; we want to sing. Be good and quiet."

"But you *must* ask him," she shrieked, "and if his mother is Harriet Hubbard I want to see him."

She was so wild and imperious that the Deacon came and called me out. "Hubbard," he said, "one of those crazy women is asking for you by name, and wants to know if your mother's name is Harriet."

"It is," I replied, much surprised.

"She says she must see you, so perhaps you had better come, if you don't mind it, and pacify her."

I assented, and we went up stairs to a large bare chamber where the unfortunate women were lodged. Polly was staring with wild eyes behind the bars.

"Your name Hubbard?" she screamed.

"It is."

"Your mother's name Harriet?"

"Yes."

"I knew it must be. I knew it!"

"Did you know her?" I asked.

"I saw her once, ever so long ago; it was at Clarinda Higgins' wedding. You ask her."

"But how did you know I was here?"

"Heard you singing. Knew your voice. Knew it was Harriet Hubbard's boy. Of course it was."

"Can I do anything for you?"

"Do? Of course not! No one can do anything for me."

"Well, Polly," said the Deacon, "you've seen Hubbard, now lie down and be quiet, and we will go and sing. They are waiting for us."

"Well, I will," she said. "You ask your mother if she didn't see Polly Wool at Clarinda's wedding?"

So we went down stairs, and had no more disturbance from the forlorn creatures in the cages.

When I went home I asked mother about poor Polly.

"Yes, I saw her," she said. "It was fourteen years ago last Thanksgiving. Clarinda was the daughter of a well-to-do farmer in our town, and when she was married they gave a party which was long talked of in the neighborhood. Polly was a handsome young woman, with unsteady black eyes, that looked strange and wild then. Poor thing! poor thing!"

"But, mother," I asked, "did you sing at the party?"

"Sing? No, of course not. I never was much of a singer."

"Then how did she recognize your voice in mine?"

"I'm sure I cannot tell, nor even how she could if I had sung, since I never sang bass! We played games in the great kitchen, so, of course, there was talking."

"It was a pretty gay evening," said my father. "Your mother was lively and entertaining; her troublesome boy was away at his grandmother's, and she hadn't a care on her mind."

They went on talking of the merry party at the farm-house, which had made so deep an impression on poor Polly's mind. But the unsolved mystery of her recognition of my mother's voice in mine grew no clearer. It puzzled me then, and it puzzles me now. There was no marked peculiarity in the voice she had heard so many years before. There was nothing unusual in mine. What could there be in that heavy bass of mine, rolling out our old-fashioned fuguing hymn-tune, in common with the light treble of a woman's talk at play? What recognizable relationship could they have, and by what insight was it discovered?

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## THE JESUITS IN THE MIDDLE KINGDOM.

THE phenomenon of an anchoritic nation, self-centred and secluded, like the Happy Valley of Prince Rasselas, is a possibility which belongs only to the past. Its most successful realization has been among the

Chinese, whose vast dominions the red hand of war has but lately opened, prying forcibly apart the two-leaved gates which have slowly swung upon their rusty hinges to admit Western civilization.

The Pacific Railroad has brought the Flowery Land alongside of the Western world, and not unnaturally we are turning to that ancient realm to ask of the languages, the customs, the religion, and the history of that strange people whose future is to be so closely interwoven with our own.

With our civilization we are sending missionaries to begin the stupendous task of infusing Christianity into that remarkable national character, which has remained for centuries essentially unaffected by external influence. The attempt is not a new one. Ages since, the Nestorians essayed the same, and in the days of the Crusades the Church of Rome established brilliant but ephemeral missions, which were swept away with the expulsion of the Tartars.

But it is too often overlooked, that more than three hundred years ago new forces appeared in the field, earnest, skillful, brave, and persevering, who achieved a great and permanent success. It is with the introduction and spread of this new and powerful religious element in China that we are at present concerned.

The history of the Jesuits in China begins in the year 1583, when the celebrated Francis Xavier, having long preached to the natives of India, and desiring to enter into the regions beyond, made desperate efforts to reach the millions of China. But on his arrival at the mouth of the Canton River, he learned that strangers were debarred from entering the country, and that if he attempted to land he would be imprisoned or put to death. But, persisting in his resolution, this devoted missionary induced a Chinese to convey him in the night to the shore of an island off the coast. But here he was seized with a mortal illness, and after a few days of suffering died, actually in sight of the vast empire into which he had hoped to carry the light of the gospel.

From the death of Xavier until about the year 1580 no progress was made in introducing Romish missions into China. But when once they had gained a foothold, they maintained themselves with a tenacity of life truly astonishing, and,

multiplying with marvelous rapidity, they spread over all China, obtaining for 150 years an influence with the government of that vast empire, perhaps unequalled in the annals of any other missions, ancient or modern.

These extraordinary successes, for 100 years from 1582, the date of the landing of the first Jesuit missionaries, were intimately connected with the lives of three remarkable men, who occupied at the court of the Son of Heaven a position without parallel in any Protestant missions.

The first of these accomplished men was Matthew Ricci, who was born in Ancona, on the Adriatic, in the very year in which Xavier yielded up his spirit in the humble hut on the Chinese island, and all the indomitable zeal of that tireless apostle seemed to have passed into the soul of this his worthy successor.

He waited long at the Portuguese town of Macao for some plausible pretext for entering the populous city of Canton. At length, in 1582, under color of acting as civil ambassador, and conveying rich presents, consisting of articles unknown to Chinese invention, he, in company with Roget, another Jesuit missionary, accomplished their purpose. The most potent instrument in overcoming the prejudice against the Western barbarians was a European clock, which had taken the fancy of one of those ubiquitous officials who abound everywhere in China, appointed to every office conceivable, and often to no office at all, and who are known as Mandarins. These Mandarins, however, as the Jesuits afterward discovered, to their imminent peril, though wielding great power, hold it by the most fragile tenure, and are liable, like an insect upon a squirrel cage, to be projected from their position at every slight revolution.

After various alternations of apparent success and utter failure in the effort to obtain a foothold in Canton, permission was at length accorded to the indefatigable missionaries to build a residence for themselves and a pagoda for their god. Here again they were nigh to a shipwreck of all their hopes, for upon

the construction of an object so totally incomprehensible to the Chinese mind as a two-story house, by two Western barbarians, the jealousy of the natives was so aroused that they had almost destroyed both the missionaries and their edifice, mistaking the former for spies, and the latter for a fort.

After a time the fathers began to hold familiar discourses in their chapels, and the Mandarins, then as now, would listen to their observations upon God, the soul, and salvation, from mere curiosity, or, as they themselves say, to amuse their hearts a little. They were often courteous enough to declare the doctrines which they heard perfect and unanswerable, but, on going away, they assumed their habitual indifference, and became just as Chinese as ever.

The missionaries soon found that if they were to exert any influence upon the proud and conceited Chinese, it must be by impressing them with the fact that barbarians are men of learning. Accordingly they wrote treatises upon various subjects, which they distributed among a people always eager for books, and especially for those containing matters of novelty; and thus the foreign doctors acquired a wide reputation.

Perhaps none of their devices was more ingenious nor of more beneficial influence than the construction of a map. The Chinese believe that the sky is round, but the earth square, and that their empire is situated in the very midst of it; and when they find our maps putting China in a corner of the extreme east they are very angry. But by placing the first meridian of the Fortunate Islands at the margin, right and left, Ricci, to their great satisfaction, brought the empire of China into the centre. At first, the pictures which the missionaries exhibited in their residences and at their pagoda, representing the Virgin Mary, gave currency to the report that the Western devils worshiped a woman; but by degrees the celebrity of these lettered barbarians became so great that every Mandarin who passed by was in the habit of paying them a visit. The

clocks, which struck the hour of themselves; the map, with all the countries of the earth; and the paintings, of such astonishing perfection that the persons represented appeared alive, astonished the Mandarins and the literary men of China, who were obliged to admit that the barbarians of the West had some glimmer of intelligence. Father Ricci also had made himself familiar with the language of China, and interested and amused them so much by his conversation that they could not but allow that the Western devil had almost sense enough for a Chinese.

It soon became evident to Ricci, from his experience, that he could hope for no permanent success in his mission without penetrating to Peking, and establishing relations between himself and the central government. But as his residence at Canton was simply on sufferance, and the mission there was in constant danger of extinction at each change of Mandarins, it was not easy to see how the formidable task of accomplishing a journey for hundreds of miles, through a country hostile to all barbarians whatever, and to a hostile court, could be achieved. Let us suppose that for a foreigner to be found within the limits of the United States were equivalent to banishment, imprisonment, or death. Should, then, some indefatigable Feejee Islander effect a landing at Savannah, and attempt to make his way alone and unaided across many States, at the daily peril of his life, to an unfriendly government holding court at Chicago, that he might present himself as an ambassador of his unknown, remote, and despised tribe, and a herald of a barbarous and obnoxious religion, would not his temerity afford surprise and his success astonishment? Yet this would be an exploit scarcely greater than that actually accomplished by Ricci. The history of seven years—from 1594 to 1601—is filled with records of his marvelous labors and trials. Any ordinary man must have sunk under such repeated disappointments, but Ricci was indomitable, and his perseverance was well rewarded, for in the month of Jan-



uary, 1601, he entered Pekin by express order of the Emperor, who had heard of the wonderful machine brought by the Western barbarians, which struck the hours of itself, and was filled with curiosity to see it.

Father Ricci's presents were sent to court, where they excited general admiration. The great pictures caused, indeed, some alarm, because the faces and the eyes were so full of animation; but the clocks roused to the utmost the curiosity of the Emperor and his court. Unfortunately, they were a little out of order, but three eunuchs were appointed to learn the art of winding them up, and a special office was created for the discharge of this great duty.

Ricci was now established not only in Pekin, but within the precincts of the imperial palace. He was no sooner settled than he began to diffuse his doctrines, and in a few years he had succeeded in converting to his religion several persons of distinction. The number of Christians continued to increase, and the strange doctrine soon spread from the capital to distant cities, especially Shanghai, where a Mandarin of great talents and influence professed himself a follower of Christ. The exertions and example of this new convert, who took the name of Paul, did very much to promote the cause of Ricci, and it was owing in part to the great influence of this important neophyte that in 1605 three princes of the imperial family were added to the converts.

The remarkable works in science and religion which Ricci published in Pekin greatly influenced public opinion in his favor. Many brilliant conversions had been made among the first magistrates of the capital, and even in the imperial college of Han-Sin. When it became noised abroad that two of that learned body had received baptism, there was a marked increase in the respect with which Christians were treated. In 1605 the missions in Pekin already counted more than 200 neophytes. It may be easily seen from this astonishing progress that Ricci must himself have been a most

indefatigable laborer. These multifarious occupations and cares, however, rapidly reduced his strength. His constitution was utterly broken down, and he died on the 11th of May, 1610, at the age of fifty-eight.

Ricci had spent only twenty-seven years in China, but during that time he had executed a herculean task. He was the first Catholic missionary of modern times who penetrated the empire, and at his death there were more than 300 churches in the different provinces. Few men have ever lived who have accomplished so much in so short a time as this Jesuit.

The second great light among the Romish missionaries in China appeared some time after the death of Ricci, in the person of Adam Schaal, a German Jesuit, whose talents and learning soon placed him at the head of all his brethren, and ranked him among the most distinguished men in the empire, at least equal to Ricci. The great influence of Schaal at the court of Pekin extended from the year 1628 until within a short time of his death, in 1665, or nearly thirty-seven years. Most of this long time was principally occupied by him in scientific labors among the Chinese, of the most remarkable character. Immediately on his arrival at the capital he was placed at the head of the Board of Celestial Literature, but he was subject to constant annoyance from the government astronomers, who could not, without jealousy, see strangers appointed to the chief position in their academy. The Emperor, anxious to bring their respective merits to a test, ordered the Chinese astronomers and the Jesuits to make separate calculations of an approaching eclipse and to send the results to court. As the fathers had made their observations with the closest attention, their statement was found, when the eclipse took place, to be verified in every point, while that of the astronomers of China was quite at fault; but the latter only conceived from their defeat a hatred against the missionaries still more virulent.

A large part of the extraordinary in-

fluence which these early missionaries exerted was due solely to their great scientific attainments, which it must be confessed were remarkable for any men, and might well do credit to their age. Whatever is valuable in Chinese astronomical science has been borrowed from the treatises of Roman Catholic missionaries. The accuracy of their observations, fixing the position of innumerable places throughout the Chinese empire, has been attested by the highest authorities. There was scarcely any knowledge, art, or science, to which the missionaries had not at some time turned their attention. They constructed clocks and musical instruments for the Emperors, and could pass from astronomy and music to painting and sculpture. The precision of their surveys is still the wonder of the more exact science of our own day, and their maps of China have continued to be the basis of all others down to the present time.

In the year 1644, the great dynasty of Ming, which had occupied the throne for 266 years, came to an end, and the reigning Emperor, once the head of the greatest Empire in the world, perished.

In China, when a new Emperor or dynasty succeeds to the throne, one of the first steps is to prepare a new almanac. The importance of this document can scarcely be exaggerated. The Emperor sends it, as a token of his power, not only into every province of his own dominions, but also to tributary kingdoms, and not to accept the Emperor's almanac is to declare open rebellion against him. As soon, therefore, as the Tartars, who now seized the Empire, were fairly masters of it, it became necessary to have the calendar thoroughly revised, that their almanac might be sent over all the kingdom; and it was soon discovered that the Chinese astronomers were arrogant pretenders who knew nothing of their science; and after a public trial, in which they were once more defeated, Adam Schaal was triumphantly reinstated President of the Tribunal of Mathematics, as he had been under the former dynasty. This office was the most considerable and

the most coveted which the new Tartar government had to bestow, and Schaal now once more became a grand dignitary in the Empire. No man stood higher with the new Manchoo Emperor.

Upon the death of this Emperor, however, a formidable persecution arose during the minority of his successor, the great Khang-hi. The venerable Schaal, at the age of 74, was loaded with chains and cast into prison, together with a large number of converted Mandarins. Schaal, we are told, was sentenced to be strangled and minced, but, owing to a providential and intermittent earthquake, which shook the building and the resolution of the judges, he was not executed. But exhausted by infirmity, and the sufferings which he had no longer strength to endure, he sank under the outrages which he had received, and died in 1665, at the age of 76, after having successively enjoyed the respect and confidence of three Emperors, under two distinct dynasties.

The year 1666 was a memorable epoch for China. The young Emperor Khang-hi was still but a child, but a child of extraordinary precocity, who early gave evidences of those remarkable characteristics which made him the greatest monarch that ever sat upon the throne of the Celestial Empire. He was but 14 years of age when the death of the oldest Regent afforded him an opportunity for displaying a greatness of mind which awed all the court. He presented himself before them with noble confidence, in the midst of the imposing assembly of the Council of Regents, the Supreme Courts, and the grand dignitaries of the Empire, and after a moment of profound and solemn silence, he declared that the Council of Regency existed no longer, and that from that moment he would himself assume the reins of government. Nearly at the same time, at the other extremity of the world, a similar event had taken place—another powerful minister, who had governed a great Empire, had departed during the minority of the sovereign. Immediately after the death of Mazarin, the young Louis XIV. was

asked who was to govern France, and he replied: "I myself." Thus in the East and in the West, in countries differing so entirely in their civilization, were inaugurated under the same circumstances, at the same epoch, the two greatest reigns which have ever shed light upon the Chinese Empire and the French monarchy.

The reign of the great prince who now ascended the throne lasted from 1666 to 1722, more than 56 years, and during all that time the Jesuits were in favor with the government, and enjoyed rare facilities for extending their faith all over the Empire. Under their instruction, the Emperor studied and acquired a knowledge of European arts and sciences. Geometry, physics, astronomy, medicine, and anatomy were successively objects of his careful studies. He loved to have the Jesuits, to whom he was indebted for this instruction, around him; he esteemed their morals and protected their fellow-Christians, and had even given strong hopes that, but for his sudden death, he might have openly embraced Christianity.

During the reign of the great Khang-hi, we behold the third of that triplet of eminent men, whose talents and perseverance gave the Jesuit missions so much prestige, succeeding to the place left vacant in turn by Ricci and Schaal, and proving himself no unworthy successor. This was the celebrated Ferdinand Verbiest, who was summoned by Khang-hi to Peking, at the commencement of his reign, to reform the calendar, which he found full of the grossest mistakes, due to the ignorance and conceit of an arrogant Chinese philosopher who had been appointed President of the Board of Mathematics at the death of Adam Schaal. Verbiest soon convinced the Emperor that the calendar was in a state of inextricable confusion, unless a thorough revision were permitted; and he pointed out that the ignorant astronomer, considering that what cost nothing might be lavishly bestowed, had assigned thirteen lunar months to the following year, whereas but twelve were wanted. This

led to three public trials of skill between Verbiest and the Chinese astronomers in calculating the true position of the sun in the zodiac, from the length of the shadow. At each trial, which was made in the midst of an immense concourse of Mandarins, the sun did not fail, at the moment indicated, to fall upon the precise line traced by Father Verbiest to mark the extremity of the shadow, to the great astonishment of all the Mandarins. The third trial was made from the top of the astronomical tower, and with such distinguished success that even the enemies of the Jesuits could not refrain from doing Verbiest justice, and extolling the European method of calculation.

It is necessary to learn these facts to understand the almost unbounded influence which the Jesuits continued to maintain at court, during the life of this wise and learned sovereign. The new President of the Tribunal of Mathematics had reported that the intercalary month of the Chinese *savau* was incorrect and superfluous, and insisted upon its retrenchment; and although, in order to save the honor of the empire, 160 Mandarins protested against its removal, the Emperor cut the matter short by the issue of an edict for its suppression. The astonishment that prevailed throughout the empire, as well as among the neighboring nations, when it became known that a certain barbarian from the remotest West had been allowed to cut a month out of the calendar, it is difficult to describe. But from that time the reputation of Europeans rose greatly, and the Christians were able to anticipate a termination of their sufferings.

Under the tuition of Verbiest the Emperor studied Euclid, music, ethics, and astronomy. By his order Verbiest was charged with the difficult and important undertaking of constructing new astronomical instruments on European principles for the royal observatory, a work which he executed with the most complete success; and he afterwards wrote sixteen volumes in Chinese to explain the use of the machinery. These instruments

are still to be seen in the observatory at Peking, and are large, well made, and ornamented with figures of dragons of exquisite workmanship. But this was not all. Upon occasion of an insurrection in the Empire, the Emperor ordered Verbiest to cast for him a large number of pieces of artillery, although this missionary knew as little of this business as of ballooning, and it was utterly foreign to his tastes. Yet even this enterprise, after a year's labor, was conducted to a triumphant success, which was celebrated by the Emperor in a grand banquet, at which he made an address highly complimentary to Verbiest; and taking off his mantle of sables, and his tunic embroidered with the golden dragon, he gave them to the latter, in token of friendship.

Another great undertaking, in which the assistance of the missionaries was of the highest value to the Emperor, was the preparation of a map of the empire, intended at first to comprise only the countries bounded by the great wall, but afterwards extended to the whole of China. Eight years sufficed for the completion of this immense work, which does no less honor to the genius of the prince who conceived it, than to the industry and skill of those who carried it into execution. It is still, says Remusat, the greatest and most complete geographical work ever executed out of Europe.

Christian churches might now everywhere be counted by hundreds. In the midst of this prosperity, in the year 1688, Verbiest died. The Emperor himself pronounced the eulogy upon the great missionary who had departed, and even published a solemn edict as a testimony of his affection for him.

The genius of Verbiest would have done honor to the highest employments of the State. He would have shone as well in the cabinet as at the university. No missionary was ever more honored, and none of his brethren had perhaps so well deserved of the State.

The causes which led to the expulsion of the Jesuits, in 1736, were connected with a great controversy, which had been

in progress ever since their arrival in China, concerning the real meaning of the Chinese word for heaven, and the true significance of the rites paid to ancestors. The Jesuits had steadily maintained that these rites are purely civil, while the Franciscans and Dominicans contended that they are religious, and should not be tolerated. Each party appealed the case to the Pope, who gratified each, according to the last representation of the facts, with a bull announcing his decision. In 1645 the Dominicans procured Bull No. 1 from Pope Innocent X., which denounced the rites as superstitious and abominable. But the Jesuits were not idle, and on their part procured from Pope Alexander VII., in 1656, Bull No. 2, in which this pontiff declared that the ceremonies were merely political, and that their toleration was charitable. Here were two infallible decrees in virtual contradiction to each other, and they were followed by Bull No. 3, which maintained the validity of both the former, by declaring that the rites were forbidden to those who thought them idolatrous, but lawful to those who regarded them as civil. In the year 1699 the Jesuits at Peking committed the signal imprudence of appealing this question to the Emperor for his decision, which was that the rites are political, and not religious. But in 1704 another Pope contrived to complete the boxing of the compass upon this question, by the issue of Bull No. 4, from Clement XI., who declared that the rites are idolatrous and intolerable. The Papal See thus not only revoked its former decisions, but plunged itself into a contest with the Emperor of China. If the Popes had resolved to produce a grand religious drama, which should represent the fabled contest of the lion with the four discordant bulls, they could have pitched upon no more effective method than that which they pursued. They themselves furnished the bulls; the great Emperor was the lion. Khang-hi was not the man who would transfer to a Pope the right of legislating over his own subjects. In December, 1706, he

decreed that he would countenance those missionaries who preached the doctrines of Ricci, but persecute those who followed the contrary opinion.

These disputes between the various orders of missionaries, and the resistance of some converts to the Emperor's commands respecting the ancestral rites, together with the representations of his own officers upon the tendency of the new religion to undermine his own authority, gradually opened his eyes to the true character of the propagandists. In 1718 he forbade any missionary to remain in the country without permission from himself, given only upon promise to follow the rules of Ricci. Yet no European missionary could repair to China without subscribing a formula, in which he agreed fully and entirely to obey the orders of Clement XI. upon the ceremonies, and observe these injunctions without any tergiversation. It is a striking comment upon the state of morals then prevalent, that despite this necessitated perfidy, new missionaries from time to time continued to arrive. Khang-hi, whose vigilance was unbounded, was made acquainted with all these matters, and took his measures accordingly, gradually restraining the missionaries in their work, and keeping them about him at court, while he allowed persecutions in the provinces.

The great Khang-hi died suddenly in the year 1722, and the ruin of the Jesuits, already impending, was soon made complete. His successor was Yung-ching, who was no sooner seated upon the throne than he issued a decree ordering all missionaries not required at Peking for scientific purposes to leave the country, by which means more than 300,000 converts were deprived of teachers. This edict of Yung-ching, in 1724, forms an epoch in Romish missions to China. From the hour in which this Emperor ascended the throne to the date of the recent treaties, at the close of the late wars, it has been only at the peril of loss of all earthly goods, and often at the cost of life itself, that a Chinese could embrace the Romish faith.

The history of Catholic missions in China for a period of 125 years, from

1725 to 1850, is written in blood. There have been frequent and violent persecutions, in which it is but simple justice to say that the native converts have displayed the most indomitable fortitude. Yet, in spite of the most extreme measures taken against them, the number of Catholic converts has constantly continued to increase, and is to-day probably larger than ever. The most recent and trustworthy returns report in the 18 provinces, at the present time, no less than 20 bishops, 233 priests, besides as many more native priests, 12 colleges with 330 students, and more than 360,000 converts.

In the diplomatic intercourse which followed the great war with England, the French, ever mindful of Papal interests, contrived to secure a recognition of the Romish faith as a privileged religion. These concessions were afterwards more specifically defined by an explicit proclamation, and in 1860 a French treaty was signed which gives them all the liberty which they could desire.

A recent American traveler has given an account of a most extraordinary stroke of finesse, by which the prospects of the Romish missions in China have been nearly revolutionized. When the Catholics were expelled from China, in 1736, their whole property was confiscated. But through all these years Rome has been vigilant. When the French brought forward the late treaty, one article stipulated that all the property confiscated more than 100 years ago should be restored to the Jesuits. "It is impossible," said the Emperor's ministers. "It must be done," was the reply of the French Commission. "Who can tell how it was situated? How can it be identified? There have been great commotions and great changes since then. We cannot find it," said the ministers. "Of course," replied the bland Commissioners, "there may be some difficulty, but, if the fathers of the church can identify the property, your Highnesses will restore it." "Oh yes, if they can show that it was once owned by the church," was the reply, and the article went into the treaty.

A few months later, the fathers appeared at Pekin with a great bundle of title-deeds and documents yellowed by time, and mouldy from their long repose in the archives of the Propaganda at Rome. The Emperor's ministers were confounded, but there was no help for it; and so the church to-day is in possession of immense estates in nearly every city in the empire. This restoration of the confiscated property has given the church of Rome great vantage-ground. They are now exerting themselves to the utmost to employ this power, and with very considerable success. The income from these estates is enormous. No estimate can be made of the amount, which is known only to the fathers, who keep their own counsels. A cathedral is in process of erection in Canton which is to cost \$3,000,000. It is reported that another, quite as magnificent and costly, is to be erected at Pekin, and churches are springing up in nearly every important city in China.

Rome takes a long look ahead. She is educating for the future. Foundlings are picked up by the hundred and the thousand; poor parents sell their children for a trifle, parting with them that they may be educated to be priests. A few years hence, these foundlings will be traversing the hills and valleys, stopping at every village, establishing schools, and promoting the cause of the church. A gentleman who has traveled through several of the provinces dressed as a Chinaman, and who has thus enjoyed excellent opportunities for observation, is of opinion that at least ninety per cent. of the missionary effort put forth in China is by the Catholics.

At first sight this tremendous power, placed in the hands of the Catholics, appears appalling. But some of those missionaries who are most qualified to judge have expressed the opinion that this event is not, on the whole, to be deprecated. On the contrary, the wide diffusion of Christianity in its lower form will but prepare the way for the full-orbed system of Bible truth. Popery, an evil in this country, may prove a blessing to China. In such a field there is no neces-

sary conflict. The missions of each have full scope and their own appropriate work.

In view of their past history and present prospects in China, it is no matter of surprise that Roman Catholics should triumphantly contrast these practical proofs of their power with the comparatively insignificant results yet reached by Protestants. It cannot be denied that we have much to learn from these bitter enemies, and it is surely not the highest wisdom to blink the fact that they have accomplished a stupendous work, which we are prone to despise, only because we are ignorant of its difficulties and of its extent.

Those who are imperfectly acquainted with the Romish system of instruction, and who judge of its converts without opportunity for observation, are wont to suppose that these successes are at best superficial. But the violent persecutions to which they have been repeatedly subjected ought surely to correct this most erroneous impression. Many who entertain this mistaken idea of the superficiality of Romish training will perhaps learn with surprise that 18 years is the time allotted for study to the candidates for the priesthood, no less than 10 of which are devoted to the acquisition of the Latin language and the pursuit of its rich theological literature. It is true that candidates for baptism are received with but little of this knowledge; but baptism is not the end, but the beginning of doctrine. Rome receives into the church, then instructs. "Mother of the faithful," as she styles herself, her chief interest is her own children.

It must be remembered also that the Catholic priests have, in some respects, peculiar advantages over any Protestant missionaries. The Romish Church is equipped with a system of ecclesiastical government peculiarly fitted for concentrated and efficient organized movement. Its policy and its success have often been Napoleonic.

The celibacy of the clergy has been another circumstance which has greatly contributed to the success of the Romanists; and owing to this the interests of

the family have ever been second in importance to the church. Their missions also, with a far-seeing wisdom, have been mainly planted in the interior towns, aloof from the pernicious influences of foreign trade. Their schools for the instruction of the Chinese youth have always been very numerous and most efficient instruments in training up new laborers, while their converts have not been, like some in Protestant missions, so jealously guarded from all contact with the world about them as to destroy their future influence.

In addition to all this, the government of France has ever proved a powerful and faithful ally of the Church of Rome. All the power of the Protestant mission-

aries combined would have failed in the attempt to erect a church surmounted by a cross overlooking the Emperor's palace, nor would this have been possible for Romish missionaries had they not been backed by the power of France.

Such has been the history of the Jesuits in the Middle Kingdom. Why an all-wise Providence has permitted the grave errors of this great church to preoccupy the most populous countries of the globe prior to the full manifestation of the Gospel, is perhaps not within the compass of human knowledge; but we may well be content to study the history of these great movements, that we may accept their instructions and profit by their warnings.

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## SUNNYBANK PAPERS.

### No. V.

BY MARION HARLAND.

#### CONCERNING CAULIFLOWERS AND COGNATE SUBJECTS.

A VEGETABLE garden is a goodly and a suggestive sight, being at once the hobby, the bewilderment, and the vexation of your amateur horticulturist. Before a seed was planted in ours we fell into the habit, continued up to the present date, of paying it daily, sometimes semi-, not infrequently tri-diurnal visits. We walked up and down the narrow alleys intersecting the beds, admiring the regular shape and smooth surface of these, thrusting our fingers knowingly into the mould, and pronouncing it light, mellow, and warm—essentials to productiveness that warranted the wildest expectations of the summer's returns. We examined the *very* embryo buds of the Lawton blackberries, and white and red raspberries, with hopeful solicitude; counted the blooms upon our strawberry-vines with eyes that glistened and mouths which watered; and were more than satisfied with the healthy appearance of our young fruit-trees, although I was never able to tell which was pear, which plum, and which cherry, until I had made my-

self familiar with the labels dangling from the boughs. These earnestness of future wealth helped us to endure the weary season of waiting that elapsed between the time when our seeds were laid singly under the brown blankets and the glad day on which the announcement was made that our radishes were up.

"Lots o' stones, Dominie!" our practical neighbor, Mr. R. Van Winkle, had said in the spring, when our garden was first laid out.

He belongs to the by-no-means small class who ought certainly to be able to practise all they know without serious outlay of time and strength. He "happened to be a-passin'," and looked in to say, 'How d'ye do?'" It took him an hour to say it, by the way. The maxim that time is money is a whole century and a half ahead of him.

"Surface-stones—all of them!" rejoined the Dominie.

He was kneeling upon a damp board, drilling carrot-seed; John upon another in the beet-bed; I standing by, holding the seed-box.

"I see you've picked out quite some," continued Job's comforter, hooking one leg over the other, and hitching his elbows upon the top-rail of the fence, preparatory to "a friendly word." "But they'll work up faster'n you can dig 'em out. Stones grows powerful fast, whatever people may say. And as to this 'ere new ground, you'll find when you've gone and spent a fortin' in manurin' of it, that you'll never git a cent's worth out on it. It's too raw-like—that's what it is!"

We did not expend a fortune, or anything like it, in fertilizers, and we did have enough of most kinds of vegetables—too many of some—radishes for example.

That was the year our cauliflowers came to perfection.

(The printer will please give the above paragraph the prominence it deserves.)

An ingenious Southern housewife sent me the other day, among other excellent receipts, one for "Ladies' Cabbage"—a preparation of the full-bodied plebeian Dutch delight, which—let it be never so rank when drawn from the earth—is warranted to leave the kitchen for the dining-room so ameliorated and disguised by the process she describes as to please the most fastidious epicure, and to impart no taint to the breath. The conceit took my fancy, and I tried the device with signal success. The inquisitive reader will find the receipt in the model "Housewife's Manual" I mean to bestow upon a grateful sisterhood, so soon as publishers come to their senses, and so far recognize the value of this department of literature as to make it worth my while to print it.

"Ladies' Cabbage" would not be a bad name for cauliflower. It finds place and favor upon bills of fare from which its vulgar cousin—*German* is severely excluded. Gingerly handled from the moment it is cut; wrapped in a cloth to be cooked, lest too rapid action of the boiling water should derange the symmetry of stalk and flower, it comes to table like a branch of white coral, lapped by a sea of drawn butter; is served carefully, cluster by cluster, with a silver knife, and sends up its savory steam into approving nostrils that would turn disgustfully from sodden

Drumhead, York, or Savoy. In market—our market, at least—the supply is always insufficient to the demand, notwithstanding it is held at prices that project a tingle of pain through the pocket-nerve. There should be no stint in this popular comestible with us, so we planted heavily of both early and later kinds, and, without misgiving that it was not in the ordinary course of nature that they should do so, watched the summer plants expand lush leaves that soon outgrew a certain marked and humiliating resemblance to the Teutonic cousin we spoke of just now; then shoot up from the centre the tufts of creamy bloom that establish, beyond peradventure, its aristocratic character; saw the inner leaves gradually bend inward and upward to enfold the bouquet compact and shapely, as if bound up by a fashionable florist, until the work of efflorescence was declared to be complete. Then—as you may suppose—no knife but the Dominie's detached the treasure from the parent stem, and no hand but mine received and bore it in triumph to the house.

We had cauliflower for dinner every day for two weeks, besides embalming several heads in spiced vinegar. Seen through the amber liquid, it looked more like white coral than ever, and promised to be both garnish and regalement in the coming winter-time. The early supply was over, and we chanted its eulogy with an accompaniment of boastful expectations of the greater glories of the incipient later crop. This grew well for a while—indeed, until it was time for it to head, when it came to a stubborn stand-still. Various tricks of persuasion were tried on it. The roots were tickled with fertilizers, but no laughing blooms appeared. The leaves were bound carefully together to favor the coyness of the reluctant sprouts without other effect than malformation of the outer portion of the plant. It might have been a century aloe in the first year of its existence for all the sign it gave of flowering when we packed up our household gods for our October flitting. Barren and sulky it stood, until the late November frosts put



an end to its profitless being and our hopes together.

We were disappointed and puzzled, but not cast down. One summer had taught us to bear agricultural reverses, if not without chagrin, without amazement. Our melons had not turned out as we could have wished. Our gardener had, with culpable carelessness, planted them alongside of the cucumbers, and in the adjoining bed, winter squashes. Result: a tri-une flavor, rather peculiar than agreeable, and which led to serious cogitations upon the best method of preparing the mongrel for the table. If it were slender and green, and slightly fluted from end to end, we sliced it in vinegar, strewed a few shreds of onion over it, laid a lump of ice upon the top of all, and served it at tea as a salad. If it were green and gibbous, with longitudinal streakings of white, or dapplings of lighter green, we laid it in the ice-house for a few hours and cut into it, with an air, when dessert was brought in. When it was crook-necked and mottled, we consigned it to the cellar, and in the cold weather stewed it, and tried to believe it tasted more like squash than unripe melon or over-ripe cucumber, and were forced to agree, at last, that the prevalent and unconquerable trait was gourd—crude, bitter, and, we feared, unwholesome; or, it would have been unwholesome had any one ventured upon a second mouthful.

There had been troubles from without. A neighbor's cows had swum around the stake-fence driven into the water, at the lower side of our garden, and made havoc of several rows of our green corn. Our own cow had learned how to open the garden gate, and treated herself to divers lunches of young beets and cabbages. Sorrel had preyed upon our strawberry bed—a red and fretting leprosy that refused to be eradicated. The moles and ground-squirrels had a habit of burrowing into our sweet-potato hills and eating out all the tubers, leaving the tops for our use. The cut-worms had divided the Irish potatoes with us, also, according to their discretion—not ours.

In the sweet-potato hills that remained untouched we buried enough strychnine to murder all the human inhabitants of the township; and being afraid to eat them after this was done, we lost them entirely for that season. Altogether, it seemed wonderful, when we enumerated the number and variety of the banditti infesting our grounds, that we had saved aught from their rapacity.

"We shall commence the next year with a fair share of experience," said the Dominie, whose turn of mind is philosophical, as his disposition is sanguine. "One must do a thing once in order to know how it is done."

Confident that we understood the habits of cauliflower at least, we devoted twice as much ground to them as we had the previous summer. They took hold masterfully, developing stalks and leaves trebly as large as any others we had ever beheld or read of. Everybody who came to see us was invited to walk into the garden to see them. Our tomatoes grew and bore well in the borders. The potatoes swelled their hillocks into mountain ranges, upheaving the mould until Harrisons, White Mountains, Garnet Chilis and Early Goodriches broke cover and sought above ground the room denied them below. Squashes—white, yellow, and green—watermelons, cantelopes, and cucumbers knew their places, and kept them. There were bushels of sweet corn, and pecks of beans and peas. Egg-plants hung apoplectic and purple upon their thick stems, and peppers flamed riotously everywhere they could find standing-room, while the winter vegetables—carrots, parsnips, and salsify—forgot their steady-going habits, and joined in the general race of growth. All this was pleasing, certainly, but the cauliflowers bore off the palm. Nobody had ever seen their equal in the temperate zone.

"They remind me of the rose and the brier that sprang from Barbara Allen's grave and that of her chicken-hearted lover," said I, one morning during our after-breakfast stroll in our garden of delight.

And I began to sing:

"They grew and they grew to such a height  
That they could grow no higher;  
And then they twined in a true-lover's knot,  
And the rose hung 'round the brier."

The Dominie did not smile. On the contrary, he looked very sober, bending over the flaunting plants and inspecting the centre of each with a face that was longer and more expressive of dissatisfaction as the quest progressed.

"Do you know," he said, at length, raising himself and speaking low, as if afraid the pampered things might overhear and take umbrage at the remark, "we have all of us been strangely blind to one thing? The heads of these should be half grown by this time, and there are no signs of flowering."

"Are you sure it is the season for them to bloom?"

"I am. Here is the entry in my gardening-book of the date at which our last summer's cauliflower was fit for the table."

I stared blankly at the audaciously rank foliage—the broad flags towering to the height of the tallest canes in the nearest row of Lawtons, and touching one another all over the bed our short-sighted policy had devoted to them, tossing and twisting in wanton luxuriance until the coarse ribs and swollen veins on the underside of each leaf were plainly seen, (there is always a breeze in our garden) and a sick feeling came over me.

"Have you no idea what the matter is?" I queried.

"Not the most distant suspicion!"

"We might tie up the leaves as we did last summer," was my next essay.

"With the same result?" asked my companion, with a rueful smile.

For a second I was crushed—then rallied.

"It is not the end of summer yet. We will be patient and hopeful. They may belong to a late kind."

As they proved to do—very late. The leaves stretched themselves upward and lengthwise and widened, until it would not have astonished us had we gone out some fine morning and found that they

had made an anaconda meal of all other growing things, and taken undisputed possession of all the arable ground on the place. We passed them by in nervous silence, or with a muttered exclamation of impatient regret. Visitors were no longer invited to inspect them, but the impudent prodigality of growth was conspicuous from the piazza; and people, with cruel want of tact, would push us with inquiries relative to our success, and the peculiarities of the vegetable, which were hard to evade, and harder to meet boldly. Fifty times we were on the point of rooting them up, and sowing decorous ruta bagas in their stead, but refrained, as the Yankee postponed his suicide, through curiosity to see what would turn up. About the first of September a new phase of the phenomenon attracted our notice. From the middle of each leafy monster arose an attenuated stem, which branched into a bunch of flowers, sparse and small, and covered with purple moss or beard.

I was the first to discover the queer appearance, and called the Dominie. He stood above the discarded pets, with a sort of "What are you going to show us next?" look, then shook his head and set his jaw in a way I well understood.

"Mayn't there be such a thing as a purple cauliflower?" I dared to offer, very modestly.

Another negative gesture, and he turned on his heel. It was clear that he regarded this fantastic outbreak as a gratuitous insult added to the injury we had already endured. There was something weird-like in the looks of the parasitical covering, and the great leaves refused to envelop the miserable changelings that had come to us in place of the plump white darlings of a year ago. They were not even fit for pickle, being tough and sapless. The pigs were the fatter, and we the sadder, but none the wiser for the rampant life and inglorious destruction of that which we had sowed in such fond hope, nurtured with such exceeding pride.

I read up upon cauliflower before we planted any this year. One eminent horticulturist advises that the seed be

sowed in "cold frames," though what they are I have no idea, nor how to procure them, unless by knocking a pane or two of glass out of the sash of our hot-bed. They are hardy, he goes on to say, and should be set out early in the spring, and not treated too well, for fear of their flowering too soon. I shut the book at that sentence, this being the farthest possible remove from our difficulty. Another, equally eminent, recommends raising them under glass, in a sunny situation, until they are fairly started, then setting out each in a hole, a foot square, filled with well-fermented compost, adding that they need heat, moisture, and careful tillage—a threefold advantage they assuredly enjoyed while under our care. A third—perhaps the most noted authority of all—enjoins that a peck of sawdust be pressed firmly about the root of the plant when it is promoted from the hot-bed to the open garden, then a top-dressing of muck and ashes be applied, and when the capricious vegetable signifies a disposition to fulfil the purpose of its creation, that a large pinch of salt be dropped into the swelling heart.

"Transplant in March," says No. 1.

"April is quite early enough," asserts No. 2.

And No. 3 never thinks of setting them out before the middle or latter part of May.

If text-books upon gardening and agricultural journals are to be believed—and who, after perusing the foregoing extracts, can withhold his confidence?—our experience is exceptional, the most skilful and intelligent gardeners never having heard of a case in which the plant insisted upon being all leaf.

Our garden looks bare and drear on this golden autumnal day—the more desolate by reason of the increasing brightness of forest and grove. Potatoes—a noble harvest of them—are stored in the cellar—as are bags and baskets of beans, white, black, and brown, in the kitchen-loft. Sweet corn and tomatoes are still to be had, but the one is flinty as to kernel and diminutive as to cob, and the latter require almost their weight in sugar to make them luscious as those that

graced our board three times a day in the warmer weather. Cucumbers and squashes are gone—vines and all—as are our early beets. Parsnip, carrot, and salsify tops bristle defiance to the advance-guard of the Frost King's legions, and one can still pluck, here and there, an egg-plant of fair size and quality. Cabbages are rotund and sturdy. The cauliflowers—early and late—those which should have bloomed in July, and those which ought to be eatable until January, are alike big and barren. We set out upon our lawn, last spring, three bulbs—*colocasia* something—I make a matter of conscience of forgetting botanical names, albeit much and painful study of articles indexed "cauliflower" has lodged *Brassica oleracea* in my brain. The leaves of said *colocasia* should be immense, large enough to roof a medium-sized villa, but ours must belong to a dwarf variety, our cauliflowers having distanced them in June. I did once urge upon master and gardener the expediency of an unsparing use of the pruning-shears—taking off every leaf and forcing the recusants to show their heads or die. Our forefathers used to throw snakes upon hot ashes, whereupon, we are informed, the reptiles shot forth the legs they had hitherto kept tucked cunningly inside of their skins and ran for dear life. My proposition was voted down, of course. The powers that be said the plants would bleed too freely. As if depletion were not what they needed!

In a moment of indiscreet melancholy I yesterday related the story of our notable disappointment to our neighbor, the practical farmer.

"The strangest thing is that they should ever have bloomed," I said. "What the soil has done once it should, under the same treatment, do again—should it not?"

He likes to be consulted. I have noticed that people who know the least are most addicted to advice-giving.

"The truth is"—he began, bracing himself against a pillar of the piazza,—(he cannot talk comfortably and copiously unless he gets his spinal column well

up against post or wall), "The truth is, ma'am, I don't put no kind of faith into these new-fangled humbugs. Cabbage what was good enough for my father and grandfather is good enough for me. And your collyflower, as I take it, ain't nothing but a finical, fixed-up kind of cabbage, just as I make no manner of doubt but them purple squashes the Dominie fetched in from the garden a while ago, was in the beginning plain yaller—"

"Purple squashes!" I ejaculated. "Those were egg-plants!"

He waved aside the correction, magisterially.

"*Ec*-actly as I was sayin'! We don't raise fashionable sass over our way. My wife—she will have a row or two of to-maytusses, but she and the girls has to look after 'em. The boys hate gardenin' like p'ison, and I don't blame 'em. It don't pay in this country, and is no end of trouble. Turnips, cabbages, and inguns is all a real sensible farmer'll bother himself to plant and work—"

"Potatoes?" I said, interrogatively.

"Of course! And thar it is agin! I wouldn't tech one of your new sorts with a ten-foot pole. I mind I was here last spring when the Dominie come up with a peck of Early Roses—(the name's enough for me!) somebody had given to him—and wasn't he pleased? I told him then, as I tell you now—and I've got my livin' out of the sile for forty-odd year—no good never come yet of new notions, and if a man ain't eddicated to farmin' from the time he's able to toddle around, there ain't no manner of use in his tryin' to make things grow."

"But our things do grow—"

He prosed on, without heeding my attempt at self-defence.

"Book-larin' and ploughin' never did go together. As for these agricultoorial newspapers, I wouldn't light a fire with 'em if I wanted it to burn. Now, thar's your sweet potatoes. I told the Dominie when I come along and seen him a-plantin' them, that he was a-wastin' his time and land and would have his trouble for his pains. There never has been one raised in this county and there never

will be. But the Dominie, for all he's a clever enough man in some ways, farms out o' books, and wouldn't hear to reason. 'Cause why? He had been *annerlyzing* the sile"—ineffably contemptuous—"and found it had ought to grow 'em—and in they went."

"They have succeeded admirably this year—as they did last fall!" I slipped in. "And, Mr. Van Winkle, we dug seventy bushels of Irish potatoes last year, and did not have to expend a dollar for vegetables all winter—we had such a supply of beans, turnips, celery, and the like, to say nothing of canned corn and tomatoes and pickles—all from our own garden. This season we have done better yet—"

"Mought I trouble you for a match?" requested my neighbor, sucking hard at a short black pipe he had taken from his pocket, then filling it with tobacco from a fob in his waistcoat.

I brought one from the parlor, and pursued my line of argument.

"We do not expect to make money here for years to come. The expenses of a new place are heavy—far heavier than we anticipated—"

He looked gratified at that, and opened his mouth to speak, but I talked too fast for him.

"It does seem to me, however, that brains and industry and sound judgment combined must tell in any calling; that, in the end, our experiment of summer life must bring in other returns in addition to the rich revenue of health and happiness to ourselves and children. Can the county or State show finer specimens of fast-growing youngsters than these?"—catching rosy, stout-limbed Belle, as she raced by after her kitten, and beckoning to the nurse to bring forward our six-months-old Dot—a bewitching compound of plumpness, frolic, and dimples, kicking and squealing as colts, pigs, and babies will do when well and happy.

My neighbor poked the lighted tobacco down into the bowl of his pipe with a stumpy forefinger.

"As I was a-sayin—consarnin' them collyflowers of yourn—"

## NEWLY DISCOVERED PROSE WRITINGS OF JOHN MILTON.

THE reported discovery, at this late day, of prose writings by John Milton, hitherto unknown and unmentioned by bibliographers, may very naturally be received by many with a large measure of incredulity. Among his contemporaries he occupied a position rendered conspicuous by its responsibilities, as well as his own talents. His fame as Cromwell's foreign secretary, his power as a prose writer, and his splendor as a poet—peerless in English literature—have invested with peculiar interest every production of his pen. His biographers, one after another, from Toland to Masson, have kindled to enthusiasm in the attempt to throw new light upon his career, and may well be supposed to have exhausted all their resources to bring to the day every document which could serve to elucidate it.

The discovery of the treatise on Christian Doctrine, a generation since, and the discussions which it provoked, as well as the dispute concerning the authorship of a short poem recently brought to light, which some zealously ascribed to Milton, serve to indicate not only the spirit with which his reputed productions would be scrutinized, but the eagerness with which such as were indisputably his would be caught up. And yet there is strong, if not conclusive evidence, that neither bibliographers, nor the biographers of Milton have furnished us a complete list of his prose writings.

While engaged some months since in examining catalogues of London booksellers, with a view to making up an invoice for the library of the New York Union Theological Seminary, my eye fell upon the titles of several pamphlets, all included in a single lot, some of which I knew to be valuable, and none of which were to be found in the library. Among them were the famous *Smectymnuus*, with which Milton's name is so intimately associated, *Jus Divinum Presbyterii*, and Walker's Account of *Eikon Basilike*. The list closed with *etc.*, indicating that other pamphlets also were contained in the lot.

Regarding the price marked as somewhat high, though by no means extravagant, I gave the order to import the pamphlets.

In due season they arrived. All of them belonged to the seventeenth century, and most of them belonged to the Commonwealth period. A few were anonymous, and demanded examination. Taking up one of them, entitled "A Reply to the Answer (Printed by his Majesty's Command at Oxford) to a Printed Booke Intituled Observations upon some of his Majesties late Answers and Expresses," I was at once struck by the resemblance which it bore in the method of its argument to Milton's "Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's Defence against Smectymnuus." At the same time I could not fail to note the keenness and point of the writer, as well as the liberality and boldness of his views.

Replying to the objection that "the inconveniences of Tyranny conclude nothing against just monarchs," he says:—

"That is true; but what if a just monarch shall degenerate into a tyrant? Then I perceive you will allow that the inconveniences of Tyranny conclude somewhat. . . . To be made slaves? Most unreasonable: most unnatural! All creatures (much more man) do by nature desire liberty. 'Tis that we were all born to; and as he doth oppugn nature, so he waives part of his right and inheritance that consents to thralldom. No temporal blessing next to life, greater than an ample freedom. No greater misery than a vile and sordid slavery. . . . 'Tis an old and true saying, that necessity hath no law. The law of nature binds every man to defend and maintain his liberty, but necessity may untie this bond, for it is better to be, though miserable, than not to be at all. But now to conclude from a case of necessity, to a case not of necessity, is no good reasoning. To say that to save my life, I may part with my liberty; and therefore, like Esau, with his birthright, may pass it away for a mess of pottage, this is a most foolish and unreasonable argument. . . . The slavery of the body is the usher to the thralldom of conscience; and if we foolishly surrender up this, the other will not be long after."

Again, objecting to the binding power of ecclesiastical decisions in the political sphere, the writer remarks:—"For I take this for a certain and clear truth in Divinity, that no ecclesiastical council whatsoever (be it of never so great ability or eminency) can oblige the conscience of a man by their decisions and determinations; for that the conscience of a man is (if I may so speak) out of their jurisdiction. 'Tis God alone hath power over that."

A few paragraphs in this vein were enough to show that the writer was no common man, and that his light would not easily be hidden "under a bushel." Whoever he was, his contemporaries must have recognized his ability. Turning anew to the title-page, at which I had but hastily glanced, I now observed the significant letters, "By J. M." I felt fully assured in my own mind that J. M. was no other than John Milton; but to verify my surmise I determined to consult Lowndes. I found that he had obtained some information of the treatise, although he was not possessed of its full and proper title. Still he had designated it in such a way that I could identify it as one of Milton's most extended prose treatises.

The date of the treatise was 1642, and forcibly reflected the views of the political Puritans of that day. It made a large quarto, closely printed, of 46 pages, equivalent to two hundred of a modern 12mo. Laying it aside, I was led to examine other pamphlets contained in the lot. To my surprise, I found another by J. M., Esquire; also a quarto, but bearing date 1643. Its full title was, "A Sovereign Salve to Cure the Blind, or, A Vindication of the Power and Priviledges claim'd or executed by the Lords and Commons in Parliament, from the calumny and slanders of men, whose eyes (their Conscience being before blinded) ignorance or malice hath hoodwinckt, wherein the fallacie and falsity of the Anti-parliamentary party is discovered, their plots for introducing *Popery* into the CHURCH, and *Tyranny* into the STATE are manifested; the pretended fears of danger from *Separatists, Brownists, &c.*, blowne away,

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And a right way proposed for the advancing the just Honour of the King, the due reverence of the clergy, the Rights and *Liberty of the people, and the renewing a GOLDEN AGE.*"

The first paragraph of this pamphlet was as follows:—

"So many excellent treatises as have been sent abroad to unblind the hoodwinked world, and all clearing this truth (*that the Parliament is and ought to be Supreme Judge*) might make this seem needless, but, as for a sturdy sore many plasters are but sufficient; so will it not be mis-spent time, by the clear demonstrations of truth and right reason, to beat down that wall of the too-much-loved-ignorance which hitherto hath kept the divine light of the truth from entering into the dark (and therefore miserable) souls of those deluded ones, who with so much earnestness lay out their estates, expose their families to a thousand miseries, nay even spend their dearest blood, to enslave themselves and their posterity. Love and duty to my religion and my country, now flaming with the fire these men have kindled, and yet give fuel to, yea, even pity to these men hath enforced a pen ever before, still, to expose itself to public censure, and if by this poor labor of mine, any of these ignorantly erring men may be reduced, I have my end. As for those, who, enraged with malice willingly oppose the truth, God hath provided her another champion, even the sword, to vindicate herself from the violence of those men on whom the power of reason hath no effect."

The scope of the pamphlet, as stated by the author, is to expose the false pretences of the Anti-Parliamentary party and the miseries which they were like to bring upon themselves and their posterity; "to discover the way to regain our now almost lost liberty and religion," and to remove the pretended fears of the invasion of liberty by the Parliament, or of Religion by Brownists, Anabaptists, &c.

Following out this plan, the author extends his treatise to the compass of 42 large 4to pages, and we meet in it with numerous passages which one familiar with Milton's style would be disposed, unaided by any suggestion of the author's initials, to credit to him. The involved

sentences, the frequent parentheses, the Latin phrases and classical references, are all in Milton's vein. The sentiments advanced are such as he is well known to have held and maintained. He speaks of the Malignants as men that "can fight against their country to make themselves slaves to a few above them, that the rest of their oppressed country may be slaves to them, slaves of slaves." "But," he adds, "I doubt not but these monsters, unless reason shall transform them, shall meet with their Herculees, honest men and men of honor, ready to die for their country, if need require, judging such a death infinitely to be preferred before the lives of the chiefest of them."

His method of reasoning is also Mil-tonic. He bases his arguments not only on constitutional precedents, but on natural and fundamental principles.

"It is just" (he says) "that this, viz. liberty, judge and give law to that (prerogative); and that this, if an unnatural jar fall out, gain and prosper rather than the other; and since the people reserved ever in its own hands, and saved to itself, upon the trust to the monarchy, what privileges, right of Parliament, liberties, etc., it thought best, surely it must do this with purpose to see them conserved as safely as may be, and upon occasion to make use of them and enjoy them, which could not be surely done without a power reserved to judge of the state of them, and when they were to be used and the like, . . . nor such power to judge of them is to any purpose, without power to execute what is judged hereupon fit."

One main objection to the alliance of the Roman Catholics with the King was the political sympathy which it indicated.

"It is clear that, can the Papist bring the matter to an absolute and arbitrary government, and render the prerogative immense, and even divine, they gain a main point on our religion, for then between them and the heaven of their desires there were interposed but the turning of one will, and that one already prepared, disposed, and inclined to them by such meritorious supererogatory service, and further propitiated by the so strong intercessions (how strong (to speak like those we have to do with), when used by her that

may in some things command), our Sovereign Lady Mary."

The concluding paragraph is not unworthy of Milton, even in his most eloquent treatises:—

"We see already our laws manifestly conculcated by force and violence; our liberties, properties, lives, exposed to the fury and malice of these desperate malignants . . . the danger of our religion, and consequently of the religion abroad, from those that having none would bring in such as may best suit with their pernicious purposes, and from the rest of old in direct opposition with it; on all which they are carried with such desperate ardor and violent fury as their utmost and last attempt; that having first in a due method indeed used all machinations to vilify and disannul the authority and very essence of the Parliament, the only rampart of England's happiness, and traverse to their designs, though God and good men have hitherto refused them, yet they cannot temper themselves, from breaking out into such effects as the world sees, nor brook any delay from seizing what part they can meet with of the designed prey, till they may with less danger of reprisal do it. But it is high time now to leave words and writing. Therefore let us endeavor to conclude this tractate, almost as indigested and troubled as the times (like that offer of that poor countryman, that when the great King Artaxerxes passed by, having nothing else to present him, before whom none must appear empty-handed, ran to a little troubled water, and thence offered the king what his hand only could contain; but the troubled present coming from a clear and good intention, and native hearty ingenuity, met with a serene, magnanimous, and regal acceptance), but let us conclude with a point of judgment not altogether so weak as hitherto may have appeared; for I would end at least well, and leave you with a good relish (though I appear to begin this point also but ill), which is, that having above received it as a sacred truth and ground that no reason shall ever shake, that the wisdom and justice of a Parliament freely, duly, and lawfully elected, is no way to be called in question or doubt, but to be assuredly believed and confided in, securely reposed upon, and held sacred and inviolable by all that love England's happiness: I will take heed at last to be found not fast and true to my grounds and ends, by preserving (as some particular private men have done in their

well otherwise understood discourses), to offer up any advice (were I otherwise able), or counsel to the wisdom, or exhortation or persuasion to the justice of it; and thus my best is but a negative, a privative, or a nothing; but only yet upon the whole, inferring or enforcing justly by the power of truth: That it is the part of all honest men, men of honor that love their country, to obey the Parliament (taken in that notion our case presents) punctually, to serve it faithfully and zealously; to love it with that kind of love which is *morte fortior*; to vindicate, assert, maintain, propugn, clear the authority and safety of it, as a true collection of all that is or can be most dear, precious, and sacred to, and with such men; to join unanimously in clearing England once again of wolves, these man-wolves, if reducible by no reason, and not to lose their share of contributing to such a work; above all ardently to solicit and press the Divine Majesty to inspire, protect, bless this congregation of princes, this *multitudinem consiliariorum in quibus est salus*, and in it our country and all. I conclude this discourse, wherein I have spoken my heart, which nothing but a lively and dear apprehension of the imminent and extreme danger of my country forced from so unfit a man; raising so violent, but natural and just a passion, as brake the strings of a tongue ever before tied (and perhaps ever fit to have been so you may say), like that son of Cræsus who before, or born dumb, yet seeing his father in point of being slain, so natural a passion supplying the place and power of nature, or rather stronger than it, forcing and clearing all impediments, turning dumbness itself into a strong vociferation, he cried out aloud, O man, kill not Cræsus, and so notifying him saved him. I need not fear you think so well of me, as that you would not remember that a similitude doth not hold throughout, and to the last, should I not put you in mind solemnly it doth not."

Extracts, even as extended as these, are inadequate to convey the impression in favor of its Miltonic authorship which is made by the perusal of the entire treatise. Indeed, if we hesitate to ascribe it to Milton, we must assume that two contemporary authors, of equal genius, of similar education and kindred views, each signing his pamphlets J. M., appeared at the same juncture, and in behalf of the same cause, and that two centuries

and a quarter after their publication two pamphlets, one by each author, and published within a twelvemonth of each other, were brought across the ocean in the same collection, and appeared indistinguishable in style and sentiment upon a careful inspection—one of them by the well-known author of "Paradise Lost," and the other by an author equally gifted, whose name has perished and left no trace.

It is proper to state that no argument against the Miltonic authorship of the pamphlet to which our main attention has been directed can be drawn from its imprint. Of the six pamphlets of Milton, published at near the same date, original copies of which are to be found in Yale College Library, only two bear the name of the same printer, while some have no printer's name. Of the six, two bear the name of John Milton in full; two, like the pamphlets we have noticed, have simply the initials J. M., while the two others are strictly anonymous.

In the collected prose writings of Milton hitherto published, we meet neither with his "Observations upon some of his Majesties late Answers and Expresses" or his Reply to the Answer to *Observations*, both of which, as given by Lowndes, are admitted to be his, nor with "A Sovereign Salve," &c., the title of which is to be found in none of the bibliographies. This last is not even mentioned by its title by Watts, and the memory of it seems to have perished. And yet Milton—if we must credit it to him—evidently reckoned it as his earliest utterance of a strictly political character, and it was published at one of the most critical periods, not only of English, but of Parliamentary and Puritan history. It is specially important as defining his position soon after the outbreak of the great civil conflict, and reflecting the views of that class of statesmen and patriots with whom he was in strictest sympathy and close co-operation.

That such a pamphlet should have been allowed to sink to oblivion may indeed seem incredible, if we do not take into consideration the circumstances of the times. Although the sentiments which it pre-



sents would meet the approval of the great mass of intelligent Englishmen to-day, they were, at the time when they were published, nearly two centuries in advance of the age. The restoration of Charles II. to the throne made them odious, not only to the original royalist party, but to all who changed with the times and sought royal favor at the sacrifice of principles formerly professed. None of these would be disposed to search out a pamphlet which they could not read without self-reproof, while to the old royalists it would be, as it ever must have been, insufferably odious. On the other hand, neither Milton nor his friends would care to preserve its memory, for it

would only serve to aggravate the enormity of old offences, and incite a new odium which it were wiser to shun. Nearly an entire generation must have passed away before Milton's name, sharing the fate to some extent of Russell's and Sidney's, could be mentioned without reproach. But when that period had passed, and Toland assumed the task of writing Milton's life, the memory and tradition of the pamphlet in question may well have alike vanished, and subsequent explorers, if they have indeed stumbled upon it, have failed to identify it. Discovered at last on this side of the Atlantic, its sentiments, in the main, will be found suited alike to this country and this age.

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### SOMETHING ABOUT HUMMING-BIRDS.

Of all things animate or inanimate that seemed to hint at and connect my child-world with that of the *wee* people, the Humming-Birds were the chief. In those days works on Ornithology were rare,—even a tolerable catalogue of native birds and their habits was not to be found in many country houses or town libraries. The only books upon the subject to which I had access, were an old edition of Morse's Geography, which contained what purported to be a list of the birds common to New England, and a couple of small volumes on Natural History, which belonged to an old gentleman in the neighborhood. These my eldest brother occasionally borrowed, and I used to consider it a special treat, after proving to the satisfaction of all concerned that my hands were perfectly clean (I devoted a certain share of my attention to the mud-pie and fruit business in those days), to be permitted to take one of these volumes and look over the illustrations; coarse, bungling, blurred wood-cuts, bearing about the same resemblance to the objects they were supposed to represent, as do the wooden figures in the toy known as "Noah's Ark."

One volume of the "Agricultural Report," issued by Government now, contains more information on this subject

than did all the books in our town library thirty years ago.

But neither Morse nor my neighbor's volumes gave me any definite information about the Humming-Birds that every summer visited our great old-fashioned garden. No one seemed to know whence they came or whither they went—no one that I knew had ever succeeded in capturing one, or in finding its nest. If the notion that "they were transformed from flies," and that after the season of flowers was over they affixed themselves by the bill to a pine-tree and hung there, apparently lifeless, until the warm spring sun revived them, was not current in our vicinity,—it was simply that no one had given them more than a passing thought. So I turned to the garden, a spot rich in all the old-time herbs and flowers—Hyssop and Rue, Summer Savory, Sage and Thyme, Fennel and Dill, Comfrey, Spikenard, Smelloges and Solomon's Seal, great patches of English Pinks and *Fleur de Lis*, interspersed with Damask Roses and tall white Lilies, our mother's pride.

When the last were in bloom the little feathered wonders were sure to come, and, crouched behind the clumps of peonies or roses, I watched breathlessly until my ears caught a low humming sound, and there, poised over the lilies in an

almost vertical position, was a bit of winged splendor, glowing with purple and orange and ruby and gold, apparently motionless, for the wings seemed but a faint film of gauze, so rapid was their vibration. Suddenly, like a flash of light, he darted downward and buried his bill in the fragrant cup of the lily. That was my time for action; but the moment I thought him mine he eluded my grasp, and, before I could reach the palings, had become invisible—gone to the fairy land from whence I thought he came.

If the knowledge that comes with years has dispelled those childish illusions, it has brought me in their stead realities quite as wonderful,—even more wonderful than anything my childish imagination was able to conceive, especially in all that relates to the humming-birds and their habits.

Ornithologists tell us that this peculiar group of birds is confined exclusively to the Western Continent and the adjacent islands—its chief habitat being the tropical regions of Central and South America—though at certain seasons of the year some of its members are to be found in every latitude between Cape Horn and the Canadas.

Four hundred and thirty distinct species of *Trochilidae* have already been discovered, and scientifically described and classified. It is but reasonable to suppose that many more will be added to this list when the great mountain ranges and immense forests of Central America come to be fully explored. The largest collection of specimens of this group is that made by the English ornithologist, J. Gould, Esq., F.R.S., to whose researches we owe most of our knowledge of this wonderful group of birds. A description of his collection, illustrated by superb colored engravings of the different species, and the flowers of their habitat, has been published in five folio volumes.

All these species, though presenting great variety of forms, are, for the most part, connected with each other by very nice, but perfectly distinct gradations, so distinct that, among the thousands that

have passed through his hands, Mr. Gould says, he has "never seen one case of mixture or hybridism between any two species, however nearly allied. Even the females, which assimilate more closely to each other than the males, can be separated with perfect certainty; a single tail-feather will be sufficient for a person versed in the subject to say what genus and species the bird from which it was taken belongs."

There is a likeness running through the whole group, which has much that seems in common with that which arises from community of blood; but the differences between the species are totally distinct in kind and degree of variation from those which come by hereditary descent.

The distinctive differences are to be traced in the shape of the bill and wings, and the color of the plumage. The same Creative Hand that "laid the foundations of the earth, and stretched forth the heavens as a curtain," has not only dipped the plumage of these tiny creatures in the colors of the sunset, but has adapted the organs of each species to the particular flowers which contain its food. Although very fond of the nectar of the flowers, which they eagerly suck, or rather pump up by means of their peculiar tubular tongue, they are of *insectivorous* habit, and seek the flowers as much for the sake of the insects gathered in their nectaries as the sweets. It is the difficulty of finding the particular insects adapted to them which has hitherto frustrated every attempt to keep them alive long in confinement, even in their own country. Some have bills of enormous length, comparatively speaking, especially fitted to probe the long tubular flowers that contain their food; others seem to understand the laws of mechanics, for they perforate the base of the corolla of the same flower, and rifle its sweets by a much shorter process. One species has sickle-shaped bills, curving downward, fitted to search the scaly bark of the palm-tree for the insects that harbor there; in others the curve is reversed, the better to penetrate that

curious family of orchids which abound in the great forests of Central America. Then there are bills adapted to a great variety of flowers—*migratory* bills, so to speak, whose owners do migrate to the north and south, far from their central in the tropics. King's Humming-bird, *Trochilus Kingii*, ranges from the dry, hot climate of Lima over a space of 2,500 miles, to the island of Terra del Fuego, where it has been seen flitting about in a snow-storm, while the Ruff-necked species—one of the most splendid of the whole group—was discovered by Capt. Cook on the frozen shores of Nootka Sound; and the beautiful little Ruby Throat ranges as far north as Canada. This is the fairy visitor of that old garden beneath the Tetoket hills. These are the only species that are found so far north, and seem to be confined, the one to the eastern and the other to the western sides of the continent. Audubon was inclined to think that the voyages of these little creatures were made during the night, but I believe this is still an open question.

On the other hand, the habitat of some of the species is limited to a single forest or mountain, and a few are never seen beyond the bounds of some extinct volcano, whose crater is filled with a *flora* peculiar to itself. Some seem restricted to the different belts of vegetation that characterize the highest peaks of the Andes, ranging even to the region of perpetual snow. Others are indigenous to the islands; that of Juan Fernandez, although 300 miles from the mainland, having three species peculiar to itself, two of which, Mr. Gould says, "are so distinct from all others that they cannot for a moment be confounded with them." One of the three is the Stoke's Humming-bird—a species of truly marvelous beauty.

The specific distinctions, in the arrangement and coloring of plumage, between the different species is a phenomenon as wonderful as it is varied, and is a remarkable illustration, in spite of all that certain scientists have said or can say to the contrary, of the truth that—

"Beauty is its own excuse for being."

For the sake of those who have not seen Mr. Gould's beautiful volumes, I will note some of the striking points of difference in the matter of color and its arrangement. Some are adorned with different forms of crests of the most varied and brilliant coloring, capable of being raised or depressed at pleasure; in others the feathers of the throat are formed into gorgets of many shapes—their scale-like arrangement giving them the appearance of burnished steel or gold; some are distinguished by a special development of the plumes of the neck, which are elongated into ruffs and frills of extraordinary form and beauty. In a large number the tail-feathers are the special object of decoration, and upon every principle of ornamentation and combination of color. There is the Racket-tailed, forked after the manner of the common swallow, with the two lateral feathers of enormous length, and with flat, spatulate terminations, from which it takes its name; in others the two central feathers are longest, giving the wedge-shaped form—the Half-tailed, said to be an anomaly, being the only bird known with a tail composed of only *six* feathers, but a very beautiful little species, with his gorget of rich purple scales, and body of green and gold; some are radiated or pointed, and sharpened like thorns; in others the reverse of the spatulate form occurs—the outer tail feathers terminating in fine, thread-like filaments. Sometimes the difference is limited to color, the radiance of the ruby or topaz in one species being changed for emerald, sapphire, or amethyst in another—the species being in all other respects exact counterparts of each other.

And what is still more wonderful, these variations of color are not the mere result of chance, but are known to follow a given law—in that sense of law which science gives to an "observed order of facts," viz.:—where white is introduced into the coloring of the tail-feathers, it is not found in the central feathers, but is confined to the marginal feathers on either side.

The *Urostroke Bengamini*, a species recently discovered, is the only known departure from this law. White is one of the principal ornaments in the plumage of these birds, and it is so used as to come in striking contrast with the darkest tints. Tufts and lines of the purest white shine among the greens and violets of the head and neck; the four central feathers of the tail are a solid glaze of pure white, while, as if to mark the exception, the marginal feathers are kept wholly dark. It is always the male bird that thus outvies Solomon in his glory—the females being, after the usual order of Nature, much less brilliant.

The nests of the humming-birds are very artistically constructed of grasses, lichens, and lined with the down of the cotton-wood, *Asclepias*, or any soft filamentous substance—the lichens and bits of leaves being glued to the outside by the saliva of the bird—the whole structure often being bound round with the webs of the spider, and secured in the same manner. Some are pendent, long, and pointed; others conical, with the entrance at the side or bottom, and others cup-shaped. In position, these nests are as different as possible: some are bound to a twig or branch of a tree; others pendent from the frond of a fern, the leaf of a flag, attached by filaments to the bare front of a precipice, or the slender tendril of a vine. From some a projection is seen to bulge out containing a small stone or bits of hard earth, which were evidently placed there to preserve the equilibrium. Some of the cup-shaped nests curve inward at the top, and are built up higher in successive stories by the mother bird as her young increase in size. Such are the nests of the Ruby Throat, of which Mr. Wilson has given a minute description.

Their eggs are two in number, and they

raise two broods a year. The period of incubation is about two weeks; the young are about the size of bees, and leave the shell naked and blind. Capt. Lyon speaks of some that were hatched on February 14th, remained blind until February 28th, and flew away on March 7th, without previous practice, as strongly and swiftly as the mother bird. If any one meddles with their eggs, they will remove them, carrying them in their mouths, as Audubon ascertained by patient watching, and they have been known to remove even their young.

They are very pugnacious and combative, especially at the pairing season and during the incubation of the female, and these qualities, combined with their marvelous beauty, may account for the tradition of the ancient Mexicans concerning them. Humboldt says that, "according to their religious beliefs, the spouse of their god of war conducted the souls of those warriors who had died in defence of the gods to the mansion of the sun, and there transformed them into humming-birds." We know that they were objects of deep interest and reverence to those ancient people, and they bestowed upon them names as beautiful as significant—such as "Rays of the Sun," "Tresses of the Day-Star," "Murmuring Birds," &c.

To those scientific men who see nothing in the universe outside of physical law, who deny that beauty for its own sake can ever be an object or an end in organic forms, the existence of this group of birds, in all its wonderful beauty and variety in unity, must be a stumbling-block of peculiar significance. That they may have a use in the great economy of organic life, is not to be denied; possibly, it may be to confound the wisdom of those who thus attempt to shut out God from His own creation.

## A CHINESE LOVE SONG.

Now the wind is softest,  
 Lightest now the shower,  
 And in an hour the barren boughs  
 Begin to bud and flower.

Happy thoughts are brooding  
 On the song I sing,  
 As to the arch of yonder bridge  
 The mists of morning cling.

Pitiful the miser,  
 Who digs the earth for gold:  
 For me, I'd sooner hoard the snow,  
 So barren, and so cold!

No, I love thee, sweetest,  
 And the wandering dove—  
 I send her with a sigh to thee,  
 A little verse of love.

"Go count the silken tresses  
 That hang on yonder tree;  
 So many are my loving thoughts,  
 And so they cling to thee!"

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 TOMMY.

BY A BARLOWITE.

WHEN I read Mr. Dickens' defence of Tommy, in "Uncommercial Samples," several months since, I heartily subscribed thereto. Since then I have known and undergone a Tommy, and now am a staunch follower of Barlow.

I made my Tommy's acquaintance behind a door in a parish school.

The door flapped and banged incessantly; low growls and mutterings were audible; now and then the head of Tommy was visible, at which all the boys giggled.

"He says he'll cut her head off!" reported one of the younger ones of our class.

"Her" referred to the gentle teacher of Tommy's class. She bore his reviling meekly, and let him out at the first symptom of repentance—that is, when he was tired of banging the door, and wished to write.

Tommy emerged after the manner of

a water-spider—with head down, and striking out with hands and legs—and stood grinning, with legs wide apart, waiting for further orders. All the boys laughed.

This was my first glimpse of Tommy. Of course I philosophized, and wished I had him for a week or so, and profited by the first chance that threw him in my way.

"Come, Tommy, sit by the big boys and write your name," I said, encouragingly, not appearing to notice that he had taken a long run and had leaped into the school-room like Little Breeches at a circus.

Tommy chose his seat by Jack, the tallest boy of the class, and began entertaining him. He sat with a foot in each hand, preserving his equilibrium, when he leaned over too far Jackward, by letting one foot fly out of his hand with the artificial grace of a puppet. Before

securing his foot he would give the boy the other side of him a poke in the ribs, merely to keep his hand in. If the boy retaliated he squared off with threatening brow, in perfect good humor then at the prospect of a fight.

"Hush, Tommy! Stop, Tommy! Behave yourself, Tommy!" on the part of the teacher, entirely unnoticed by him.

"Can't do them," is his sole reply when his slate with a copy upon it is handed to him.

Should the writing hour become dull, by undue attention on the part of the other boys, he drops his slate.

Any scraps of learning that have been accidentally caught in his brain, like the fleece of sheep in brambles, he parts with at any moment, under any circumstances. If Jack's class should be reciting in geography, Tommy may be heard saying, "Ithmus of Panama! Antartic! North-east! 'Scription of th' earth's surfiz!"

When called up to his own lesson he stands on one leg, and cries out, by way of answer, any word that he has heard last, vibrating his little body and ever poking the nearest boy.

He always asks for a ticket for good conduct when school is over, and while his teacher is trying to explain to him why he does not deserve it, he runs out with a shout and hides behind the steps.

He is a little less restive the morning he hands us a note from his mother saying, "I have chastised my little boy severely, and hope you will let me know how his behavior is to-day."

Two days after he dashes into school just before it is dismissed, followed by two other boys, and seats himself with his feet in the air.

"Where have you been, Tommy?"

"Sellin' fish."

"Whose fish?"

"A man's."

"Did he pay you?"

"Fifty cents."

"Did you give the money to your mother?"

"Bought candy."

"What did you do with fifty cents' worth of candy?"

"Ate it up!"

After school that day, Tommy behind the steps, we heard Danny say to him—

"What did you tell that lie fur? You was settin' in a boat by the wharf—you know it."

Tommy peeped out with an ecstatic expression, which, if it could be painted, would be as famous as Raphael's Angels.

We do not think he was lying—merely answering questions; just as when he is asked the shape of the earth he replies, "Pacific."

One day when I asked the boys—with-out any reference to Tommy, considering him out of the question—why they did not come more regularly to Sunday-school, he answered, boldly, "Killin' birds at the Zervatory—Danny too!" And once again he had our hearty sympathy. He was sitting in his own class, quite demure, only twinkling in eye and month corners, and twitching his legs a very little. The boy next him was in a loud blubber. A great calf he was, blubbering and complaining, because Tommy's little fists had been active to secure a nice slate.

"He hit me!" bawled the calf.

Tommy actually did his sums in silence. It was bliss enough for a while to have Calf blubbering at his side for "nuffin." He had established his position and won the contested slate from a big fellow.

After my first week of Tommy I concluded to consult his mother as to the best method of subduing and restraining him. She advised a dark closet, having heard Tommy say that would be worse than whipping. Her own plan was to take off his clothes to keep him from running in the street.

"I hope you won't have to turn him away," she said, "for he seems to know a good deal, and he says his prayers every night and morning."

Having heard a low soliloquy always from Tommy's place in school during prayers, I was not prepared to find him voluntarily praying at home.

This made the matter serious.

What if he had the faculty of acquiring knowledge while he bobbed about in

school, and poked the boys, and chattered? What if he imbibed moral sentiments lying across a chair, squeaking, with heels up? What if good principles were insinuated while he growled behind the door? What if he were only half Jumping Jack and the other half human? Poor, fatherless little Tommy! I had seen him once or twice give up a nice slate to Jack, and once after school he had manfully toiled on in front at least a mile, in the hot sun, to show me where Jack lived.

Such a funny little figure, too!

Sun-browned face; large, bulging forehead, set in brown, closely-cropped hair;

laughing, snapping, scowling gray eyes; nose so hasty to turn up that it turns up almost before it is a nose, and humorous mouth; little flapping, flopping, flipping legs, and stout little fists, very ready to clinch.

Fancy Tommy saying his prayers! Kneeling down, with no one to punch by him, saying, "Our Father who art in heaven." Think what may happen one day if he should come to a knowledge of the sense of the words that he repeats now!

But these are not loyal sentiments for a Barlowite.

### THE GREAT FIRE OF 1835 IN NEW YORK.\*

IN 1835, I and my family had rooms for the winter at the City Hotel, then on the west side of Broadway, below Liberty Street. The following details are found in a paper written in pencil the day after the occurrences happened to which they refer:—

I was awakened between eleven and twelve at night, and told a great fire was raging in the lower part of the city; that the Merchants' Exchange was in danger, where was the statue of my father by Ball Hughes; and that I might, by going there, be useful in saving that work. I was at the same time told that nothing could be done to arrest the fire for want of water; the engines, their leaders, and the hydrants being all frozen. I immediately said, powder must be used, and went to the fire. I sought the authorities, and meeting Aldermen Jourdan and Labagh, urged the necessity of blowing up buildings to arrest the flames. They replied, "Powder cannot be got." I said, "I will procure a letter to Commodore Ridgely, commanding the Navy Yard, requesting powder." Alderman Jourdan turned to Labagh, and asked him if he would unite with him in that proceeding. Labagh said, "I will not take the re-

sponsibility; the Mayor is on the ground, let him do it." Jourdan said, "Then I will," and turning to me, said, "If you will procure the letter, I will find a man to take it." The Hon. Charles Livingston wrote the letter, and Mr. Jourdan sent it with an officer. Mr. Charles King accompanied the officer; went with great speed, and returned with the letter, with an order endorsed thereon directing the keeper of the Arsenal at Red Hook to deliver powder to the civil authorities of New York. During the absence of the messenger, Alderman Jourdan endeavored to get a meeting of the Aldermen and Mayor at Lovejoy's, corner of Nassau and Cedar Streets, and with Mr.\*\*\*, a former member of the Fire Department. General Swift and myself went to the different points to leeward where the fire was raging, to determine where the powder could be used most effectually, that we might be prepared to indicate such points to the Mayor and Aldermen when they should meet. Having accomplished this, we went to Lovejoy's, where we found the Mayor and three or four Aldermen. Mr. Jourdan stated briefly what had been done, and that he wished to meet the authorities. The necessity for using powder was admitted by all. The Mayor asked who understood how to apply it. Mr. Hamilton offered his

\* From advance sheets of "Reminiscences of James A. Hamilton." Charles Scribner & Co., publishers.

services to apply and fire the powder; but if the Mayor wished the services of a gentleman who from his military education was acquainted with the subject, he could not find a more competent man than General Swift. It was then asked, where powder could be obtained, and in reply it was stated that General Arcularius had sent two boxes with some loose powder and cartridges, which were on a cart at the corner of Wall and Nassau Streets, and that more powder could be found at Alderman Greenwood's. The Mayor, and Aldermen Smith and Jourdan went with me to where the powder was; but finding the quantity too small, we went to various grocery stores and got all we could, and sent it to where the cart was standing. I suggested that a written order should be sent by the Mayor to General Arcularius, directing him to bring powder from the Arsenal, five miles from the city, on the middle road. This was done. In the mean time, Alderman Smith and I procured an empty lime-cask and threw the powder they had in it, which filled it about one-third. This powder, under the directions of the Mayor and General Swift, was conveyed to Garden Street, and placed in a cellar of a four-story store, occupied by a Mr. Swan, as near the centre as could be found. A piece of calico was fastened to the upper rim of the cask, into which loose papers were placed, and we laid the calico on a board along the floor of the cellar to the stuff. A canister of powder, reserved for that purpose, was used in laying a train from the cask, along the calico to the cellar door, where loose paper was laid. When this was done, all present retired to near Broad Street, except General Swift and myself, when I said, "Who is to fire this?—General, as I got the powder, I must have the first shot." The General, laughing, said, "Well, Hamilton, you shall," and retired. I then set fire to the paper with a lighted candle, and retired to where the crowd stood. The train took fire, and went off without igniting the powder in the cask. I then went up the street opposite the store, found the calico was burning, and retired. In a

few moments the blast was made. It threw down the front of the building, a part of the adjoining one—threw off the roof, but did not destroy all the floors. The fire carried up by the floors endangered the next building, and thus rendered it necessary to blow up that building also.

At about this time (5 o'clock in the morning) Mr. Charles King, who had performed a most important and arduous service, by going during a most terrible night to the Navy Yard in an open boat (the wind blew a hurricane, and the cold was intense beyond example), returned with Captain Mix, Lieutenant Nicholson, and a gang of sailors, with six barrels of powder. It was then determined to apply a barrel to the store on Garden Street, adjacent to that which had been fired ineffectually before. This was done by Lieut. Nicholson. Upon reconnoitring, we determined to blow up a store on the corner of an alley. It was so hot, and there were so many sparks and firebrands flying about, as to render the approach to the store extremely hazardous. This was, however, unheeded by the gallant tars, who carried the barrel of powder on their shoulders, passed over the gangway, and placed the barrel in the cellar. A train was laid to the mouth of the gangway, where straw was placed, the persons present having retired. Captain Mix fired the shot. The two previous experiments were entirely successful in arresting the progress of the devouring element to the westward. It was decided to blow up a wooden building at the corner of Coenties Alley and Slip, about twelve feet wide, westerly from which there was a range of valuable stores filled with merchandise. A barrel of powder (two hundred pounds) was carried to that store. The owner of the crockery in the store came into the cellar when Swift and I were preparing the work of destruction, and asked permission to take out his goods; the General replied promptly and caustically, "Yes, if you can do it in fifteen minutes." The train was laid with muslin picked up in the street; the General saying, "It is your turn," left the cellar with all others except myself and one of the sailors, who had



assisted to bring in the powder. While I was arranging the train the sailor, with a lighted candle in his left hand, was, with a hammer, endeavoring to knock in the head of the barrel of powder. Seeing that this would be inevitable destruction, I took him by the arm in which he held the light, drew him over before he struck a second blow, and drove him out of the cellar. Putting the candle far out of reach of the powder and the dust which flew up when the head was driven in, I opened the barrel; fastened near the end of its mouth the muslin with my knife, allowing the end to rest on the powder; I laid a stream of powder, about fifteen feet, to the foot of the stairs in the cellar, and then laid the muslin and straw to the top of the stairs and on the sidewalk. The night was clear, excessively cold, a very high wind, a bright moonlight. The people, in great numbers, were standing at the head of the Slip near the water, to watch the effect of the blast. After setting fire to the mass of combustibles, I walked deliberately toward the spectators, they crying out, "Run! run! Why don't you run?" This was a little affectation of fearlessness on my part; well knowing that it could not burn down to the train of powder before I could get away. The powder ignited and blew the whole house and all its contents into atoms, making thus a vacant space of

many feet from the next burning house and the store, and that block was thus saved. The cold was so excessive that the engines and the ladders were frozen; the firemen were exhausted and demoralized; there was much plundering; merchandise of all kinds was thrown into the street; the only effort, in many cases, by the owners and their friends was to get out their books. After the blast, there appeared on the ground one engine which was brought from Brooklyn. It was believed that some cotton in the store next westerly from where the last blast was made, was on fire. I urged the firemen to carry their leader into the store to put out the cotton. They were deterred from doing so under a belief that this store was to be blown up. I got on the stoop, addressed them, told them there was no more powder to be used, and that I would go up into the store with them. They then went forward. The cotton was found to be in some small degree on fire. It was put out, and the fire was arrested.

My work was done. My cloak was stiff with frozen water. I was so worn down by the excitement that when I got to my parlor I fainted. The scene of desolation and demoralization was most distressing. A suit was brought in New York, and another in New Jersey, against the Mayor; I was called and examined as a witness in both.

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## BOOKS AND READING.

### No. VIII.

#### HISTORY AND HISTORICAL READING.

It is not easy to prescribe a course of Historical Reading for a single individual, even though he is an intimate friend, and his character and culture, his aims and habits, his leisure and opportunities are all supposed to be familiarly known. It is more difficult to do it for many persons, every one of whom may differ from the other in every one of these particulars. An extended or general course which might be equally suitable for every one,

is idle to think of. To attempt even a selection of the best authors, without knowing somewhat intimately the person for whom they are chosen, would be foolish and futile. All that we propose to do is to lay down a few principles which will enable a reader to begin wisely and to proceed with satisfaction, in selecting books for himself with intelligence and success; and also to illustrate these principles by referring to a few authors of

marked peculiarities and of unquestioned excellence.

We observe, *first* of all, that a thorough mastery of the field of history must be the work of many years, in some sort of a lifetime. To fix in the mind the dates of the most important events, to impress the events themselves upon the memory so that they shall be permanent and familiar, to settle the great questions which are in dispute in respect to facts and principles, to hold within reach the great pictures of the diorama of the world's past, can be achieved only by the few students who make historical research the exclusive occupation of their life. For such we do not write. They would not need our assistance, could we give it; for it is the prerogative of every such student to find his path opening naturally and easily before him as he proceeds. The author immediately in hand will introduce many others whom it is desirable to read. The subject which at present occupies the attention must inevitably suggest numerous kindred topics. This is in part true for the class of persons for whom we write—who are supposed to be comparatively ignorant of books, and unpractised in reading. It is also true for such that they ought not to expect to finish in a year or two the brief and imperfect course of history which they require. We grant, one may learn a compend of events or a table of dates within a few months. He may commit to memory an outline history of Greece and Rome, of Europe in the middle ages, of Great Britain and the United States. But to do this is simply to lay the foundation and to erect the scaffolding. To master the history of these countries, so as intelligently to enjoy and to learn from it, requires a far longer period, and must be, at the shortest, the work of several years of earnest and awakened attention. Moreover, it would not be desirable, were it practicable, to finish such a course of reading more speedily. To read history should be proposed by every thoughtful person as the learning and pastime of his entire life; as capable of perpetually opening fresh views of regions unseen before, and of

bringing before the same eye fresh aspects of scenes that are none the less interesting because they have been often revisited. Indeed, there is an important sense in which it is true that a man must wait till he is somewhat advanced in life before he can read history with full advantage and enjoyment, because such a person only can bring to it the requisite observation and experience of actual life. If "old experience" alone, as Milton suggests, can attain "to something like prophetic strain" in its forecast of the future, it is equally necessary to interpret and to sympathize with the history of the past. History to the eye of the young has the interest of an exciting spectacle; to the old it is as inspiring as the counsel of a life-long friend. The youth gazes with excited and breathless sympathy upon the shifting panorama of great empires rising mysteriously like overhanging clouds, of vast cities thronged with representatives from a hundred nations, of endless caravans of barbaric emigrants; of the confusion of battle, the pomp of victory, and the splendor of pageants—all brilliant, imposing, and exciting. But when the eye has seen more of living men and of actual life, when the man has interpreted the causes and meditated upon the lessons of the events that have occurred within his personal experience, then and then only is he prepared to gather instruction from the story of the past, because he sees in the men and the events which this story records, the counterparts of what has passed beneath his personal observation. To the young, history must be a painful task or an exciting drama; to the old, it is as fresh as a fairy tale, and as instructive as the lessons of a patriarch.

Those persons who are impatient to acquire in a twelvemonth a satisfactory knowledge of history, or who expect or wish to finish up their reading in order that it may be done with and laid aside, might almost as well not begin at all, for by such history can be read only for convenience or show, and to such it can bring little instruction and less enjoyment. There are not a few who, having

just left school or college, say to themselves, 'A man must know something of history, in order to pass respectably with intelligent people. Without having read history, one cannot understand the newspapers, or take part in conversation, or shine in a debating-club, or make speeches; therefore I will take a course of history—what is the best, because the shortest and the soonest over?' To such persons we may say: 'Study a table of chronology as you would take a dose of medicine, or buy the best and briefest compend of universal history which you can hear of, and master it because you must; but do not call such occupation the reading of history.' This sort of reading should, of all others, be regarded as the constant occupation and pastime of the life of any one who reads at all; and it is well to begin history as it is to begin one's reading life with this view of it—to form our plans, and to select our authors with these expectations distinctly in mind.

There is the greater need of cautions of this sort, for the reason that so many persons, under mistaken impressions, or by the direction of stupid or thoughtless advisers, commence reading a course of history with such authors or after such a plan as to be effectually disgusted and disappointed. We recall very distinctly a friend who, on finishing his college-life, gave himself up for a year to what he fondly anticipated would be "the still air of delightful studies," with glowing expectations of what he should accomplish and enjoy in a year of general reading. To master an ample course of history was his first ambition and his brightest ideal. He seated himself at his desk with the expectation of finishing this course in a twelvemonth, and in order to begin at the beginning, he opened one of the dreariest and most matter-of-fact books that ever was written, *viz.*: *The Old and New Testament Connected*, by *Humphry Prideaux*. It was a part of his plan to follow this work with another, which, if possible, is more dreary and forbidding, *viz.*: *Shuckford's Sacred and Profane History Connected*. But he never got so far as Shuckford, for

the reason that, after a few weeks' trial with *Prideaux*—so many hours a day, and so many pages of the wooden volumes read in a mechanical way—he became dispirited and discouraged, and the course of historical reading "never did run smooth" with him, after such an inauspicious beginning.

This instance may give meaning and interest to our *second* suggestion, which is, that history, to be wisely begun, should be commenced by every person at what is the right starting-point for him. We have already insisted that the book on which every man should first lay his hands is the book which will instruct, amuse, or elevate him most in any direction in which his needs are the most imperative, whatever the subject-matter may be. This rule is pre-eminently good in historical reading. If we assume that the entire field is to any one unoccupied and unknown, there are yet certain countries, personages or events—one or all—of which every man has some immediate interest to know something. Whether his interest arises from the curiosity of the inquirer or the usefulness of that which is to be known, it is all the same. At this very point should he begin. The author who will best meet this impending want, whether he can do it by copiousness of information, ease of style, clearness of arrangement, or elevation and truthfulness of aim, is the author with whom he should begin. But suppose a person has few historic needs, at least few of which he is conscious, and little or no curiosity, what shall be said to him? Should there be such a person, we have only to say, that it may be the time has not come for him—and it may be it ought never to come—to read history at all. It would be safer, however, to deny that a person ever existed who is without historic curiosity or historic needs, if it could only be discovered in what direction they lie. With some these wishes and wants may turn upon that which is nearest their senses,—the local history of the town or county in which they live, of the family to which they belong, or the state or country in which they are born; or perhaps the ima-

gination may be excited to ask questions concerning some prominent personage whom they have seen or of whom they have heard, as some great lawyer, physician, clergyman, banker, merchant, sea-captain, or general. If they are interested in any trade or employment, the history of their own occupation, or of the objects with which it is concerned, may be the history which will take the strongest hold of their feelings.

When, then, a man comes to us with the question, "What history shall I read first?" we reply, as we have already suggested, with the questions: "What history do you care to know the most about? Of what country, or of what people—of what events or what personages do you wish or need to be informed accurately and fully? Concerning what great interest, as of trade or commerce, tariff or business, of shipbuilding, or invention in art or literature, do you at present feel disposed to ask the most numerous questions of a friend or acquaintance?" If you can answer to yourself these questions then you will enable us to advise you as to what history you should begin to read.

*Third.* History should be read after the laws and habits of the kind of memory with which the reader is naturally endowed, without any violent efforts to resist or reform these laws or habits. For example, there are a few persons who have a natural memory for dates. They can scan with the eye or hear with the ear the dates of the principal events of a war, a reign, or a century, and can fix them with exactness so as to recall them when they are wanted. But the majority, even of young persons—in whom the spontaneous memory is most active—find it somewhat difficult to imprint a table of simple dates upon the memory. Many who labor under this defect are soon discouraged in the reading of history. They complain that before they have finished a single volume most of the dates of the events which it records have escaped from their possession. Of what possible use, say they, can it be to read a second, if even the times and the order of the great events which it recounts are in like

manner to slide from our recollection? Of what use, if this is continually to happen, will it be for us to read history at all? To relieve the minds of those who feel these difficulties, two considerations are pertinent. The *first* is, that history may impress many most valuable lessons upon the memory of those who can remember the dates of but few of the great events which it records. It is with reading history very much as it is with seeing people and observing the course of nature. A thousand lessons may have been impressed upon the understanding, a thousand most important relations may have been discerned, a thousand inferences or principles may have been suggested or confirmed, a thousand movements of feeling or will may have been evolved in connection with a thousand persons and events observed, of which very few, and perhaps none at all, can be recalled singly and in their individual relations. To be profited by history in almost every way conceivable, it is by no means essential that we retain a distinct remembrance of the individual facts which history records and recites. We would not intimate that a knowledge of dates and events is unimportant, nor again that strenuous and persevering efforts should not be made to fix and hold them in the memory. We would only preclude the inference that great exactness or facility in this respect is essential to the most important uses of this study. We would also insist that any range, exactness, or readiness in the memory of historical facts is only important so far as it is attended with the capacity to discern and connect these facts in and by their higher relations. Simple memory is so very convenient that it is often greatly over-valued. School-teachers and school-children, pedants and paragons of memory, who can promptly tell you the precise date of every event in history, plume themselves very often upon what is merely a great intellectual convenience. Those unfortunates, on the other hand, who are always at a loss when called on to furnish such details for themselves or for others, are often mortified and discouraged at their constantly

recurring failures. For this reason it needs often to be repeated that a knowledge of dates is chiefly to be valued because of the higher relations to which it constantly ministers. This suggests the *second* consideration to which we referred, viz.: That when the dates of history are habitually contemplated in these higher relations, the study of chronology becomes fascinating and easy to many who are deficient in the mechanical memory. It may seem of little importance to know, and therefore it may appear difficult to recall, the precise number of months or years by which the American preceded the French Revolution, or to recount the exact order of the several events which ushered in the bloody catastrophe and the inevitable reaction of the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire. But viewed in another light the exactest knowledge of these time-periods and time-epochs may be of the greatest service. It may even be absolutely essential to enable the reader to estimate the force and to compute the laws of the agencies which produced these stirring and frightful phenomena. At first view, that would seem to be the most trivial coincidence which connects two events together by the relation of time—as a discovery, an invention, a bold or beneficent enterprise achieved by two or three minds, in the same month, thousands of miles distant. But coincidences of this sort, observed and remembered, illustrate how the thinking of the race proceeds with an even step, and may bring out the exact occasion or condition which has evolved in many minds a similar intellectual or moral result. The exact date of the first emigration of miners to San Francisco, or of the first large shipment of gold from California to New York or London, might be of the first importance to illustrate the beginning of some new movement of commerce, or a new tendency in the money markets of the world. The exact date, to the day of the month, of the proclamation of the Queen of England concerning the belligerency of the parties in our late civil war, is esteemed by many as of the greatest significance in determining what were the feelings and

what the position of the English government with respect to the two parties.

We have cited these examples to illustrate the truths, that to any person who reads history with a moderate degree of intelligence and reflection, the chronology of history may be invested with a high intellectual, and even a high moral interest, and that those who study dates and time relations under these higher lights can by degrees learn to remember them. This is but a special inference and application of the general rule already laid down, that every man should read history after the methods and connections of his own memory. If a reader has little force of the spontaneous power which reproduces dates and facts by a mechanical method, let him learn to elevate these dates and facts by the dignity and interest which belong to higher relations and deeper principles. If, on the other hand, he remembers isolated facts and incidents with ease, let him not be content with the convenient service or the doubtful reputation of the intellectual instrument that passively depicts everything that has been presented to the mind.

It is interesting to notice how the driest of all books, a table of dates, may to the enlightened eye become radiant with instruction and interest; and especially how a table of comparative chronology, like the Oxford Tables, or those prepared primarily for the study of Church History by Dr. Henry B. Smith, may become a most attractive manual.

Against passive reading of every kind we would enter our repeated protest as an idling of time and an enfeebling of the powers. History tempts not a few to such habits. Many read history as they read a novel or a drama, moved only by the excitement of the story, lending scarcely reflection enough to accept the story as a recital of actual events, and dreaming over its pictures rather than believing its realities—neither measuring its facts by principles, nor deriving principles from its facts. Others, of an opposite habit of mind, bestow so much reflection upon the facts, that they forget the very facts which have suggested their reflections. They read

history very much as an absent-minded man listens to a concert or an opera, or as under a lecture or a sermon he surrenders himself so completely to the thoughts which the speaker suggests, that he forgets entirely what the speaker has said. Such persons bring away everything which history can teach them except its facts. A little faithful and persevering self-discipline would enable such persons to remember both the incidents and the dates which their own reflections should first ennoble and then make permanent. These thoughts inculcate one conclusion which it will not be wise to forget or overlook, and that is, that the reading of history must be prosecuted somewhat as a study, in order to be permanently pleasant or profitable. History need not be learned as a lesson to be repeated to another, but the reading of it should be prosecuted with a special wakefulness of attention, with constant and deliberate reflection, and with frequent and wisely arranged reviews. Particularly should history be read with some sort of system at the outset, it being always remembered that it should never be regarded as a mechanical task-work.

While, then, we should begin to read history by using the kind of memory which we have at command, we should not despair of cultivating our memory by the very act and effort of reading. Surprising achievements have been accomplished by trifling acts of painstaking, when these have been repeated into fixed and pleasant habits.

*Fourth:* History should always be read with the aid of Geography. If the dates of the events of History are important and instructive, so are the places in which they occur. Indeed we may say without reserve, that it is impossible to read history with intelligence, without bringing distinctly before the eye of the mind the place-relations of the scenes in which these events occur. Nor does it suffice that one should be able to fix these as presented by a map, if one cannot interpret the lines of the map into pictures of boundary and surface. Not only should the ordinary map and atlas be

kept constantly within reach, but what are called historical maps should be freely and constantly employed by every reader of history who can procure them. These are constructed for the special purpose of representing to the eye the various changes and divisions of a country which have occurred in great historic periods, as the result of conquest or colonization. These changes are represented to the eye by a series of maps of the whole or a part of a continent drawn to the same scale and with the same completeness of physical features, the growth, diminution, or absorption of its subordinate divisions being indicated by changes in their variously colored boundary lines and by the presence or absence of its marts and capitol. The several changes in western Europe which took place after the French Revolution and during the career of Napoleon, are most impressively depicted to the eye by a series of such maps, each one of which tells its own story of rapid conquest and humiliating defeat, of sudden and surprising growth, and of contractions and retreats as unlooked for. The decisions of the Congress of Vienna made it necessary to reconstruct the map of Europe. No sooner had Prussia achieved the one victory of Sadowa after a seven weeks' campaign, than the maps of Germany were all altered, and new maps of the new Prussia were sold in Berlin before her troops had returned in triumph to the capital. A series of good historical maps of the Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire suggests volumes of Ancient History. The moral and political lessons which a few moments' inspection of a series of such maps is fitted to enforce, cannot fail to be noticed by any thoughtful mind. The career of the great Napoleon is full of admonitory wisdom as it is illustrated to the eye that follows his unbounded ambitions and his astounding achievements, in the expanding and still expanding lines of the empire which centred in Paris, to the crisis, which contracted them in a day by the victory of Waterloo, and sent him to the distant rock of St. Helena. Historical maps of the great empires of the ancient world are like the

successive pictures of a prophet's vision. Historical atlases have hitherto been almost inaccessible to ordinary English readers, and have been scarcely known except by historical scholars. With a few exceptions, they have been prepared by German editors, and are not easily used by a person who is ignorant of the German language. The simple inspection of one of the atlases of *Karl von Spruner* cannot fail to impress even such a reader with the great utility of such maps as an aid to the reading of history. It cannot be long before appliances so useful and almost indispensable will be furnished to English and American readers.

We name another use of Geography in the reading of history, which is of far higher interest and of nobler application—its use in the Philosophy of History. As the dates of events are often of the greatest significance in explaining them, so also is their scene and place. The physical features of every country—as its mountains, coasts, and rivers—should be carefully studied, not merely as they have furnished the show-place upon which, and the limits or framing within which, the great transactions have occurred which have made the country famous, but as they have had a large influence in determining what the history of the country should be. As the material has not a little to do in determining what the *spiritual and moral* shall be in the development and career of the individual man, so the study of physical geography of a country is the best interpreter of its history. It often furnishes the only clue by which the student and reader can explain its most striking peculiarities. For example, if we would understand the peculiar and wonderful history of England, it is not merely convenient and in many senses necessary to know that the island is moored alongside the Continent, at a convenient distance and yet at a safe remove from France, Spain, Holland and Germany; but it is entirely essential to keep this fact continually in mind, and to refer to it again and again, as the one condition which England required for the development of her unique and marvellous

history, and for the attainment of her boasted imperial power. Had the English channel been only a little less formidable than it is in its rock-lined walls, its storms, its fogs, and its tides, England, might in a half-score of instances, have been possessed and overrun by foreign invaders after she had become great enough to tempt as a prize or defiant enough to invite as a conquest. Dutch Fleets, Spanish Armadas and French Expeditions, in conjunction with Irish Rebellions, Scotch Risings and Papal Intrigues, would, but for this single physical feature of England, have figured very differently in the changed history of the kingdom, and in the story of Protestant Christianity and of general political liberty. Indeed, had the English channel been a little narrower and its currents a little less fearful, Protestantism and freedom might neither of them have had a permanent foothold on the earth—assuredly not upon English soil. The free spirit of the English people would have wanted the insular protection within which to find its free development, which gave it a home and a fortress as against foreign assailants, and a convenient city of refuge for many a noble exile. The seafaring tastes and the adventurous spirit of the English navigators and traders owe to this circumstance their early and marvellous growth—from which originated the naval supremacy, the colonial extension, and the enormous wealth of this sometimes unscrupulous and always imperious people, which so long rejoiced in the exclusive title to the dominion of the seas. But the high tides and stormy passages along the coasts of this island would themselves have accomplished little for England's power and wealth had it not been for the coal and tin and iron which were provided beneath her rocks, as the means of developing her manufacturing skill, and of fabricating the metallic and textile products with which for so long a period she has tempted and controlled the markets of the world. Here, again, the proximity of England to the Continent, with her insular independence of it, were most important, as they enabled

her government in repeated instances to introduce skilled labor from Flanders and from France on critical occasions, when it was not only convenient for manufacturers and artisans to leave their homes, but when this became necessary if they would save their consciences and their lives. Thus did England, by its physical features, become not only an asylum for many of the noblest exiles, but she also made of this asylum a treasure-house for her future wealth and a workshop for the supply of the world, which in this way became her tributary.

The example of England is one of many which might be adduced to illustrate the relation of physical geography to history. The honor of discerning and setting forth this relation in its adequate and manifold importance belongs to Professor Carl Ritter, one of the most eminent men of the present century, who was alike distinguished for his vast learning, his historical sagacity, and his modest and Christian humility. His views were given to English readers some years ago by one of his most eminent disciples, *Professor Arnold Guyot*, in his "*Earth and Man*," and more recently in translations from a few of his works. The intelligent reader needs, however, only to seize upon the clue which Ritter's speculative wisdom has furnished to be able to read history by a new light and with a new interest, as he finds the physical features as well as the geographical situation of every country to be essential to the understanding of its political and moral growth, and of the part which it has enacted in the world's drama.

The thought is kindred, but not unimportant, that to understand and appreciate either history or geography with the highest profit, and especially to understand the two as mutually related, travelling with an intelligent eye is an important auxiliary. We would not be understood to assert or intimate that a person who cannot travel cannot do justice to the reading of history. The fact is notorious, that some of the most intelligent and appreciative students of

history have travelled but little; while hundreds, if not thousands, yearly look upon Rome and Jerusalem and the Nile with unanointed eyes, who neither bring nor carry away a single historic association.

Nor, again, is it needful to travel long distances, or to visit many of the seats of ancient or modern commerce and empire, in order to learn the most important and the most substantial lessons which travel is fitted to impart. A journey of a hundred miles can be turned by one person to uses that are far more abundant and instructive than a journey of a thousand miles by another. The sagacious eye needs but few hints or *motives* to be able to judge of the remote by the near, of the long by the short, and of the great by the small. Gibbon found in the study of tactics which he made as captain of the Hants militia a sufficient preparation to enable him to understand the movements of the great military leaders of the Roman empire. On the other hand, no intellect can be so acute, and no imagination can be so active, as not to be stimulated and instructed by the excitements of the eye and the ear. The traveller who has crossed the Alps in person and on foot will be far more likely to do justice to the difficulties which impeded Hannibal; and he who has traversed Palestine with the Scriptures in his hand cannot but make more real to himself and more intelligible the Old and the New Testament history. It is worth noticing that the best historical writers have almost uniformly been fond of travelling. At least, they have had "the topographical eye," and that interest in natural scenery which seems to be essential to the vivid representation to the mind of historic scenes, events, and personages.

This suggests our *fifth* point, viz., the use of the imagination in the reading of history. Whately pertinently observes, in his annotations upon Lord Bacon's Essay on Studies: "In reference to the study of history, I have elsewhere remarked upon the importance, among the intellectual qualifications for such a study,



of a vivid imagination—a faculty which, consequently, a skilful narrator must himself possess, and to which he must be able to furnish excitement in others. Some may, perhaps, be startled at this remark who have been accustomed to consider imagination as having no other office than to *feign* and to falsify. Every faculty is liable to abuse and misdirection, and imagination among the rest; but it is a mistake to suppose that it necessarily tends to pervert the truth of history, and to mislead the judgment. On the contrary, our view of any transaction, especially one that is remote in time and place, will necessarily be imperfect, generally incorrect, unless it embrace something more than the bare outline of the occurrences—unless we have before the mind a lively idea of the scenes in which the events took place, the habits of thought and of feeling of the actors, and all the circumstances connected with the transaction; unless, in short, we can in a considerable degree transport ourselves out of our own age, and country, and persons, and imagine ourselves the agents or spectators. It is from consideration of all these circumstances that we are enabled to form a right judgment as to the facts which history records, and to derive instruction from it. To say that imagination, if not regulated by sound judgment and sufficient knowledge, may chance to convey to us false impressions of past events, is only to say that man is fallible. But such false impressions are even *much the more* likely to take possession of those whose imagination is feeble or uncultivated. They are apt to imagine the things, persons, times, countries, etc., which they read of, as much less different from what they see around them than is really the case. The practical importance of such an exercise of imagination to a full and clear, and consequently profitable, view of the transactions related in history can hardly be over-estimated."

To stimulate and aid the imagination in its efforts to reproduce the past, historical plays and poems, and more recently

historical novels, have been abundantly employed. Their usefulness has been the subject of frequent discussion and of various opinions. It has been forcibly, and perhaps not untruly, said that the majority of the present generation of English readers have learned more of English history from Shakespeare and Walter Scott than from the entire library of professed historians. Of course no man would contend that either Shakespeare or Scott can be substituted for the usual historical authorities, but only that they may supplement these in certain important particulars. Many other historical plays and novels are invaluable, as enabling the reader to enter more fully into the spirit of other times. They are of especial service in helping him to appreciate the feelings and motives of prominent personages, and vividly to reproduce the manners and institutions of another age. It is not often that an historical writer is endowed with the painstaking zeal of the antiquarian and the creative power of the poet. If we cannot have the two gifts in a single writer, we must seek for them apart, in the historian and the novelist.

*Thackeray's Henry Esmond* is an admirable example of a good historical novel, when carefully and conscientiously written by a man of rare gifts, and of a rarer honesty. No reader of this tale of the times of Queen Anne could fail to derive from it such impressions of the state of manners and of morals in the higher circles, as well as of the political jealousies and the religious feuds which divided men of all classes, as no formal history could possibly convey—such as even the most abundant and painstaking research into the less accessible sources of historical knowledge would fail to impart to a man of feeble capacity to picture and re-combine. The service is not a slight one which is rendered to the world, when a painstaking explorer of historic truth like Thackeray gathers his materials with faithful and laborious research, and weaves them together into so fascinating and instructive a story. But this tale, marvelous as it is for its elaborated truthfulness

ness and picturesque effects, strikingly illustrates the possible dangers and disadvantages to which the historical novel may be abused. Thackeray was not without his prejudices in certain directions. These, with his desire for producing striking effects, are manifest in the occasional *overdrawing* of this generally well-balanced representation of one of the most interesting periods of English history. It is notorious that *Walter Scott* gave very serious offence to multitudes of his admiring readers by some of his portraiture of the representative characters of the great historical parties of Scotland and England. With all the good sense and candor which he had at command, his sympathies were too intense and his prejudices were too tenacious to allow him to write otherwise than he did, though he knew he should excite the indignation of thousands of his fervid countrymen. *Mrs. H. B. Stowe*, in the preface to her recent historical romance, says: "In doing this, I have tried to make my mind as still and passive as a looking-glass or a mountain lake, and thus to give you merely the images reflected therein." But a fervid and sympathetic nature like hers can no more free itself from a theological or personal bias, in representing the past New England, over which she has laughed, and wept, and speculated, and struggled all her life, than, "the mountain lake" can hold itself in glassy smoothness against the gusts and breezes that sweep down upon it from the heights above. Writers less conscientious and trustworthy than the three we have named would very easily make the historical novel to be the vehicle of partisan prejudice, dishonest misrepresentation, and virulent vituperation. It is also so easy to exaggerate for the simple purpose of effective representation, that many such novels have been written with no conscious bias, and yet have been no better than coarse exaggerations and extravagant caricatures of the simple truth. Some of the novels of *Mrs. Muhlbach* are sad and humiliating examples of this sort, doing equal violence to historic truth, to correct taste,

and to dramatic propriety. Others are written with greater fidelity to both dramatic and historic truth. The very widespread popularity of these tales illustrates the fitness of this kind of writing to meet an important craving of human nature. The volumes of the *Schonberg-Cotta* and the *Erckman-Chatrian* series will readily occur to many of our readers as exemplifying the same truth.

The fact deserves notice in this connection that, of late, professed historians have indulged somewhat freely in romancing, especially when they attempt to give elaborate and eloquent portraiture of their leading personages, in which the most lavish use is made of effective epithets and of pointed antitheses. *Macaulay*, among the recent historians, has set the fashion very decidedly in this direction. In his efforts to make history minute, vivid, and effective, he has often described like an impassioned advocate, and painted like a retained attorney, with the most unsparing expenditure of contrasts and epithets. *Carlyle* gives sketches alternately in chalk and charcoal, that exhibit his saints and demons, now in ghastliest white, and then in the most appalling blackness; and yet in these bold and grotesque outlines there are many lines of which Michael Angelo would not have been ashamed. *Froude*, by research, eloquence, and audacity combined, attempts to reverse the settled historic judgments of all mankind in respect to the characters that had been "damned to everlasting fame." *Bancroft* and *Motley* abound in examples of this tendency to paint historical characters so much to the life, that the impression is made that the result is only a painting to which there never was reality. The ghost of the miserable Philip II. would suffer more than the purgatorial tortures which he dreaded and deserved so long, were he made to writhe under the unsparing pertinacity of *Motley's* invective, from which there is no release, and to which there is no termination; while the spirit of William the Silent would be more reserved and reticent than ever were he forced to listen to the perhaps not

undeserved but the certainly unqualified laudations of his admiring narrator. The elaborate portraits of Bancroft, if they do nothing more, do most effectively set forth the historian's own conceptions of what sets off a man well in description, so intense is the coloring and so abundant are the adornments which he employs. The disposition to use two colors certainly makes striking contrasts, if it does nothing more. The hero in black is drawn with deep shadows, if they are few. The hero in white is as white as is practicable, and allow him to be distinctly visible. Gradations in color as well as gentle outlines, if less effective in the excitement with which they shock and excite the nerves, are more pleasing to the taste that is truly refined, as well as ordinarily more true to nature, and just to the reality of things.

To satisfy the imagination history must be individual and minute. Hence it is that *biography* supplements history so happily by imparting an individual interest to the events which concern a larger number of men, by giving minuteness of detail in place of general and vague descriptions, and by awakening our personal and human sympathies in what would otherwise be conceived as indefinite and impersonal. The life of a great ruler or a distinguished commander becomes for these reasons the most satisfactory medium for recounting the history of a great nation or a critical war. We need only cite as examples the lives of Frederick, Napoleon, and Abraham Lincoln. A single human being takes the central place in the picture, and his personal feelings and interests awaken somewhat of our sympathy. The recital of the events of which he had personal knowledge stands out in bold relief from the hazy background of general descriptions and the dry details of dates, numbers, and results. Hence a snatch from the diary of a soldier on a march, a brief letter after a battle, a personal description of what he saw

and felt in a charge or repulse, is often more attractive and even more instructive than scores of papers of official summaries and despatches. The few diaries which were faithfully kept in the stirring times of England, as those of Evelyn and Pepys, the personal recollections of Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson, the stately recordings of Burton in his Cromwellian diary, are not only valued above all price for the distinctness with which they bring again to life those exciting times, but they have given the hint for scores of imitations in the form of manifold autobiographies and diaries. A bundle of old letters, freshly gathered from some forgotten chest or dusty closet may aid the imagination and move the heart more than a score of elaborate volumes. The zealous student of history, the man with the true historic spirit, fills his library with books and collections of this sort, and is never weary with ruminating over the past that he can recreate to the eye of his mind out of these fragmentary hints, and these tattered, seared, and dusty memorials. An old letter reveals a new world, an old account-book recalls a past generation, with its ways of getting and spending, of buying and selling, of marrying and burying, of clothing and furnishing. An old musket or a soldier's outfit represents a battlefield of another time; and an old diary unrolls a pictured procession of deaths and burials, of weddings and funerals, of famines and pestilences, in which the long dead reappear upon the earth, inhabit their old houses, and walk the once-frequented streets. The imagination of many a *Dr. Dryasdust* is pictured all over with unwritten romances; and his heart, which seems as desolate and forbidding as his dusty and disorderly den, is brimming over with the tenderest romances. Peace to his ashes, for in them slumber the glowing embers of the loved and therefore the unforgettable past!

## THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF 1869.

THE circle of the sciences is so nearly all centre, that it is difficult to say to what are any subject of inquiry belongs. Solar eclipses, at one time the terror of the ignorant, and the study of the astronomer only, have come to be specialties also of the chemist, the physicist, and the photographer. The telescope, the camera, and the spectroscope work together, each crowded with work, and each finding its most fruitful field in the sun.

The mysterious connection of the bodies of our system is no longer supposed to be that of attraction alone; the solar spots, the aurora, the comets, the meteors, and certainly two of the planets, own some other relation and acknowledge a common kinship.

In the early days of astronomical inquiry, eclipses were observed for the purpose of determining longitudes, and of detecting errors in the lunar theory. The hypothesis born in the closet was tested in the observatory; residual errors were examined, remoulded in the mathematical curves, and again subjected to the test of the senses.

But it is not necessary to wait for an eclipse of the sun for longitude determinations, when eclipses of stars by the moon happen many times in a month, and can be observed with much more nicety, and when relative longitudes can be noted on any fine night by the click of the chronograph.

The motions of the moon are, however, a continuous subject of interest, showing, as they do, not only every change in our planetary system, but those also in the earth, reflecting, after thousands of years, even the fret of the wave upon the shore.

The astronomers tell us that there must be at least two eclipses of the sun every year; but a total eclipse is of rare occurrence, and at any one place happens only in hundreds of years.

If the moon's motion around the earth were in the plane of the earth's motion around the sun, an eclipse of the sun

would happen at every new moon, as the moon would come between sun and earth, and hide the sun to some of the earth's people. And at every new moon the cone-shaped shadow is thrown towards the earth; but as the moon's motion is not in the plane of the earth's, it falls perhaps above, perhaps below the earth; or, if it be exactly at the crossing of the plane, the earth may be out of its reach, beyond the point of the conical shadow, and the eclipse will be then only partial. When the moon is nearest the earth, and it is new moon at the time it is passing through the plane of its orbit, there must be a total eclipse somewhere on the earth, for the dark shadow must sweep across its surface, as the shadows of Jupiter's satellites are seen to sweep across the disc of that planet.

With a starting-point of one eclipse, it is easy to foretell, in a rough way, the coming of others. The moon does not pass through the plane of the earth's orbit again at the same point; the foot-prints of nature never measure exactly the same. When the moon comes around again she seems to take a backward step (if we call her usual motion forward) at that point, and this backward motion continues until, in about eighteen years, she has seemed to carry this point around the whole circle of the earth's orbit. The eclipses then repeat their order with variations. A total eclipse may have become partial, or may be total to another part of the earth.

The moon, although so much smaller than the sun, is so near to us that it usually appears of about the same size (a relation between size and distance which would seem to show some other design than that of symmetrical beauty), and at the time of a total eclipse seems larger, and more than covers the sun.

But this over-covering is to a very small extent; at most it projects beyond the sun by a narrow bordering of only one-sixteenth the diameter. A total eclipse

therefore lasts so long only as the time required by the moon to pass over this small arc, varying with the position of the place on the earth, the longest time being 7m. 58s.

The total eclipses of this century, observed in this country, are those of 1806, 1834, and 1869. That of 1806 was total, and central at Kinderhook, and was observed carefully in that place, and in New York and Massachusetts generally. A Spanish gentleman, Jose Jacques de Ferrer, made some very nice observations for fixing longitudes, and of physical phenomena. He says: "The disc had around it a ring, or illuminated atmosphere, which was of pearl color, and extended 6' from the disc." He calls it "the irradiation of the solar disc."

Mr. De Witt, of Albany, who observed the same, says: "The edge of the moon was strongly illuminated, and had the color of polished silver; and around a dark circle was an immense radiated glory, like a new creation, in a moment bursting on the sight, and for several minutes fixing the gaze of man in silent admiration."

The duration of this eclipse was nearly five minutes at Kinderhook; it was very short in Massachusetts; was observed at Salem by Dr. Bowditch, and at Nantucket, where it was not quite total, by Walter Folger, an excellent mathematician, and a maker of astronomical instruments.

The eclipse of 1834 was observed at Beaufort, South Carolina, by Mr. Paine, of Boston. He speaks of seeing two planets and four stars.

The corona is mentioned by all the observers of 1806, but there is no notice of "rosy protuberances."

The total eclipse of 1842 was observed by Mr. Airy, the Astronomer Royal of Greenwich; by Mr. Bailey, an English astronomer; by Otto Struve, of Pulkova, and many others, as the lunar shadow swept over the north of Italy and the southern provinces of France, Germany, and Russia. Mr. Struve says the light of the corona was too strong for the naked eye. This eclipse was the first in this century to attract attention to the "rosy

protuberances" scattered around the moon's limb. Mr. Airy speaks of his surprise at sight of them. They became at once an object of interest; and at the next eclipse of 1851, Mr. Airy, Mr. Dawes, an excellent English observer, and our own Mr. Bond, of Cambridge, gave particular attention to them. Mr. Bond went to Lilla Edet, a little town in Sweden. He saw five of these prominences; he says they appeared like "clouds brightly illuminated."

Mr. Airy presented pictures of them to the Royal Art Society, and if the engravings do them justice, the appearances were somewhat different from those of August 7, 1869; not perhaps more different than are clouds in our own atmosphere.

By 1860, when another total eclipse threw its dark shadow upon civilized people, these phenomena were expected, and Mr. Airy, at his station in Spain, saw them before totality. This eclipse first suggested the possibility of observing these prominences in full sunlight.

In the eclipse of August 7, 1869, the shadow, one hundred and forty miles wide, passed obliquely across this continent from Alaska to North Carolina, falling upon no fixed observatory, but upon large cities, whose intelligent people were ready to give all needed aid to the professional astronomer. Hospitable homes in Springfield, Des Moines, and Burlington, in Louisville, Lexington, and Frankfort, were freely offered. Every known astronomer received courteous invitations into the shadow. Every astronomer, professional or amateur, prepared to go. The observatories must have been left undirected; the mathematical chairs of the colleges must have been empty, and, judging from the crowded condition of hotels within the darkness, Saratoga and Newport must have felt the different set of the travelling current.

When we entered the truly palatial cars at Buffalo, we heard a voice near us saying, "Tell me your longitude and I'll tell you your time," and as common people look to the town clock for their time, we knew at once that it was some astrono-

mer, and on turning we met the gaze of an old friend, the hero of one total and three annular eclipses, ticketed to totality. As we came into the sleeping cars at Chicago, a young gentleman who was just putting himself away upon his shelf, called out to the conductor, "Do not disturb us for the night! We are an astronomical party of seven persons going to Burlington."

If a large part of the country had started for the shade, in general, it seemed as if a large part of that part had started for Burlington. The duration of the total phase in Burlington was nearly three minutes, the town was said to be healthy, and at Burlington a crowd gathered, made up of scientific men working under Government orders, under college orders, under individual orders; naturalists who desired to see the effect of a new condition of things upon the animal or insect of their special affection; clergymen who were willing to take a lesson from nature, and tourists who sought a new sensation. In the halls of the hotels we saw meetings between friends long separated, and heard joyous exclamations as grayhaired men met and shook hands and laughed, that neither could recognize in the middle-aged other the youth whom he had left, and whom he had since known only through scientific journals. Burlington is a pretty little group of villages standing upon several little knolls of a bluff of the Mississippi; it is up hill and down dale in its streets, and it is to be hoped it will be proof against the efforts of its people to straighten it out. It is beautifully heterogeneous. In some places it reminds one of the little villages which children build of toy-blocks; in others it seems like the Italian cities perched upon inaccessible hill-tops.

We arrived on the fourth of August, too late to attempt any work that day. The fifth was cloudy and threatening, and the sixth was rainy, rainy all day. The astronomers who had mounted their instruments tried to protect them from the weather; we rejoiced that ours were yet in their boxes. The Government

party, under Prof. Coffin, had already planted itself upon a fine elevated field, where an observatory had been built, a rough shelter for a fine equatorial telescope to be used in photographing, a small telescope for the spectroscopic observations, and other instruments; and near by was a little meridian room, with a tiny transit instrument, which one could almost put in his pocket, for the purpose of determining accurately the condition of the chronometers.

We met, on our arrival, an invitation from the Burlington Collegiate Institute to occupy its grounds, with the assurance of the Faculty that they should be wholly at my disposal.

On examination the grounds were found to be a little elevated, and seemingly very secluded, and the offer was gratefully accepted. Some half-dozen of the graduates of our college had offered their services as assistants—one of them with a telescope—all with sharp eyes and quick perceptions.

All day on the 6th the rain continued. Near noon the barometer began to rise; at sunset there was a gleam of light between the clouds, and at midnight it was clear.

The morning of the 7th was as beautiful as morning could be. Not a cloud was in the sky, and a light breeze tempered the heat. About 9 A.M. we took possession of our grounds. The obliging officers of the college placed a man-servant under our orders, and offered every other assistance we could ask.

The first request we made was that the ground should be kept free of chance visitors; for the fences were very soon picketed with differential variations of humanity, scarcely less annoying because perfectly well-behaved. No reasoning seemed able to convince the common people in the moon-shaded land that the eclipse belonged to them as much as to the astronomers: they considered it the peculiar property of the telescope. The clearing of our fences was, however, efficiently and kindly done. The President of the College asked the gathering group to withdraw to another field, a

compromise which, as it allowed them a near neighborhood, seemed satisfactory.

Our instruments consisted of an equatorially mounted telescope of four inches aperture, by Dolland; a small one of two and a half inches, by the same maker; and a very perfect little instrument of three inches, by Alvan Clark. They must now be examined, and then placed as nearly in meridian as could be done in the little time left. They had come fifteen hundred miles, and we opened the boxes with some anxiety. There was no irremediable injury, but there were slight derangements. The President of the College was at once the errand-boy to go for an instrument-maker. It is almost incredible, but it is true, that an instrument-maker appeared immediately, as if waiting hard by; brought his screw-driver with him, and at once removed the difficulty. Then for the little Clark telescope a post must be put up, and some kind of stand must be arranged for the small Dolland. The first was readily done, and for the second we extemporized a pier by filling a barrel with sand.

Then we must try colored glasses; we must examine clamps; we must test screws; we must adjust focus. The instruments were not such as we had used in our observatory. Large instruments cannot be transported; and astronomers are accustomed to depend on fixed ones. It was as if we had suddenly come into a new field of labor. If we had observed all the solar eclipses in a long life, our experience would not have been great—at most, only a few seconds a year of drill.

The day was comparatively cold; but to stand for hours under an August sun can never be an invigorating process.

Our instruments had no spider lines to mark off different quadrants of the field of view. The moon was expected to appear at a point  $122^{\circ}$  from the vertex of the sun; we must estimate the position of that point. But one telescope inverted, and the other two had solar eyepieces of a new construction; and the point would be apparently in another place. We paired off two and two at

the telescopes, one to watch the phenomenon through the glass, the other to count time and to make notes; while a seventh was stationed on the top of the College building to watch general effects.

The time at which an eclipse will occur is always calculated by astronomers some years before, and a variation from that calculation in the actual appearance of the phenomenon is a hint that something is wrong.

Not that there is an error in the calculation, for, given certain data with regard to sun, moon, and earth, and the predictions will be unerring. But the data may be wrong; a deviation of computed from observed time is a finger-point to the astronomer; it means something. In preparing for an observation of time, the astronomer gives himself every possible facility. He ascertains to a tenth of a second the condition of his chronometer, not only how fast or how slow it is, but how much that fastness or that slowness varies from hour to hour. He notes exactly the second and part of a second when the expected event should arrive; and a short time before that he places himself at the telescope.

Having no chronograph arrangement with me, I was obliged to depend on the counting of seconds by an assistant. The assistant counts aloud the half-second beats of the chronometer; and the observer, with the eye upon the point to be watched, and the ear intent on the assistant's voice, awaits the event.

At length all was ready. The observers were at the telescopes; the regular count aloud of the half seconds began. Every observer tries to do the impossible. He tries to notice what is technically called "the first contact." He tries to note the exact instant when an unseen spherical body appears to touch a seen spherical body; that is, he tries to see a point infinitesimally small, and to mark a division of time which the ear cannot measure. At a certain second and part of a second, the moon, all unseen, was expected to make itself visible. But the moon was not up to time! There were some seconds of breathless suspense, and

then the inky blackness appeared on the burning limb of the sun. All honor to my assistant, whose uniform count on and on, with unwavering voice, steadied my nerves! That for which we had travelled fifteen hundred miles had really come. We watched the movement of the moon's black disk across the less black spots on the sun's disk, and we looked for the peculiarities which other observers of partial eclipses had known. The colored glasses of our telescope were several, arranged on a circular plate, so that we could slip a green one before the eye, change it for a red one or a yellow one, or, if we wished to look with the eye unprotected, a vacant space could be found in the circumference. In the course of the hour, from the beginning of the eclipse to total phase, this was readily done. I fancied that an orange hue suited my eye best, and kept that in place, intending to slip it aside and receive the full light when the darkness came on. As the moon moved on, the crescent sun became a narrower and narrower golden curve of light, and as it seemed to break up into brilliant lines and points, we knew that the total phase was only a few seconds off.

Light clouds had for some time seemed to drift toward the sun; the Mississippi assumed a leaden hue; a sickly green spread over the landscape; Venus shone brightly on one side of the sun, Mercury on the other; Arcturus was gleaming overhead, Saturn was rising in the east; the neighboring cattle began to low; the birds uttered a painful cry; fireflies twinkled in the foliage, and when the last ray of light was extinguished, a wave of sound came up from the villages below, the mingling of the subdued voices of the multitude.

Instantly the corona burst forth, a glory indeed! It encircled the sun with a soft light, and it sent off streams for millions of miles into space!

And now it was quick work! To see what could be seen, to make notes, and to mark time, all in less than three minutes, knowing all the time that narrow limitation! The colored glasses, which

had slipped so easily when it was unnecessary, at this critical second refused to give place one to the other, and ten seconds must have been lost. I was again indebted to my assistant, who removed the whole of them, giving me free use of the telescope.

On looking through the glass, two rosy prominences were seen on the right of the sun's disk, perhaps one-twentieth of the diameter of the moon, having the shape of the half-blown morning-glory. I found myself continually likening almost all these appearances to flowers, possibly from the exquisite delicacy of the tints. They were not wholly rosy, but of a variegated pink and white, with a mingling of violet.

Any correct observation of color is, however, impossible. Beside the different perception of the eye, in its normal state, the retina cannot instantly lose the effect of the colored glass. I had just left an orange glass, and was quite insensible to that color; while one of our party who had been using a green glass declares the protuberances to be orange-red. Differences of color in the phenomenon are indisputable, and no one could fail to see that the "protuberances" were unlike.

As I ran my glance along the limb of the moon I saw another protuberance, much larger than the former ones, very nearly at the vertex, increasing rapidly. It seemed to be brought into light as the moon moved on; and yet, billowy in shape and mottled in color, it appeared to have, or possibly it had, a motion within itself. Next there leapt out on the left of the moon two more flower-shaped and flower-tinted creations. Twice, as I was looking at these, a flickering light caught my eye, as if from the moon's centre; another strangely shaped figure rushed out as if from behind the moon, and instantly the sun came forth. All nature rejoiced, and much as we needed more time, we rejoiced with Nature, and felt that we loved the light. Our whole party agreed that the darkness was neither that of twilight nor of moonlight, nor was it as great as we had



expected. My assistant used a candle in noting time, but cannot say that it was necessary. The observers who had no telescopes, and who undoubtedly saw the most, reported broad bands of light around the horizon, and curious effects of light and shade; for while we were in the shadow, not many miles from us was the partially-lighted region.

With the end of total phase the interest in the eclipse was over, but not the task of the observers. We were to note the "last contact," that is, the last trace of the moon on the sun. How slowly it seemed to come! We had had so much to do in two minutes and forty-eight seconds! We had so little to do in the next hour!

We were all curiosity to hear from the other observers. Each party met us with radiant faces.

"How went the photography?" we asked.

"Forty-one successful pictures—six during totality," was the answer.

"And the observations with the spectroscope?"

"Very successful."

"And did you see an inter-Mercurial planet?"

"No."

No one person can give an account of this eclipse, but the specialty of each is the bit of mosaic which he contributes to the whole, and the record will be such as science never made before. The astronomer and the photographer who worked together could have seen almost nothing of general effects; the attention given to rosy protuberances was taken from corona; the glance which was sent along far-stretching streamers could not be upon bursting flames.

The photographic pictures, accompanied as they were at Burlington with chronographic records, will be of value

even as measurements of precision, and the spectroscope showed itself capable of noting "first contact." For physical investigations these two instruments are beyond all others, for the sun tells its own story through them, and the narrative can be read and interpreted at leisure.

The physicists tell us that the "rosy prominences" are incandescent hydrogen, not revealed by eclipses particularly, but recognized in full sunlight. What is the law of distribution of these flames? Is it any easier to account for them than to account for the light and heat of the sun itself?

Then what is the corona? If it is the atmosphere of the sun, why those immense streamers? If it is connected with the aurora, as was suggested at the Scientific Association in Salem, is it more than a change of name?

What has become of the inter-Mercurial planet which Mr. Lesbarcault saw cross the sun's disc in 1859, and whose orbit Leverrier calculated? In all the ten years of watching the sun since that time, where has it hidden itself?

I will ask another question. Piazzi Smyth says: "The effect of a total eclipse on the minds of men is so overpowering, that if they have never seen it before they forget their appointed tasks, and *will* look around during the few seconds of total obscuration, to witness the scene." Other astronomers have said the same. My assistants, a party of young students, would not have turned from the narrow line of observation assigned to them if the earth had quaked beneath them. They would have said

— "by the storms of circumstance unshaken,  
And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,  
*Duty* exists."

Was it because they were *women*?

## CHRISTOPHER KROY.

## A STORY OF NEW YORK LIFE.

## CHAPTER XXII.

THERE were hours in every day of the life Christopher Kroy spent in the woods of Maine, toiling as a lumberman, in which he could steal away into uncut tracts and be alone—until the snows fell.

He was known by his co-workers as a surly, let-me-alone individual, whose life had been in some way touched by misfortune, and whose actions should be permitted to escape notice. He never touched a heart by work of kindness or word of sympathy, and his manner of life among the men was such that no tendril of human feeling winding outward twined around him. Winter came. The snows fell. Mr. Kroy saw with fear and trembling the winter supplies coming in. The time was come when he must be in hourly contact with other men or die of cold and starvation. His mind became absorbed with thoughts of his wife and Zilpha. His life as a business man drew off more and more. New York, Wall Street, Stocks, every form of trade, retreated as it were into a distance so great that he lost sense of them as realities; he began to regard them much as one regards the fleecy bits of white floating in blue above the world. That which drew near and nearer to him was his life as a husband and a father. The thousand little trembling offices of kindness that Mrs. Kroy had offered in the first years of their life together, started out from the past and wound along his vision, drawing him on and on to watch their course, until the line drew out and curled itself into a circle and clasped itself together with the final act of heroism—even the sacrifice of self that his wife had made in going out to meet the awful ocean, her most dreaded foe.

It was not pleasant to find himself clasped inside this circle, and to feel the band drawing tighter and tighter every day. To add to the misery of the situation, his daughter Zilpha, with her arch,

defiant ways, seemed continually thrusting herself in and out of the web, making it stronger and more stifling.

The man had subdued nature so long, and now nature's hour of triumph was drawing near, making her subject quake with nameless fear and shrink with unaccountable dread from cold and snow and winter.

"Come, Sober-Sides, it is *your* turn. I reckon you can spin an uncommon cheerful bit of stuff to-night."

The speaker was a bright, pleasant-to-look-at man. The scene was the lumbermen's camp; the time was an evening in November, and the light in the camp came from blazing logs, that gave out, with cheerful shout and fragrant snap, the condensed suns and summers of tree-life.

When thus accosted, Mr. Kroy was sitting with his body bent to meet the support of his long, thin fingers, that were pressed to his temples as if to still aching throbs from within. He had chosen a place behind his fellows where the camp-fire light fell obstructed, and he thought he was unobserved in the merry company.

"Come, Smith! We don't allow anybody in camp who doesn't tell a story. Stories we must have, true or not, it is all the same to us."

Thus appealed to, Mr. Kroy, who had given the name of Smith as his own, looked up and said, "I never knew but one story, and that is true,—so true that I should like to tell it, if you will give me time, but therē is little in it to please men like—I mean men who live the life we live."

"Tell it! tell it!" resounded from all sides.

Mr. Kroy arose, saying, "You musn't mind the way I have of telling my story. Someway I never can bear to be looked at when I am telling it, it makes me forget what I am saying; so I'll turn about."

With his back to the camp-fire, Christopher Kroy told the very story of his life, putting it into language suited to his hearers. He made but few pauses in the march of words which seemed to flow out from his mouth, and the pauses he made were grandly filled with the roaring march of the storm outside. He concealed little save names, dates, and localities, up to the hour in which he had left his home and his past life behind him. He told the story in language so strong, in words so thrilling, that no wild adventure of camp life or sea-storm could have thrilled the men more; but when he came to that point, he suddenly turned his face towards his companions and sat down, saying, "Wait! wait until the storm is over; the wind howls so I can't tell to the end to-night."

Mr. Kroy was shaking as with a chill, he was crying like a child, when some of the men pushed him forward to the fire. They piled on fresh logs, made him drink from a steaming mug put to his lips, and only left him to rest and quiet at mid-night.

The telling of that story was to Christopher Kroy the greatest of blessings; the over-wrought fancies that had so long filled his brain seemed thereby to escape, and he was left a calmer man than he had been in many weary months.

All that night fell the snow—all that night roared the wind, and through the forest there came now and then the thunder of a tree storm-hewed.

Morning came. Clouds parted and parted, until the sun came out and the blue sky spread its arch over forest and mountain.

The teams were going out that morning; the last link to civilization was about to be broken for months. The little band shut up in the forest! What might not be their fate, and no man know it until months hence. It was a solemn time; hearts swelled, and eyes filled with a heart-tide that overflowed in quick grasps and final messages to those who lived in light and warmth and plenty at home.

The camp fire blazed and roared that night, but neither its light nor its heat penetrated to the path Mr. Kroy had taken. He went out to escape entreaties to finish his story. How could he finish it? Only time and circumstance could achieve its completion.

The full moon lay in checkered patches across the snow, that wavered and wavered in dreamy mases, moving to the motion of the wind-troubled tree-tops.

Before the man lay the track the supply train had taken in the morning. He turned his feet into it, with a weary wish that he had gone out with the train at day-dawn. As he walked in the trail there came to him the consciousness that this little track—here a foot and there a wheel, here a crumpled bit of snow, there a rolled-up ball mingled with the soil on which it had fallen—was the dim and wavering thread that held him to the world; its mysterious outstretch under the solemn black of whispering pines beckoned him on and on, until, ere he awoke to the fact that he was in the awful forest alone, he had left the lumbermen's camp two miles in the rear.

The wind awoke. It seemed to hear the voice of the breakers afar on the coast, bidding it blow.

The clouds came at its call, and floated in speckless patches of white gloom over the moon.

Christopher Kroy, ever afraid of nature and its solemn mysteries, turned toward the camp. Just then a thicker bit of cloud veiled the moon, a heavier blast struck the tree-tops, and Mr. Kroy plodded on, blindly, for a moment. When the moon shone out, not a track appeared in the forest, except that which his own feet had made. With a frightened exclamation he turned to follow his own trail to the place whence he had started.

Once he climbed a tree, and nestled in a niche made by out-branching limbs; but the wind pierced him there and warned him away. No place welcomed him. He was an outcast. As he wandered, one desperate wish seemed to lift upward from his heart; it was to reach his wife and children and then to die. Death was

naught to him except relief from earth.

Overcome with the hopelessness of his plight, he dropped upon the snow and leaned against a tree-trunk.

The moonbeams danced coldly across the upturned face. It had suddenly lost its wind and weather hue, and was blanched with deadly fear.

To die alone, to be found sometime a skeleton, bearing about it the evidence of identity, to go hence unloved, to enter the Hereafter alone—unannounced—having no mansion prepared for him. He shut his eyes, and the cold wind swooped down and pressed them.

He thought of the great copper cents he had seen in his childhood laid over the eyes of the dead, with a spasm, for it seemed to him that the cents had touched his eyes. He threw them wide open and looked upward. Little heed they gave to him, the trees, waving to and fro in the gusty air, to the music of that cradle-beat of the waves on the coast down below; little cared they for the sinful man who moaned at their feet. He watched the great crowns thrilling, moaning back the answer, and as he watched he saw the lonely tops of the firs take the form of the cross against the sky. Again and again it overshadowed him. He looked until he saw, or seemed to see, the semblance of a figure hanging there, and slowly, with outstretched, unnailed hand, beckoning him thither.

With cry wild in its untamed wretchedness, wild as beast of the forest could never utter, he cried out:

"O Christ, if there is a Christ, come to me now!"

Demons seemed to fill the air around him, called forth by his voice from the wood. "Dare you call upon Him?" they screeched at him. "He is God. He is holy, and cannot look upon sin. How dare you call upon Him?"

The poor soul looked up again. The cross that God had grown to hang on the midnight sky in Maine forests still held its place, and still the figure hanging there seemed to summon him nearer, nearer, nearer.

A warmth thrilled along his veins, a current arose in his soul, or heart, or brain, it matters not which; it burst into tears and words of prayer, and from the cross there seemed to come down to him the words, "Rememberest thou the promise made to me, when I gave thee the life of thy son?"

"O Lord," pleaded Christopher Kroy, "remember not my sins, but Thy mercy. I promise nothing. I beg of Thee forgiveness now."

The winds roared, the trees shook as with a mighty blast. Mr. Kroy sprang to his feet. One of the giant fir-trees that formed the cross lay caught in the thicket over his head. But an inch or two of forest growth lay between him and death, quick and shudderless or slow and agony-filled.

The man seemed to heed the voice that bade him rise and go. Once more the world lay before him; the ties that bound him to his late life were severed. Morning would come; the men would doubtless take the trail and look for him.

With the morning he saw that the berries of the winter-green could be found in the little hollows where the warmth of the trees had kept the snow from touching the trunks. He gathered what he could, widened the spaces, and gathered more, until the spicy warmth of the berries touched his life, and bore it along yet farther into the heart of the woods.

The squirrels watched him, and when the trail led along the edge of a ledge of rocks, there looked out at him the frightened face of a bear, that quickly turned into its cave and left him.

He passed, at noonday, the lodge of the supply-train. The fires seemed scarcely cold.

Hunger was down on the man again with fierce pang, and his blood was growing chilled when he came to the place. He sat down to rest close to the ashes. He held out his hands over them as though begging for warmth; he began to turn them over in his hands, as if searching for one living coal.

O joy of joys! He gave a shout. He had found a potato yet warm in the ashes

where it had been baked. Little recked the man who raked the ashes so carelessly, what he did. He left not one, but three.

Thirty-six hours he had been without sleep, and Nature demanded rest—demanded it so imperiously, that sleep seemed to him the highest gift out of heaven. The cold had lessened. He built for himself a little bower, or lodge of branches. He crawled into it, shut the door—a spruce bough—and slept.

He awoke, and it was light. He sprang up, threw aside his door, ate his potatoes, saving the skins, and went on his way.

At mid-day he climbed a tree and saw far distant a low spire that told where a church was clustered about by houses. Beyond village and church loomed a mountain, its sides cut into water-courses its bare rocks revealed dimly.

He was nearing his fellow-men at last. A day more, could he hold on to life, would bring him to safety.

Many times he went upward to take an outlook. Sometimes he lost the sight of the white thread on the mountain; sometimes it seemed to him that the trail wound upon itself, but still he held to his course while the November afternoon slid down the west. He knew that when it grew dark he must wait for the moon to rise, or he should lose his way. He dreaded to have the time come.

Once again Mr. Kroy stood among men, and unknown of them. His most intimate friend would have passed him by unconscious. Bent by toil; browned by exposure; disguised by dress he went in safety to Canada and from thence to England, hoping still to reach by some means the wife and children grown by misfortune and sin to be inexpressibly dear to him.

He still carried with him a remnant of his late fortune—quite enough to enable him to live in retirement in some obscure corner of the globe, he thought he cared little where, so that the consequences of his sin might not follow after.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

In splendid misery lived Mrs. Kroy and Zilpha during the days in which there floated out to them scraps of comment—

mere bits of thistle-down—to hint at the blackness which had fallen on their good name and regal fortunes. So they lived on through the days until John, unannounced, appeared to them, and in his abrupt manner told out the story.

"We must find father," exclaimed Zilpha.

"Find him! What for?" questioned John, believing that the too sudden story of their fate had proved more than she could bear.

"What for?" echoed Zilpha, "because he is our father. Don't you think so, mother?" and the beautiful face, flushed with excitement, turned from mother to brother and from brother back to mother, without eliciting one comforting look or word.

John stole his arm around his mother; her head fell on his shoulder. Zilpha went out from the room. A half hour came and went, and Zilpha looked in. Mrs. Kroy and John were conversing in low tones; it was evident to Zilpha that they did not and could not look upon the great sorrow in the same light that she did; perhaps they never could be brought to see it as she did; she must act independently.

Pausing an instant and looking at them, she went forward, saying, "Mother, what shall you do with the funds father sent you months ago? You cannot think that they are ours to use now."

"Child! What can we do in a strange land but use the money? No one would trust us; besides, it was sent to us before this horrid thing was done. I shall keep the securities until your father comes for them."

Mrs. Kroy had endured so much in the early years of her marriage, that under the fearful blow fallen she gave herself up for the time to morbid repining. She became almost a monomaniac regarding her share of the shame. She would not appear in public, neither would she receive her friends. She scarcely regarded Zilpha's going out or coming in.

Under the impulse of his sister's energetic nature, John was driven to employment.

Had starving been a tasteful employment to Zilpha, she would have refused on the first day of their new condition to taste food bought with her father's money. She could not starve, and so she ate, and eating, worked—at what, neither Mrs. Kroy nor John suspected.

Every day the three looked for the mails of the day. Every strange-looking letter was eagerly scanned for a trace of the familiar writing. They watched for months in vain.

A young lady, carefully veiled, was walking quickly along a city of France one evening, for Mrs. Kroy had gone to a place rarely visited by Americans. Zilpha Kroy hurried on, and presently entered a church open for vespers.

A manly figure, erect, full of youth and purpose, American in face and heart, followed Zilpha under the arch and entered the vestibule.

Morton Cloud had recognized Zilpha Kroy under costume and style much changed from the night when he had encountered her in darkness and storm in the hall-way of the "Old South Middle," at Yale College. Within the church she threw aside her veil, so that Morton Cloud obtained a view of the fair face, from the darkness cast by a stone pillar, against which he leaned.

He waited until the service was over; and when in the early darkness Zilpha emerged with the crowd upon the street, he met her there with the words—

"Miss Kroy, I protected you once; give me the pleasure again."

At sound of the voice, at sight of the face, the girl stood still, a strange quiver going over her. Morton stood, with hand outstretched for grasp of Zilpha's. She stood, clasping her own fingers closely together for a second or two, the porch lights shining over her.

"Mr. Cloud," she said, "do you offer your escort to my father's daughter? Can you know what he has done, and still do it?"

"Miss Kroy, I have much to say to you," he said. "Important things are to be discussed. Let us have no cere-

mony, if you please, but take my arm and conduct me to your mother."

Zilpha would have been offended, and walked on on the other side, except that she noticed the same man watching her who had so often met her in unexpected places for weeks. Morton saw the detective at the same instant, and quietly whispered, "For your father's sake, take my arm."

The detective followed Zilpha and Morton to the entrance under which they disappeared. Convinced that Morton Cloud was not the person—a photograph of whose face he had carried in his pocket so many weeks—he left his watch for the night, little suspecting that the bowed man he passed with scarcely a glance, a block away, was the man whose arrest would cause a little fortune to flow toward him.

I must pass by Christopher Kroy's meeting with Morton Cloud, and the demand he made upon the youth to redeem the promise "to do what he might ask, when he should ask it." The cry of Mr. Kroy, "Find my family for me," was one that Morton gladly heard, and joyously set himself to realize.

I should like to tell how grandly and magnanimously *in words*, with what pomp of ceremony, Mrs. Cloud was delivered over to the guardianship of her son, a fortnight after Morton's appearance on the shore of the lake.

Morton had received the kindest letter from Dr. Firm, enclosing just that which he most needed—money; and had been advised to remain in Europe until spring, when Dr. Firm and his sister Jane would go out to join them.

In due time came to light the fact that the great steamship company had been shorn of its glories. Scarce an acre of Mrs. Cloud's lands in New Jersey remained—all had gone down in the current, except a fragment hardly large enough to save one from drowning.

The day before Mrs. Cloud was dismissed with so much profession of disinterested kindness, the Atlantic cable was made the bearer of a message to Mr. Cloud, in the words following:

"Dues or consequences? Choose and act."

Morton Cloud did not tell Mrs. Cloud and Zilpha that in the same little city there breathed the air, so near to them, the man Christopher Kroy. His mission—for he had promised to carry out Mr. Kroy's plan—was to find the estimate in which the wife and children held him as husband and father. The man ached to know if, in all the past, he had planted one seed that could grow and blossom about his guilty self.

"Boy, you put me out of patience. I grew angry enough, pacing here, to go in and brave the consequences," said Mr. Kroy, as Morton joined him.

"You can afford to wait," said Morton, trying to put his hand through the shivering arm of Mr. Kroy, and trying in vain—"you can afford to wait," said Morton again, "for they love you."

"Prove it to me," he exclaimed; "prove it to me." His manner was so animated, his words gave token of so much excitement, that Morton feared for consequences. He hastily told Mr. Kroy that he might meet them the next evening, and named the place—whispering, as he named it, "Beware of the man on the other side."

Morton's fears were groundless; "the man on the other side" was quite as much afraid of being known as was Mr. Kroy.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

The next night Christopher Kroy was conducted to the room where his wife and children waited to receive him.

I cannot give in detail the events of the next year. The same winter, conscience-stricken at last, Norman Cloud essayed to cross the Atlantic in a sailing vessel, to liberate and, if possible, make peace with his wife. The vessel went down and he perished.

Dr. Firm's health gave way and he did not go to Europe in the spring, but he sent for Morton to go to him.

Mr. Kroy began to fail in health and spirit. He grew irritable, and unreasonable as he never had been. Finally he

announced his determination to go back to the place of his birth.

Almost under the very shadow of the Pyramids there seemed to come a way for him.

In their wish to avoid their fellow-men the Kroy family sought out the paths that other travelers shunned, and in one of the secluded places they found a stranger, ill, and soon to die.

By one of the strange events of this life, this dying stranger, himself a homeless, friendless American, was in face and figure so like the Christopher Kroy of prosperous days, that had a detective found him, there is little doubt regarding the fact that a man, innocent, had suffered arrest.

Here, then, was Mr. Kroy's plan. You will remember that planning was an old art of his. This man would soon die. He could not last many weeks. If he could only be safely removed to a country from whence without difficulty he could be sent home after death as Christopher Kroy, dead, and buried in the little graveyard in Vermont!

In three months' time the announcement was made: "Christopher Kroy, the defaulter, is dead, and his remains will be brought home on the —."

No part in this plan, or knowledge of it, had Mrs. Kroy or Zilpha, until Mr. Kroy pointed out the newspaper paragraph to them. They indignantly refused to go to America as mourners, to carry out the wretched play of accompanying the remains of the lonely man.

At length John Kroy was persuaded to go home in the same ship, and to see the man buried on American soil, for such had been the promise given to him while yet alive.

Morton Cloud saw the newspaper item, and when the steamship came into port he was there to meet his friends, and found only John.

The stranger was buried, but not in Vermont; and of the little band who gathered at the funeral rite out of sympathy, the saddest, the truest, not one, not even John Kroy, knew the true name of the man that day given to earth.

To this day no name marks the lonely grave where they laid him.

Christopher Kroy begged sometimes like a little child—he threatened sometimes—to go home. Every day saw him grown thinner and weaker. He became a burden greater to be endured every hour. Then it was that Mrs. Kroy and Zilpha determined to go home.

John received instructions to stay, and in a few weeks Mrs. Kroy and Zilpha were once again in possession of the house which had been the home of Mr. Kroy in his boyhood. It was old, ready to fall into ruins. They went to the village, nestled among the mountain ranges, in the sweet spring-time. At autumn's coming a new house stood where the old one had been. Zilpha, by her own exertions, had amassed money sufficient to pay for it. John Kroy superintended the building of it, and then Zilpha and her mother went to Boston for the furniture. From thence there came down with it an old man. He might have walked openly through the village and not have been known. Cautiously from closed blinds he peered out at the mountains.

The next summer he yet miserably lived. Two or three times he had stolen out at night and wandered through the village when all men slept. Once he went to a mountain and hid himself all day, but at night, foot-sore and frightened, he came down to his hiding-place again.

It was a solitary family living in "Fir Lodge." No visitors came, and rarely a

friend. The lives therein were wearing out, when, somehow—no one knew how—the story floated out that the house had been built to hide Christopher Kroy; that he yet lived and was there.

The house was watched.

One night Mr. Kroy grew painfully restless. A thunder-storm was gathering in the mountain vales. The mountains seemed to shrink with a desire to roll themselves together and get away. Darkness fell thick and fast. Gusts of sound trod the intervals and marched over the hills.

Mr. Kroy would escape somewhere. He called Zilpha to go with him. He stood out in blackness on a balcony and looked upward. Zilpha, true, stood beside him and with him looked upward. His hair had whitened and grown long. His beard was blanched, like frost on summer grass.

That night, surely, he was safe. No eye could discern him in that unearthly gloom.

A man crept near the house. "On such a night they will be off guard," he thought, and he stepped in among the fir-trees. Then from the heavens there burst such a blaze of light as rarely comes through lightning messenger.

Everything hid in the darkness stood out. The man watching saw Christopher Kroy and his daughter. Echo on echo of thunder came out from range on range of mountains, and all was still.

God's Generals of Circumstance and Storm!—how shall sinful man dare to contend with them?

(Concluded.)

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### LEISURE MOMENTS.

WHEN we remember the sweet, bashful joy that overspread the weather-beaten countenance of our old friend the carpenter, when he recited to us, by the roadside, his latest verses, inspired by the famous elm beneath which, so the tradition runs, Washington once stopped to quench his thirst—we think we would not wantonly take from any soul the delight of believing it had given birth to a

poem. As he scanned those wonderfully made verses, with measured, mechanical accent, there was a tremulous tenderness in the voice, an unused gentleness in the eye—every line of that wrinkled face seemed to soften and grow luminous. He had drunk from the true fountain of youth; the old man was a boy again. It was a touching and marvellous transformation.



And yet he had written nothing that critics could call a poem, nor even respectable rhyme. We are not sure that the angels might not recognize in the unexpressed experience an inspiration in essence no less divine than that which produced "Paradise Lost" or "In Memoriam." We suppose that the heaven of the saints thrills with poetry as far beyond expression in words as our old friend's fell short of it—and that there, though one shall still excel another in the experience and the expression, all without shame, and with recognition, may be, in some sense, the poets that they would.

If the verse writers would write their verses and be satisfied with the joy of this—all might be well. They might then be saved from disappointment and mortification, at least. O ye aspiring ones, take comfort in the conception! Be slow to believe that you belong to the immortal few. The chances are nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine against one. Because the *Watessing Weekly* published (without paying for them) your first rhythmical "Soul Breathings," it does not follow that the editors of the principal monthlies are languishing for your latest "Yawnings after the Infinite." A poetic experience is a different thing from a poetic expression. Only the latter has any commercial value.

"Years ago," writes a friend appositely, "we had a picture of the Madonna del Siglia, on the darkest side of the room we occupied as an office. The sun never reached it, but every summer Saturday a Jewish synagogue in the rear slanted out its windows, so as to cast a bright reflected sunlight upon the Christ and Virgin. It seemed a tribute of the old to the new religion. The idea was poetical, and we attempted verse. Now we say of that poem that the thought was good, the grammar correct, the feet accurate. But the latter, so to speak, were rheumatic. A stiffer bit of versification may not be found in Sternhold and Hopkins. Even so kindly a judge as Lewis Gaylord Clarke quietly omitted it from the 'Knickerbocker!' One fair critic thought it 'beotiful,' and still preserves her original copy. Poetical feet should have no corns," he adds, in a vein of deep philosophy.

Ah! these kindly-critical, sympathizing, sweet-worded friends, how many life-sorrows have they to answer for, brought about by their wicked, white lies! It is so much easier and pleasanter to say, "Lovely!"

"Charming!" "What a genius!" "How beautiful!" and the rest; than, "You are mistaken."

There is no sight more to be weeped over than a pile of unpublished, unpubliable manuscript; all traced by the same patient, hopeful hand. There lies one there now, on the desk by our side. We shudder when we think of the sense of shattering that will come when the writer finds it thrust back rejected into her hands. It is in name and form a novel, conventionally titled, poetically mottoed, neatly paragraphed, chirographically unexceptionable: Hamlet without the part of Hamlet, husk without kernel, a delusion and a snare. God forgive the "friends" who said *write!*

ONE day of the drought in Philadelphia, when all waste of water was prohibited, in terror of a more frightful deprivation, we saw a ragged little fellow dance up to a fountain, seize the chain-hung cup, and lift it, as he had done a hundred times before, to the lion's bountiful marble mouth. A look of surprise and disappointment flashed across his face, in an instant he had dropped the cup, scampered away, and was lost in the shifting crowd. Not a drop of water trickled from the fountain—the beast's pale lips were dry and dusty; the metal cup hung blistering hot in the sun.

The whole drama of the drought had passed before us in one little scene, by all else unnoticed.

It did seem strange that Philadelphia should be the city to suffer most. For before the time of trouble came, this life-giver and comforter, this Heaven's boon to the thirsty, was so made much of there, so crowned and glorified with flowers and foliage. Upon every drinking fountain vine and blossom, green and scarlet, flamed as fire upon an altar of Thanksgiving.

That evening when the shower came, shall we ever forget it! Sitting in the maple-shaded porch, and seeing the sun go down behind the long French chateau-like house, across the way; while the far-off thunder muttered portentously, and the twilight glow gave place to the sudden, palpitating flush of the heat-lightning, which flickered up the heavens and blotted out, in luminous whiteness, the stars that shone between the branches; making the old chateau across the way loom up square and black against the sky—darkling with all

the romance and tragedy of its strange history. By and by a sound as of angels' wings among the leaves; the nearer, louder muttering of the thunder. White hands, lifted eagerly into the dark, feel cool splashes fall upon them. The anxious watchers, the parched air, the dry leaves, the very blackness about us—the whole waiting world thrills with joy; the clouds have burst, the full-volumed shower falls. The sweet, fresh, damp, dear odor of the rain—it seems a memory of childhood—ascends like incense. Thank God! Thank God!

Albeit the drought was not yet ended.

THERE are summer days when the gladness of the butterfly is ours.

On such a day we went to Norwich! Not the Norwich which the man in the moon came down too soon to inquire the way to, but Norwich on the Thames, Connecticut, city of hills and rills and mills.

One cannot go "right straight" to Norwich. You must curve in by the railroad bridge, or wind in by the river, or fall in from the top of a hill. Nor must you expect to know when you are there by anything you hear.

The conductor shrieks "East side!" and then you cross a bridge or two, and get out at a station, and wandering about through streets where the elms meet over your head, you cross another bridge or two, and a child will tell you you are in Preston; and you recross and walk to the mills, which is Greenfield; and if you ask whether there are any calico mills in Norwich, you will be answered "This is Norwich;" "and then you go up, up, up, and then you go down, down, down," shrieking silently like a butterfly at the double white poppies of Norwich in the dear smiling gardens, at the "pansies freak'd with jet," at the grape-vine arbors, at the yellow pumpkin flowers, at the sweet peas, as high as your head and as fragrant as sweet peas, at the cold chicken and good beer, at the tiger lilies. "Ask me not why my heart with fond emotion beats for the dear companions of my youth!" Hast ever squirted through a tiger lily? If not, do it for the first time, for it is as pure happiness as blowing a trumpet made of a pumpkin vine, or lying on a haystack, or making dandelion curls, or furniture of burrs. If thou hast done it in thy youth, do it again now for the happiness of some child, and to keep up the beautiful old custom.

It is the Episcopal grave-yard, where all the former pastors and their families seem to be going down hill violently into the river. Easy is the downhill descent even after death. Miss Abiah seems to be chasing Miss Jemima; and Mr. Ebenezer, drowned in this life, if he goes on, will be drowned dead.

We do not know what grave-yard it is on the beautiful road-side over the hills, through the woods, from the mills back to Norwich.

Such a glorious walk—such rocks, and moss, and vines! It is a time to think of the Saviour of mankind entering Jerusalem, when the people cried Hosanna, and spread their garments in the way.

There is one pale thought, however, that will enter in.

The little child, going on eleven, in the mill, patiently threading the yellow threads of the woof, hour after hour, day by day, for twenty-two cents a piece. If she work very hard, by the most diligent toil she cannot make sixty cents a day. To be sure, this may be a fortune to her. To be sure, she will grow older, and be promoted to the jangling, click-clacking rooms where she may breathe cotton fluff and grease, and get higher wages for more work done; but the click of the scissors that cuts the thread of life seems so near, and she is but a child, and blackberries are ripe on her native hills, and the lily of the field toils not, neither does it spin.

"We shut the gates when they are late, so as the overseer can see who it is," said the grim porter.

The gates of the mill will be shut one day upon this pale child; but the gates that are ever open "are the twelve gates of twelve pearls in the city lightened by the glory of God."

THING of darkness, of ordeal, of sure intense suffering, of joy as certain and complete—this strange, inspiring, incomprehensible future, that lies a foot-fall from each of us, this very moment. We enter its sacred precincts—the temple of the Most High—awestruck, yet full of a divine energy and daring. The suffering that we could not bear in the anticipation will find us strong to receive it, and leave us stronger yet. Think what unknown great things may be ours in it, great griefs, great happinesses; what awakenings, what consummations, what grindings as of wheat made white

and beautiful and fit for food! It is a strong, unseen friend—whom yet we trust—who shall lead us through sunshine and shade, through scenes of peace and places of sharp conflict, having always the end of our ennobling in view—and this surely shall be accomplished, if only we are true always to ourselves.

How we envied Wall Street its glorious mistake—the magnificent privilege of wildly

throwing up its hat over Harvard's supposed victory. There came a reaction, to be sure, yet the bountiful bliss of ignorance was Wall Street's for a little while. It is Longfellow who gives expression to the vital truth, that the vanquished gain a prize in the rapture of pursuing. And then our English cousins have nobly taught us how to suffer victory. Let them cross the water next summer, and we will show them how well we have learned that lesson.

### BOOKS AND AUTHORS ABROAD.

LONDON, August 28, 1869.

THE new books of the past month are few and far between. Book-buyers and readers are now supposed to be too deeply occupied with their Bradshaws, Badekers, and Murays — enjoying or planning excursions through the tourist's grounds of Europe—to spare time for more abstruse study. A welcome holiday, therefore, is now being made the most of by all classes, and a consequent slackening of the publishing trade follows. In beauty and intrinsic value hardly any recent book can equal the *Bible Animals* by the Rev. J. G. Wood, an author well known by his writings in various departments of natural history. Until a few years, no branch of Biblical study was so deficient in aids to its pursuit as that relating to the identification and history of the members of the animal creation so constantly mentioned in every page of sacred writ. Dictionaries and commentaries gave but little help. Bochart (who lived two hundred years ago) was the chief authority cited, and the whole subject was a mass of confusion. It was a happy idea to concentrate in one work the light thrown by the labors of modern travelers and students on the natural history of the Bible since the soil of Palestine has become a chosen ground for research. In Mr. Wood's *Bible Animals* it is thoroughly carried out. The comprehensiveness of the work may be estimated from the fact that it comprises "a description of every living creature mentioned in the Scriptures, from the ape to the coral," while the profuse and exquisite illustrations from the most authentic sources have, independently of their ornamental character, a value for careful readers of the Old and New Testaments that it is impossible to overstate.

No recent work bears marks of more judicious and enlightened expenditure in its "getting up" than *Bible Animals*, and it will probably meet with deserved success, as the sale of such a book both in Great Britain and the United States cannot fail to be very large. The venerable Bishop of Lincoln, Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, is still carrying on with unabated spirit the work commenced by him when he was occupying a position of less dignity. A new portion of his Commentary on the Bible is just ready. It includes *The Books of Jeremiah, Lamentations, and Ezekiel, with Introductions and Notes*, and gives promise of the speedy accomplishment of his great undertaking. He bids fair to be one of the very few scholars who have produced works of equal thoroughness and elaboration on both the Old and New Testaments. Another honored name in sacred literature has been raised to the Episcopal bench — Dr. George Moberly, whose works, *The Beatitudes, Bampton Lectures*, etc., have had a large circulation in America. He is the successor of the late Dr. Hamilton, Bishop of Salisbury. The Rev. H. P. Liddon was confidently spoken of as likely to attain the appointment — standing, as he undoubtedly does, in the highest rank of the theologians and preachers of the day; but he is a comparatively young man, and may have to wait a little longer for the due recognition of his talents. Mr. Liddon was the devoted friend of Dr. Hamilton; his attendance on him during a protracted illness has caused a delay in the production of the volumes of *Miscellaneous Discourses* that will complete his published works, and is now in preparation. There seems more life in theological literature than in almost any other branch. Among late

books is a thoughtful, if not technically orthodox, work by Rev. G. Bartle, *The Scriptural Doctrine of Hades*. It comprises an inquiry into the state of the righteous and wicked dead, between death and the general judgment, and aims "to demonstrate from the Bible that the atonement was neither made on the cross, nor yet in this world." *Apostolical Succession in the Church of England*, by Rev. Arthur W. Haddan, will be welcomed by the high church party. The liturgical student will be interested in an elegant little edition of *The First Book of Common Prayer of Edward 6th*, reprinted entire, and edited by Rev. H. B. Walton and Rev. P. G. Medd. More liberal tendencies will relish *The Origin and Development of Religious Belief*, by Rev. Baring Gould, whose command of curious learning and vast extent of out-of-the-way reading is shown in his books on *Myths of the Middle Ages*, *Werewolves*, etc. His present work aspires to a higher rank. Commencing with the problems and vexed questions of physiology and psychology, it traces the growth of the idea of religion, from the instincts of the human mind to its progress through polytheism, mythology, and idolatry, as testified by the facts of history. The portion of the work relating to heathenism and Mosaism is all that is yet made public. *The Character of Jesus*, a Biblical essay from the German of Dr. Schinkel, Professor of Theology in the University of Heidelberg, is the translation of a book that has met with much favor on the Continent. Its criticism on the Gospel narrative is very free, and the supernatural element is eliminated whenever it is in opposition to the conclusions of the writer. A handsome edition of Renan's work, *The Apostles*, in an octavo volume, has only just now appeared—the first in English—so little sympathy is felt here for that style of speculation. The new volume of the Boyle Lectures for 1869, *The Witness of St. Paul to Christ*, by the Rev. Stanley Leathes, closes the list of the chief recent theological books. It forms a companion to the previous lectures by the same author delivered last year—*The Witness of the Old Testament to Christ*.

In moral, social, and economic science, a few works worthy of notice have appeared, though the greatest achievement of the year is undoubtedly the new edition of *Macculloch's Commercial Dictionary*, previously mentioned. The mass of facts and figures brought together in this great mercantile encyclopædia is so vast that it takes time to appreciate

its immense value and the years of labor bestowed upon it. So great has been the expense of its production that every copy of the present edition is sold at a loss, and nothing but the assurance that the sale of such a book must continue and expand through the future, as its usefulness becomes known, could justify the outlay bestowed upon it. *The Lectures on General Jurisprudence, or the Philosophy of Positive Law*, by the late John Austin, Barrister at Law, now appear in a new edition, in the most perfect form that they can ever assume. They have undergone the revision and editorial care of Mr. R. Campbell, a well-known barrister, who has been assisted by the copious notes of the lectures taken down at the time by Mr. J. Stuart Mill. These notes agree so entirely with the author's MS., wherever it is preserved, that they have been followed with confidence in the missing portions of his work. The edition forms two handsome library volumes in octavo, and will be the standard shape for posterity of what competent judges consider one of the profoundest books that illustrate the range and extent of the most advanced school of English thought on some of the greatest questions of the age. This month also sees the completion of Mr. Finlaison's learned and elaborate edition of Reeve's *History of English Law*. It is finished by the appearance of the third volume. With so much favor has it been received by the legal profession, and historical and constitutional students, that there is already mention of a continuation being demanded from the accomplished editor, covering the subject from the reign of Queen Elizabeth, where Mr. Reeve's work stops. Sir Alexander Cockburn, Lord Chief Justice of England, descends from the vantage ground of his high official seat in the Court of Queen's Bench into the arena of authorship, by the publication of a treatise on *Nationality, or the Law Relating to Subjects and Aliens, with a view to Future Legislation*; and the Comte de Paris, head of the House of Orleans, who served in America during the Rebellion, has discussed with manifest ability a delicate and important subject in his work on *The Trades Unions of England*. Two men of eminence have been employed in the translation—N. J. Senior and Thomas Hughes, M.P. *Speeches and Statements in favor of Abolishing Patents for Inventions, and an International Arrangement with regard to Patent-right and Copyright*, are edited by R. A. Macfie, M. P., and open for discussion

questions of vast extent and importance, appealing equally to a public on either side of the Atlantic. Mr. Rowland G. Hazard, a known writer on ethics, etc., addresses *Two Letters on Causation and Freedom in Wiling* to John Stuart Mill, "with an Appendix on the Existence of Matter, and our Notions of Infinite Space."

Among the eminent literary men of the present day who have failed to exercise the influence merited by their talents and acquirements, one of the most prominent is unquestionably Prof. Francis William Newman, late of University College, London. Though now at the opposite pole of religious belief to his distinguished brother, Dr. J. H. Newman, they have many intellectual characteristics in common. There seems, however, to be in the Professor a want of the power of concentration—the potentiality of will—that kept the theologian close to one subject and gave him so distinguished a place among the leaders of opinion of the age. Though F. W. Newman has been a copious and a ready writer, most of his productions have appeared in a small or fragmentary shape, and the greater part of them are now quite unprocurable. It was with satisfaction, therefore, that the rumor of an edition of a selection from his writings was received by many. Such a project is still entertained, but the volume of his *Miscellanies, chiefly Addresses, Academical and Historical*, is not of this nature. It commences what it is hoped will form a series with entirely new matter, previously unprinted. On its reception depends the fate of the rest that may follow. No one will read this volume without "asking for more." In transparent clearness of diction Prof. Newman almost equals his brother. The ripest results of learning are given in the simplest and most unpretending form. "The power of art without the show" is exemplified in every page of the volume. It comprises "Fragments on Logic," "Lectures on Poetry," ("delivered in Wales to a select company") "Lectures on the Chief Forms of Ancient Nations," "A Defence of Carthage," "Fragment on Liberal Instruction in Mathematics," "Elocution as a Part of Education," "Essay on National Loans," apropos to Mr. Chase's first budget, 1862. The history of the great movement known in England as *Socialism*, as exemplified in the life of Robert Owen, its founder and apostle, forms the subject of an interesting volume by M. A. J. Booth, and to its pub-

lisher, Mr. Trübner, we also owe Dr. W. B. Hodgson's *Lectures on the Education of Girls and the Employment of Women of the Upper Classes, Educationally considered*.

The late Lord Strangford, the last of a line already known to literature, died too early to leave the mark on many subjects of the day, particularly all relating to the history and learning of the East, that his wonderful acquirements would have surely made in a longer life. His astonishing gift for the acquisition of language has been testified to by the oriental traveler, M. Vambery, who mentions his surprise at being addressed in the colloquial Tartar dialect of Bokhara by Lord Strangford more fluently than he could speak it himself. The posthumous volumes of *Selections* from his writings, edited by his widow, of course fail to do justice to their author, but are written with great spirit, and form a repertory of knowledge on the East, Central Asia, etc.

The enumeration of recent books may be closed with one of the cheapest and most welcome, to students of Old English, of the season, Mr. Arber's latest *English Reprint, Roister Doister*, by Nicholas Udall, 1553, the first English comedy, carefully edited from the unique copy at Eton College, and all for 30 cents. Mr. Arber's enterprise, we are happy to learn, meets with increasing success.

It is almost too early at present for a full bill of literary fare to be presented for the forthcoming season. Announcements, however, are beginning to appear, giving a promise of good things to come. Among biographical works that may be looked for are *The Life and Letters of Faraday*, by Dr. Bence Jones, Secretary of the Royal Institution; Sir H. L. Bulwer's *Memoirs of Lord Palmerston*, enriched by extracts from the lately discovered diary kept by that statesman; the *Public and Private Correspondence of James, Eighth Earl of Elgin*, (so well remembered in Canada and the United States) edited by Theodore Walrond; *Memoirs of Mary Russell Mitford*, by Rev. G. L'Estrange, and a *Life of Miss Jane Austen*, (the lady who must be regarded as the founder of the modern novel, more decidedly even than Miss Edgeworth) by her nephew, Rev. J. Austen Leigh.

In accordance with the migratory tendencies of the season, books of travel occupy of course a conspicuous place. They comprise a book by the now famous canoe voyager

Mr. J. Macgregor, *The Rob Roy on the Jordan, a Canoe Cruise in Palestine and the Waters of Damascus*, with illustrations; *Scrambles among the Alps*, 1860-69, by Edward Whymper, including the first ascent of the Matterhorn and the attempts which preceded it; also a chapter on Glacial Phenomena in the Alps and in Greenland, with 100 illustrations; *Missionary Travels in Little known Parts of Asia Minor*, by Rev. H. J. Van Lennep; *At Home with the Bretons, or Brittany, its Inhabitants and Antiquities*, written during a residence in that country, by Mrs. Palliser (the graceful historian of "Lace"); *The History, Government, and Offices of Japan*, by Walter Dixon; New and revised editions of Rev. J. L. Porter's *Five Years in Damascus*, and Sir L. McClintock's *Search after Franklin; Travels in Central Africa, and Explorations of the Western Nile Tributaries*, by Mr. Petherick (late British Consul in Soudan) and his wife, and a new critical and copiously annotated version of that elder worthy—*The Travels of Marco Polo*—by Colonel Henry Yule.

The vitality of ethical speculation is curiously shown by the announcement of a new edition of *Lord Shaftesbury's Characteristics*, edited, with dissertations, notes, and a life of the author, by the Rev. Walter M. Hatch, of New College, Oxford, in 3 volumes 8vo. This will form a companion to the annotated editions of David Hume's

*Treatise on Human Nature*, and *Metaphysical Works*, already announced; *The Stoics, Epicureans and Sceptics*, translated from the German of Dr. E. Zeller, by O. J. Reichel, may also be expected. In historical literature, beyond the conclusion of Mr. Froude's *History of England*, and the first volume of Dr. Wm. Ihne's *Roman History*, from the German, in English, by the author himself; a *Life of Oliver Cromwell to the Death of Charles 1st*, by J. R. Andrews, and a *History of Wales, derived from Authentic Sources*, by Jane Williams, there is little to remark as yet. *Ecce Christus, or Jesus of Nazareth tried by the Tribunals of his Country*, is announced without any author's name. It must apparently traverse the same ground as the French works by M. Salvador, and M. Dupin, *ainé*. In belles-lettres there is scarcely a rumor. A new volume from Tennyson is occasionally talked about, but nothing definite regarding it has been made public. A new and complete edition of Shelley's writings is in progress, edited by Rossetti, to form two handsome volumes. *A Universal Index of Biography*, a companion to Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates*, is announced for October by Mr. J. B. Payne. Mr. E. Edwards is employed on *Lives of the Founders, Augmentors, and other Benefactors of the British Museum, with Notices of the Collections, Acquisitions, etc.*, in octavo.

So much news will suffice for the dull season.

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## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

HAD not "The Man who Laughs" been written by Victor Hugo it would surely never have been brought out as a serial in the pages of a popular weekly journal, nor issued in book form by a great publishing house. As the work of a man of genius, however, it has been translated into English by several hands, both in Great Britain and the United States, and, after having run its course for four months in *Appletons' Journal*, has been published by the Appletons complete, both in the original French, and in an English version by Mr. William Young. The extravagance of Victor Hugo first manifested itself riotously in "Notre Dame de Paris," but has grown by what it fed on, his own inordinate egotism, in every successive work, until in *L'Homme Qui Rit* it may be considered downright insanity, and furnishes another

illustration of the truth of the Shakspearian maxim, that "the lunatic, the lover, and the poet are of imagination all compact." Imagination it is, of the most unhealthy and frenzied sort. Designed as a historical novel, and aiming to portray the life and manners of England in the age of Queen Anne, it is false in general and false in its details. Written professedly as a satire on "aristocracy," which the author tells us in the preface should have been the title of the romance, and making thus an indirect appeal to the world's opinion against hereditary privilege, it teaches nothing, suggests nothing, but can be regarded only as an exposition of the destructive philosophy. Never did writer display more decidedly than M. Victor Hugo the contortions of the Sisyph without her inspiration. But it is the

ignorance rather than the rodomontade of the author that strikes us most forcibly in "The Man who Laughs." From the opening chapter to the conclusion the book is full of the most absurd and pitiable errors,—errors in geography, errors in dates, errors in the law, errors in his descriptions of buildings and his sketches of social life, until we might almost characterize the novel as a Comedy of Errors. For the purposes of the story, he asserts the existence of a society,—the *Comprachicos*,—whose objects were the maiming and disfigurement of children—for which there is no sufficient authority; and creates an officer, wholly unknown to English jurisprudence, whom he calls "the Wapentake," which was the name for the division of a county. The most remarkable part of M. Victor Hugo's inaccuracy is its insolence, in this—that he gives the most minute and elaborate account of matters concerning which he knows absolutely nothing, with the air of one who has made a special study of them. A very little research would have saved him in many instances. Thus Blackstone would have told him that a "wapentake" was not a person, and could not walk about Southwark armed with an iron staff; and any local history might have insured him against misplacing the date of Sir Hugh Myddleton's introduction of water into London by eighty years.

As a work of art, "The Man who Laughs" is open to very damaging criticism. It would be exceedingly difficult to discover how the author could ever have been made acquainted with the incidents on board the *Ork* in the Channel, seeing that it went down with every soul on board, leaving no record whatever of the manner of its destruction. But the chief fault of the work, in a dramatic point of view, is that it labors through twenty odd years of preparation, in which at last the High Court of Parliament and all the paraphernalia of Majesty are employed, to introduce a series of events which are enacted in the space of thirty-six hours; making a distressing anti-climax, which becomes ludicrous when we consider that all this is done to enable M. Victor Hugo to pronounce, through the mouth of Gwynplaine, on the floor of the House of Lords, the incoherent and rhapsodical speech which he would like to deliver from the tribune of the *Corps Législatif*.

The style of M. Victor Hugo, with its

redundant adjectives, its brilliant epigrams, its occasional touches of pathos, and its utter defiance of decency, is so well known that it is needless to say anything about it. The translation of Mr. Young is really excellent, but upon a comparison of it with the original we find that in some chapters there are frequent hiatuses which happily suppress the full meaning of the author. The point of the passage is lost, but the reader is not insulted, which is well.

The true value of a historical work is, of course, dependent on its accuracy; and where a great mass of facts is presented to the reader, the examination must be a work of time. In noticing a volume like *Lossing's Pictorial Field-Book of the War of 1812*, in which the record of the struggle is filled out to perhaps ten times its own bulk by abundant anecdotes of places and persons, by descriptions of scenery, and personal memoranda of the author in his journeyings to distant points, it is manifestly impossible to give more than a general commendation of its trustworthiness as a contribution to American history. But it is easy and pleasant to declare that Mr. Lossing's volume is a very delightful one, and worthily supplements his previous compilations of the wars of the United States. As an antiquarian and archæologist he has done much for the country in preserving the form and shape of the perishing memorials of the past; and in his ramblings about the land, procuring photographs of old buildings and patriarchs, and making fac-similes of precious MSS. that are fading out of recognition, and afterwards engraving them for his Field-Books, he resembles the bibliomaniac Dibdin in his well-known and priceless *Picturesque and Antiquarian Tours*. Herein, without disparagement to Mr. Lossing, we think lies the chief interest and merit of his volumes. Many of the historic mansions of the Revolution, which have been demolished since the date of his earliest work, are preserved to us in that work alone. In like manner, many inedited anecdotes and traditions, taken down by him from the lips of worthies who have passed away, would have been absolutely lost but for his opportunely transcribing them. The whole style of the *Field-Book of the War of 1812*, in letter-press and illustrations, is the exact counterpart of its predecessors. There are 882 engravings of portraits, scenery, maps or autographs, many of them of ex-

quisite finish and exact fidelity. The first stanza of the Star-Spangled Banner and the signatures to the Treaty of Ghent are interesting fac-similes.

"Mark Twain" is, perhaps, the most successful successor of "Artemus Ward" in that somewhat uncouth but original commingling of incongruous ideas which has been accepted abroad for a new school of American humor. Unlike the late Mr. Charles F. Browne, Mr. Samuel L. Clemens does not rely at all for his humorous effects upon felicitous infelicities of spelling and unexpected burlesques of language; his control over our sense of the ludicrous is exerted chiefly in a bold challenge of accepted opinions and in a happy confusion of the relations of things to each other. In *The Innocents Abroad; or, The New Pilgrim's Progress*, which is a comic account of the excursion to the Mediterranean and the Holy Land, performed in 1867 in the steamship Quaker City, Mr. Clemens' peculiar qualities as a humorist have large opportunity for their display. The volume is somewhat ponderous, and looks as if it had been written by contract to fill 650 pages, which is its actual dimensions. It would be expecting too much of "Mark Twain" that he should be funny throughout this long narrative, and the reader will often wish that he had not attempted it, for the cap and bells seem out of place under the shadow of the Pyramids and in the solemn stillness of Palestine. The very title of the book has something indicative of the seemingly constitutional irreverence of the writer. With all its drawbacks of jesting in and out of season, and prolixity, which is the bane, as brevity is the soul, of wit, the book is entertaining for odd hours, and had it undergone judicious revision, reducing its contents by two-thirds, might have won unqualified commendation. The engravings, of which there are two hundred and thirty-four, are unequal in merit, and might, in like manner with the text, have been cut down greatly. Thirty of them are as many as could have been profitably retained.

Few more entertaining books have appeared in our time than the *Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson*, which Fields, Osgood & Co. have reprinted from the English edition of Macmillan, in two bulky volumes. Mr. Robinson was an English barrister of literary tastes and proclivities, who, in the practice

of his profession, made a competency which he lived to the advanced age of ninety-two to enjoy. He was neither artist nor critic, neither a philosopher nor a poet, but he had the singular good fortune to become the intimate friend of the most eminent men in art and letters, and the constant associate of poets and philosophers, and he had the remarkable industry to set down his conversations with them in a carefully written Diary till within five days of his death, which occurred in 1867. The happy result is that we have a most valuable store of anecdotes and personal *memorabilia* concerning many of the greatest men of modern times. Mr. Robinson was an intelligent but never obsequious Boswell to Wordsworth; he was in frequent intercourse with Southey, Coleridge, Lamb, Rogers, Hazlitt, and other literary people of distinction at home; in France he met Benjamin Constant, Madame de Staël, Abbé Grégoire, Lafayette; in Germany he was brought into the pleasantest relations with the great Goethe, besides whose illustrious name the Diary records the names of Tieck, Wieland, Herder, Schiller among the immortal gods, to say nothing of such Transparencies and Serenities as the Duchesses Amelia and Louisa. The charm of Mr. Robinson's reminiscences is that they are wholly free from egotism of an offensive kind. Mr. Robinson was an indefatigable diner-out, and gave the pleasantest dinners and breakfasts at his own house; but in describing the company he never stands in the way, and never gives us his own little joke when we are wanting to hear Lamb's. On the other hand, he never loses his self-respect in the presence of the greatest, and neither at Weimar nor at Highgate does he forget that a gentleman should never be servile. We have said that the work is made up of two bulky volumes, and yet in spite of the shortness of life we would not have it abridged, and, when we consider the immense quantity of materials that were placed in the hands of the Editor, our wonder is that he was content with publishing what is comparatively so small a portion of them. On the whole, we cannot but think that the Editor's invidious and difficult task has been judiciously performed. By no means the least part of it was the preparation of a copious and excellent Index, for which sensible readers will thank him.



*Studies in the Book of Psalms*, by the Rev. W. S. Plumer, D.D., has just been published in a third edition by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia. A more learned and devout exposition of Scripture than this has never been contributed to religious literature. It is the result of many years' thoughtful study of the Psalmist; and it possesses the inestimable advantage of presenting to the student of God's Word all the readings that have been given of doubtful passages, leaving the choice of the true meaning of the verse to himself. In the matter of style it is specially worthy of praise. There is, perhaps, no writer or speaker, in England or America, who employs a purer and more vigorous English than D. Plumer. His language exactly expresses his thought, and nothing else; and though the reader or critic may not always concur with him, it is very certain that he never fails to make himself perfectly understood. This is an inestimable excellence in a work of Scriptural exegesis. It is not the least of the attractions of the volume that it lightens up the majestic poetry of David, where, to the careless reader, the imagery seemed obscure. Indeed, as a literary essay, it has been so admirably executed, that there is left but little for other commentators to say concerning the sublime compositions of the inspired Hebrew bard.

Three years ago, Mr. James Greenwood made a sensation in London by entering the Lambeth workhouse in the interesting character of an "Amateur Casual," and writing out his experiences for the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It was a decided hit, both for the journal and its contributor. Having gained an audience in this manner, Mr. Greenwood has continued to write for the daily press sketches of his observations among the lowest outskirts of the great metropolis; and an elaborate work of his, entitled *The Seven Curses of London*, has been reprinted from the English edition by two publishing houses in the United States—Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. and the Harpers. The work possesses undeniable interest as a revelation of the inner life of criminals; but while we are willing to believe that Mr. Greenwood writes with the best motives, we cannot find in it any practical suggestions for the removal of the Seven Curses, of sufficient value to countervail the injury its indiscriminate perusal is likely to accomplish. It may

be said that he seeks to strip the veil of romance from crime, and show it in all its repulsiveness to the reader; but descriptions of thieves and fallen women cannot fail to recall the trite verses of Pope about the monster with whose face it is not well to become familiar. Admitting the honest purpose of the work, and the power of the author in delineating the darkest phases of human character, we are yet unable to commend "The Seven Curses of London" for general reading.

Among the writers whose works always challenge the attention of the literary world, Mr. John Ruskin will be admitted by critics to be one of the most brilliant. His latest work, *The Queen of the Air*, just republished by John Wiley & Son, of this city, is marked throughout by the same poetic coloring and glow of style which have given so great a popularity to his previous dissertations. It is an attempt to expound the old Greek myth of Athena, as the giver of health and life, the source of all inspiration, and the underlying principle of the art and philosophy of Hellas. In the course of the argument Mr. Ruskin digresses widely from his theme to discuss matters which have nothing whatever to do with Athena, and very little with each other.

Mr. Ruskin is at once the most conservative and the most progressive of political economists. He indulges in sentimental regrets, expressed in a purple diction of his own, over the changes brought about by mechanical invention, and considers modern warfare with improved fire-arms and iron-clads as destructive to the manliness of England; and yet he thinks the State ought to provide work for all its citizens, and puts forward other theories, the soundness of which may well be challenged by practical thinkers. In matters of art, he may be accepted as authority; upon many vexed questions of ethics and religion his views are not so readily to be adopted. Still we like to listen to him in the passion and whirlwind of his rhetoric, for in the exposition even of his errors there is a sort of elevation of feeling which is admirable; and while we are not convinced, we are charmed. "The Queen of the Air" will not add much, perhaps, to Mr. Ruskin's reputation as a philosophic teacher, but it is worth being carefully read for its exalted conceptions and its many passages of wild and wondrous eloquence.









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